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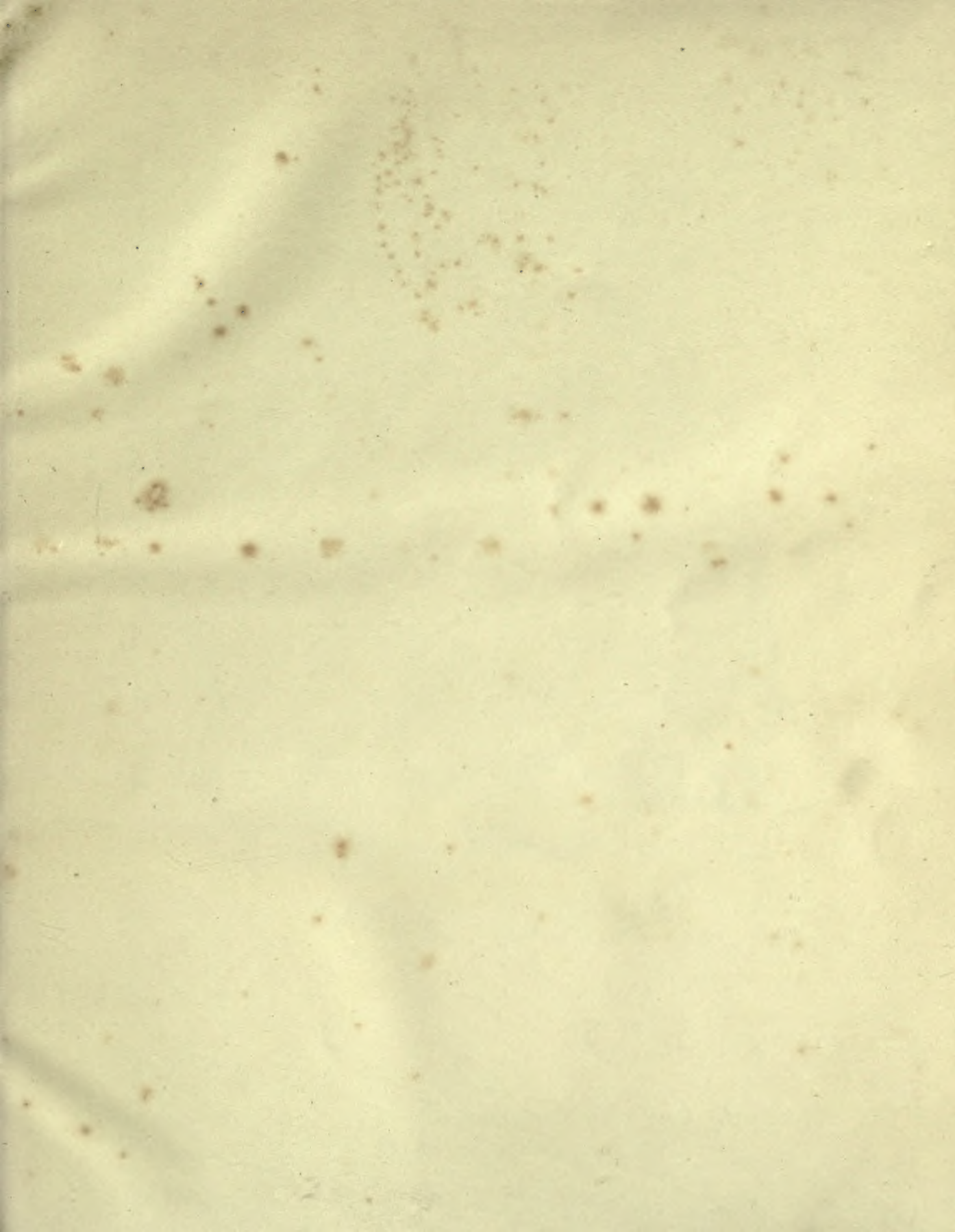
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THICK darkness brooded over the blue waters of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, and spread its black pall above the gardens of the Serai and the dusty waste of the Bezestan, the domes of Aya-Sofiah, and the crumbling arch of the Bab-i-Humayun. From the Port of Kara-Keui to the Tepeh-Bashi, the hill-top above the English Embassy, the busy buzz of life was hushed through the crowded hives of Galata, and the eddies of traffic crossed and chafed no more in the steep and stony high street of Pera.

In a word, Stamboul slept.

But in one inner room of one Konak there were eyes yet open and brains still wide awake. This was in the Inner Chamber of the Palace of MIDHAT PASHA, where sat A COUNCIL OF THREE. On the right, in the red fez and blue surtout of Stamboul officialism, sat MIDHAT; on the left, in the ample green turban of the Hadji and the flowing robe of Osmanli orthodoxy, was the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM; and in the centre, Turk for the nonce as to the outer man, Tartar to those who might try to catch him, and True Briton, as ever, in heart, the "Pasha-in-Pasha" of endless tales—PUNCH!

Yes, I was there—in that pregnant moment big with the future of at least one Turkey, and, probably, several Eagles—as the Representative of Great Britain, by a warrant over-riding Foreign Office credentials, and with higher than mere diplomatic functions; the confidant and *secrétaire intime* of BRITANNIA, the mouthpiece of JOHN BULL.

I had found MIDHAT buried in what, in my playful manner I had ventured to call his "Mid-hat-ations among the tombs,"—for, indeed, the blood of the wretched ABDUL AZIZ was scarce dry on the marble floor of the Cheragan Palace, and the imperfectly cleansed stains of CAPTAIN HASSAN'S wholesale slaughter were still visible on the pavement and walls of the Council Chamber in which we sat.

Yes. "Turks" were down with a vengeance: Never did "Bull" under a heavy "*contango*" work more desperately for a rise in the market, than did poor MIDHAT, now Master of the Situation—such a situation!—and the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM work to get a diplomatic rise out of PUNCH!

"*La illah Allah illaha, wa Mahmoud rasoul ullah!*" I heard the SHEIKH muttering, as he ran the beads of his chaplet helplessly through his fingers.

"He means," interposed MIDHAT, with a rather sickly smile, "'there is no power but England, and PUNCH is its prophet;' and you are here for our profit, too," he added, stooping, in his mortal anxiety, to what your dignified Turk rarely condescends to—a pun. "Say it is so. The English are our friends. Yes—you are going to back us up once more against those Kaffirs—those dogs, the Russki—as in the old Crimean days? *Bono Johnny!*"

"*Distinguons,*" I said—it is so hard not to talk French in one's diplomatic moments. "There are 'friends' and 'friends.' Your best 'friends,' just now, my dear MIDHAT, and my Venerable SHEIKH, are those, believe me, who will tell you disagreeable truths——"

"All truths are disagreeable," interposed MIDHAT, with a sigh.

"What can a Christian dog know of truth, agreeable or disagreeable?" growled the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM. "There is no truth outside of the Koran."

"There it is!" I said, in English, to MIDHAT. "How do you propose to give equal rights to the SULTAN's subjects, Christian and Mahometan, under your new Constitution, while you have this orthodox old Gentleman in the green turban to settle accounts with?" MIDHAT groaned. "We had better come to a clear understanding at once," I continued. "England is quite disposed to stand between the SULTAN and foul play. We don't mean to allow Russia to take possession of your iron-clads, or to occupy Turkish waters. That's why BRITANNIA is just now counting her chickens, and their shells, in Besika Bay."

"And the Russkis know it," chuckled MIDHAT. "That's why IGNATIEFF is so civil all of a sudden."

"But we are just as unwilling to stand between Moslem misgovernment and its retribution. We won't help Russki or Prusski, Austrian or Magyar, Teuton or Slav, to bleed you to death under pretence of breathing a vein, or to hamstring you on the pretext of giving you a lift out of the ditch; but we don't mean to aid you in putting down insurrection which is the natural fruit of oppression. If you can't turn your Slaves into subjects, the less you look to us to help you keep them Slaves the better. If you can trust Osmanli and Christian alike with arms for military service; if you can restrain both alike from carrying arms in time of peace; if your Cadis can be made to enforce the same law fairly against both Christian and Moslem; if you can find officials fairly to levy fair taxes on all creeds alike; and Valis to treat Rayahs with respect, and their women with decency; whether the miracle be wrought by dint of your New Constitution, or by a new reading of my friend the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM's old Koran, then PUNCH will undertake that JOHN BULL will stand your friend, and that it shall be *Bono Johnny* again, as in the old Crimean days. But, if not—if the old abominations are to be perpetuated, with no change but a MOURAD for an ABDUL AZIZ—don't trust to England to stand your friend. All I can promise in that case is that, if it comes to a fight between you and those you are not strong enough to govern well, but who have grown too strong to be any longer ill-governed as of old, England will see you have a clear field, and no favour. More than that she won't and can't do——"

As I spoke, MIDHAT's face had been growing longer and longer. As for the SHEIKH-UL-ISLAM, I fancy, though he still kept mechanically fingering his beads, that he must have fallen asleep; at all events, he gave no sign of understanding. Just then I heard a rustling behind the curtains which veiled a doorway. I recognised the thrilling *frou-frou* of feminine garments.

"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed, with a wink at the Minister.

"My *hareem*!" blushed MIDHAT. "She will do it. The other day I imported a cargo of Western notions for Office use. A report of the Woman's Rights Association must have been slipped in among them. Ever since she has led me such a life! The Eastern Question was bad enough, without this worst of Western Questions turning up in my *anderoon*."

As he spoke, a mysteriously muffled figure, in *feridji* and *yashmak*, stepped majestically from behind the *portière*. Her right hand was raised as in menace; with her left, she laid a rose-tipped finger where the gleam of red lips and white teeth shone temptingly through the semi-transparent muslin.

The Eastern Question, provocative, veiled, mysterious, seemed suddenly to have taken bodily form, and to stand revealed before me.

"Hem!—as I said—the Eastern Question,"—faltered MIDHAT, with an uneasy glance at the muffled apparition, and in a voice in which marital authority seemed ineffectually struggling to keep up appearances. "May I request you will——"

"Pop it?" I exclaimed, gallantly raising to my lips the warm, white fingers of the shrouded *odalisque*. "By all means—if you, my poppet, will only be good enough to answer:—but on one condition—that, before I pop *that* question, you read, mark, and digest *this*—to help you to answer it." So saying, and dexterously contriving to catch hold of the veiled Beauty's hand under her *feridji*, I slipped into it—my SEVENTIETH VOLUME!





THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JANUARY.

JANUARY brings its Bills,
So the year begins with ills.
If one's credit be precarious,
Hilary finds us not hilarious.
Frequent winds from S. and W.
Blow no good, but tease and trouble you.
Frosts to nip and wet to weary,
Nights all dark, and days all dreary,
Most things that may plague and pain us
Meet us with the Month of Janus.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY, short *not* sweet!
Noses nipped and chilly feet
Still in fashion. Salmon fishing
Now commences. Boobies wishing
That absurd sport may try it;
When I fancy fish, I buy it.
Fools on things called "Pancakes" dine,
Others court St. Valentine.
Which is worst,—an open question,—
Mooncalf love or indigestion?
Leap Year! So more muffs will marry
In this present February.

MARCH.

MARCH brings with it loads of cares,
Makes one mad as its own hares.
Dust a bore, the weather boreal,
Polar winds or equatorial,
All alike in bringing bother
In its forms of slush or smother.
Lady Day! poor tenant's sorrow,
Lent, bad times for those who borrow.
Vernal equinox,—day and night
Equally without delight.
St. Patrick's Day,—its senseless wars,
For this blustering Month of Mars!

SPECIAL NOTE FOR 1876.—Leap year. Quadrennial celebration of birth-days all over the world. Great excitement in the hunting-field. Extraordinary feats at Athletic Sports. Grand International Leap-frog Competition at the Alexandra Palace. Paper read before the Statistical Society, giving the average number of persons who look before they leap, and quoting instances of people who have taken a leap in the dark during the last four years.

JANUARY 1.—Good-resolution-making begins.

SIGHS TO THE SIGNS.

(By a British Hydrophobist.)

MERE watery cameness wearies, dear AQUARIUS,
Let New Year's weather, then, we pray, be various!

Remember mortals are not piscine, PISCES,
Even in such a pluvial tale as this is!

Wind, and not wet, we look for under ARIES,
Hydraulic RAM we hate—love RAM when fair he is!

If some few vernal showers should come with TAURUS,
'Tis well; but why with floods come Bull's-run o'er us?

Whelms not May's flowers with tears, O gentle GEMINI!
Or *Flores nunquam respondebunt semine!*

Regard the Roses, be not crabby, CANCER,
Shine when we ask—with showers do not answer!

Sprinkle no raindrops from your mane, great LEO,
But from St. Swithin's spell the forty free, O!

Swift Summer takes her flight with thee, and, *ergo*,
Be not *all* Niobe, O gentle VIRGO!

Spoil not our sports with daily deluge, LIBRA,
Not e'en hard cash can buy blue sky or bribe ray!

October Ale! good tippie, SCORPIO,
Blest bard, if to it his song's weft and warp he owe!

November fogs attend thee, SAGITTARIUS,
Bid not hydraulics make us *less* hilarious!

A dry December grant, dear CAPRICORNUS,
So plead we round the Zodiac. Signs, *don't* scorn us!

DISTRESSING SPECTACLE.—A short-sighted person looking into futurity.

MAD MATHEMATICS.

THE inventor of the following proof fancies it not unworthy of the Mathematical Department of Colwell Hatchney. To prove that 10 is an even number—

9 is IX
8 is SIX

∴ by subtraction 3 is — 8
But 7 is SEVEN

∴ by addition 10 is EVEN. Q.E.D.

FEBRUARY 2.—Candlemas. Gas discovered.
FEBRUARY 14.—Bishop Valentine took his seat in the House of Lords. Cupid born. General Post Office enlarged.

DEFINE the difference between a Musical-Box and a Band-Box.

Jan. xxxi Days.

1	W. Ash Wed.	15	W. Ash Wed.
2	T. St. Thos. d.	16	T. St. Thos. d.
3	W. St. Thos. d.	17	W. St. Thos. d.
4	T. St. Thos. d.	18	T. St. Thos. d.
5	W. St. Thos. d.	19	W. St. Thos. d.
6	T. St. Thos. d.	20	T. St. Thos. d.
7	W. St. Thos. d.	21	W. St. Thos. d.
8	T. St. Thos. d.	22	T. St. Thos. d.
9	W. St. Thos. d.	23	W. St. Thos. d.
10	T. St. Thos. d.	24	T. St. Thos. d.
11	W. St. Thos. d.	25	W. St. Thos. d.
12	T. St. Thos. d.	26	T. St. Thos. d.
13	W. St. Thos. d.	27	W. St. Thos. d.
14	T. St. Thos. d.	28	T. St. Thos. d.
15	W. St. Thos. d.	29	W. St. Thos. d.
16	T. St. Thos. d.	30	T. St. Thos. d.
17	W. St. Thos. d.	31	W. St. Thos. d.

Mar. xxxi Days.

1	W. Ash Wed.	15	W. Ash Wed.
2	T. St. Thos. d.	16	T. St. Thos. d.
3	W. St. Thos. d.	17	W. St. Thos. d.
4	T. St. Thos. d.	18	T. St. Thos. d.
5	W. St. Thos. d.	19	W. St. Thos. d.
6	T. St. Thos. d.	20	T. St. Thos. d.
7	W. St. Thos. d.	21	W. St. Thos. d.
8	T. St. Thos. d.	22	T. St. Thos. d.
9	W. St. Thos. d.	23	W. St. Thos. d.
10	T. St. Thos. d.	24	T. St. Thos. d.
11	W. St. Thos. d.	25	W. St. Thos. d.
12	T. St. Thos. d.	26	T. St. Thos. d.
13	W. St. Thos. d.	27	W. St. Thos. d.
14	T. St. Thos. d.	28	T. St. Thos. d.
15	W. St. Thos. d.	29	W. St. Thos. d.
16	T. St. Thos. d.	30	T. St. Thos. d.
17	W. St. Thos. d.	31	W. St. Thos. d.



PISCATORIAL.

Miss Blanche (to the Old Coachman). "O JOHN, WILL YOU PUT THIS WORM ON THE HOOK FOR ME? I CAN'T BEAR TO DO IT!"
Old John (dubiously). "WELL—I'M SURE SOME O' THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WOULDN'T MIND, MISS,—BUT I'VE RATHER A DALCOT STOMACH MYSELF, MISS, AND I 'EAVE AT ANYTHING!!"

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN.

It is not generally known that the Poet Laureate is liable to painful attacks of doubt and hesitation. Not long ago he went into the shop of MESSRS. PIESSE AND LUBIN, and, after chatting with the two eminent Perfumers for some time, looked sadly at them, shook his head, and saying,

"I know not which is sweeter! No! not I!"
 sighed, and left the shop.

MR. BASS, as he one day escorted MRS. HEMANS over his brewery at Burton, expressed in warm terms his admiration of her poetry, and told her how much he coveted her power of giving pleasure to thousands. The Poetess laughed at his enthusiasm. "Your success is greater than mine," she said, "for

"Earth's noblest sons thy bitter cup have shared."

POPE was very much attached to LORD ELCHO, and was accustomed, in familiar conversation, to call him "Honest Instinct." Being asked by LORD RANELAUGH to explain this singular appellation, POPE replied, "You would not ask such a question had you read my *Essay on Man*, but would remember

"How Honest Instinct comes, a Volunteer
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was surprised one day at meeting THOMSON in Threadneedle Street, and asked him, in much astonishment, what had brought him into the City. The Poet of *The Seasons* pointed to a number of grey-headed old gentlemen, who were walking briskly in the same direction, and said, archly, "This is Dividend day, and

"I seek the Bank where flowery elders crowd."

The same Poet, hearing HERR DANNREUTHER praise the works of WAGNER the Composer, asked what WAGNER had written; and, on being told that his music was called "The Music of the Future," replied, "Yes, yes; I understand! We had such music in the *Castle of Indolence*. It was

"A certain music never known before."

BOSWELL one day told DR. JOHNSON that the REVEREND JOHN MACAULAY, in his *History of St. Kilda*, had stated as a well-authenticated fact that, whenever a stranger approaches that island, all the inhabitants take cold. "Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "you are

not to suppose that there is anything singular in that: it only shows that the islanders prefer the stranger's rheum to his company."

During the recent severe frost, the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON went into the office of the *Spectator*, in Wellington Street, and asked for a little brandy and a clothes' brush, giving as a reason for this singular request, that he had just had a severe fall on a slide. The Editor, who did not quite comprehend the exclamation, exclaimed hastily, "When did you fall?"—"O!" replied the great moralist, "it was

"When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran."

"How is it that you always get an invitation to the Guildhall dinner on the ninth of November?" said SIR JULES BENEDICT to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "I don't exactly know," was the reply; "but I think that I must owe it to my connection with *Boosey's Annual*."

HORACE and MÆCENAS were walking down the Strand one day last Spring, just as a great crowd of ladies was pouring out of Exeter Hall. "What is all this about?" said MÆCENAS. "Don't you know?" said HORACE. "*Jam veris comites*. This is the time for May Meetings."

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE APOTHECARY.

January.—Came up to London in a Cheap Jack's cart, and established myself in lodgings in the East End.

February.—Thought out and perfected my Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Inserted advertisement in a newspaper asking for a capitalist.

March.—Met a capitalist, who entered into my scheme with enthusiasm. Arranged that he should find £10,000—I the invention. Explained, on leaving him, that I had eaten nothing for three days. He expressed his regret, but refused to allow his servants to give me any dinner.

April.—Appearance of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Immense success. Branches for the sale of the same established in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

May.—The price of soap (the principal ingredient of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health) having risen, forced to take advantage of the laws of my country. Made the acquaintance of the Chief Judge of Bank-

ruptcy, and asked him to kindly accept the arrangement of my money matters.

June.—Became Consulting Chemist to a tavern-keeper, and, by scientific adulteration, increased the profits of his business largely.

July.—An inquest having proved to me that my connection with the tavern-keeper was a dangerous one, turned my attention to other branches of industry. Wrote the prospectus of the New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness.

August.—At work all the month on the National Hospital. Obtained the names of several Dukes and many Marquises for the first list of Vice-Patrons. Vice-Patron's fee £5 5s.

September.—The National Hospital flourishing greatly. The list of Vice-Patrons (after the appearance of the names of the Dukes and the Marquises) increased a hundredfold. Foundation of the seaside branch of the Hospital laid at the close of the month.

October.—The National Hospital at the height of its popularity. A very crowded staff of officials and one patient. Grand dinner on Michaelmas Day. The Secretary (myself) in old English fashion called the goose.

November.—The New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness taken up by the medical papers, and exposed.

December.—Went back into the country, and passed Christmas Day in the privacy of my Cheap Jack's cart.

SLIGHTED ATTENTION.

I TOOK A NARCISSUS
 Home unto my Missus
 On the morn of our blest wedding-day.
 She might have bethought her
 To put it in water;
 But she smelt it—and threw it away.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—The reason why so many people go to sleep in church is, because they rest against the "poppy heads."

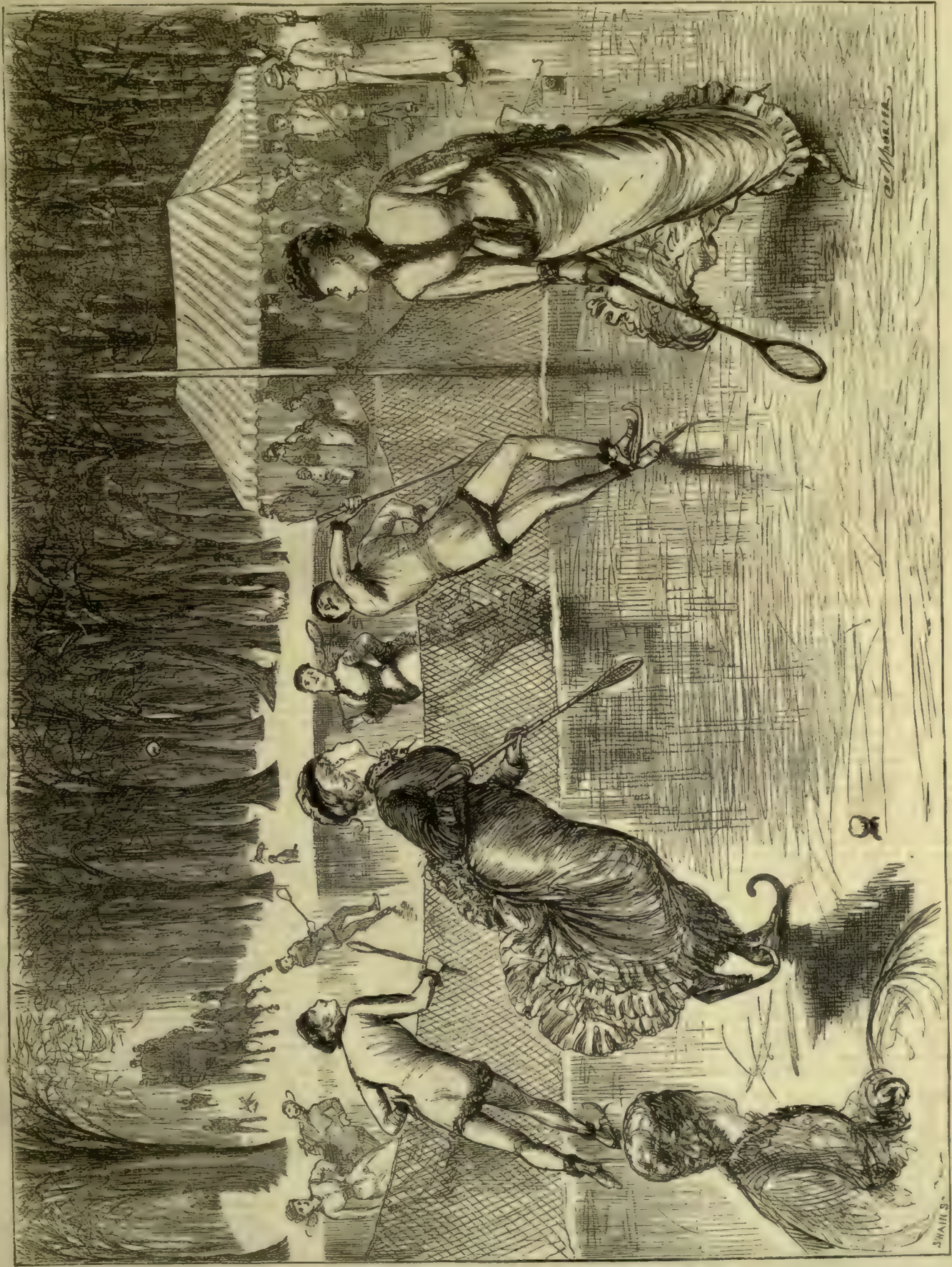
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Natives at five shillings a dozen.

HOME MEASURES.—A tablespoonful three times a day.

SOME persons are thoroughly imperturbable. Nothing can shock them—not even an earthquake.

A TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A Slop-shop.

* Vide BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.



RINK-TENNIS.



DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SOLDIER.

January.—Entered the Service as a recruit, in spite of the protest of the Rector of my native village. Spent my bounty money in dissipation, and was passed over to the dépôt.

February.—Found myself in the Infantry. Immediately on receiving my kit, deserted, and came up to London.

March.—After a fortnight's pleasuring, shaved off my whiskers, and entered the Service again. The Magistrate who "swore me in" warned me that I was sacrificing my prospects in life by becoming a soldier.

April.—Found myself in the Cavalry. Took a distaste to "stables," and deserted.

May.—After living upon the proceeds of my "free kit" for a short time, determined to enter the Service again. Shaved off my moustache, and was duly sworn in. A Clergyman on the bench admonished me that I was throwing my future to the dogs by wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

June.—Found myself in the Artillery. Gun drill appeared to be hard work. After a fortnight at Woolwich, made up my mind to desert, and deserted.

July.—Thought I would try the Militia. Joined a Metropolitan regiment, and finding "position drill" a nuisance, deserted.

August.—My funds being low, made up my mind that I had not given the Militia a fair chance. Left London and joined a country Militia regiment.

September.—Early morning drill unpleasant. Deserted, and went to Scotland. True to my love for the Auxiliary Forces, joined a Highland Militia regiment.

October.—Requiring change of air, deserted to Ireland, and joined a Militia regiment in the Emerald Isle.

November.—All the trainings seem now over; suddenly tired of the Militia. Came back to England, and, leaving my regiment (in my usual fashion), joined the Royal Engineers.

December.—Found I was expected to learn a trade. This did not suit me, so I "exchanged" (in my old style) into the Marines, purposing to take a little sea voyage to escape the kind inquiries of many military friends. Eat my Christmas dinner, and on the last day of the old year packed up my traps and—deserted!

GEOLOGY OF ERIN.—"Snakes," says an Irish Naturalist, "never existed in Ireland, where they became extinct entirely through the preaching of St. Patrick." Search the bog-formations, however, for the remains of the O'PHIDIANS.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

APRIL.

APRIL starts with All Fools' Day
(That runs all the year I say);
Poets call this month the *vernal*,
Weather commonly infernal!
Spring is on us—with a spring;
Blows and pours like anything!
April showers—in the form
Of a (frigid) tropic storm.
Bards sing Canticles—sheer cant!
Time for planting—all a "plant!"
Stick the Bards on dunce's stools,
They but make us—April Fools!

MAY.

MAY! pet month with every poet.
Flowers blow—and winds too, blow it!
Bards! On their own "lines" I'd string 'em
For their fibs. Top coat and gingham
Still essential. One fresh bore—
The B.A.'s throw wide their door!
Table-talk is all of pictures,
Critic cant, and stupid strictures.
May in Nature is a sham,
May in Art gush, crush, and cram!
Pipe me no more ditties pray
On the "merry Month of May!"

JUNE.

JUNE! Again the Bards begin.
"Summer is ycomen in."
Yet without a Sangster stout
He's a fool who'll venture out.
Roses! pretty in a poem.
Did you ever try to grow 'em?
After toilsome eves and morns
Find a crop of—leaves and thorns?
Year attains another quarter,
Days, and tempers too, grow shorter.
Muse, your lyre is out of tune,
Leave "the leafy Month of June!"

RULE AND EXCEPTION.—"When things are at the worst they sometimes mend." Some things are too bad to mend any more. A saying true of things in general, if not *à propos de bottes*.

IN QUEST OF LODGINGS.—Recollect you can always obtain bed and board, without any additional payment for the latter, by sleeping on the floor.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SAILOR.

January.—Found myself on board the *Lively Polly*. Could not account for my presence on deck. The last thing I remembered was the parlour of a riverside tavern.

February.—The *Lively Polly* quite safe in calm water, but being heavily insured was unlucky enough to sink in a storm.

March.—After ten days in an open boat, made the land. Kindly treated by the owner of a public-house.

April.—Found myself suddenly on board the *Copper Coffin*, with a cargo of cotton. The *Copper Coffin*, being manned with a crew of "choice spirits," caught fire.

May.—After an unpleasant journey on a bit of broken spar, made the land. Having acquired a temporary distaste for the sea, entered the lighter service.

June.—In charge of a lighter freighted with gunpowder and other innocent materials. Met an old friend, had a glass of ale, lighted a pipe, and blew up.

July.—Joined the Naval Reserve, and found out the secret of obtaining the maximum of pay for the minimum of work.

August.—Entered the Royal Navy, and was draughted into an Iron-clad.

September.—Went in the Iron-clad to the bottom of the sea.

October.—Having risen to the surface, made my way to London, and started "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society." Lived sumptuously upon the subscriptions.

November.—The subscribers of "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society" asking disagreeable questions, entered the Merchant Service—on this occasion with all my wits about me.

December.—Assisted in putting my Captain in irons, and kept Christmas merrily by breaking into the spirit cupboard and going to the bottom. Not being born to be drowned, picked up and brought to England. Ended the year in the parlour of a sea-side tavern, in a happy state of unconsciousness.

"RINKUM TENEATIS, AMICI!"

OFTEINTIMES in merry May,
When the water nearly freezes,
Tender leaves on many a spray
Shrivelling droop in Eastern breezes.

Christmas come again you think.

Then, whilst genuine ice awaiting,

Go, glide o'er the mimic "Rink,"

And sing, "What a day for skating!"



WORDS AND WEIGHTS.

Angler. "DEUCKED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APOKE!"

Donald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT'S NO THAT MUCKLE ODDS 'TH' SAWMON,—BUT THAE FOWK UP THE WATTER IS BIGGER LEEARS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE!"

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TINKER.

January.—Began the year as Private Secretary to a popular Member of Parliament.

February.—Prepared several speeches to be used at charity dinners by my Chief.

March.—The Session having commenced, armed myself for the coming campaign by reading the whole edition of the *Annual Register* and learning HAYDN'S *Dictionary of Dates* by heart. Bought a *Lemprière* to be used in the concoction of classical speeches.

April.—Very busy on the orations of my Chief. Added to my library a good *Dictionary of Quotations*.

May.—Went down to the borough of my Chief, and represented "popular enthusiasm" on his arrival.

June.—Wrote a pamphlet upon the Currency, and contributed (to two leading magazines) a couple of articles, headed "International Law" and "Persian Learning in the Middle Ages." The brochure and the papers appeared with my Chief's name attached to them.

July.—Attended Committee Meetings at the House of Commons, and suggested questions to be put by my Chief to the witnesses summoned before him.

August.—My Chief being away shooting in the Highlands, attended to the thousand and one claims of his five hundred and two constituents.

September.—Travelled down to the borough of my Chief, and got up his Testimonial Committee. Became Honorary Secretary to that not very distinguished body.

October.—Organised the rejoicing on the arrival of my Chief in the borough of his adoption. "Laughed" and "cheered" at the proper time during the presentation of the Testimonial Inkstand.

November.—My Chief, weary of politics, accepted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and invited me to accept my dismissal.

December.—Out of work.

NEW LONDON STREET DIRECTORY.

Adam Street.—Antediluvian anecdotes and traditions still linger here.

Air Street.—Doctors send their patients to this locality for change.

Aldermanbury.—Visited by numbers of bereaved relatives.

Amwell Street.—Always healthy.

Barking Alley.—To be avoided in the Dog Days.

Boy Court.—Not far from Child's Place.

Camomile Street.—See Wormwood Street.

Coldbath Square.—Very bracing.

Distaff Lane.—Full of Spinsters.

Farm Street.—Highly sensitive to the fluctuations of the corn market.

Fashion Street.—Magnificent sight in the height of the Season.

First Street.—Of immense antiquity.

Friday Street.—Great jealousy felt by all the other days of the week.

Garlick Hill.—Make a little detour.

Glasshouse Street.—Heavily insured against hail-storms.

Godliman Street.—Irreproachable.

Great Smith Street.—Which of the Smiths is this?

Grundy Street.—Named after that famous historic character—MRS. GRUNDY.

Hercules Buildings.—Rich in traditions and stories of the "Labours" of the Founder.

Homer Street.—Literally classic ground. The house pointed out in connection with "the blind old bard" has long since disappeared.

Idol Lane.—Where are the Missionaries?

Ivy Lane.—This, and Lillypot Lane, and Woodpecker Lane, and Wheatsheaf Yard, and White Thorn Street, all sweetly rural. It is difficult to make a selection.

Lamb's Conduit Street.—Touching description (by the oldest inhabitant) of the young lambs coming to drink at the conduit.

Liquorpond Street.—See Philpot Lane.

Love Lane.—What sort of love? The "love of the turtle?"

Lupus Street. } Both dangerous.

Maddox Street. }

Milk Street.—Notice the number of pumps.

Mining Lane.—Mining is now mostly done elsewhere, by machinery.

Orchard Street.—The last apple was gathered here about the time that the last coursing match took place in Hare Court.

Paper Buildings.—Wonderfully substantial! Bribe paper extensively used in these buildings.

Paradise Street. } Difficult to choose between the

Pearless Street. } two.

Poultry. } Crowded at Christmas.

Pudding Lane. }

Quality Court.—Most aristocratic.

Riches Court.—Not a house to be had for love or money.

Shepherdess Walk.—Ought to be near Shepherd's Bush.

Trump Street.—Noted for whist.

Type Street.—Leaves a most favourable impression.

World's End Passage.—Finis.

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To-day the year begins,

To-day your task commence.

Pick up the casual pins,

And one short twelvemonth hence,

You'll be rewarded for your pains

With fourpence as your thrifty gains.

MYTHOLOGY AND MUSIC.—In the Grecian Sculptor Room at the British Museum, inquire of the attendant to see the portions of the walls of Thebes, said to have been originally built by Amphion at the sound of his lyre. That is a mistake; as you will find that the columns were fluted.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—"Circumstances alter cases"—but never, not even in the greatest emergency, the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, or ablative.

GOING INTO THE OTHER EXTREME.—Some men carry their aversion to what they call "gush" to such an extent, that they will not allow their feelings even to trickle.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—BAITOPPE the noted cricketer, speaking of the shape of his daughter's face, described it as a Kennington Oval.

HOW UNLIKE AN ALMANACK!—Assizes have no Saints in the Calendar.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—BOSWELL has nowhere recorded the saying, attributed to DOCTOR JOHNSON, "Sir, it is of no use for a nation to enlist sympathies unless it can also enlist soldiers."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Do not attempt to feed Pigs on Grains of Paradise. A Calf is none the better for being reared on Ases' Milk.

COUNTY DISTINCTIONS.

Ayrshire.—8 hares, with the Isle of Skye, the distinction of having inspired more jokes than any other district in Her Majesty's Dominions.

Beds.—Noted for its excellent sleeping accommodation.

Bucks.—From time immemorial the male population have been great dandies.

Ches(s)hire.—The head-quarters of this engrossing game.

Cork.—Convivial. Famous for its claret and whiskey.

Down.—Not always—up as well.

Dublin.—See Census returns of population.

Essex.—Musical.

Herts.—Does it? Where?

Hunts.—Foxes, packs of hounds, sportsmen in scarlet, and whippers-in everywhere during the Season.

Oxon.—One great Cattle Show.

Somerset.—The inhabitants are brought up from infancy to turn heels over head.

Stirling.—Of genuine worth.

Wicklow.—Of less consequence since gas has so largely taken the place of candles.

Wyltown.—The evening parties here are a great sight.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

LOVE, yonder Autumn leaves are gold,
Our locks turn silver when we're old.
But like the trees we need not fare,
A fluid can revive grey hair,
And when, as foliage, hair is shed,
Men, unlike trees, wear wigs instead.

HOW TO OBSERVE ALL SAINTS' DAY.—Devote yourself particularly to St. Jullien, St. Estephe, and St. Emilion.

CHANGE FOR AN ADAGE.—Half a loaf is better than no sugar.



FOR THE MOORS.

De Tamkyns (who is ordering a Shooting Suit). "I—AW—WANT SOME KIND OF—AW—STUFF—'COLOUR OF HEATHER, Y'KNOW,—SO THAT THE GWOUSE WON'T WECOGNISE ME, Y'KNOW!"

ANACHRONISMS.

The Lady who does not follow the fashion.

The Parson who does not go in for Ritual and Confessional.

The Tradesman who does not adulterate.

The Bishop who gives his reasons for doing wrong.

The Premier who does not let his subordinates make blunders.

The ex-Premier who does not use his hatchet upon everything.

The Poet who does not think himself greater than SHAKESPEARE.

The Novelist who is not of the female sex.

The First Lord of the Admiralty who is not an old woman.

The Critic who writes the truth of his enemy's book.

The Financier who pays his clients eighteen per cent., and is never a bankrupt.

The Publisher who cannot afford oyster-sauce with his rump-steak.

The Author who can.

The Stockbroker who makes less than twenty thousand a-year.

The Yachtsman who is never sea-sick.

The Lady who "Winks" without fear of a tumble.

The Prince who has great fear of any adventure, however brilliant and perilous.

AT THE RINK.

Of what is the old man thinking

As he sits in his old arm-chair?

He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,

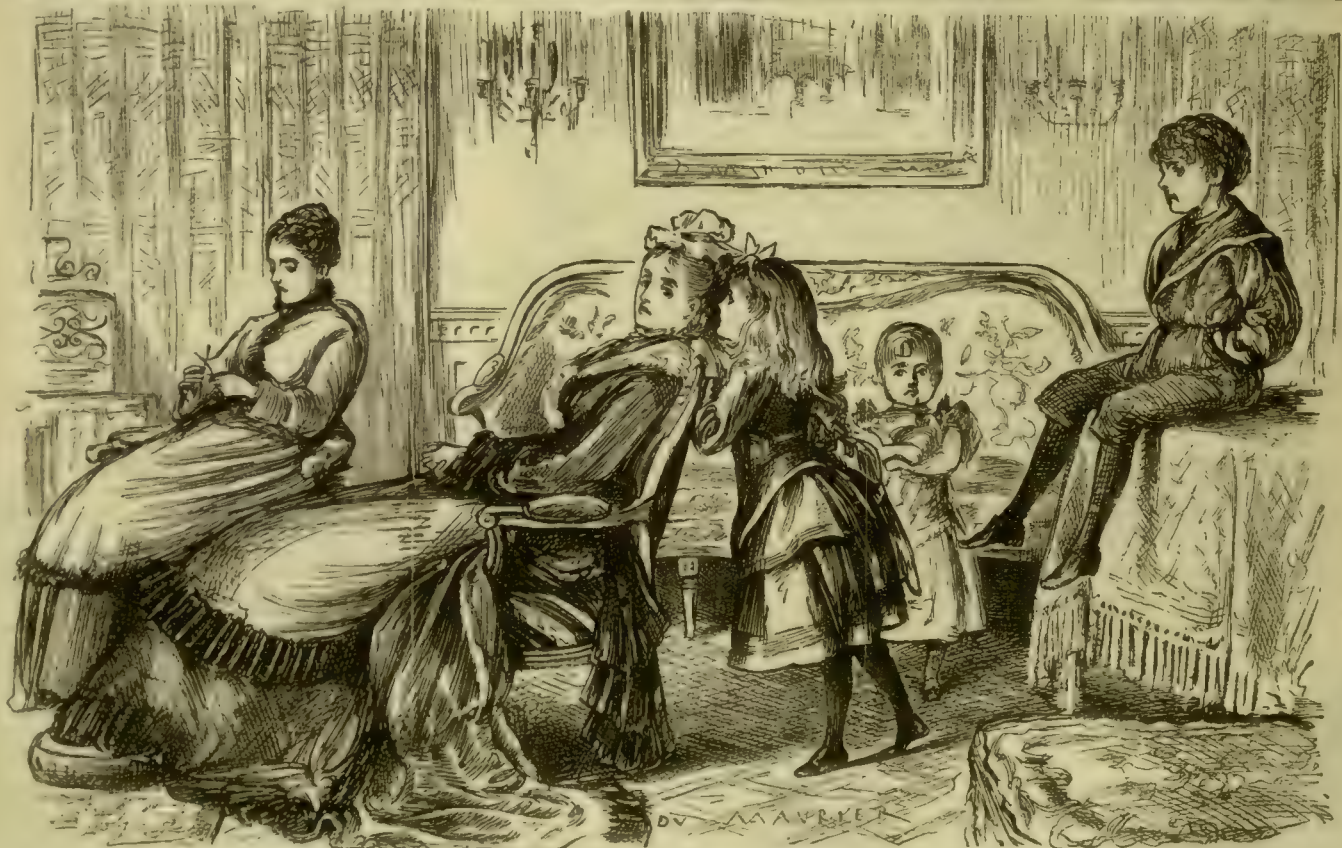
If try it he only dare.

He's thinking, that, when you're Rinking,

Unless you take lots of care,

You'll be on your back, like winking,
And stunned before you're aware.

A TRUISM FOR ALL TIME.—No rooms like mushrooms.



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

Eldest son. "MOTHER! ISN'T IT WICKED TO SAY 'YOU BE BLOWED,' AS ALOY DOES?"

Mother. "IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—IT'S 'VULGAR!'"



the bright pomp moves onward, jubilant."

MILTON (*adapted*).

A WET DIARY.

January.—Buy a house in the Midland Counties. Put a Housekeeper in it to look after it.

February.—Housekeeper writes to say that, owing to the floods, the neighbourhood is very damp and unhealthy.

March.—Housekeeper writes to say that the garden is under water.

April.—Housekeeper writes to say that there is two foot of water in the drawing-room, and that the furniture is floating about.

May.—Housekeeper writes to say that eighty feet of the garden wall has been washed away.

June.—Housekeeper writes to say that the two horses, one cow, and four pigs are drowned.

July.—Go and stop in the house myself.

August.—Escape from the bedroom windows in a boat.

September.—In bed with rheumatic fever.

October.—Housekeeper writes to say that the floods are out worse than ever.

November.—Somebody writes to say that the Housekeeper has been drowned.

December.—Will try and sell house in the Midland Counties.

LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

WHEN Hero saw Leander die,
"O, Leander!" she did cry;
And what the cruel ocean slew,
Into an "O-Leander" grew!

A MAIDEN ATTEMPT.—Said EDITH to MABEL, "Is not that a pretty tree?" She pointed to a handsome *Acer platanoides*. "A pretty tree!" answered MABEL. "I call that a plane tree." "O!" rejoined ETHEL.



"GENTLEMEN HELPS."

Courtesy Greengrocer (who Waits at Evening Parties, to Lady Customer). "SHALL I 'AVE THE PLEASURE OF MELTING YOU THIS EVENING AT LADY FITZWIGGIE'S MA'AM?"!!

VIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

(Or Compendious Weather-guide for the British Tourist.)

WHEN the wind is in the North,
Gingham take if you go forth.
If to Eastward veer the wind,
Gingham do not leave behind.
If to West the wind should tend,
Gingham is your surest friend.
If it seek the South, of course,
Gingham is your sole resource.
Intermediate points demand
Gingham constantly in hand.
If there be no wind at all,
Gingham take, for rain will fall.
At all other times, no doubt,
Gingham you may do without,
Yet e'en then an hour may bring
'em,—
Showers I mean,—so take your
Gingham!

APRIL 1.—Full Moonshine. Poetical Licences taken out. Taxes invented. Mares' Nests discovered by the Horse Marines. The first street Organ heard in London. The last Phoenix shot in Dublin. A fine specimen of a Dog in a Manger (from Newfoundland) presented to the Zoological Gardens. "A sixth part every four hours" first prescribed. Paving with gold adopted for the streets of London. Fees at theatres instituted. Inauguration of Weddings with four officiating Clergymen and eight officiating Bridesmaids. Prizes offered for the best Bulls. The first taken by John Bull; the 2nd by an Irish Bull; the 3rd by a Bull in a China Shop; and the 4th by a Bull of the Pope's.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—June. In dry weather, give your crops water. Of course, some months ago, while you were grumbling at the rain, you took the opportunity of storing a supply.



TRUE POLITENESS; OR, THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

Cabby. "FOUR-WHEELER, MA'AM?"

Old Lady. "No, THANK YOU, I'M WAITING FOR AN 'ATLAS.'"

Cabby. "AH INDEED, MA'AM; BUT WON'T YOU STEP IN AND TAKE A SEAT IN OUR SHELTER TILL THE OMLIBUS COMES UP, MA'AM?"!!



LINLEY. SANBOURN. 1875.

PARLIAMENTARY MOTTOES.

Buckinghamshire.—"Sphinx volucris pennis."
AUSONIUS.
Greenwich.—"Continue in courses till those knowest
what they are."—SHAKESPEARE.
Oxford.—"Non tam historico quam oratorio genere."
CICERO.
Cambridge.—"Spes est expectatio boni."—CICERO.
Guildford.—"Festina lente."—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
Finsbury.—"Sermo promptus et Isæo torrentior."
JUVENAL.
Salford.—"O Charley is my darling."
Cavalier Ballad.

Carlisle.—"The nights are long in merry Carlisle,
The Knights drink deep, drink deep;
Quoth a wifful wight, the gay midnight
Never was meant for sleep."
MS. picked up near Aspatia.

London University.—"Lo, here am I!"
Maidstone.—"How doth the little busy bee
Make honey golden sweet,
In that snug hive where bankers thrive,
Yclept ye Lombard Street!"
DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

North Leicestershire.—"Manners makyth man."
Old Adage.
Leicester.—"Sartor Resartus."—CARLYLE.
Birmingham.—"Salmo a saltendo."
North Warwickshire.—"I follow the fox, and worry the POPE,
And give an account of both, I hope!"
MS. found in Arlington Street.

Oxfordshire.—"Old perry wants water."
Oxford Adage.
Stoke-upon-Trent.—"Leo roris." (Free translation:
"The lion roars.")
Elgin.—"Survey mankind from China to Peru."
JOHNSON.

Peterborough.—"Papam Ortonque cano."—VIRGIL
(slightly altered).
Radnor.—"Cavendo tutus."—DEBRETT.
East Worcestershire.—"Hail, all hail!"
East Staffordshire.—"O tempora! O mores!"
Berkshire.—"O tempora! O mores!"
Derby.—"Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada."
HORACE.

Flintshire.—"Aquila captat muscas."
Bath.—"I like a good hater."—JOHNSON.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JULY.

JULY! Now the days grow torrid,
Heat and thirst are something horrid.
Pass our days and nights in panting,
Do involuntary Banting.
School breaks up, Home-Rule breaks down.
Subtle hints of "out of town."
Papers full of Cricket Matches,
Gush about big hits and catches,
Then St. Swithin turns his main on,
Bringing his eternal rain on.
On the whole a perfect teaser
Is your Month, great JULIUS CÆSAR!

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Glass at something shocking,
Cockneys to the sea-side flocking;
Woman's wish to join the throng,
Daily theme and nightly song.
Horrid nuisance! Worst of sells,
Norfolk-Howards, shrimps, and smells!
Now begins the Oyster Season,
Prices range beyond all reason.
Crown of culinary woes
Fate piled on when molluscs rose.
Patience? Can her rule adjust us
To thy maddening Month, Augustus?

SEPTEMBER.

COMES September, and St. Partridge!
Catch me offering one cartridge
At his shrine! Swell Sumpshs may fag
All to brag about a "bag."
Sport, indeed! No greater rot!
When I shoot may I be shot!
Sea-side getting full and fuller,
Morning papers daily duller.
Sheer discomfort's carnival,
Equinox brings shower and squall;
Spouts the wandering County Member.
ang! Bosh! Bother! That's September!

By ADAM SMITH, JUN.—In India, as in most other
countries, money is very unequally distributed. The
few have a lac, the many a lack-of rupees.

FROM A MISOGAMIST.—Love is blind, and no oculist
has ever yet performed a successful operation. There
is but one cure—Marriage.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE PLOUGH BOY.

January.—Began the year in the Workhouse.
February.—Got tired of "the House," and tried a
little stone-breaking.
March.—Got employment on a farm. Spent a small
portion of my time in work, and the remainder in
drinking beer.
April.—Listened to the arguments of the strike
organiser. Came to the conclusion that play was better
than work.
May.—After consultation with my mates, struck for
higher wages.
June.—On strike. Found doing nothing, save drink-
ing beer and playing skittles, very pleasant employment.
Somehow or another the wives and children of my mates
did not seem to thrive upon it.
July.—Starvation. Went back into the Union, and
resumed my old work.
August.—Came out of "the House," and went back
to the farm on reduced wages.
September.—Travelled about in search of employ-
ment. Found the education provided by the School-
Board of no great practical value.
October.—Got near the Black Country, and married a
hard-working girl for the sake of her earnings.
November.—Alterations with my wife, in which my
boots played an important part. Separation agreed
upon. Brought before a Magistrate, and sentenced to
one month's imprisonment for nearly killing my wife
on the eve of her departure.
December.—Released from prison. Had no Christmas
dinner, and ended the year (as I began it) in the Work-
house.

OCCASIONAL RAINFALL.

It frequently rains cats and dogs;
Sometimes, we hear, too, fish and frogs.
To see that proof of Nature's powers,
Wait for the First of April's showers.

HINT FOR A NEW PEERAGE.—Of hereditary titles
the most ancient is that of Earl. It has come down to
us from the Earliest times.

APRIL 1, ALL FOOLS' DAY.—General Meeting of
Foreign Bondholders.

APRIL 9, PALM SUNDAY.—Go and observe it among
the Endogens at Kew Gardens.

**SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR OUR WELL-SHOD NIGHT
FORCE.**—"The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
—Macbeth.



DOCTORS (IN HYGEIA) DIFFER (FROM THOSE IN LONDON.)

Scene in Dr. Richardson's City of Health.—Chorus of Medical Practitioners. "WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Being a Leaf out of our Almanack for the Year 1976.)

For the instruction of posterity, and in order to preserve some record of the way in which we live now, we chronicle a few of the remarkable events which have occurred in the past twelvemonth:—

New Year's Day.—Opening of New London Bridge, built in order to relieve the growing traffic of the City, and extending in unbroken width from Westminster to Wapping.

St. Valentine's Day.—No fewer than five million four thousand and twenty-seven Valentines were received and delivered by the patent postal telegraphic lightning apparatus, within the radius of the Metropolis before six o'clock, A.M.

St. Patrick's Day.—Inauguration of the Submarine Railway from Holyhead to Kingstown. Grand breakfast in honour of the visit of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, given by the Corporation, in the Phoenix Park, and banquet in the evening to the MAYOR OF DUBLIN, who returned with his Lordship by express train to the Mansion-House.

All Fools' Day.—A report gained credence at the Clubs, and thence was wafted to the Vatican by private wire from Westminster, that BISHOP BROADCHURCH had been preaching in MR. STURGEON'S tabernacle, and thence returned to Lambeth Palace on the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Lady Day.—The House of Ladies was opened for the Session by the SPEAKERESS in person, who announced in her Speech that the stringent Act of Parliament which the House had passed last autumn, extending the rights of married women to the privilege of litch-keys, had been threatened with repeal by the Opposition in the House of Lords.

May Day.—Banquet given to the President and Members of the Royal Academy, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the making of the law which prohibits the R.A.'s from hanging their own pictures; a task which is performed now with far greater success by a Committee of outsiders.

Waterloo Day.—Great excitement was caused in certain fashionable circles by a letter in the *Times* from the COUNTESS OF COLNEY HATCH, complaining that her Cook, though paid a salary of £500 a-year, insisted upon having her own tea imported overland through Russia, and, besides receiving the usual bonnet-money and culinary perquisites, demanded to be found in turtle-soup for supper, with a pint of iced champagne.

Derby Day.—The annual contest of Aërial Velocipedes was flown on the new course from Birmingham to Bayswater, and resulted in a dead heat between LORD HELTER SKELTEN'S *Tearaway* and CAPTAIN STIRRUP'S *High Stepper*, the race occupying twenty-seven minutes three seconds and a half exactly.

Midsummer Day.—Fancy undress ball and breakfast given at the Guildhall, on the occasion of conferring the Freedom of the City upon GENERAL FITZ-BISMARCK, the President of Prussia.

Goose Day.—Under the provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands, the Honourable MRS. GREY MAYOR was sentenced to six weeks' exclusion from the Opera, for having dragged her worse half on a round of morning calls.

Lord Mayor's Day.—Having been unanimously elected to the onerous as well as honourable office of Lord Mayor of this immense Metropolis (which now covers the whole country from Bedford to Brighton, and from Salisbury to Southend), Mr. *Punch* presided at the banquet, which, as usual, was held in the Guildhall, and was honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns of Europe, together with the British Governor of China, the KING OF CALIFORNIA, and the EMPRESS OF THE SOUTHERN DISUNITED STATES.

King's Birthday.—Grand review of our Steam Soldiers upon Canterbury Common, in honour of the visit of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRALIA. Upwards of a million of Mechanical Troops were mustered to march past, and the charge of the Steam Cavalry was described as something wonderful. When the Emperor left the field, a battery of "Woolwich Babies" (each a thirty thousand pounder) opened fire in a salute, which was distinctly heard at the Land's End and John o'Groat's House.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TAILOR.

January.—Moved up to London from the country with my wife and children.

February.—Obtained employment in a West End establishment, and curried favour with my master's customers.

March.—Got access to the books of the firm, and made copious extracts therefrom.

April.—Became a widower, and married my master's daughter.

May.—Explained to my father-in-law that he was completely in my power. Proved my position by refer-

ring to the extracts I had made from the journal and the ledger. My father-in-law angry, but powerless. Became his partner.

June.—Very busy with legal proceedings against the less important customers of the firm. Constant communication kept up between our Solicitors and the official representatives of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

July.—Enjoyed a tour on the Continent. Travelled strictly *incognito* under the *nomme de voyage* of "LE BARON DE SMITH, Grand Milor' Anglais."

August.—Back to business. Recommended legal proceedings, and called in all the debts of the firm. Ruined the establishment, and divided the profits. Father-in-law retired to Clapham.

September.—Started business on my own account in the premises lately occupied by my father-in-law and myself. Invented the Royal Khiva Overcoat. Got the garment made by the machine girls for next to nothing, and advertised it largely. Spent a great part of the month in shooting over my new preserves in Sussex.

October.—Explained to the important customers of the late firm that my then partner (my father-in-law) was responsible for commencing legal proceedings against any gentleman of higher rank than a baronet. Upon this, important customers returned to my books by the score, and unimportant customers (following the lead of their betters) by the thousand.

November.—Commenced to accommodate my customers. Lent money at eighty-five per cent. to those of them who could give me proper security. Found this venture even a better thing than the sale of "the Royal Khiva Overcoat, as advertised."

December.—Financial business flourishing famously. Half-a-dozen decoys bringing me customers (each with two good names) daily. Nothing could be better. Ended the year by eating my plum-pudding off silver plate, and marrying my daughter (by my first wife) to a parson!

A TREE OF WOE.—The common Yew (*Taxus baccata*), as an ornament of the churchyard, has acquired melancholy associations. No wonder, considering its botanical name, *Taxus*.

MODERN ILLUMINATION.—February 1. Candlemas. Haven't candles gone out? Isn't it time to re-christen the season?

DIALECTIC WUT.—Hoot awa', as the Scotchman said to the owl.



October xxxi Days.				November xxx Days.				December xxxi Days.			
1 S	16 S	at Tr	17 T	1 H. Parl. b	1 W	All Saints	16 Th	1 F	18 S	10 Ad.	17 S
2 M	17 S	6h. 4m	18 T	2 T. Taylor	2 T	Mich. T. a	17 F	2 S	19 S	11 Ad.	18 S
3 W	18 S	9. 35m	19 W	3 Kneller d	3 F	Per. Leigh	18 S	3 S	20 S	12 Ad.	19 S
4 W	19 S	10. 10m	20 F	4 B.N. varino	4 S	Wil. III. b	19 S	4 M	21 S	13 Ad.	20 S
5 F	20 S	11. 10m	21 F	5 Nelson d	5 S	21 S. at Tr	20 S	5 T	22 S	14 Ad.	21 S
6 F	21 S	12. 10m	22 F	6 19 S. at Tr	6 S	22 S. at Tr	21 S	6 W	23 S	15 Ad.	22 S
7 S	22 S	13. 10m	23 S	7 E. Derby d	7 T	23 S. at Tr	22 S	7 Th	24 S	16 Ad.	23 S
8 S	23 S	14. 10m	24 T	8 W. Webster d	8 W	24 S. at Tr	23 S	8 F	25 S	17 Ad.	24 S
9 M	24 S	15. 10m	25 W	9 W. St. Crispin	9 T	25 S. at Tr	24 S	9 S	26 S	18 Ad.	25 S
10 T	25 S	16. 10m	26 T	10 H. Hogarth d	10 F	26 S. at Tr	25 S	10 S	27 S	19 Ad.	26 S
11 W	26 S	17. 10m	27 F	11 C. Cook b	11 S	27 S. at Tr	26 S	11 M	28 S	20 Ad.	27 S
12 W	27 S	18. 10m	28 F	12 M. Met. tin	12 S	28 S. at Tr	27 S	12 T	29 S	21 Ad.	28 S
13 F	28 S	19. 10m	29 F	13 20 Saf. Tr	13 S	29 S. at Tr	28 S	13 W	30 S	22 Ad.	29 S
14 S	29 S	20. 10m	30 S	14 Tower b	14 T	30 S. at Tr	29 S	14 Th	31 S	23 Ad.	30 S
15 S	30 S	21. 10m	31 T	15 All Hallows	15 W	31 S. at Tr	30 S	15 F		24 Ad.	31 S
16 M	31 S	22. 10m						16 S		25 Ad.	

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miscries of the Month.)

OCTOBER.

CHILL October, month unpleasant!
Now gun-maniacs pot the pheasant.
Leaves are falling, fields are damp,
Can't go out without a Gamp.
All the Cackle family out,
Primed to prose and prompt to spout.
Zeal at zenith, nous at zero,
Season to trot out a Hero.
Money spent and temper flown,
Think of coming back to town.
Silly season! Sense that's sober
Shuns the precincts of October.

NOVEMBER.

NEXT November. Eugh! its presence
Brings black misery in quintessence.
Sky a pall, and earth a bog,
Intermediate region—fog!
Egypt's darkness could be felt,
Ours is worse, it may be smelt!
Who to peace may make pretences,
Suffering through all his senses?
Fog, big feeds, Guys, rows, and rockets,
Plague ears, eyes, nose, stomach, pockets.
Fawkes I'd gratefully remember
Had he blown away—November!

DECEMBER.

DREAR December ends the dozen.
One day flooded, next one frozen!
Christmas, falsely called the jolly,
Saturnalia of folly.
Gush, dyspepsia, decoration,
Shillingsworth's of stale sensation,
Parcel-plague,—things known as "presents,"—
Wines none want, superfluous pheasants.
Exit old year! Crowning bother,
With next day begins another!
Bills, bad weather, bones,—remember
Don't depart with dead December!

LOOKING UP OUR HISTORY.—How few of those who
admire the roof of Westminster Hall remember that the
original Hall was built by WILLIAM RUFUS!

SEPTEMBER 29.—Michaelmas Day. Rom in Capitol
saved by geese. English Capital lost by ditto.

NEW READING.—Necessity is the Mother of Cabmen.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE THIEF.

January.—Having nothing better to do, started a
Bank. Christened it the Royal English, Welsh, Irish,
and Scottish Banking Association. Appointed agents
in all the principal towns in the United Kingdom and
the colonies. Agents' premium, £100.

February.—The Bank having failed, turned my atten-
tion to foreign countries. Got a concession to establish
railways in the North Pole. Immense rush of poor
curates and lone widows to invest their "little alls" in
my speculation.

March.—North Pole Railway Scheme exploded.
Started a journal with the aid of confiding papermakers
and too trustful printers.

April.—Newspaper ceased to appear. Issued a pros-
pectus of a Slate Mine. Bush of half-pay Captains
and guardianless orphans to the "Temporary Offices"
of the Company, in a back street in Bloomsbury.

May.—End of Slate Mine. Took a theatre. Enga-
ged a company on credit, and "brought out" an
actor with a very small stock of experience, but a very
large banking account.

June.—Theatre closed prematurely. Hurried on to
the Turf, and made several heavy books upon forth-
coming events.

July.—Warned off Newmarket Heath. Purchased a
Church, and engaged a popular preacher. Pew rents
most lucrative.

August.—Church closed; the popular preacher having
accepted a more advantageous appointment in America.
Bought some ground on a swamp cheap, and ran up a
"new neighbourhood" for invalids.

September.—Several fevers having broken out in the
"new neighbourhood," house rents ceased to be produc-
tive of profit. Established a new Club upon a new
principle.

October.—Paid in all the subscriptions and entrance
fees of the new Club into my banking account, and
closed the Club-house. Indignation meeting of ex-
members. Bought a patent for substituting balloons
for steamboats.

November.—Balloons having burst, became agent for
a foreign loan.

December.—Foreign loan immensely productive.
Received half-a-dozen foreign orders of unusual magni-
ficence. Built several palaces in London, covered my
wife with diamonds, and drove to church on Christmas
Day in my own brougham!

THE CARD-PLAYER'S PARADISE.—"The Palace of
Loo."

LINES ON LOVE.

(By a Postman on Valentine's Day.)

WHAT is this Love? I never felt his letters,
I hope they're not so heavy as his letters.
Sure Lovers would be proof against his charms
Did their hearts ache as much as do my arms.
How sweetly soft so e'er Love-letters may be,
To have to carry them's hard lines for me.
Would Love could give (perhaps the loved would doubt
them),
"Proofs before letters," or at least *without* them.
Perhaps the passion pleasure brings to most men,
I'm sure it little brings but pains to Postmen.
Cupid quotha! If I could snatch his bow
He'd send no arrows through the G.P.O.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

(A Drama in two Acts illustrative of the peculiarities of the
British Idiom of End-of-the-Season.)

ACT I.—Before the Event.

Adolphus. Won't it make its adored happy by naming
the day then—a playful little puss!
Seraphina. Ah! I suppose it must have its own way
—a sad young dog!

ACT II.—After the Event.

Seraphina (with emphasis). O! when Mamma comes
you will not treat me so—you insolent puppy!
Adolphus (with decided emphasis). Ah! don't talk
to me, you cat!!!

Curtain falls.

NOT QUITE THE TRUE RING.

THE DARRY JONESSES have been celebrating their
Silver Wedding with great splendour. Ill-natured
friends, recalling MR. DARRY JONES's frequent moods
and MRS. DARRY JONES's constant tempers, hint that
an electro-plated wedding would have been more like
the genuine article.

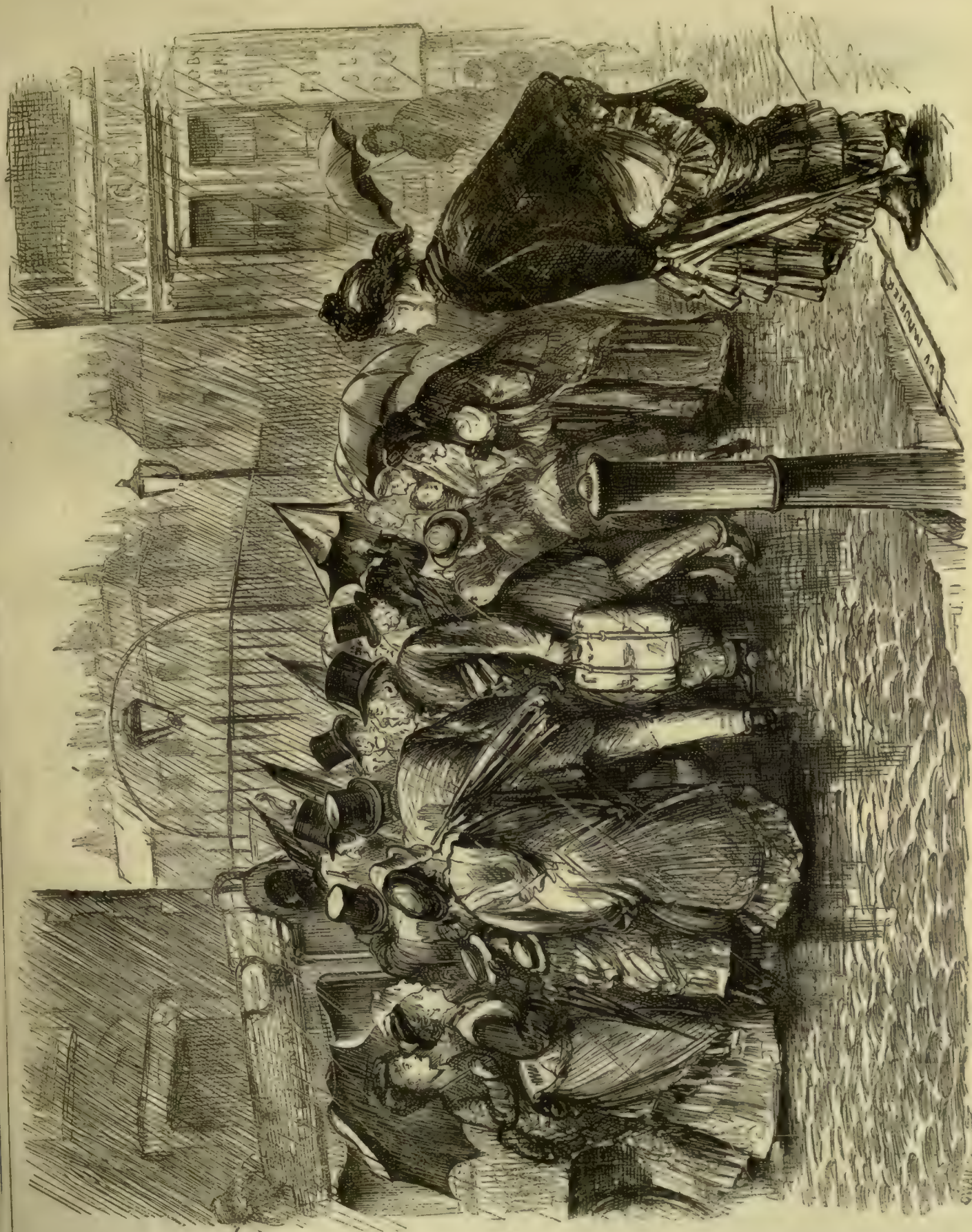
MAY 29, RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.—Make
oak-apple pie. Enthusiastic loyalists would have
eaten it.

TOLERABLE TEST OF SOBRIETY.—To pronounce
correctly the word "Disinterestedness."

THE SERVANT'S "WONT."—Too often the reverse of
the Master's Will.

FINE SPEAKING.—Calling a Water-cart a "Patent
Hydrostatic Van"!

"THE LITERARY MACHINE."—The Penny-a-Liner.



CHIVALRY IN THE LONDON STREETS.

TO BE OBSERVED ON A RAINY DAY AT ANY OMNIBUS STATION.

GILLI.



SUGGESTION TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

POT ON EXTRA "WHIPS" DURING THE HOLIDAYS, TO PREVENT THE FIELD HEADING THE HOUNDS.

LAWYERS SAY, "YOU CANNOT PROVE A NEGATIVE."

I deny this dictum *in toto*.
And, for Lawyers' especial behoof,
I assert that every photo
Is a Negative's Positive proof.

FULL DRESS FOR FISHERWOMEN.—Net.

ADVICE TO FARMERS FOR JANUARY.—Thrash corn. It won't hit you again. Nevertheless, "grist to the mill." Haul materials for building repairs, particularly if you want exercise. Supply live stock with plenty of litter; but keep their sheds tidy.

THE WRONG SAINT'S DAY.—January 21. Vaccination introduced, 1799. St. Anthony. Shouldn't it be St. Jenner?

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.—"The course of true love never did run smooth," SHAKESPEARE (for a miracle) omitted to add the cause—the floods of tears.

MAY 1.—May Day. (For Can, Should, Would and Could Days. See *Old Moore*, *Zadkiel*, *Lindley Murray*, and other almanacs.)

CUPID-ITY.—Marrying for love and—money.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION.—Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, and Turkey in Lendenhall Market.

NOVEMBER 9.—Lord Mayor's Day. Turtle discovered in the Calippem Sea.

HOMELY PROVERB FOR THE KITCHEN.—Wishes won't wash dishes.

"LORD OF THE (A) ISLES."—The Parish Beadle.



À LA MODE DE FRANCE.

As Englishmen are very prone to envy the advantages of their neighbours, *Mr. Punch* begs to present the nation with a picture of the House of Commons as it would become were it conducted *à la mode de Versailles* :—

Lower House, Feb., 187—.

The **SPEAKER**, amidst general reclamations from all sides of the Chamber, took his seat at four o'clock.

Immediately after prayers (which were much interrupted by noises from the Left), seven Members sprang to their feet together.

The **Speaker**. I must proclaim order. (*Cheers from the Right.*) Order is the language of Rule. Without Rule there is no true liberty. (*Loud protests from the Left.*) **MR. BROWN** is in possession of the House. I implore **MR. BROWN** to remember that he is an Englishman.

Mr. Brown. The **SPEAKER** tells me I am an Englishman, and I tell him he is another. (*Laughter.*)

The **Speaker**. The House knows that threats are powerless to influence me. (*Cheers from the Right.*) And the House shall now learn that ridicule, the heritage of fools (*protests from the Left, and interruption*)—I repeat, ridicule, the heritage of fools (*renewed interruption, and "Hear! hear!" from the Right*) is equally powerless.

Mr. Brown. I move that the Early Closing Bill be read a Third Time, and pass. It has been read a First and Second Time without provoking a discussion.

Mr. Smith. There was once a grandmother who lived in Putney—

Mr. Brown. We do not want history.

Mr. Smith. No, you do not—neither you nor your party. (*Loud cheers from the Right, and great excitement amongst the Left.*) Your party has made History a record of blood and shame. (*Frantic excitement on the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. I must call **MR. SMITH** to order. The dignity of this House will not permit such a statement to go forth. The history of the greatest nation on the earth (*cheering on the Right*), the home of civilisation (*cheering on the Left*), and the pride of the ocean (*general cheering*)—in fact, England (*tumultuous applause in all parts of the Chamber*) cannot be described as "a record of blood and shame." (*"No, no!"*)

Mr. Smith. I do not speak of History, but of a Grandmother. (*Loud laughter.*) This Grandmother lived at Putney, and was very

stupid. (*Protests from the Left.*) She had a Grandson, and he was called **MR. BROWN**. (*Frantic excitement amongst the Members of the Left, who shake their fists at MR. SMITH.*)

Mr. Brown. An insult is only damaging when it emanates from a worthy man. **MR. SMITH** is not a worthy man. (*Shouts of applause from the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. I cannot permit such a discussion. I call both the Members who have just spoken to order. (*Protests from all sides of the House.*) We must not forget that if we all of us have, or have had, Grandmothers, most of us will have Grandsons; and those Grandsons will be Englishmen. (*"Hear! hear!" from the Right, and protests from the Left.*)

Mr. Robinson. I tell the **SPEAKER** deliberately that he insults posterity. (*Immense tumult, shouts and shrieks from Right and Left, and "Hear! hear!" from the Cross Benches.*)

The **Speaker**. Were I not here to preserve decorum and peace, I would strike **MR. ROBINSON** to the ground!

Mr. Robinson (*rising*). I am waiting for the blow. (*Excitement.*)

The **Speaker**. I shall wait until you leave this chamber. If you fall here, you will fall on honourable ground. The proper place for the slanderer is the gutter. (*Loud and prolonged sensation.*)

Mr. Robinson. Posterity will avenge me.

Mr. Brown. Then posterity will not have much to avenge. (*Laughter.*)

The **Speaker**. I call **MR. BROWN** to order. This House is not the place for recrimination. (*Cheering from all parts of the Chamber.*)

Mr. Tompkins. And yet **MR. BROWN** sometimes rides in a Brompton and Islington Omnibus. (*Protests from the Left, and "It is true!" from the Right.*)

Mr. Brown. A sneer can be endured when the sneerer neglects to pay his butcher's book! (*Great excitement below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Tompkins. This is not the first time that I have been slandered. I demand that my Butcher be called to the Bar of this House to be questioned. (*Loud Laughter from the Left.*)

The **Speaker**. **MR. TOMPKINS** is within his rights. As **Speaker** of this House, I command that all business be suspended until the Butcher of **MR. TOMPKINS** has been examined. (*"Well done!" from below the Gangway.*)

Mr. Smith. Then your command will not be obeyed. (*Immense cheering from the Right.*)

The **Speaker**. To endure is to be noble, but nobility has its limits. I am here to preserve order, but when my authority is questioned I can only do one thing. I can only take off my wig! (*Immense*

excitement. Scores of Members rush up to the Chair to dissuade the Speaker from carrying out his intention.) Gentlemen, my mind is made up, but before I go I would ask, is there any Act that requires passing?

Mr. Brown. The Early Closing Bill requires passing.

The Early Closing Bill (which provides that every Englishman shall keep within the limits of his own premises between the hours of five P.M. and seven A.M.) was then read a Third Time, and passed without provoking any further discussion.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Containing some Account of the Chapter of the Star, and how it was managed, with much novel information, and many interesting details.)



DEAR SIR, O WHAT a day we are having in India! Never were such times! I am bursting with news, overflowing with intelligence—as I always am—even you, Sir, must admit that—and I scarcely know where to commence. Shall I tell you about Ceylon? or, as I said to my Amiable and Illustrious Friend, "shall I take this seal off my lips to tell him about this Ceyl-on?"

My Gifted Companion did not see this joke at first; but when he did, nothing save my own inflexible patriotism could have prevented him from creating me a Peer on the spot. But I wouldn't have it; because, on returning home, it would be such a bore to keep up

"The Jew wouldn't be worth the scandal," as somebody said. Well, Sir, shall it be of Ceylon, or of Kandy—sweet Kandy? As I remarked to my Royal Co-Explorer, "If I speak of sweet Kandy, I must be candid." "That joke" my Illustrious and Intelligent Friend returned, "ought to be preserved." "O pickles!" I replied, sharp as a knife, on the instant; for I was not to be outdone, even though Royalty, like Femininity, ought to be allowed the last word to the end of the chapter. Chapter I—that's it! I'll begin with that; i. e. with some account of the Chapter of the Stars of India, which my Condescending and most Illustrious Leader held the other day at Calcutta. Its success—and it was a success—was mainly owing to the admirable forethought of Yours, Truly; for in these matters the ordinary Staff are nowhere, including LORDS C-GT-N, B-B-R-D, and the DUKE OF S-TH-RL-ND, who is what the Australians call a "damper"—which is a flat cake—where a *feu de joie* is concerned. But, though I say it, who, perhaps, should not, when there is a real difficulty, "*Je suis tout là*," and my motto is, as my amusing Friend, the BARON DE LESSEPS used to say to the KHEDIVÉ, "*Ni(e) desperandum!*" *Mais, qu'il était drôle ce cher LESSEPS!*

Well, Sir, when the notion was first started, my preface to this first Chapter was the following suggestion:—"Sir, these Rajahs, Maharajahs, Jamjams, Jellybhoys, and other Princes, will come in such gorgeous costumes, that we, in merely our European uniforms, will be nowhere: we shall be worse than insignificant, and the British Rule in India will be imperilled." A shadow passed across the open brow—it is becoming more and more open every day—of my Exalted Friend. The Staff were mute.

"What, then," he asked, "do you propose?"

"Sir," I replied, "simply this: MR. CHARLES MATHEWS is coming out to Calcutta. Let us telegraph to him to call at S. MAY'S, the Theatrical Costumier's, in Bow Street, and before that estimable person is too busy with his Christmas Pantomimes to attend to us, let us have all the most resplendent costumes that his wardrobe, and my experience, can supply." *Bien, très bien*, from the left. Joy was restored to every countenance.

"I played *Aladdin* when I was at the University," suddenly cried out LORD C-B-GT-N, with all the gusto of a young *Polonius*, recalling his performance of *Cæsar*. "It was a magnificent dress! I'll send for that!"

It was arranged. I made out the list, and before the Veteran Comedian left England he had received his Secret Instructions. Not

a word of this has been breathed till now. I made out the list, and when we arrived at Calcutta we found the boxes awaiting us, with the following dresses carefully packed, arranged, and labelled:—

One Sardanapalus, with sword complete. One Richard Cour de Lion, with flat King John Helmet. One Captain Crosstree, with extra large silver epaulettes, and double-sized cocked-hat. One Richard the Third, with boots, sword, and crown. Box and Cox, one of each, with three hats for Cox. One King of the Peacocks. Two Sprites, spangled tights. Three Brigands, with russet boots, belt, pistols, and combat swords complete. N.B.—Swords, if not wanted, to be returned at once. Harlequin's Dress, Clown's and Pantaloon's ditto, brand new, with Red Hot Poker lent for the occasion, with MR. CHATTERTON'S compliments, only used in last year's Pantomime, and to be returned immediately if not required. Banners, with emblematic devices worked on one side only. N.B. Care must be taken in carrying to keep this side constantly facing the audience. One Doge of Venice (by kind permission of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT, who have no further use for it. N.B.—Can be bought a bargain). One Dancing Barber in satin, with trick tails to work. One Mephistopheles, with a Faust disguise cloak and second dress to match. Six Pairs of Fleshings, in case they might be wanted. Five Petticoat Trousers for Smugglers, Red Rovers, and Black Wills. One Clancarty, one Buckingham (complete). Aladdin's Uncle. Two Big Heads for Courtiers, not required in the Covent Garden Pantomime, with MR. RICE'S best regards. One Earl of Leicester (Kenilworth). One Henry the Eighth (with jewels). One Shah (with plumes and scimitar). Two Guests (Noblemen), in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Ditto, Monks in *Favorite*. Full Suit of Armour, with white tunic, as worn by Jean in *Le Prophète*. And, in case of accidents, one Mr. Golightly, in *Land Me Five Shillings*, and one Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Français*. One Osrick. One Tyrolean Peasant, and one Jeremy Diddler, and a Harlequin. One Miles na Coppaleen. One Venetian Nobleman, and one Swell in a Pantomime, with Dundreary Coat in canary yellow. Wigs, by MR. CLARKSON, the Theatrical Perruquier, to match, including one Red Scratch, one Brutus, one Trick Wig, one Light Sparse, two Scaples, three Short Blue Crops, and a Middle-Aged Eccentric.

Here was a choice! Here was, as we say in India, a *Caste!* Lords C. and B. had a tremendous row as to which should be Cox and which Boz. But I stopped that, and locked away the farce dresses and the Big Heads in my bedroom. I was so afraid that if they had been worn, some religious prejudices of the lower orders might have been offended. As for myself, I simply came out as the *Earl of Leicester*, and carried the Red Hot Poker, for I couldn't intrust it to any of the younger members of the Staff, who might have been inclined to upset everybody by playing the fool with HORRAO DADO, of Outdore, or old RAJAH STUMJAK, who has the very deuce of a temper, and is a thorough martinet in all matters of Court ceremony. My Illustrious Friend put himself in my hands, and the effect of a mixture, admirably selected, of Aladdin, King of the Peacocks, Richard the Third's Crown, and Manrico's White Cloak (from *Trovatore*, you remember?), was simply magnificent.

He was followed by two Cavalier Pages with ringlet wigs, and preceded, as I have already intimated, by myself as *Earl of Leicester*, bearing the Red Hot Poker. A thrill of envy ran through the brilliant throng as we strode towards the Dais. SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG and SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar, as he is called here—burst out into involuntary applause, which, however, at a hint from me (with the Poker), was immediately suppressed. The extra costumes, such as Box and Cox, Golightly, the Brigands, and so forth, which we couldn't use, I let out to some of the smaller swells at so much an hour; but I had a great deal of trouble in getting them back, and more trouble in collaring the ready cash. The stout little RAJAH of POJYPORE had got into the Harlequin's Dress—Heaven knows how!—and as we couldn't get him out of it, except by cutting it off him, he was compelled to buy it. He gave me two lakhs of rupees down on the nail, and I left him inside the dress. He will have to wait till he is thinner to get out of it again. He thought himself no end of a swell, but as he could move neither hand or foot, he had to be carried by eight *Bungalows* (i. e. a kind of Yeomen of the Guard)* who supported him during the ceremony.

In the evening we had a little music with SING RUMTUM TIDDY-BHOY and DOREM IFAR DEEP, accompanied by the GUITAR and SIR BASSOON HOHBOY. Then the MAHARAJAH of PUNNAH (a regular old Indian JOE MILLER, and rather a bore after a quarter-of-an-hour of him), dropped in with a funny story to tell us. But fortunately the BOSHAR of POOHPOONAH, was present, who knows all the Maharajah's jokes by heart, and shuts him up without ceremony; so we were spared that infliction, and finished a merry and exciting day with a quiet Indian rubber.†

* We do not think *Bungalow* is a Yeoman of the Guard. Languages do undergo some change, and he may be right.—ED.

† We cannot understand why this account, which seems to bear all the

Next day we held a private encampment of our own, and created two of the suite Knights of By-George and By-Jingo.

My Illustrious and Musical Friend has taken it into his head to learn the Tom-Tom. A native Professor from Banjopore comes every morning and evening. I have protested against the lessons being given after I am in bed, and before I awake. *If this course of instruction is persisted in, my Royal Companion will lose a trusted and valuable servant.* Should you see me at your office sooner than you had expected, do not question me: merely hand me the cheque due, — *you will know why I have returned.*

On Saturday we had a visit from RAJAH BUNDLAR SEGAR SMOKAR, of the Bacea district. He is of a rich brown colour, very strong, and, by the way, draws admirably. He came in his steam-yacht, which is commanded by his Admiral, EIRZAR BACCA STOPAR, who was presented to us in the course of the afternoon. We sat round the *Hookam* (or Royal Tent of purple silk), taking our usual refreshment at five o'clock, slaking our thirst with iced *Jhool* and pounded *Jemadar*, with a small slice of *Goru*—a kind of pickled Jungle salmon, which would scarcely bear exportation.*

Yesterday we visited several manufactures. Among other curiosities I took my Illustrious and Noble Companion to see the machinery employed in extracting the cocoa-nut juice. My Intelligent and Royal Friend was much struck on my pointing out how the ultimate object of this process accounted for the peculiarity of the presence of the milk within the cocoa-nut, though it appears that, even in our advanced stage of civilisation, we are as far as ever from the solution of the problem suggested to all thoughtful minds by the presence of the hair outside.

Our prospective arrangements are thus, subject to alteration. Two days' elephant shooting, and other sport, with NAWAD GHUNNY BANG SHUTAR; a Banquet given by the Indian Legal Luminaries, with SIR JAK HOLKAR, the Holkar, in the chair; a Ball *chez* the BEGUM of POLKAR; two days to change cheques, *en route*, at Bankipore in Cashmere; then on a Mission of Peace to the RAJAH MUST HAVA ROW and RAJAH URAR NUTHER, who have determined to accept the decision of our Royal Solomon.

You will be glad to hear that the Gold Umbrella has been found, at least, *the ticket has*, with the name of SMITH on it. The Native Police have traced it as far as Pawnee. I do not attribute any importance to the fact (which will soon be made public), in connection with this strange umbrella episode, that LORD NORTHBROOK will retire in favour of — but no, I couldn't undertake it, or it would undertake me in a very short time. Of course I refused point blank. "Don't ask me, Sir," I said. "Give it to LYTTON; he'll like it, and he wants it more than I do." And so, as you will shortly hear†—but it is a secret at present—he has it; and I remain,

As I am,
YOUR VERACIOUS REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

RECOMMENDED FOR IMITATION.—Great guns are advertised on "the choke-bore system." If the great guns of debate were on this system, how the Session would be shortened!

internal evidence of truth, was delayed in transmission, as our readers must have already seen in most of the daily papers full and detailed accounts of this striking ceremonial, which, to a certain extent, differs from that of our esteemed Correspondent. We have not yet had time to call and verify the facts at the Costumier's in Bow Street, but we shall, and for the satisfaction of our readers we will add that if we do not find the above information corroborated, we shall pay another visit in Bow Street, and ask the sitting Magistrate's advice. We are not to be trifled with, and, by the way, it is now three weeks since we sent out our boy with half-a-sovereign to buy a new Indian Dictionary. We have determined to be patient, and give the boy some law—and when we are in Bow Street we will. N.B.—Boy at a distance will please accept this intimation.—Ed.

* We have had recourse to our old Dictionary. Somebody's wrong somewhere. We find that *Hookam*, which our Correspondent describes as "a Royal Tent," is "an order or command." *Jhool* is "an elephant's housings," and *Jemadar* is "a Sepoy sergeant." We merely point out the impossibility of slaking one's thirst with "iced elephant's housings, and pounded Sepoy Sergeant." Yet—there are two sides to every question—what would an Indian say if he heard of our drinking "cobbler," and looked out that word in a Dictionary? Perhaps *Jhool* and *Jemadar* may be slang names of Indian drinks; and this hypothesis would suffice to explain "a small slice of *Goru*," *Goru* being, in our Dictionary, "a teacher or priest." One thing we do not understand, and that is our Correspondent's description of *Goru* as "Jungle Salmon." Surely, surely, there are no salmon in a Jungle! We speak under correction, never having been ourselves in India, yet we must confess we are as astonished to hear of a Jungle Salmon, as we should be were a friend to send us a Tweed Fox, or a Moorland Herring. Still he may be right.—Ed.

† We begin to believe him. LORD NORTHBROOK has retired, LORD LYTTON has been appointed. Had our Correspondent's letter not been delayed in transmission, we should have received this intelligence before, instead of after, the event.—Ed.

TWELFTH NIGHT.



LORD NORTHBROOK'S "curious treatise on Folk-Lore informs us, *inter alia*, that at this season, if twelve persons are assembled together in a room with a south-east aspect, at twelve o'clock, on Twelfth Night, the twelfth person should be

studiously careful not to put any question (except in a whisper), involving an answer from that person in the company who has twelve letters in his name—if he wishes to preserve his self-respect, and to be safe from the fire-engines, during the next twelve months.

If Twelfth Day happens to fall on a Thursday, the last comes of the party must not fail to look earnestly towards the door of the room while the clock is striking twelve.

In ordering a Twelfth Cake, take the confectioner aside, and ask him (in confidence), whether he has a young man on his staff with an artificial limb. If he replies in the affirmative, you must countermand your order with a significant smile, and purchase the cake at some other establishment, where you are satisfied there is no defect in the physical construction of the *employés*.

To spill the salt is at all times an occurrence of ill omen; but to spill it on Twelfth Night betokens the gravest consequences, particularly if the ash that year was in leaf before the elm. There are well-authenticated instances of such a saline disaster being followed by a landslip in an adjoining parish, and a great fall of snow; and a Correspondent, whose address we are unable to decipher, assures us that he knows of one case in his own family, where the table-cloth, the scene of the lamentable occurrence, went, as usual, to the laundress, but never came back again.

ACADEMY REFORMS.

(As proposed by the R.A.'s.)

THAT the number of R.A.'s shall not be increased.
THAT the Associates shall be kept in their proper places.
THAT every R.A. shall be *ex officio* a Privy Councillor.
THAT the number of Pictures exhibited by an R.A. shall be increased from eight to sixteen.
THAT Pictures by outsiders calculated to create anything so vulgar as a "sensation," shall be at once rejected.

(As proposed by the A.R.A.'s.)

THAT an Associate shall take equal rank with an Academician.
THAT the number of Associates shall not be increased.
THAT Outsiders' Pictures shall not be admitted, unless very bad.

(As proposed by Outsiders.)

THAT the line shall be divided in thirds among Academicians, Associates, and Outsiders.
THAT a jury, of one-half R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s and one-half Outsiders, shall sit as a Committee of Selection on all pictures whatsoever.
THAT no R.A. or A.R.A. exhibit more than two pictures.

A CATECHISER CATECHISED.

MR. PUNCH has had the pain of perusing certain extracts, in the form of question and answer, declared to be taken from a little book, entitled, *Some Questions of the Church Catechism and the Doctrines Involved briefly Explained, for the Use of Families and Parochial Schools*. Mr. Punch would fain believe this agreeable compilation to be apocryphal, and hopes to find its principles generally repudiated. The spirit which it manifests, however, is only too palpable a sign of the times. The extracts made public have special reference to those sinful and idolatrous heretics, "who go by the general name of Dissenters." In the view of the author of this work, that general name would appear to be a mere *alias* of Antichrist. The bearers of it are explicitly said to "Worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to His revealed Will, and, therefore, their worship is idolatrous." Dissent is declared to be "a great sin," the sharers in which are only saved from excommunication by the culpable laxity of the law of the land as opposed to that of the Church. To enter "a Meeting House" at all is affirmed to be "wicked," and the quotation of Church prayers by Dissenting teachers is denounced sinful and presumptuous.

Mr. Punch is lost in admiration at this outburst of clerical Common Sense, and Charity. Admiration naturally moves to emulation, and he is impelled to try his hand at catechetical composition. He dares hardly hope that, with his layman's pen, he may compete in charity of spirit or in cogency of argument with his clerical exemplars; but mindful of the maxim, that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he hopes, by framing his on their own lines, to conciliate the compilers of this catechetical "Short Way with Dissenters."

"Q. We have amongst us certain Dissenters from the accepted and Established Church Customs of the Country, who go by the general name of Ritualists. In what light are we to consider them?"

"A. People of sense prefer to consider them as little as possible. Too many of them are vindictive, vainglorious, vituperative, and in our Litany we expressly pray, as strangely enough do they in theirs,

to be delivered from the sins of 'envy, hatred, and all uncharitable-ness.'

"Q. Is, then, their form of worship a reasonable Service?"

"A. No, because they worship according to their own fantastic imaginations, strenuously denying to others the right to adopt a simpler and more serious ceremonial; and, therefore, neither the form nor the spirit of their worship can be said to be in accord with sober sense or good feeling."

"Q. Is Ritualism great folly?"

"A. Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty towards our neighbour."

"Q. How comes it then, in the present day, that, in some quarters, it is thought so highly of?"

"A. Partly from ignorance of its great absurdity, partly from men and women being more zealous for forms, fashions, finery, and the indulgence of their own fancies, than for serious, and sometimes, arduous, spiritual realities."

"Q. But why have Ritualists not been excommunicated?"

"A. Because the wholesome law of the land does not allow the will of ecclesiastical zealots to be acted upon; but many Ritualists have virtually excommunicated themselves (or, in other words, sent themselves to a sort of clerical Coventry), by setting up a standard of act and speech which is abhorrent to all persons possessed of courtesy, candour, and Christian charity."

Mr. Punch does not venture to follow his priestly pioneers further, having a dread of presumptuous profanity, which they do not appear to share. For example, he hesitates to declare, *ex cathedra*, that the most rabid Ritualist is "not in a state of salvation," to rigorously limit the use of any prayer to priestly lips, or to pronounce it wicked, though he may think it unprofitable, to enter at all one of those places

where "Mass in masquerade" is most elaborately "performed." But he would call the attention of the compilers of the *Brief Explanation*, to the fatal facility with which the catechetical form of dogmatism, may be turned to what they would doubtless consider base uses; and would invite a reconsideration on the part of all reasonable Ritualists, of the policy which finds issue in such impotent outbursts of malignant bigotry as this Anti-Christian Catechism "for the use of Parishes and Parochial Schools!"



TWELFTH-NIGHT ON THE BRAIN.

Evangeline (as the Offertory bag is coming round). "O, AUNT! I DO HOPE I SHALL GET THE QUEEN!"



TINKERING!

FIRST TINKER. "IT'LL HOLD WATER NOW, I THINK!"

MR. PUNCH (*aside*). "NOT IT! ALL THE TINKERING IN THE WORLD WON'T MAKE A JOB OF IT!!"



ON THE OLD WAYS.

(By an Ancient and Quiet Churchman.)

"There is a remarkable instance of longevity at present among the officials at the parish church of Kirkburton, Yorkshire. The vicar, the Rev. R. COLLINS, M.A., is in his eighty-second year, and has been officiating there for a period of thirty-eight years; the parish clerk, Mr. I. FRITTON, is in his seventy-fifth year, and has occupied his position also for thirty-eight years; the sexton, JOHN ARMITAGE, is eighty-four years of age; and the vergier, JAMES HOYLE, is in his seventy-sixth year. Their united ages are 316 years, giving an average of seventy-nine years. They are all in good health except the sexton, whose duties are performed by his son. The schoolmaster, Mr. A. HARGREAVES, who was teacher at the Church Schools, died a few weeks ago, aged seventy-eight years."

WHAT a long-lived parish
Must Kirkburton be!
Instances are rarish
Of such longevity.

In rhyme 'tis hard to state years;
But there's the Vicar, who,
Serving thirty-eight years,
Has reached Eighty-Two!

Parish Clerk is younger;
Still he is alive,
With a healthy hunger
For fees at Seventy-Five.
Sexton chants a merry hymn,
Though it be a bore.
Some boy must some day bury him—
He's only Eighty-Four!

Vergier keeps in order
Schoolboys at their tricks,
Close on Fourscore's border—
Being Seventy-Six.
Schoolmaster has yielded
His ferule up to Fate,
Sceptre having wielded
Up to Seventy-Eight.

Vergier who has listened
Threescore years and ten

To Vicar while he christened
Babies, now old men!
Parish quite ideal
Ruled by elders sage!
Can the tale be real
In this headlong age?

When these ancients travel
To another sphere,
Mysteries to unravel
Which perplex us here,
Should the ruling prelate
Let Kirkburton go
To a heady zealot,
High of Church, or Low!

Full of bile and bitter hate,
Breathing brawl and breeze,
Some raw semi-literate
Buzzer of St. Bees
Pace grows quick and quicker,
Old ways youth eschew,
But give me the old Vicar,
Hale at Eighty-Two!

SPECIMEN PAGE OF PUNCH'S GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the School-Board.)



Q. What is Geography, my dear?

A. Geography is that science which teaches us the correct use of *The Globe*, and the *Atlas omnibus*.

Q. What is the Ruler of Turkey called?

A. The SULTAN.

Q. Has he any other title?

A. Yes; in the City he is often called thief.

Q. Where is Peru?

A. In South America.

Q. What is the nature of its government?

A. Very bad.

Q. Do we not find guano in Peru?

A. No; that is just what we don't find.

Q. Tell me what you know about Honduras.

A. Nothing. But, if you wish for information on the subject, enclose a stamped envelope to CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM.

Q. What are the chief products of Egypt?

A. Khedives, Donkeys, and Bad Debts.

Q. What do you know about Paraguay?

A. Its Representative was not asked to the LORD MAYOR'S dinner.

SHORT COMMONS FOR SOLDIERS.

PRUDENT MR. PUNCH,

WE must not be too lavish, Sir—"Equi et poetæ alendi, non saginandi sunt." The rule prescribed by CHARLEMAGNE for horses and poets has been in part at least persistently applied to the British Army with the best results. Our private Soldiers, happily for ourselves, are not fattened. Certain grumblers say they are only half-fed. Because Civilians about Christmas are accustomed to eat a little more meat than is good for them, this is the time that has been chosen by Gentlemen discontented with the diet of others to complain that Soldiers do not get food enough. They come out with Christmas Appeals on behalf of the Army.

The Rev. H. P. WRIGHT, Chaplain to the Forces, states in the *Times* one of the Soldier's many grievances, which in the aggregate account for continual desertion, to be insufficiency of food—his daily ration of meat in particular falling short of a pound.

DR. FARQUHARSON, late Assistant Surgeon, Coldstream Guards, does not scruple to endorse this statement, not only urging that the men ought to be allowed more, but also declaring that the Army Medical Department "have for many years pressed on the Govern-

ment the necessity of making some increase in the Soldier's ration." He even adds:—

"In the regiment to which I had formerly the honour to belong this point was always insisted upon in our Annual Report; and SIR GALBRAITH LOGAN endeavoured vainly to induce the Authorities to consent to add another quarter of a pound of meat to the daily allowance."

DR. FARQUHARSON pays a compliment as merited as undesigned to the civil Authorities who so long and steadily resisted even professional solicitations to relax their system of military economy. Perhaps he expects to seduce a Conservative Government from the path of parsimony pursued by their Liberal predecessors. He appeals to their softer feelings in the name of Temperance with the following rhetoric:—

"When we remember that our troops have nothing to eat between their 12-30 dinner and next day's breakfast, except a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread, we can understand the craving for stimulants and tobacco which usually exists, and the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach."

If the craving for stimulants and tobacco could be repressed by recurrence to flogging in the Army for drunkenness, the evil effects produced by adulterated public-house liquor taken on what is popularly called an empty stomach would be very much minimised, and a hundred lashes, or so, would be vastly cheaper than the allowance of an additional quarter of a pound of meat per man per day, or even of an "evening meal which might be supplemented in various ways up to the nutritive value of another quarter of a pound of animal food," as DR. FARQUHARSON insidiously suggests with a feigned deference to official frugality. DR. FARQUHARSON is presumably a Scotchman, and ought to be ashamed of himself.

That the British Soldier's courage requires to be maintained with animal food is an antiquated idea. The *Constable of France* in *Henry V.*, says of the English—"And then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, and they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." To which *Orleans* replies—"Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef." So they were. Nevertheless they fought and conquered at Agincourt.

Everybody knows that foxhounds have to be dieted considerably below the degree which would appease their hunger. It is necessary to keep them reasonably lean. That is also precisely the rationale of the Soldier's rations. When the kennel or the barrack is mutinous—apply the lash.

It may be objected that perseverance, with a view to keep down the Estimates, in keeping the Soldier on short commons, diminishes enlistment at a rate which threatens soon to leave us with an inadequate Army. Well, then we can acquiesce in the Admiralty Circular, and make such other concessions regarding the "Comity of Nations," that we shall never find ourselves in want of any considerable Army, if of any Army at all. Or we can ultimately have recourse to Conscription, when we needs must. In the meanwhile we can wait till then, and save our pockets, and not suffer our enjoyment of four meals a day, including five o'clock tea, to be disturbed by Christmas Appeals, demanding for the men who fight our battles a whole quarter of a pound of meat more *per diem* from the country, and the

COMMISSARIAT.

WHAT HERZEGOVINIANS FIND, BUT LONDON STOCKBROKERS DON'T.
—Turkish Bonds hard to Bear.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Fair One (to devoted Swain, who has just put her Skates on). "TA! AWF'LLY TA!"

RELIEF AND REACTION.

AN EGYPTIAN TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.—PART I.—RELIEF.

SCENE.—A Saloon in the Palace of the KHEDIVE, handsomely furnished. The KHEDIVE and his First Minister discovered.



KHEDIVE (gloomily). Tell me, thou pale-faced slave, have the French Dogs any more cash to lend me?

First Minister. Light of Lights of Splendour, they keep their money-bags tight-fastened.

Khedive (more gloomily). And the German Pigs?

First Minister. They, too, Sweetness of Sweet Waters, refuse to negotiate our bills. May their beards grizzle in Gehennum!

Khedive (most gloomily). And the Russian Unbelievers?

First Minister. Oh, thou Elect of the Prophet, they, too, higgie and haggie, and give us nothing. May their shadows be less than nothing!

Khedive (after a pause, despondently). And the Austrian Gisors?

First Minister. The same story.

Khedive (interrupting savagely). Bangling dog, hast thou offered them eighty-five per cent.?

First Minister. Bulbul of the Garden of Delights, I have offered them anything and everything.

Khedive. And thou hast failed! Now, by the father of Bowstrings, on my eyes be it if I be not the death of thee!

[About to sentence the Prime Minister to instant execution, when enter Second Minister (of the Menus Plaisirs.)]

Second Minister. Oh, Pride of the Just, I bring thee good tidings.

Khedive. Ha! (holding out his hand.) Give me the money—quick!

Second Minister. O Blossom of the Fruit-trees of Pleasure, as yet it is but promised! The English—

Khedive (pondering). The dogs are wealthy; and yet—thrice accursed be their ancestors and descendants!—they dearly love money's worth for their money. What do they want?

Second Minister. They offer £4,000,000, on condition that—

Khedive (promptly). May Conditions eat dirt! Not another word! Get the money. When that is safe, we can speak of the conditions. Not another word, I say! The money—get the money!

[Scene closes in, amid great rejoicings.

(Three months are supposed to elapse.)

PART II.—REACTION.

SCENE.—A Saloon in the Palace of the Khedive, still more handsomely furnished than before. The KHEDIVE and the First Minister discovered.

Khedive (referring to a long list which he holds in his hand). Most despicable of dogs, thou hast arranged about the Opera Season?

First Minister. O Pomegranate of Sweetness, I have.

Khedive. Thou hast ordered the new Palace

Khedive (still terribly calm). Proceed! The English Dog is asking—?

Second Minister (in despair). How we have spent our money!

Khedive (astounded). What! Surely my ears deceive me! Say it again, thou most abject of beaten pigs!—say it again!

First Minister (maliciously). He says—O Perfection of Wisdom!—that the English Dog is asking how we spend our money!

Khedive. Rahat lakoum! Gurra-gurra! Be cheshm! Salaam Aleikoom! Wallah Billah, Bismillah! *

[Fearful explosion. Swords, pistols, resignations, and awful Transformation Scene, including all the Ministers of the Khedive. Cave out and Cave in. Stock-Exchange Spill and Pelt on all the Bourses of Europe (no rally). Stampede of Bulls pursued by Boars. Scene closes.

* Egyptian expressions too awful for translation.—Ed.

and the diamond necklace for the—(enter hurriedly, Second Minister)—Well, dog, thy news?

Second Minister (trembling). Lord of Lords, I dare not tell thee.

Khedive (angrily). By the Beard of the Prophet, has our Prima Donna thrown up her engagement?

Second Minister. Worse than that, O Lump of Delight! I crave thy pardon on my bended knees!

Khedive (savagely). I have it! The Viennese Ballet Dancers have not arrived!

Second Minister (crying piteously). Worse than that, O Lord of the Faithful! Worse even than that!

First Minister (maliciously). Ha! I know the cause of his fears. The English Dog, called CAVE, has arrived. The audacious infidel that he (pointing to Second Minister) invited to our shores.

Khedive (with terrible calmness). Well, and what is he doing?

Second Minister (trembling with abject fear). He is asking—



A LIKELY IDEA.

'Arry (not noticing the Captain in Mufti on the other side). "SEE THAT SOLDIER, BILL? 'SALOOTED US! 'TAKES US FOR HORFICERS!!'" [Rises in his Stirrups.]

JACK TO JOHN.

YER Honour! It isn't a sailor's way
To run off much jaw for croaking;
But now I'm a-going to say my say,
And it ain't exactly joking.
Wind, Wave, and War a true Jack Tar
Should take his chance with gaily,
But things seem going a shade too far,
And the look-out darkens daily.

The dangers of the Sea, in course,
Is things within our reckoning;
Duty's the word, though the storm blow hoarse,
And though Death may seem a-beckoning.
But treacherous Death in our very hold
In the pay of land-sharks lurking,
Is a sort of a thing as the Jack most bold
May be well excused for shirking.

Which Wessels seem a-becoming fast
Mere Murder-traps for Seamen—
Death-dens, where the Devil's dice are cast,
The Winner some long-shore demon.
What sailors, soon, save poor swabs and flats,
Will man your hulks, well knowing
They are like to be swarming with "water-rats,"
Or primed for unseen upblowing?

Them Coffin-ships, they was bad enough,
But this Death by Clockwork's awful,
And careless stowing of 'splosive stuff
Did ought to be made unlawful.
A cruise can't be just a long carouse;
But a ship, though dangers shock her,
Need not be a certain half-way house
To old DAVY JONES'S Locker!

There seems a sort of a long-shore league
'Gainst Sailors' lives, whose profit,
Gained by such devilish, dark intrigue,
Might sink a soul to Tophet!
If on each poor Jack he still keeps an eye,
In these days of black sea-crime, Sir,
That sweet little Cherub as sits on high
Must be having a busyish time, Sir.

Yer Honour allays did love a tar—
Which likewise the same to you, Sir!—
And whatever we've ventured in trade or war,
We are game again to do, Sir.
But we think it's time as you took a turn
With the skunks, whose death-plots thicken,
Till it makes us sailors with shame to burn,
And our wives with night-fears sicken.

THE PRINCE AT CEYLON.

MR. PUNCH is authorised to state that, in commemoration of the visit of H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES to Ceylon, Point de Galle is, in future, to be known by the name of Point de Prince de Galles.

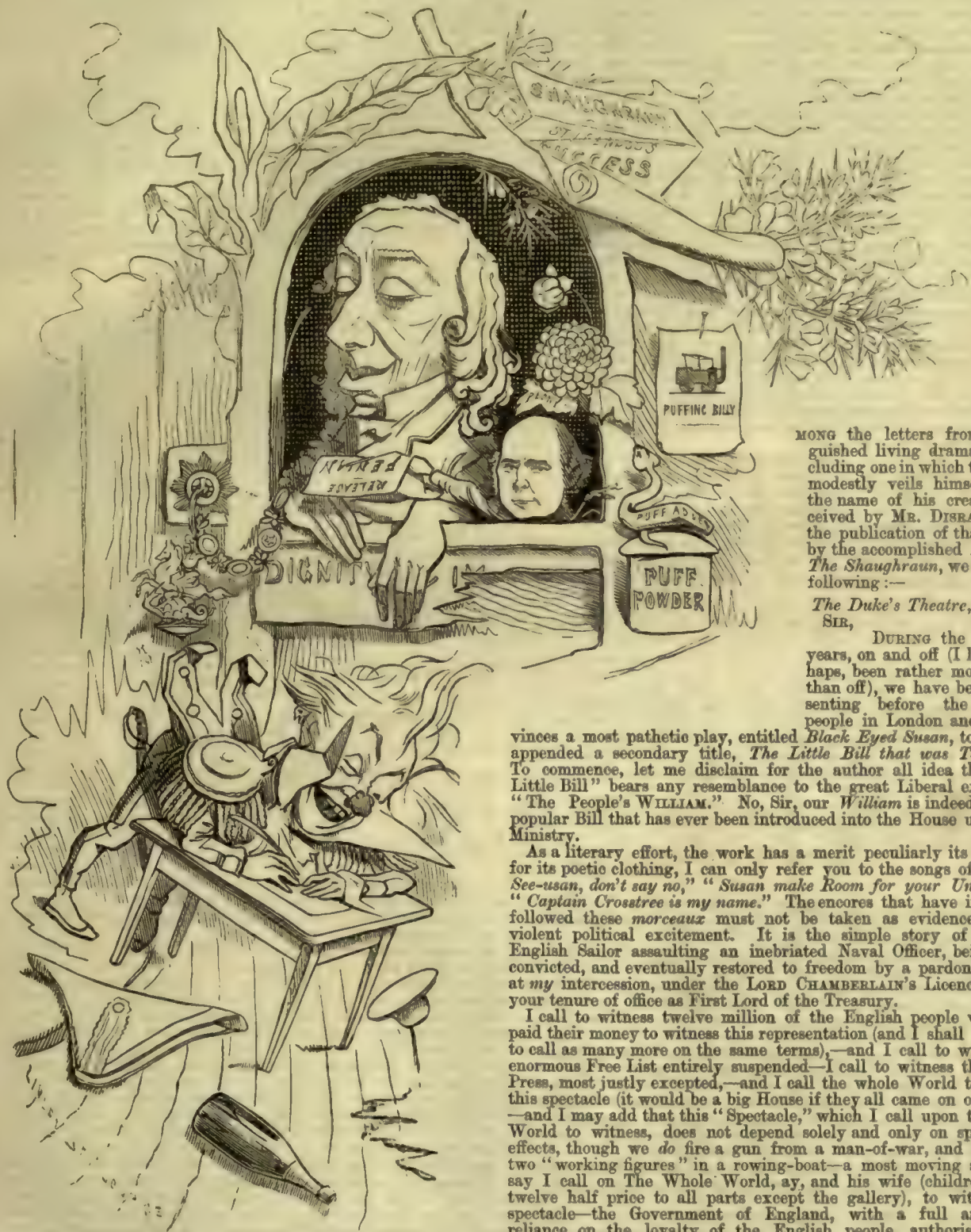
VERY SORRY FOR IT.

LORD NORTHBROOK is about to return home from India, brought, it is said, by telegraph wire. Or was the wear and tear of office beyond Bearing?

MOTTO FOR THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—*Vokes et praterca nihil*—VOKESSES, and nothing can go beyond 'em!

ADVICE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Think before you Rink.

DISINTERESTED DRAMATISTS.



AMONG the letters from distinguished living dramatists (including one in which the author modestly veils himself under the name of his creation) received by MR. DISRAELI since the publication of that written by the accomplished Author of *The Shaughraun*, we select the following:—

The Duke's Theatre, Holborn.
SIR,

DURING the last nine years, on and off (I have, perhaps, been rather more "on" than off), we have been representing before the English people in London and the provinces a most pathetic play, entitled *Black Eyed Susan*, to which is appended a secondary title, *The Little Bill that was Taken Up*.

To commence, let me disclaim for the author all idea that "*The Little Bill*" bears any resemblance to the great Liberal ex-Leader, "*The People's WILLIAM*." No, Sir, our *William* is indeed the most popular Bill that has ever been introduced into the House under any Ministry.

As a literary effort, the work has a merit peculiarly its own. As for its poetic clothing, I can only refer you to the songs of "*Pretty See-usan, don't say no*," "*Susan make Room for your Uncle*," and "*Captain Crosstree is my name*." The encores that have invariably followed these *morceaux* must not be taken as evidences of any violent political excitement. It is the simple story of a young English Sailor assaulting an inebriated Naval Officer, being tried, convicted, and eventually restored to freedom by a pardon granted, at my intercession, under the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Licence, during your tenure of office as First Lord of the Treasury.

I call to witness twelve million of the English people who have paid their money to witness this representation (and I shall be happy to call as many more on the same terms),—and I call to witness the enormous Free List entirely suspended,—I call to witness the Public Press, most justly excepted,—and I call the whole World to witness this spectacle (it would be a big House if they all came on one night, —and I may add that this "Spectacle," which I call upon the whole World to witness, does not depend solely and only on spectacular effects, though we do fire a gun from a man-of-war, and there are two "working figures" in a rowing-boat—a most moving sight),—I say I call on The Whole World, ay, and his wife (children under twelve half price to all parts except the gallery), to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorising, and approving, through its officer the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the performance of this play, in which a gallant Naval Officer (myself) is represented as getting most unwarrantably intoxicated, and, while in that state, acting in a manner unworthy of a British Tar, by laying hands on a female in distress, and being, thereupon, cut down by an A.B. Sailor, who is forthwith tried by an incompetent and muddle-headed Court Martial, thus inviting, nightly, a Jury of the Entire Population of London to come, if they can, and pronounce their feelings not only on a great social, but also on a great political, and vitally national question.

In all countries, from the time of Noah's Ark to the present day, the Theatre has been acknowledged a sensitive test of public opinion on Naval affairs. It was, surely, not the cunning of the dramatist (it might have been his *craft*, as some of the action is on board ship),

nor the great merit of the actors (of one in particular, whose name my native modesty will not allow to pass these lips), that lifted the roof off several theatres where this play has been performed, that caused the audience to shout with frantic delight, wave their handkerchiefs and hats, throw bouquets to me, Sir, and compel the actors to repeat one song and dance six times, and another twice, nightly, and that cheer after cheer rang through the house when, freely inviting contradiction, I asserted that *Captain Crosstree* was my name? Surely there is no attempt throughout the play to palliate the offence of a Naval Officer allowing himself to be disguised in liquor? Why do the spectators watch with interest my progress across the stage, my necktie disarranged, my hair unkempt, as I endeavour to place a bottle carefully on the table? Are they actuated by their love for the bottle, or their regard for me? And, when an announcement is made by *Captain Crosstree* (myself), at the end of the piece, to the effect, that having taken the pledge, I am wearing a medal given me by SIR WILFRID LAWSON, why are these words greeted with hearty applause? May we answer: *it is because the great English people have begun to forgive the offence which they have no desire to forget?* The question has been asked, nearly seven hundred times in London alone, of millions of people of all classes, and has been answered from the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, the QUEEN of DENMARK, the PRINCESS THYRA (in a private box), and their respective suites (in the stalls), down to, or, rather, up to, the humblest mechanic in the sixpenny gallery, *without one dissentient voice.* No, Sir, out of all this vast multitude not one single soul has risen in his place to assert that *Captain Crosstree* is not my name. I have delayed calling your attention to this matter until this moment, when we are on the eve of playing the piece for the seven hundredth time, and no charge for booking.

I am no engineer, Sir, any more than you are, but if I venture out of my mental depth, it is to ask you to request Mr. W. H. to go down in a diving-bell and raise the *Vanguard*, then repair the errors of recent Naval Court Martials, and the injuries of the *Iron Duke*, and, finally recall the Second Slave Circular.

Then, Sir, and not till then, will I cease to assert before a loyal and generous public that, with all respect to you, Sir, my name is—

Aboard H.M.S. Polly Phemus.

CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.

SIR,

WE have produced a Play of which the universe has now heard much. We have called it *All for Her*; but believe us, Sir, when we say that we have had no other wish in producing it than that of assisting the ill-used publican. It is All for Him that we have now at the present moment some three thousand reformed drunkards hammering at the Pit-door. To you, Sir, the first Dramatist in the world—for such assuredly you would be if you turned your magnificent talents to writing for the Stage—to you, Sir, we appeal on behalf of our ill-used countrymen. Why should the public-house be closed at half-past twelve, now there are no more inebriates in our noble city?

Put on the clock, Sir, to two A.M., and the millions of Londoners who have flooded our boxes and stalls with their tears will bless the Authors of *All for Her*.

We have the honour to remain,

P. S. AND H. M.

SIR,

To you, the brightest Star on that Stage which is the World, I address myself, as I would have you believe that I love my country every bit as much as MR. BOUGICAULT.

I have just withdrawn for ever my historical Play of *Buckingham*. Thousands and tens of thousands of Judges and Jurymen, from the LORD MAYOR downwards, declared nightly for the space—well, for a considerable period—their faith in the dynasty of the STUARTS. To you, Sir, the only poet of our epoch, I proudly point as the man who has it in his power to remove the reigning House from the Throne and so do tardy justice to the Irish branch of the STUARTS, which the voices of a million admirers have elected to the Throne of England. For this I have struggled; for this I penned my *Charles the First*; for this I ran down CROMWELL, and threw the halo of a chaste but ardent imagination around BUCKINGHAM. That play will never appear again; but my convictions will remain the same until I lose my head as the great CHARLES did before me.

I am writing another piece in honour of the STUARTS, for which all the stalls and boxes are retained for one hundred nights in advance.

I have the honour to remain

Your obedient Servant,

W. G. W.

SIR,

Vaudeville Theatre.

For over three hundred nights the English people have witnessed at this theatre a play called *Our Boys*. In that play two young men endeavour to earn their living by the literary craft, wherein you are the most distinguished living adept. They starve, Sir—they are rescued,—they are amply provided for, and

cheer after cheer shakes the walls of the theatre. Sir, there are many young men in London in a similar predicament. Rescue these struggling authors, provide them with pensions, and your heart will not feel the worse here or hereafter (although the public purse may).

Your very obedient servant,

H. J. B.

Opéra Comique.

SIR,

TRIAL by Jury is received nightly with great applause. If we were asked what it is that evokes the generous enthusiasm of the audience, we should answer, that it is the fact that the Judge nobly marries the Plaintiff in a Breach of Promise suit. Make this a law, Sir! In future, compel all judges in this class of cases to marry the Plaintiffs, and high as is the esteem in which you are now held by the people of Great Britain, thirty million hearts in thirty million bosoms will beat still more warmly towards you.

Your very obedient servants,

W. S. G.
ARTHUR S.

“COVER YOUR HEADS.”



CONSIDERING that Mr. Jack Frost appears to be much inclined to look in, or, rather, to look out upon us every now and then, it seems a great pity that the young and lovely of the weaker sex (courtesy title) should insist upon wearing rink hats and bonnets (courtesy title again) cocked a-top of their pretty little heads. The saying “beauty unadorned is adorned the most” is all very well in

the Summer time, when the sun is powerful and the sky cloudless, but when Winter brings his snow, frost, and cruel winds, to freeze our fingers and to tint our noses, “defence and defiance” should become our motto.

If a lover knows that the unprotected ear of his mistress is the victim of an attack of neuralgia, how can he comfortably whisper soft nothings into it? The Imps of Rheumatism and Influenza should be seen only in the openings of our Pantomimes. They should never be allowed to make the acquaintance of our sisters, our sweethearts, and our wives. Selfish man has his Ulster, with its hood; but woman—lovely woman—claims only the protection of that falsest of friends, Madam Fashion. And what has Madam Fashion done for her votaries? Little good and much bad. It was by the command of this hardest of task-mistresses that maidens assumed robes of arsenic green, and robbed the poor little Dicky birds of their pretty plumage. It was by her command that hoops, dyes, and false hair were rummaged out of the lumber-rooms of the Past to figure once again in the drawing-rooms of the Present.

Contempt follows close upon disgust when it is found that Madam Fashion is not only cruel but stupid. The poison of the arsenic might have been condoned had the colour of its green been becoming. Rink hats and dolls’ bonnets might be tolerated were they only pretty. But neither the dye nor the head-dress could show the hall-mark of good-taste. The mysterious is closely allied to the lovely, and the girl who displays her face too fully forfeits half her charm. What would a transformation scene be without its gradual changes? What would the paintings at the Royal Academy be without their fitting frames? It may not be very gallant to liken the face of a Lady to a picture, and yet faces, like pictures, require their setting. A sensible bonnet should act as the frame to

the work of Nature, even as the golden beading acts as a frame to the work of Art.

Nothing is prettier than a sweet face peeping out of a becoming hood, and yet Madam Fashion prefers a sugar-loaf hat or a bunch of artificial flowers tacked on to a square inch of straw or a morsel of muslin. She gives up charming frames for grotesque and ugly capitals. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* advises his fair friends to make Madam Fashion their slave in lieu of their mistress. During the winter, at least, Ladies should wear hoods or warm bonnets—which may be made eminently becoming—instead of the tasteless and useless abominations which now usurp the name. They will find the change, they may take *Mr. Punch's* word for it, not only better for their health, but (what is far more important in their eyes), decidedly conducive to their attractiveness.

INSTRUCTION FOR THE UNIVERSE.



OST PROFOUND

MR. PUNCH,

You had better look to your laurels, as the reporters say. There exists an Universal Oracle elsewhere, Sir, than at 85, Fleet Street. Above another portal than your office-door it may now be written:—

"Hic stupor est mundi
qui scribile discutit
omne."

Moreover that other Astonishment of the World knows all he talks about, as well as you do. Omniscience, said to have been the late DR. WHEWELL's foible, is another's forte, as well as yours. Who is that other?

You are told in the following paragraph of news, if truly reported:—

"CARDINAL MANNING last night opened the Academia of the Catholic religion in Manchester. The object of this institution is to promote the study of the Roman Catholic religion, to oppose the errors of the day, to preserve the young from the influence of such errors, and to provide lectures on literary, historical, and scientific subjects in connection with Catholicism. In the course of the proceedings the Cardinal delivered an address, in which he maintained that the Catholic Church is the true exponent of revelation, science, history, politics, and morals."

Of course, *Mr. Punch*, this Oracle has always been at the service of Christendom, though nobody knew that till 1870, when the Vatican Council declared the POPE infallible. The Universal Oracle has always existed at Rome in the form of the Pope for the time being. There Infallibility and Holiness combined have ever, from the pontificate of St. Peter downwards, impersonated the Infallible Church—infallible in its dogmas not only *de fide et moribus*, but also *de rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis*.

Now, thanks to the electric telegraph, for the invention of which, primarily, mankind are indebted to the only true exponent (besides yourself) of all science and all truth, whether sacred or secular, the Oracle of Rome has branch Oracles in sundry places, notably at Manchester, where CARDINAL MANNING opened the Academia, and in Westminster, where he resides. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY can grant degrees, but is not supposed to pretend to know, for instance, how far a recipient is qualified for the diploma of Doctor of Medicine. There the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER has the advantage of him, through connection of the local with the central Oracle. Unluckily, any degrees he might be authorised to confer would perhaps not be recognised by the Medical Council. It is deplorable that bigotry should impede the rapid advancement in scientific Medicine, Physiology, Chemistry, and all the collateral sciences, which would necessarily result from due concession to an infallibly true exponent of science, no less than of revelation, history, politics, and morals.

The true exposition of History, *Mr. Punch*, you will allow, is conditional on the true exposition of Science. The former and the latter taken together will set the story of GALILEO, for instance, in the right light; and demonstrate that astronomical truth, like all other, originated from Rome.

Now that the Academia of the Catholic Religion is established at Manchester, PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, MR. DARWIN, and all the rest of our naturalists and philosophers, had better go there to school. So had MR. CARLYLE, who is not too old to learn; so had MR. FROUDE, so had every other historian; so had both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI—especially MR. GLADSTONE; so had all politicians; so had every moralist—except you.

Perhaps no long time will elapse before the Catholic Academia of Manchester shall have published a Catholic Encyclopedia for our instruction in all things, particularly on the subjects of the Beginning of Life, Development, and Origin of Species, the Age of Mankind, the Antiquity of the World, the Functions of the Brain, and Physiology and Geology at large. In this publication we may also expect that the true exponent of History will unfold the annals of Chemistry, Electricity, Steam, and Mechanics, and show that the modern great conquests of Nature by means of Science were none of them the exploits of Protestant PRINCELYS, DAVYS, FARADAYS, WATTS, STEPHENSONS, WHEATSTONES, or any heretics whomsoever, but all so many victories won by soldiers of the Faith. And surely the compilers of this useful volume will, while they are about it, not forget to prove (by infallible assertion) that the initiative of all great moral reforms, which have elevated humanity, signally that of the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade was taken by the one true exponent of everything that is good, either in an Allocution, or an Encyclical, or a Brief, if not a Bull. Infallibility cannot conflict with Infallibility, otherwise, Sir, you might perhaps be pleased to consider whether you had not better be beforehand with its other Claimants in bringing out a Dictionary of Universal Truth, for the diffusion of knowledge and enlightenment, and the acceleration of

PROGRESS.

THE MONITOR OF THE OPPOSITION.

"Vernon nunquam viret."

(To the great Trilogical Druid, *Punch* greeting.)

LASH, SIR DEMOCRITUS HARCOURT, laughing philosopher rude, Fools who Power from afar court ere on their grasp it obtrude. Sharp and sagacious physician, your diagnosis is right—No plague of Opposition like itch for ill-chosen fight: Men who their buckrams or programs would change for purple and gold

Go hawking about their programmes on paper, marvellous bold; Pert and pestilent praters, confounding to do and to say, And scorning Fabius Cunctators, who wait for the right time of day.

Why weave intrigues sinister for whirling parties about?

Wait, and the ablest Minister is sure to turn himself out.

Whether Lib'ral or Tory the tar whose trick's at the helm,

On to her port of glory he'll steer Old England's realm.

Blunders—of course. Would the Nation one Party in power entrench?

'Tis blunders bring healthy rotation of crops on the Treasury Bench.

But are there no questions that burn on next Session's liberal list,

That you, sharp-sighted SIR VERNON, come out as a Negativist?

True, better aught than maintain Mob for king with his toadies and tools,

And with husks for good grain fob off the hunger of fools,

Yet 'twere well to protest against telling the world to stand still;

Of eloquence where is the test like fruit of work with a will?

England, the Empire Nation—*mille pardons*, other Great Powers—

Brooks not *faineant's* station in these hurried, headlong hours;

And he that 'mong England's leaders aspires a place to seek,

Needs, to win followers and readers, the power to do more than speak.

"A CHARMING FELLOW."

It is not every Gentleman, or Gentleman's Gentleman either, who can say as much for himself as does this modest advertiser:—

WANTED, a Situation as Butler and Valet, or Travelling Servant. Used to the Continent. Speaks four languages. Understands hunting things.

A useful servant this, no doubt; but, with a view to an engagement, he might be more explicit. For instance, why does he not name the languages he speaks? Suppose he is a Welshman, and is conversant with Hindostanee, Hebrew, and Chinese; his knowledge of four languages would really be remarkable, though not peculiarly serviceable in Continental travel. Then again, what are the "things" which he understands hunting? Are they rats and mice, and such small deer; or elephants and tigers, and other nobler animals? Or can he be conveying a delicate allusion to the "things" which are unnameable, but which are so commonly hunted after nightfall by tourists on the Continent, and indeed are too well known to need more identification?



A MOTHERLY PUFF.

Manœuvring Mamma (anxious that her Daughter's chief attraction should not escape the notice of the very eligible Young Man who is taking her—the daughter—down to supper). "MARIA! MARIA!!"
Maria. "YES, MAMMA!"
Manœuvring Mamma (in loud whisper). "TAKE YOUR EYELASHES OUT OF TANGLE, DARLING!"

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

A Vision of (let us hope) an imaginary Future.

SCENE—A Room in Pall Mall. Great Military Reformer discovered carefully examining two rifles. Private Secretary in attendance.

Great Military Reformer. And you do not know the difference between them, even?

Private Secretary. No, Sir. (Explaining.) I did not take up Fire-arms for my examination. My subjects were Latin—

Great Military Reformer (interrupting). Thank you. Be kind enough to ask the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to step this way.

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.

Great Military Reformer (reading text-book). "In 1874 the Martini-Henry superseded the Snider Rifle." Yes, that's all right. I have got one of each. Stupid people, why didn't they label them!

[Continues his examination of the fire-arms.

Enter the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Commander-in-Chief. I think you sent for me?

Great Military Reformer. O yes. I want to discuss the Mobilisation of the Army Scheme with your Royal Highness. But, before we begin, will your Royal Highness kindly tell me which of these two rifles is the Martini-Henry and which is the Snider.

Commander-in-Chief. Certainly. This (pointing to one of the rifles) is the Martini-Henry, and that (pointing to the other) is the Snider.

Great Military Reformer. O thank you so much! You see I have promised to deliver a lecture at Sheffield this evening on "Modern Fire-arms—their History and Manufacture," and I like to be accurate. And now may I beg your Royal Highness to be seated.

Commander-in-Chief. Thank you, Sir, I prefer to stand.

Great Military Reformer. As I am about to give you a short account of some of my Reforms, I really think you had better take a chair. Well, then, Your Royal Highness, since I have had the honour of being Secretary of State for War I have made several alterations in the Army.

Commander-in-Chief. So I have been told by all the Officers Commanding Districts.

Great Military Reformer. Ah, you must not listen to them. You must know that I have had to interfere with some of them considerably.

Commander-in-Chief. Quite so. The Inspector-General of Recruiting informs me that his office is now a sinecure.

Great Military Reformer. Well, certainly, we do not get quite so many men under the new system as we did under the old, but *que voulez-vous?*—a sacrifice must be made somewhere.

Commander-in-Chief. Pardon me if I am wrong, but I was under the impression that you came to the War Office to increase our Army, not to cause it to fall off in numbers.

Great Military Reformer. Your Royal Highness is perfectly right, but remember I am feeling my way. I have several systems at work in different parts of the country. For instance, at Sheffield (thanks to the Act passed last Session, giving me unlimited powers), I am carrying out the Prussian plan. I make service compulsory, and the saving in the pay of the soldier is something enormous.

Enter PRIVATE SECRETARY, with a letter.

Private Secretary. This has just come by the country post, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. (Takes the letter, and reads it. His face falls. To Secretary, angrily.) Really, MR. TENTFOUR, I wish you would not interrupt me when I am discussing matters of national importance. You can go, Sir.

[Exit Private Secretary.

Commander-in-Chief. No bad news, I trust?

Great Military Reformer. O, nothing very serious. The Sheffield manufacturers refuse to undertake a contract I offered to them. They declare that, since Compulsory Service has been in force, the labour market has been drained, and trade has gone to rack and ruin. So silly of them! If they are ruined, it will increase the work at the Bankruptcy Court. So what is bad for them will be good for the lawyers. It will be only carrying money into another branch of industry.—To continue: At Dublin I have abolished the Army in favour of the Militia. We do not want two distinct forces to defend



"TOO MANY COOKS."

our country, you see. (*Enter Private Secretary, with a telegram.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, I think I said I did not wish to be disturbed?

Private Secretary. Very sorry, Sir, but I think the matter must be important.

Great Military Reformer. Give it me. (*Takes telegram, reads it, and makes a grimace.* After a long pause.) I really think you had better tell COLONEL HENDERSON to order the A Division of Police to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

[*Exit Private Secretary, hurriedly.*]

Commander-in-Chief. Nothing wrong, I hope?

Great Military Reformer. Well, it is annoying. The fact is, the Militia Regiment stationed in Dublin has mutinied.

Commander-in-Chief. Dear me! Very strange! The Militia used to be a very loyal force. Excellent raw material, and capital officers.

Great Military Reformer. Yes; but, you see, I dismissed the officers, and don't quite know how to deal with the raw material. But it will be all right when the Police arrive.—To continue: In Scotland I have abolished the Militia in favour of the Army. (*Enter Private Secretary.*) Really, MR. TENTOFOUR, this repeated intrusion is absolutely indecent.

Private Secretary. I am very sorry, Sir, but they say they won't go away until they have seen you.

Great Military Reformer. They? Who?

Private Secretary. The CLAYMORE of MACGORRAN, SIR DOUGAL MACTAVISH, ROY ROY MACGREGOR of that ilk, the LAIRD of CRAIGIE-BURN, the—

Great Military Reformer. Stop, stop! What do they want?

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(Why we Didn't See Bangalore—The True Reason—A Grand Affair—An Evening with a Cheetah.)



THE best-laid plans, dear Sir, will mis-carry. I had got up, privately, and, as a matter of personal spec., a first-rate reception for my illustrious friend at Bangalore. My Royal and Respected Companion had expressed his intention of doing Bangalore. Bangalore has not been done, but I have. I had engaged all the best Eastern Swells, troupes of Nautch Girls, jugglers, fireworks, and all sorts of games, regardless of expense, and you can't do these things for nothing. You can't get a genuine Rajah and suite for one night under a lakh, and, if they aren't paid, they have their knife into you, literally. However, I didn't make the engagements, luckily, myself, but put the whole show into the hands of a Native Entrepreneur, the SIR SORPHITJEE SORDARBHOT, who can smooth over a difficulty with his compatriots, where I should only get deeper into the mire. The feature of the

show was a Bevy of the Beauties of Bangalore forming a Royal Arch, and the loveliest of their sex advancing in line and singing, "Let me Kiss him for his Mother." The RAJAH MINZEPI KRISHMARSTEE would have held aloft an artificial bunch of Mistletoe, and the ceremony, to Native music, would have been carried out in detail. The only person in the secret was my dear friend the Assistant-Secretary, who, at the last moment, rushed in to me with a telegram from England, dated Scotland, to this effect:—

"Meeting of Anglo-Christian Union. Row about H.R.H.'s doings. DR. DUFF's speech. Nautch girls not respectable. Advisers of Prince to be censured. Parliamentary proceedings, Old Bailey, Newgate, threatened. British Throne in danger. Drop animal fights, idols, and Nautches. More Parsons, less

Have you made them put down the purpose of their visit in writing?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. (*Reading from paper.*) "To invite the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to restore the ancient Scottish Militia instantly, or to discuss the matter with them after the fashion of their Highland ancestors."

Great Military Reformer. O this is most irregular!

Private Secretary. So I said, Sir. But I can do nothing with them. The LAIRD of CRAIGIE BURN has got an immense two-handed sword and—

[*Loud noise heard without.*]

Great Military Reformer. MR. TENTOFOUR, will you kindly find out the cause of the disturbance, and (*aside*) I shall feel deeply obliged to you if you will call me a Hansom.

[*Exit Private Secretary.*]

Commander-in-Chief. You were saying—

[*Uproar outside.* Enter hurriedly Private Secretary.

Private Secretary. The three Sentries have been overpowered, Sir, and an angry mob—recruits, apparently, from all classes of society, are asking, "What you intend to do next." (*Aside.*) The hansom is at the door, Sir.

Great Military Reformer. Thank you. Will you kindly telegraph to Sheffield to say that I shall be unable to deliver my lecture this evening. Good morning, Your Royal Highness.

Commander-in-Chief. But I thought, Sir, that you wished to discuss the Mobilisation Scheme of the Army with me.

Great Military Reformer. On second thoughts, your Royal Highness, I think I had better leave that matter in the hands of my successor. Now, MR. TENTOFOUR, the cab, if you please.

[*Hurried retreat of the Great Military Reformer to Hackney.*]

Parsons. Look out for your Bal-morals. What on earth is DUCKWORTH about?

Signed D—E OF E—NE—AN."

There was no help for it. My Royal Friend was indignant at first, but he soon recovered his spirits, and pointed out that, in any case, all the blame would fall on me and the Assistant Secretary, and then, in his clear, ringing voice, my Gay and Noble Companion sang out "I never go East of Bangalore," which was immediately taken up by the Suite, Lords C—GR—N and B—SE—D leading, and after a short dance, we sat down, laughing, but exhausted. It is the only approach to a fiasco that has happened since we've been out here on the tour with the Star of India.

COLONEL HOGE invited us to some pig-sticking, but you've had enough of that. My Illustrious Co-Sportsman speared all the pigs bar one, for I could not stand it any longer, but stepping forward, exclaimed,—

"Woodman, spare that pig!"

and he did. That was the only incident.

We had another good day in the preserves of His Highness, MEER GREENGAJEE, Jam of Larstere, and in the evening we were invited to the Tayku Mandoum Club by SIR ROWJEE FUSTEHOV, who must have his finger in every pie. There was to be a great reception, and I managed to fetch some of my other Native swells from Bangalore just in time. This was the order of the Procession, which was, by a great way, the most characteristic thing that's been done as yet:—

THE GRAND ZEND AVESTA

(carrying a cushion which he could sit down upon when he was tired—I found I must give him something to hold, as he was so awkward with his hands).

THE DRIVER OF PEKKUMRI. His Excellency TUPPENNER BUSKADDI.

His Highness KHANJEE BUTTEE WONTJER,
Nawab of Jogonaloo (mounted).

SIR SQUEJEME TOAJELLYSHOY
(attended by four Nautch
Girls).

MOHAMED MEERLI ALI
(The Native Historian, attended
by Secretaries).

An Elephant, painted Green and Red, with
Fireworks on his Tusks and Tail.

Jugglers Snake Charmers Jugglers
(doing tricks with Knives). (with real Snakes). (swallowing Swords).

* We are not quite able to reconcile the dates. Such a meeting, under the presidency of DR. DUFF, was held in Edinburgh, and reported in the *Daily Telegraph* only last week; but how could Our Correspondent have received the news in time to write and send an account of it to England? On second thoughts, perhaps, the difference in clocks between England and India might account for it; or, he may be alluding to some previous meeting of a similar character. We confess we are not prepared to dismiss an old and valued Correspondent merely for a difference in clocks.—ED.

† In a recent telegram, we find "The Prince spared one pig." This, to our mind, spoke volumes for the veracity of our Correspondent. On our calling at the office of the journal in which the telegram appeared, we ascertained that "spared" was a printer's error for "speared." But, still, it shows that Our Representative must have been on the spot, which is, in fact, the only thing we have ever had any doubt about during his correspondence.—ED.



A SPELLING B.

As an independent test, Mr. Buttletub (Churchwarden and Overseer) is invited to put some questions.

Mr. B. "CAN ANY O' YOU BOYS SPELL TREMENJEUS?"!!

Snake Charmers (supporting a real live Cobra.)	The REV. CANON DUCKWORTH (reading a Book).	Snake Charmers (with Rattlesnakes and Vipers).
Rhinoceros (with Keeper).	A Bengal Tiger (held by Five Boys).	Rhinoceros (with Keeper).
The RAJAH OF KOLLEE WORLAR (attended by his Physician, DR. SENNATEE DOSABHOY).	The JAM OF NOWAR (attended by Three Ninkum Poopahs in full costume).	

Full Band of Tom-Toms, Kât Gôta, &c., led by
SIR BASSOON HOBBOY.

Chorus of Girls, under the direction of His Highness HEEKAN SINGJEE.

Natives (on all fours).	MYSELF (carrying Coins).	Natives (on all fours).
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Then the Suite in our remaining costumes, and in the centre H.R.H., our Illustrious Star of India, covered with Orders and Decorations, and walking under the

GOLD UMBRELLA,

Carried alternately by SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—and SIR AUGUSTUS SALAR JUNG. A few Tom-Toms, Pypars, Bengal Lights, and others that I had no place for in the procession, brought up the rear.

The people of Singleloo were delighted, as the whole affair was got up in a couple of hours, and took them quite by surprise. They gave us an excellent dinner at the Club; and my Gorgeous and Hearty Friend ate fifty-two curries, three dozen mangoes, and drank half-a-dozen bottles of fine old *Shuter-sucar*,* and so did I.

I regret that the evening did not end so pleasantly. I must unwillingly record a scandal. But it is better for you to have the true version of it through me, than to trust to vague telegrams, rumours, and unauthentic dispatches.

We sat down after dinner not to our rubber, but to *écarté*, with two strangers, apparently native swells. One was introduced as

ALI AREGLAR DHOO, a Mahometan Banker, and the other was the CHEETAH OF SINGLELOO, a magnate of some consideration in this district. Fortunately for us my Royal Friend's private Card Detective was on the spot, and when my Esteemed Companion was losing his fifth lakh of rupees—I had prudently backed the CHEETAH, and so was a considerable winner—SHARPUS, the Detective, suddenly seized the CHEETAH by the throat, shook his sleeve, and out came King, Queen, and Knave as neat as ninepence. ALI AREGLAR DHOO wanted to make a fuss about it; but, on seeing INSPECTOR RUNNUMIN BOSTREETYBHOY, of the Native Police, enter the room, his face became three shades paler, and he leapt out of the window on to the terrace beneath, a matter of ninety feet or so, and vanished. As for the CHEETAH, his pockets were emptied, and he was kicked out of the Club by a herculean young Gentleman, MR. H. ARDASSAR NAYLEBEE, who sent him flying into the moonlight. I was afraid that there would have been a free fight, as the CHEETAH had his confederates in the Club that night. But, fortunately for the Europeans, the Old Rajah, HOLDYERJAH NOYSEEBHOY, was present, whose friendly disposition towards the English residents is so well known as to have passed into a proverb.

The Old Rajah had but to clap his hands, and his band of Native BORSARS would have rushed in and cleared the room in a second. The Rajah, who is a sort of Unpaid Magistrate, told us that if the CHEETAH was brought before him, he should order him to receive twenty *krakhs* (blows on the head), thirty *bakwakhs* (lashes, but not necessarily on the head), and be fined seventy lakhs. Knowing that the CHEETAH might be still about, I trembled for the Gold Umbrella, which, for a second time, had been thoughtlessly left by SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—in the Hall.

However, it was safe. I am glad this Gold Umbrella has been found—but, if LORD NORTHBROOK has retired, he has not been recalled.

I remain in haste, your truthful

REPRESENTATIVE
(In India).

* *Shuter-sucar*, in our Dictionary, is "a camel-carrier." This is nothing to drink. But we cannot pronounce with certainty until the boy returns with the new Dictionary. He has been away for one month, and the Christmas holidays are over. Odd!—ED.



CONSOLATORY SUGGESTION.

Unsuccessful Son of Clever Parents (who has a theory that genius is hereditary).
 "LOOK HERE, OLD FELLER!—A FELLER CAN'T BE A VEWY GREAT FOOL WITH SUCH A FATHER AND MOTHER AS I'VE GOT, CAN HE? NOW, HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY BEASTLY LUCK IN ALL I UNDERTAKE?"

His Friend (who has a theory that Earlwood is chiefly peopled by the offspring of consanguineous marriages). "STOP A BIT—HAPPY THOUGHT!—HOORAY!—PERHAPS YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER WERE FIRST COUSINS!"

CELLS FOR OUR SPELLING BEE.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—Feudatories.
 THE PRINCESS OF WALES—Agreeable.
 THE SULTAN—Herzogovina.
 THE KHEDIVE—Embarrassment.
 THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—Manœuvring.
 THE SECRETARY AT WAR—Mobilisation.
 THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—Tarpaulin.
 THE LORD PRESIDENT—Veterinary.
 THE SPEAKER—Parliamentary.
 THE LORD MAYOR—Eleemosynary.
 MR. DISRAELI—Septuagenarian.
 MR. GLADSTONE—Welsh, Vaticanism.
 THE MANAGER OF THE WESTMINSTER Aquarium—Anemone.
 MR. FRANK BUCKLAND—Acclimatisation.
 THE MANAGER OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE—Pyrotechnics.
 MR. DARWIN—Development.
 LORD DERBY—Equanimity.
 THE MANSION HOUSE FLOODS COMMITTEE—Cataclysm.
 THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT WESTERN Railway—Gauge.

COLONEL HENDERSON—Surveillance.
 PROFESSOR HUXLEY—Anthropological.
 MR. IRVING—SHAKESPEARE.
 M. FERDINAND LESSEPS—Mediterranean.
 LORD LYTTON—Hindustani.
 CARDINAL MANNING—Ultramontaniam.
 THE LEADER OF THE OPERA BAND—Ophicleide.
 THE PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS—Pharmacopœia.
 BARON ROTHSCHILD—Millionaire.
 MR. RUSKIN—Connoisseur, Dilettanteism.
 MR. TENNYSON—Rhythmical.
 THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD—Undenominationalism.
 OUR BUTCHER—Aitch-bone.
 OUR GREENGROCEER—Potatoes.
 OUR SPECIAL HETERODOX AVERSION—Latitudinarianism.
 OUR YOUNGEST AT A CHRISTMAS TREE—Ecstasy.
 MR. CARLYLE—Unparalleled, Octogenarian.

AN EPICURE'S EXPOSTULATION.

"I conclude that the best diet, the one best adapted to the human constitution, and to sustain the highest vigour of body and mind, is one composed of *bread and fruit*. By bread I mean all the grains, placing wheat at their head, and including potatoes, yams, and the like, for the cooked potato is an inferior sort of bread, so is the chestnut. With bread and fruit as pivots, we may take milk and eggs simply, or in combination, as in cakes and puddings, or milk in its forms of cream, butter, and cheese. . . . Flesh is the part of diet that can be most easily done without, while bread in some form is almost indispensable."—*How to Live on Sixpence a Day*. By T. L. NICHOLS, M.D., F.S.A.

GREAT HEAVENS! what a most preposterous planner
 Of sham Utopias must this donkey be!
 To shock a Diner in this dreadful manner
 Is—hang it!—monstrous of the mad M.D.
 (Mendacious duffer!) Are there no restrictions
 On rampant rubbish? By CARÊME and UDE,
 We ought to lay a tax on frantic fictions,
 Subversive theories, and crotchets crude!
 And yet, I must confess, my mind it tickles
 To read the blatant nonsense of this NICHOLS.

"On Bread and Fruit!" Paradisaic truly!
 And man a "cooking animal," forsooth!
 The theory might suit the wilds of Thule,
 Or mortals minus palate, tongue, or tooth;
 But men in modern menus versed—Good gracious!
 We might as well go back to pulse and paint.
 I do protest these dogmatists audacious
 Would tax the patience of a well-fed Saint,
 While any peccable—and peckish—sinner
 Would swear, at thought of meal and yams for dinner.

The pseudo-scientific sumph! I'd ask him
 If man are all granivorous. I think
 To turn the edge of that retort would task him!
 To feed on pears and penny loaves, to drink
 Water, is best, declare our new advisers.
 If that be so, I wonder what we do
 With such a show of molars and incisors.
 I own that time has left me very few,
 Yet I make shift, though valetudinarian,
 To be,—well, very far from vegetarian.

I've dined,—a simple spread of some four courses,—
 And here 's a fellow tells me 'tis the thing
 To feed on meal (like Scots) or "mash" (like horses),
 Washed down with water from a—London?—spring.
 Trash! It might suit a TIMON, or a CATO,
 A NEWMAN, or a NICHOLS, F.S.A.,
 To dine on porridge and a cold potato,
 But, Heaven be thanked, I've never learned the way
 To sit and sup, with visage smug and placid,
 On bread that 's "raised" with muriatic acid.

Yes, NICHOLS, you may argue and adjure us,—
 But 'twere to turn one's back on Providence
 To shun life's dainties. Shade of Epicurus,
 Inspire these dunderheads with sober sense!
 "With Bread and Fruit as pivots" they'd be turning
 The Gourmet's menu to a hermit's carte.
 For frumety and fruit all flesh-pots spurning;
 But while we've Clubs and culinary art
 How vain their vegetarian whims and wishes,
 Who'd preach the vanity of Human—Dishes!

London Improvements.

LEICESTER SQUARE having proved such a success, it has been resolved to beautify other equally neglected sites. Golden Square is to be restored to the original magnificence which its name indicates. This locality is of historical interest, as having been the square of which RICHARD WHITTINGTON had received the brilliant reports which induced him to undertake his celebrated journey to town. As if in memory of WHITTINGTON, Golden Square is at night devoted almost exclusively to Cats. Printing House Square will also, it is said, undergo restoration; and the centre will be appropriately occupied by an entirely new and elegant Fount—of Type.



BLARNEY.

Tall Yankee (just arrived). "GUESS YOUR LEGAL FARE IS JUST SIXPENCE——"

Dublin Curman. "SURE, ME LORD, WE TAKE SOME CHAPE JACKS AT THAT—BUT I WOULDN'T DISGRACE A GENTLEMAN AV YOUR LORDSHIP'S QUALITY BE DRIVIN' HIM AT A MANE PACE T'ROUGH THE PUBLIC STREETS—SO I TUK UPON MYSELF TO GIVE YOUR LORDSHIP A SHILLIN'SWORTH BOTH AV STOYLE, AN' WHIPCARD!!"

LES CŒURS BRISÉS.

SINCE the production of MR. GILBERT'S *Broken Hearts* so much ultra-sentimentality has found a vent in Belgravia, that the following sad cases of incipient insanity have been registered by the medical gentlemen whose fashionable Victorias may be seen any day careering wildly down Grosvenor Place:—

LADY THEODOSIA SPINDLESHANKS, impressed too vividly with the beautiful idea of a sympathetic exchange of affection with inanimate objects, has set up a large sable muff in her boudoir, which she declares reminds her but too dearly of her faithless CHARLEY in the Blues. Alas, poor muff! he is warm-hearted, it is true, but cannot squeeze her hands as her dear one did. LADY THEODOSIA burns two candles (long four) continually before it. She is at present occupied in embroidering a cover for her pet muff.

THE HONOURABLE MARIA FRISKYFOOT sees no one. Her many admirers (she is a widow, and rich) have all to leave their cards and turn away, unblessed with a sight of her, from her doors. She has devoted all her ardent affection to the adoration of a spoon, silver, it is true, bearing an ancient coat of many quarterings, but still undeniably a spoon. The HONOURABLE MARIA has been heard to declare that the soul of that barbarous baronet, SIR PAUL FRITZPOODLE, hangs about that silver semblance:—SIR PAUL, who swore to marry her when she became a widow, and who long ago consoled himself with a wealthy Manchester manufacturer's daughter and heiress. In vain she presses that spoon to her lips; there is as yet no response from the cold metal, no sign of emotion in those armorial bearings: still she will love it with all the ardour of a fading beauty, and never, never, no, never, will she cast her eyes on that spoon without recalling her cruel PAUL.

MISS ETHEL DE NICAUD, the lovely and accomplished daughter of an old Norman House, has left London and retired to the family mansion in Shropshire, where there is no one but the Housekeeper and Gardeners to interfere with her infatuation. Every morning she decorates with holly and ivy, and such hot-house flowers as can

be obtained, the fine old Pump standing in the stable-yard. She is convinced that a magnetic chord exists, connecting this relic with the Member for —, to whom she was devoted, and from whom she expected a proposal of marriage all last season. That Pump is the object of her worship, and the recalcitrant M.P. little thinks what image reproduces him to the mind of the little ETHEL he was proud to flirt with in Society.

We believe that the accomplished author of *Broken Hearts* is responsible for all these aberrations of intellect, and we beg of him to consider under what a fearful weight of responsibility he exercises his great powers of imagination and invention.

DREAM OF A SPELLING-BEE.

MENAGERIES where sleuth-hounds caracole,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic gun
Fright ptarmigan and kestrels cheek by jowl
With peewit and precocious cockatoo;

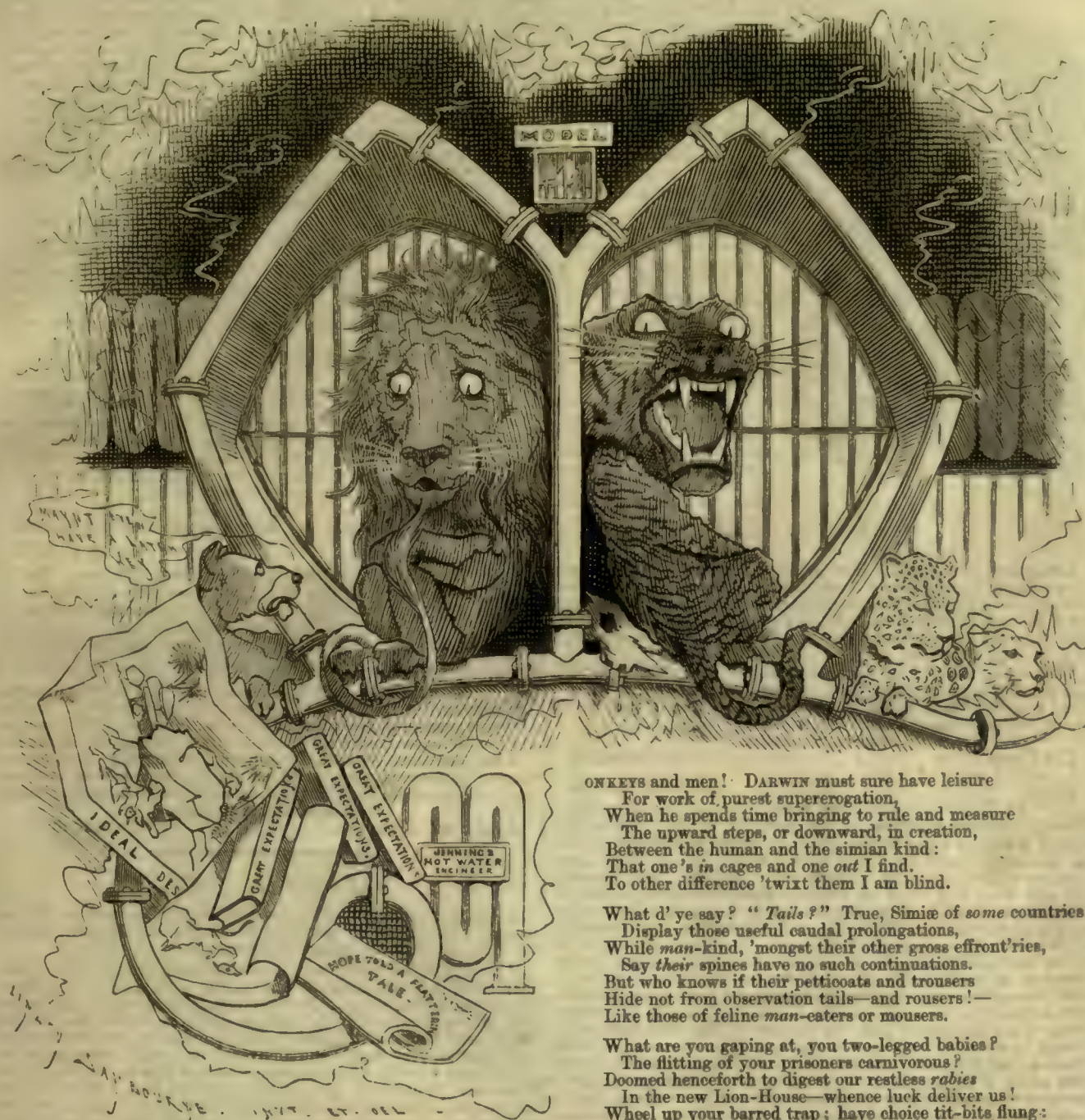
Gaunt seneschals, in crotchety cockades,
With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullions gauge erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galleons:

Flamboyant triptychs groined with gherkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquetish bream,
Ecstatic gurgoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Garnish the gruesome nightmare of my dream!

THE LARGEST PIECE OF PORCELAIN IN THE WORLD.—The great Wall of China.

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCE.—A Ministerial Crisis in France.

LEO LOQUITUR.



SCHOLASTIC INTELLIGENCE.

O, I say *Punch*, old fellow, here's a jolly bit of news:—

"FAIRS, who is pronounced to be incomparably the best racquet-player of the day, has been appointed master of that art at Eton."

So you see that racquet play now ranks among the Arts, and FAIRs may style himself M.A. like any other Eton master. I wonder now if other public schools will follow in the fashion. Harrow ought to start a Master of the noble Art of Cricket, and Rugby might set up a Master of the Art of Football. Degrees might be conferred for prowess in such Arts; and the initials M.A.H. and M.A.F.G. might distinguish men proficient in the Art of Hockey or in that of Fly-the-Garter.

TOMMY.

ONKEYS and men! DARWIN must sure have leisure
For work of purest supererogation,
When he spends time bringing to rule and measure
The upward steps, or downward, in creation,
Between the human and the simian kind:
That one's in cages and one out I find.
To other difference 'twixt them I am blind.

What d'ye say? "*Tails?*" True, Simæ of *some* countries
Display those useful caudal prolongations,
While *man-kind*, 'mongst their other gross effrontries,
Say *their* spines have no such continuations.
But who knows if their petticoats and trousers
Hide not from observation tails—and rousers!—
Like those of feline *man*-caters or mousers.

What are you gaping at, you two-legged babies?
The flitting of your prisoners carnivorous?
Doomed henceforth to digest our restless *rabies*
In the new Lion-House—whence luck deliver us!
Wheel up your barred trap; have choice tit-bits flung:
Keep us unfed, till, with mad hunger stung,
We rush—then to our new cells—old and young!

Had ever felices such accommodation !
A roof, warm-water-pipes, two feet more range
Lengthwise, and four, at least, by mensuration,
From back to front ! sure, a delightful change !
Are we less prisoners, that we can pace
Twelve weary paces more, and own the grace
Of some more cubic feet of breathing space ?

Tell me of clamorous indignation-meetings
O'er Fugitive-Slave-Circulars! Come here,
And count *our* weary hearts' indignant beatings,
We close-caged playthings of your Sunday cheer!
Your anti-slavery sympathies extend
From biped up to quadruped, my friend;
Of cages grant more than a change—an end!

ON GUARD!



VK

Remember, Sir, that Soldiers are not Boarding-School Misses. They should be tough and hardy, and ready to go anywhere and everywhere at a moment's notice. Night sentry duty, indeed! Why not? Remember Waterloo and the Peninsula. Take my advice, Sir. Give the Guards lots of night sentry work. Yes, and let 'em do it without their great coats.

You may ask me if I have ever done anything of the sort myself. The question is impertinent, but I answer you. No, Sir, I have not. I am a General Officer, Sir, and have spent the greater part of my life at Bath and Cheltenham. There, Sir!

Yours, indignantly,

The Pump Room.

RETIRED HALF-PAY.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

IN these days of progress we cannot pay any attention to the old-fashioned traditions of the past. Of course, I know that history (a subject I had to take up many, many months ago) records the glorious doings of our Army when it was ill fed, ill clothed, and (from an educational point of view) badly officered. But then our victories were won when an ensign scarcely knew the difference between an angle and an angel. In my opinion, night sentry duty is utterly useless. Were the sentry-boxes fitted up as studies, or lavatories, the case would be different. If a Private could devote a few hours of the night to reading chemistry, and the higher branches of mathematics, I would be the very last man in the world to say him nay; but merely to march up and down a beaten path without purpose and vaguely is quite repugnant to common sense. I am well aware that the General Officer commanding the district in which my regiment is stationed disagrees with my conclusions; but then, although his experience may be somewhat larger than mine, I do not think he could compete with me, with any prospect of success, in an examination carried on with a view to testing our respective knowledge of Hobrow, Greek, and modern languages.

I may say, I have devoted a considerable portion of my life to an analysis of this important question. I—but here I am obliged to break off, as the Adjutant has just conveyed to me the commands of my Colonel to immediately present myself in the barrack square for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of a rather difficult military manœuvre. I allude to the exercise called, in civilian circles, "the Goose Step."

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

Mudborough Barracks
and the New Junior University Club.

A SUB-LIEUTENANT.

January 22, 1876.

SIR,

I AM quite afraid to write to you! And I would not see my name in the papers for worlds! But, then, I do so like the Officers that I cannot help feeling some sympathy for the Men. I know I am very silly, but I do think that night sentry duty is

wrong. Of course, in the day time, there should be Soldiers at the gates of Marlborough House to salute the Prince and the dear Princess, and the darling Royal Children. If there were not, how could they turn out the Guard, or whatever it is, when a Royal carriage passes? But at night no one can see the sentries, and they are therefore useless—now are they not? I am sure the dear Princess can care very little for all this State on her return from a ball or the opera. I know I don't care a bit for the coachman's touch of the hat when I get out of the carriage at two o'clock in the morning. Of course the Guard being turned out is much nicer and grander, but, then, what is the use of it if you can't see it?

I think, unless the sentries can be lighted up with the lime-light, or something of that sort, at night, they ought to be discontinued. Don't you?

Yours, very sincerely,

South Kensington.

A YOUNG LADY.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is a decided mistake. It makes our men discontented, and sends them into the hospital. Give them three extra meals of meat a day, and let them have one hundred and fifteen extra reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obediently,

Army and Navy Club.

AN EX-GUARDS' SURGEON.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is an excellent thing. It makes our men heroes, and is an admirable remedy for coughs and colds. Give them rather less food and close the exercise-destroying reading-rooms, and the Brigade will never be at a loss for recruits.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Army and Navy Club.

Yours, obediently,

LATE A SURGEON IN THE GUARDS.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

THE whole Brigade of Guards consists of 875 men. Out of these 875 men, no less than 17,643 are constantly in hospital, on account of night sentry duty. Surely, these figures speak for themselves!

Yours, accurately,

Hackney.

A GREAT ARMY REFORMER.

SIR,

January 22, 1876.

NIGHT sentry duty is, undoubtedly, bad for the Guards. The men are deprived of their beds three nights out of six. In the Line one guard night in seven is the usual average. Besides this, London, Windsor, and Dublin life has its temptations. Might not a Line Regiment occasionally relieve the Guards? Out of the season, for instance, why should not the Highlanders come to Town, and thus permit the Bearskins to have a glimpse of Bonnie Scotland?

Yours, authoritatively,

London and Elsewhere.

COMMON SENSE.

ACTORS AT HOME.

A CORRESPONDENT at Florence has lately favoured a London journal with details of SALVINI's domestic life. This will render the following facts all the more interesting:—

MR. PHELPS, the veteran exponent of so many grand Shakspearian characters, it is not generally known, has apartments at the top of the Lambeth Shot Tower. He lives here in comparative loneliness, with fifteen grandchildren, to whom he gives lessons in elocution during six hours of the day. In his ordinary conversation his utterance is very rapid, and delivered in a shrill counter-tenor, which has a peculiar effect on those who hear him in private for the first time. It has been kept secret for a long time, but we believe we are not indiscreet in making it public that this tragedian likes nothing so well as athletic sports; and indeed, when not otherwise engaged at Christmas time, he appears as the Boneless Wonder at a popular Circus. He has two performing Poodles which he is going to introduce very soon to a London audience, and which it is expected will be the rage next Season.

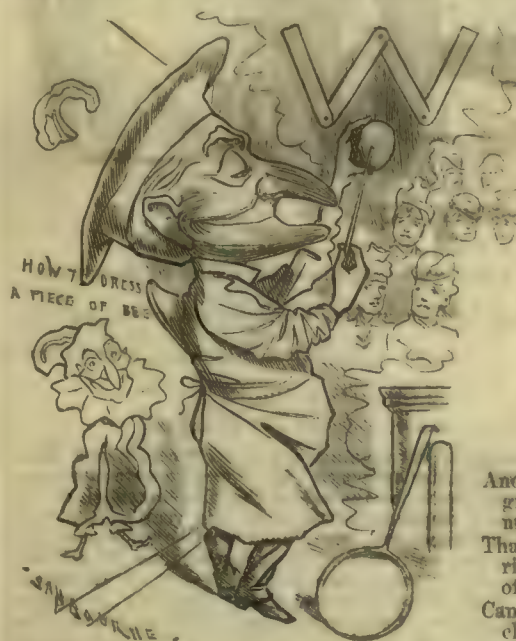
MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, the genial light comedian of this and last century, is popularly supposed to be in Calcutta. It really is his grandson who is now performing in India, but the resemblance is so striking as to deceive his most intimate admirers. MR. MATHEWS himself is now at Twickenham, where he may be seen any morning sculling between Maidenhead and Oxford. His constitutional "pipe-opener" over, he retires to his study, where he is correcting proofs of an annotated edition of PLATO's Dialogues, with an interlinear translation into Sanskrit. At the same time his love for the footlights will not allow him to remain at nights away from the Stage. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday he takes MR. GEORGE CONQUEST's place in the Grab at the Grecian Theatre.

MR. SOTHERN, the inextinguishable Lord Dundreary, has home

tastes far different from those he is usually credited with. He holds a Spelling Bee every morning in his quiet little home in Thistle Grove, which the Members of the Press are earnestly entreated to join. After lunch, which consists usually of a cold crumpet and a glass of liquid magnesia, he repairs to the Young Man's Improvement Society's Rooms in Sloane Street, and gives a lecture, which he often prefaces with an extract from one of BLAIR'S Sermons. The Series of Lectures now being delivered is on the "Frivolity of Giving Way to Laughter." Mr. SOUTHERN rises at five every morning, and cooks his own simple meal of oatmeal porridge and plovers' eggs.

Mr. TOOLE, whose very name convulses a London audience, in the privacy of his everyday life is of very ascetic habits. He retires to bed as soon as he leaves the Gaiety (a name he would willingly change if he could), in order that he may rise with the lark, to pursue his favourite occupation of fetching watercress from the suburban streams to fill the baskets of a grateful tribe of costermongers. In the afternoon he presides at the Cabmen's Mutual Aid Society, under the name of Mr. LAWRENCE, and is remarkable for his reserved and austere manner. It is an extraordinary fact that Mr. TOOLE is widely known under another name as a great artist, being probably the only representative of the classical painters left in England. Up to the present time, his canvases have been of a size to keep them out of the Royal Academy. He is now engaged on a picture thirty-two feet by eighteen: subject, "The finding of what is left of the body of HAROLD," which will, doubtless, be the hit of the next exhibition in Burlington House. On Sundays, Mr. TOOLE is a constant attendant at the Tabernacle, and allows himself one glass of Ipecacuanha wine at dinner.

ENGLAND'S BOARD SCHOOLS AND BEEF.



As, O the Roast Beef of Old England,
And O the Old English Roast Beef!

There's need for the working and family man
To have his food made go as far as it can,
And 'twere far from the most economical plan
To buy the Roast Beef of Old England,
The costly Old English Roast Beef.

Then train up young women in Cookery Schools,
That people may follow Frugality's rules,
And save money spent by improvident fools,
Who gorge the Roast Beef of Old England,
The very Old English Roast Beef.

The School-Board of London, in that happy thought,
Resolved girls should learn what of all things they ought,
The lore of the Kitchen are having them taught,
To cook the Roast Beef of Old England,
Nor only Old English Roast Beef.

E swear by
Roast Beef:
but the Eng-
lishman's
food

Is bounded
by Cookery
simple and
rude.

Too much
of a good
thing is
not always
good—

Though it be
the Roast
Beef of Old
England;

Ay, e'en the
Old English
Roast Beef.

And now beef has
grown so enor-
mously dear
That none but the
rich, every day
of the year
Can afford, if they
choose, such ex-
pensive good
cheer

And Bristol succeeds in the Capital's wake,
And BUCKMASTER teaches her children to make
All manner of dishes whereof to partake,
Besides the Roast Beef of Old England,
The changeless Old English Roast Beef.

Their minds stored not only with learning of books,
Whilst taught to be scholars they learn to be cooks,
For the wise, an attraction exceeding good looks,
We love the Roast Beef of Old England,
Yet don't always like English Roast Beef.

O keep not to national children confined
The culture most meet for the feminine mind,
As though your fine Ladies were only designed,
To eat the Roast Beef of Old England,
And much more than the English Roast Beef.

Nor in Board Schools alone cause young girls to pursue
The study to females especially due,
Teach Boarding-School girls how to fry, boil, and stew,
And mince the Roast Beef of Old England,
And so vary cold English Roast Beef.

THE SNOB'S PROGRESS.

MR. PUNCH now-a-days has rarely reason to complain of the treatment he receives at the hands of his contemporaries. Years ago his articles used to be pirated in the most unceremonious manner, but since the century has entered into its second half the magic name of *Punch* has usually been attached to the good things extracted and reprinted from his immortal columns. This being the case, it is a little annoying to find a highly respectable newspaper publishing a letter which was evidently intended for the *London Charivari*. "SISTE VIATOR" writes as follows:—

"An ordinary train is timed to leave the Great Western Station, Oxford, at 4.35 P.M. for the branch line to Witney and Fairford—worked by the Great Western Railway Company with their accustomed punctuality and regard for the convenience of their passengers. (N.B.—This is fair testimony, and not 'wrote sarkasticle.') On Saturday, the 15th inst., this train was unusually full. The time for starting arrived, but there was no departure. After a ten minutes' pause, passengers began to be restive, and inquiry to be made; and a little pressure elicited the fact that we were 'waiting for the Hon. Mr. —,' who had telegraphed to the Station Master to keep the train for him.' It further appeared that the 'honourable' traveller expected to arrive at the London and North-Western Station at Oxford five minutes after the Great Western train by which he desired to travel should have left that station; and, as the two stations are some five minutes' walk apart, a compliance with this request must involve a delay of about ten minutes, and did in fact detain the train for twenty minutes precisely. While this information was being obtained, the Great Western Station Master prudently remained in ambush, leaving his subordinates to encounter angry reproaches. But it seemed to be clearly understood that this twenty minutes' detention occurred to oblige a single intending passenger, and not by the authority of the Superintendent of the line."

Is not this delicious? And yet this excellent story appears in these columns at second hand. The selfish impertinence of "the Hon. Mr. —," and the cringing servility of "the official in-ambush," are equally ludicrous. It is strange so capital an anecdote should appear in a paper usually devoted to pure serious matter. Mr. *Punch* knows that the story can not be true, because time and trains, like to-day, wait for no man. And yet the tale is related with a curious affectation of veracity. What shall Mr. *Punch* say? Why, this: that if the story is true, it really is his duty to call the attention of the Great Western Directors to the conduct of their provincial Station Master, and to declare the selfish ill-bred; "low-form" traveller to be none other than that anything but mythical personage "the Hon. Mr. SNOB."

Brutes In and Out of Boots.

"POLICE Constable, 22 C, said that, while on duty on Monday night in Crown Street, he saw the prisoner knock a woman down, kick her, and jump on her body. It was elicited by the Magistrate that the prisoner had no boots on; and the Magistrate said, 'had the prisoner worn boots at the time, he would have sent him to prison for three months, instead of, as he did, for two months.'—*The Times*, Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1876.

So, now the rough knows the tariff. To jumping on a woman, with boots on, three months. To jumping on a woman without boots, two months. No doubt, by a parity of reasoning, the amusement might be indulged in in slippers for a month; and in bare feet for a week!

GEESSE THAT WILL NEVER SAVE THEIR CAPITAL.—Turkish Bondholders.



WHAT OUR WALTZING IS COMING TO.

Distinguished Foreigner. "VOULEZ-VOUS ME FAIRE L'HONNEUR DE DANSER CETTE VALSE AVEC MOI, MEISS MATILDE?"

Miss Matilda (an accomplished Waltzer). "AVEC PLAISEER, MONSIEUR. QUELLE EST VOTRE FORME—LE 'LURCH DE LIVERPOOL,' LE 'DIP DE BOSTON,' OU LE 'KICK DE RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY?'"

[We have feebly tried to represent the "Ratcliffe Highway Kick," which at present is only danced in the very best society, and confers a great air of distinction on the performers.]

TURKEY PIE (A PASSAGE FROM AN INTERNATIONAL DRAMA).

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall. Table spread. The Three Emperors discovered.

First Emperor. And so, my dear Brothers, you have quite excused me for taking the initiative? You see, it had to be done by somebody, and so I—

Second and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly!

First Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Second Emperor. And you neither of you doubt my honourable intentions? You do not imagine that I wish to take an unfair share?

First and Third Emperors (together). Oh, certainly not!

Second Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Third Emperor. And you do not doubt for a second that, in spite of my last highly successful war, I now wish to keep the peace? You do not imagine that I consider our alliance a convenience for the moment, and not a lasting reality?

First and Second Emperors (together). Oh, certainly—we mean, oh, certainly not! In fact, we mean what you mean.

Third Emperor. Permit me to thank you.

Enter BRITANNIA.

First Emperor (with much politeness). Dear Madam, we are so glad to see you. We thought you would come. Pray, sit down.

Britannia (firmly). But my little business-transaction with the KHEDIVE?

First Emperor. Is forgiven—nay approved!

Britannia (hesitating). And my traditional policy?

First Emperor. Is forgotten. And if all our kind friends in the rest of Europe are but pleased with our present disinterested and altogether unselfish arrangements, why then Austria—

Second Emperor. And Russia—

Third Emperor. And Germany— *Britannia.* And England?

The Three Emperors. Ought to live happy ever after!

(Tableau. Curtain. End of Prologue.)

"ECCE NOS RURSUM."

(Pantomimes, Circuses, and Theatres.)

"Now, by our troth, but we must see this *Surrey*," says Somebody in Somebody's historical play. *Mr. Punch* repeats it in reference to the Pantomime at the theatre of that ilk—taken all round, and VOKESSES apart, emphatically the best this year. That is, of the theatrical Pantomimes proper. *Punch* must be allowed to keep a special niche in his affections for the high-chivalric Ring-Pantomime, *Valentine and Orson* (with such a beard), at HENGLEER'S Cirque, where BIBB the Inimitable almost succeeds in ousting "SANDY" himself—now a Sangerian instead of a Henglerian—from our dear loves. The two stand like a brace of Circus Arcadians, "*Et cantare pares et respondere parati*," the crowning clowns of their generation. Altogether HENGLEER'S opens to us a round, or, should we not say, circle, or circus, or cirque of delight; and as the joy of children is the sauce royal for all Christmas feasts of fun, give us one Circus, with a clown like BIBB or SANDY, SANDY or BIBB, and, better still, three Circuses—for, besides HENGLEER'S, have we not SANGER'S at Astley's, and RIZARELLI'S in Holborn—before many, nay, before most, theatres.

"Currite Servi."

"At the Madras Club nine different curries flavoured by as many different chutneys, were served to His Royal Highness."

"Our Own," with the Prince.

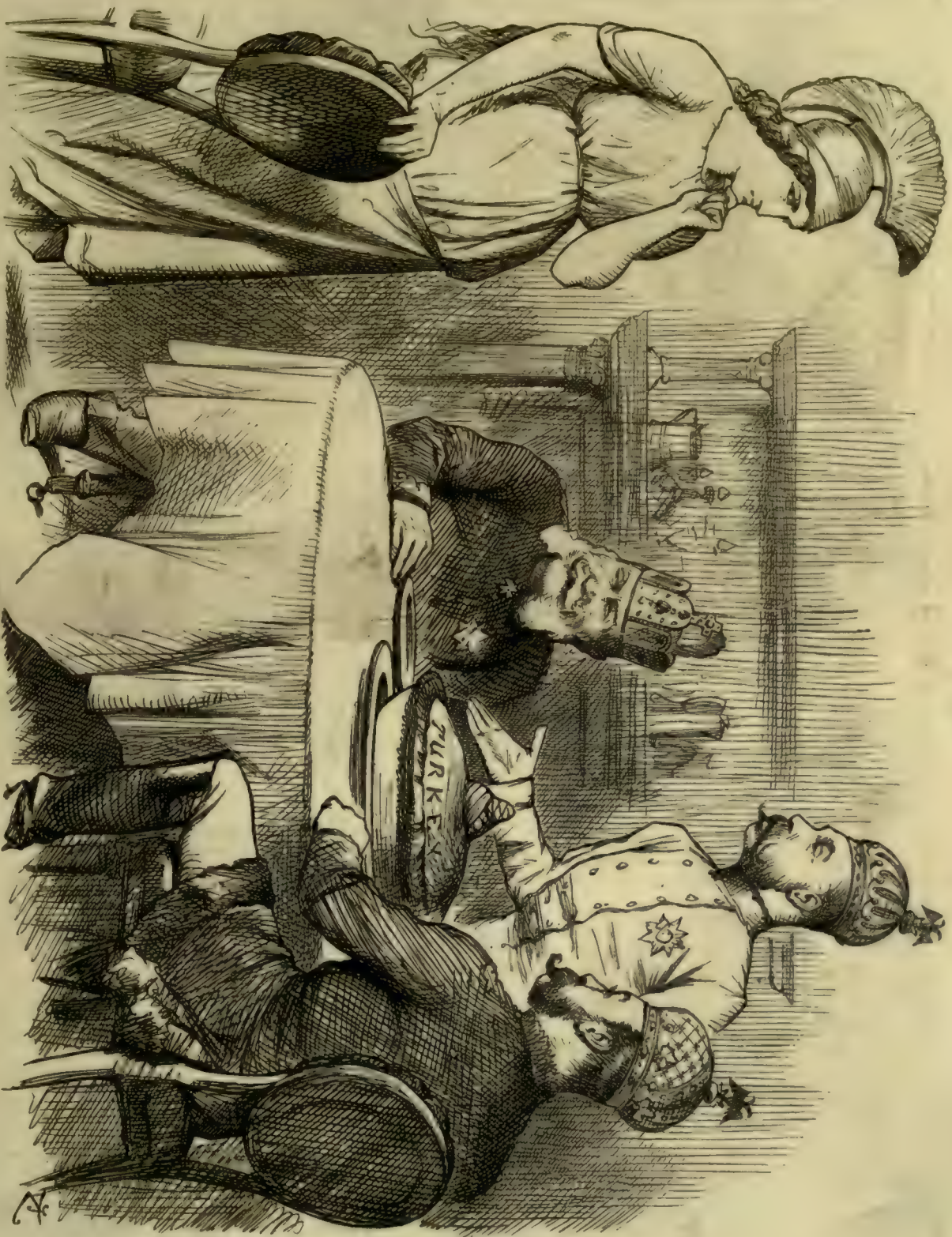
THREE times three curries thrice three chutneys flavour!

Byculla's plats, if not their plots, so thicken,

One thing the native Cooks won't curry—favour,

By surfeiting the Prince with curried chicken!

ADVICE ON THE BURIALS BILL.—Bury your animosities.



TURKEY PIE.

AUSTRIA (*blantly*). "WON'T YOU JOIN US?"
BRITANNIA (*reluctantly*). "WELL—REALLY——"

(*Aside*.) "I SUPPOSE I MUST. GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT WOULD PAM HAVE SAID!!"



CAVEAT NAVIGATOR.



OME recent revelations have rendered it almost imperative that intending voyagers by any ocean steamers, with the exception of certain favoured ones, upon which *Mr. Punch* occasionally, Camillalike, "skims the main," should make careful investigations and arrangements before purchasing their tickets.

The intending passenger should claim the right of examining the entire cargo, in order to ascertain whether any dynamite is on board.

After this, a careful inspection of the coals should be made, in case any

torpedoes should have been introduced among them. As each lump would have to be examined separately, this might occupy some time, but to the apprehensive mind it would be indispensable.

This done, the water-tight compartments should be carefully examined, the intending passenger claiming the right to close them and fasten them with padlocks, the keys of which he should immediately place in his pocket.

A descent into the lower hold would then be necessary, in order to ascertain whether any mechanical "rats" were at work, or ready to begin their work of boring holes through the ship's bottom.

Presuming that all had gone well so far, an arrangement should be made with the captain, by which the intending passenger should be at liberty to see that every light is extinguished on board at a given hour, while insisting, besides, on the right of keeping for himself a private look-out ahead as a precaution against collisions, particularly in quarters frequented by Her Majesty's cruisers.

After being rowed round the vessel, in order to inspect the load-line, it would be advisable that the intending passenger should go ashore and make his will, at the same time taking a tender farewell of his friends and relatives.

These few preliminaries being adjusted, there would be no objection to paying for the ticket and proceeding again on board, it being, of course understood that the intending passenger has a Boyton dress, or, perhaps, a collapsible boat in preference, and (if his means permit) has chartered a private steamer, or stout sea-going tug, to sail in company with the vessel in which he is going, in case of accident.

Other precautions might, of course, be taken, but the above would, we believe, go far towards tranquillising a nervous temperament, and even ensuring sound sleep, at more or less widely separated intervals of time.

EXPERIMENT IN STREET-CLEANING.

READERS of the *Rock* will probably rejoice to find it therein stated that—

"A Carman was brought on Tuesday before the LORD MAYOR, charged with unlawfully using profane, indecent, and obscene language in Billingsgate Market. The charge was made at the instance of a Committee appointed at a recent wardmote for the purpose of endeavouring to put down the practice of using foul language."

This Carman might as well have carried coals to Newcastle, as bad language to Billingsgate. We are told he was dismissed with a caution from this Lordship, which we hope may render him more cleanly in his speech.

Perhaps, when Billingsgate is purified, and the neighbourhood adjacent, the Committee may extend their work to the West End. A stroll on Sunday in the Parks, or the thoroughfares contiguous, might convince them that bad language is not confined to Billingsgate, and that juvenile offenders need to be corrected quite as fully as adults. Filthy words are used by children of both sexes, who appear to take a pleasure in bawling them aloud. How to cleanse these little foul mouths is a great social question, which we fear that

the Committee (to whom we wish good speed most heartily) will find it hard to solve. In morals, as in medicine, a foul tongue is a certain indication of disease, and when children are afflicted with it, they may be bettered sometimes by a dose from Dr. Birch.

A WARNING FROM NEPTUNE.

BRITANNIA! Hoy! Belay, my lass! What's all this yarn I hear About this last new notion of the go-ahead Engineer? Come, take a seat here at my feet, where oft you've sat and heard Your old salt-sea-sire's voice, whose ring your blood has ever stirred.

Of late you've used me scurvily. I've blushed for very shame At things that brutes and bunglers have done to soil your name: Scuttled ships, sunken seamen, and Slave-Circulars are not The sort of things to feed my pride, or keep your blue from blot.

BOXTON and WEBB I winked at. I liked the Briton's grit. If the Yankee's gutta-percha suit seemed to me a misfit, We'll pass all that. But this new game is coming it too strong. Take NEP's advice, and stop it, girl; the C.E.'s are all wrong.

The best gift you owe destiny is old NEP's emerald ring, To break it, for whatever bribe, will never blessing bring. Your Engineers are clever, but they'll serve you ill who seek To rob you of the safeguard of your guarding Silver Streak.

I set you 'midst my subject seas and girdled in with foam Your isle for freedom's fortress, its altar and its home. Beware, lass, how you break the spell! Think not my words a joke,— 'Tis sea-bonds clinch the fibres of your English Hearts of Oak.

To bore beneath or build above the barrier set by me Between your bastion cliffs and foes and rivals over-sea, Is casting carelessly away your citadel's best guard, Where patriot vigilance should keep its keenest watch and ward.

Eh? "Selfish insularity"? BRITANNIA, my lass, Don't be the fool of phrases! Helpful sympathy will pass, By lightning flash, or force of cash, or steel—should need arise; You will not want a Tunnel, girl, to carry such supplies.

But foot-dry passage fixed and fast might bring your foes to you, Or help your mutineers,—such may be in every crew. You're far more stout than ready, watching's less your line than fight, And, should they take you by surprise, old NEP can't help your plight!

In vain your ships might scour the seas should some dull blunderer doze,

And let rogues snatch your street-door key under his snoring nose. You've had some lubbers in your crew. How would a Nelson feel With foes who'd slip from shore to shore beneath his very keel?

Though all, in piping times of peace, are welcome to your land, Remember that Achilles' heel could lame Achilles' hand. Seeing old NEP has served you well by setting you apart, The safety Nature gave you do not you give up to Art.

Why should you? What are doubtful gains, in cash or comfort, weighed

With ne'er so faint a chance of foes within your walls conveyed? Are shores inviolate a boon to risk with calm content, For boo-hoo of sea-sick tourists or bait of cent. per cent.?

Nay, let the Silver Streak still roll unbridged, unburrowed still, Still girdle with its shifting sheen stout heart and strenuous will, Though cosmopolitans declaim and engineers devise. It means security from shock, and safety from surprise.

Self-centred, billow-circled, let BRITANNIA still abide, Though insular not isolate; swept by no sudden tide Of foeman or of fever-fit from any foreign shore, When the Red Spectre raves abroad or war's slipped ban-dogs rear!

On Opposite Sides.

MR. PUNCH, the general *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, being asked his opinion of the present Ladies' dress, with his usual taste and readiness replied, "I highly approve the present fashion, comprehending as it does the highest graces of two of the most distinguished types of female beauty—modelled in front on the Venus de' Medici, behind, on the Venus de' Hottentot!"

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM THEATRE (Programme). — Overture: *Tancredi*. *Fish Out of Water*. *Seeking Plaiice*. *Whitebait at Greenwich*.



RECRIMINATION.

Inhabitant of Uist. "I SAY, THEY'LL PE SPEAKING FA-AR PETTER ENGLISH IN UIST THAN IN STYORNAWAY."

Lass of the Lewis. "PUT IN STYORNAWAY THEY'LL NOT PE CAA-IN' FUSH 'FRESH,' WHATEFER!"

THE PLAGUE.

MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the public prints that a paper has been read to show there is a "prospect of a reappearance of Plague in this country and on the Continent of Europe." The Continent of Europe I leave to others, but I fearlessly assert that Plague has never disappeared from England. My proofs are set out below. I challenge all the Medical Officers of Health, and all the professional journals, and all the learned societies, to gainsay or contradict them.

A SUFFERER OF MANY YEARS' STANDING.

What a plague it is when the boys are all home for the holidays, and there comes a week of wet weather!

What a plague it is when the house has to be cleaned!

What a plague tiresome children are!

What a plague Rates and Taxes are!

What a plague Bills are!

What a plague Boredoms are!

What a plague it is when your wife and daughters insist on your giving a dance!

What a plague smoky chimneys are!

What a plague Beggars and Organ-grinders are!

What a plague Circulars and "Appeals" are!

What a plague it is when the Drains have to be looked to, or the pipes burst, or the kitchen boiler gets out of order!

What a plague—"the greatest plague of life"—Servants are!

Fine Opening for a Young Man.

It is stated that the vacant Lordship of the Treasury is to be filled up by the appointment of VISCOUNT CRICHTON. The new Lord will have an unexampled opportunity of reviving in his own person, by the most strenuous devotion to the duties of his office, the proud title of the "Admirable CRICHTON."

THE LATEST CREED.

"Let Mr. ***** write me a letter—a calm letter—and say he believes in the Devil, and I will give him the Sacrament."—*A certain Vicar. See Times, Jan. 20.*

O, CHURCH of England, whither dost thou wend,
Driven by heady Bishops, Rectors, Vicars?
Whose altar-flame, ere it to Heaven ascend,
Via the sulphurous mouth of Hades flickers.
Your life in charity and virtue spend;
Abstain from rant and cant, cigars and liquors;
Live, like Stylites, on the loftiest level—
In vain, unless you own a personal Devil.

There are innumerable devils, surely:
The printer's devil hath his share of fame;
There's *Mephistopheles*, who tempts impurely;
There's sly *Asmodeus*, gossip-demon lame:
Old Nick from a bright eye may peep demurely;
There are blue devils, devilled biscuits, game—
Punch, who has known more than one atheist,
Would stare to meet an adiabolist.

O Vicar, if the Devil's in the Creed,
Is he the Attorney-General of JOB,
Who is allowed his run of ADAM's seed,
A dignitary clad in wig and robe,
Ornate in manner, plausible to plead,
The Public Prosecutor of the globe?
Or has he horns, tail, hoofs, which, if you scan 'em all,
Combine into a graminivorous animal?

It seems a satire upon things religious,
When two Archbishops and the Chancellor
Have to decide betwixt two folk litigious
Whether the Devil is or is not, or—
Seeing the might of Love and Power prodigious—
How the deuce he's to be accounted for.
The cleric mind in quarrels seems to revel:
Devil or none, some clerks will play the Devil!

QUITE IN THEIR LINE.

THE question has been asked why MR. HOLMS selected Sheffield as the place for his first speech on Army Reform. He knew the people of that busy manufacturing town must take a deep interest in rank and file.

THE QUEEN v. CURLING.

SOME young Englishwomen, whose studies are limited to the Fashion Books, may, probably have stared at the following announcement in a fashionable Contemporary, if they ever read anything so rational as a daily paper:—

"A DISCOURAGEMENT TO CURLERS.—The Balmoral Curling Club, which only played its maiden game last winter, has ceased to exist, orders having been sent to all the members of the Club on the Royal estates to discontinue the game."

That, however, the "maiden game" of curling has nothing to do with any capillary arrangement will be deducible by the least reasoning of young Ladies from what follows:—

"HER MAJESTY is understood to have disapproved of the game, owing to its tendency to encourage a love for whiskey."

It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that the discouragement to Curlers, given, according to the above statement, by Royal prohibition, is nothing that girls have any occasion to trouble their heads about. Though, even if it concerned the head-dress at all, it would not concern them; for curls are not fashionable, and it is only those girls who think, in a measure, for themselves, and possess some little mind and taste of their own, that are capable of curling their hair, if curls become them better than the chignon, or top-knot, or whatever it is called, howsoever grotesque, which is the general wear.

PLURAL AND SINGULAR.

IRELAND has Home Rulers. When the Member for Hackney is installed at the War Office, England will have a HOLMS Ruler.

CONCLUSION OF A CHEESEMONGER.—Mite is right.



TOLERANCE.

The Parson's Daughter. "I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOU DON'T OBJECT TO A FEW CANDLES BEING PLACED ON THE ALTAR THESE DARK EVENINGS, MRS. BROWN!"

The Seatoness. "BLESS YOU, MISS, I SEE THEY WASN'T ROMAN CANDLES—ONLY COMPOSITES!"

THE FIRST CABINET COUNCIL OF THE YEAR.

WHAT THEY DID.

THEY assembled round a large fire—an admirable receptacle for Admiralty Minutes and Slave Circulars. Some one added fuel to it: who it was is not clear. A great waste-paper basket standing handy was also not without its suggestiveness.

They talked about the weather, the floods, shipping disasters, the state of the nation, and—for some of the Ministers had walked—of the streets.

Then they commenced business.

MR. DISRAELI proposed a riddle (like the Sphinx), and alluded to some Canal Shares he had lately bought.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR placed a mark in one of the many treatises on the New Judicature Act which he had been reading, and laid down the law.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, LENNOX, DUCHIGNY, AND GORDON, described the delightful sensation of feeling like four single Dukes rolled into one.

THE EARL OF MALMESBURY played with a seal.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS hummed "Home! Sweet Home!"

MR. SECRETARY HARDY did not hum "HOLMS, sweet HOLMS!" On the contrary, he startled his colleagues by uttering a loud War-cry of defiance. Afterwards he calmed down, and asked the Council their opinion as to the correct spelling of Mobilization—whether with "z." or "s."

THE EARL OF CARNARVON was engrossed with FROUDE.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY related anecdotes of the Prince's tour in India, and quoted "OWEN MEREDITH" à propos of LORD LYTON going to "hear the leopard in the hills."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER looked cheerful and happy in such Friendly Society. Then a shade passed across his face. Was he thinking of the Deputations that awaited him before Budget night? But he soon brightened up, when he thought of the Probate Duty payable on BARON ROTHSCHILD'S Will.

MR. G. WARD HUNT sat plunged in deep reverie, and was silent for many (Admiralty) minutes together. Perhaps he was reflecting how far preferable was the Bench at Quarter Sessions to the quarter-deck.

LORD JOHN MANNERS did his best to swell the revenue of his own department by writing letters and sending telegrams.

THE EARL OF DERBY, after a brief consultation with MR. DISRAELI and one or two more, answered a note from a foreign correspondent. The post-mark was "Vienna," and the signature "ANDRASSY."

Business being thus concluded, all the Ministers joined in a Spelling Bee, and enjoyed it so thoroughly, that, when the meeting broke up, summonses were immediately issued for another Cabinet Council and another Spelling Bee on the following day.

MAMMON'S METAMORPHOSIS.

A Bull and Bear together sat,
In friendly and convivial chat;
Together they are wont to sup,
Though this tear down, and that toss up:
Both look for Danae's golden rain,
Both drink the very best champagne;
Both can assume a human shape
More palpable than DARWIN'S Ape.

They discussed Stocks of all descriptions,
Spaniards, Peruvians, Turks, Egyptians;
Each had his visions unsubstantial,
And prated much of schemes financial,
And each beyond the other went
As to the right amount per cent.,
While Mr. Punch, the wise and witty,
Who does no business in the City;
Caught casual words (he scorned to listen),
Watched the grim gossips' keen eyes
glisten,

As through the world they took their range
From their standpoint—the Stock Exchange,

That *Parc aux cerfs* of Mammon King—
That fouler, fatter, Betting Ring.

Bull and Bear gone, Punch felt relieved,
Yet over greed and folly grieved.

He sipped his port of many summers,
Nectar, uncorked not for chance comers—
For such it were a serious sin
To tap the Poet Laureate's bin—

And thought how many weak outsiders
Play flies to these stock-jobbing spiders.
Up go their ticklish wares, or down
There's joy or panic in the Town:
None seem to see that down or up
Means nothing in an empty cup;
That nations which their coin have spent,
Although they promise ten per cent.,
Can never pay you five or three—
Since "What's impossible can't be."

Punch, as he smoked his last cigar,
Blest his unspeculative star,
Pitied the fate of foolish folk
Who'll buy an egg with addled yolk
When knaves who sell with might and
main

Swear 'twill one day be fresh again.
His verdict on the case is this:
There's no such metamorphosis.
Till blood for sawdust out of dolls
You draw, Turks won't tap like Consols.
Though Bears that hug and Bulls that toss
May hocus-pocus gain and loss,
Though with their "High, Low, Presto,
Pass!"

Confounding wits of owl and ass,
They ring the changes—here and there—
From Bear to Bull, from Bull to Bear!

Topics for My Trilogy.

(Offered by SIR W. V—H—, M.P., to his
Constituents at Oxford.)

1. SUEF.
2. Sewage.
3. Soft-sawder.



A GOOD HEARING FOR MASTER.

(Honoured Guest at big Country-house is invited by affable Butler to walk through the Cellars. After passing bins innumerable of choicest Vintages, they come to a cask marked "Whiskey.")

Guest. "AH! HA! SO YOU'VE BEEN LAYING IN THE FASHIONABLE DRINK, I SEE! THE DOCTORS ARE ALL MAD ABOUT IT."

Affable Butler. "YEZZIR—LESS HACID, THEY SAY, IN GOOD MALT WHISKY THAN IN ANY FORM OF ALCO'OL. I'VE TOOK TO IT MYSELF. IN FACT, I MAY SAY I'VE QUITE GIVEN UP CHAMPAGNES, CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, AND 'OCKS!"

A GREAT BARGAIN.

MR. PUNCH is prepared to sell for whatever they will fetch the following assortment of valuable articles, being the contents of his waste-paper basket for the last fortnight:—

1347 Jokes on the subject of Wales being in India.

Seven Comic Songs with the refrain of "Tell Mamma we are Happy."

964 allusions to the name of the First Lord of the Admiralty.

233 Letters containing puns on the name of MR. CAVE.

One admirable Riddle on the same. "Why is the KHEEDIVE like a bear?—Because he has got a Cave." N.B.—The name and address of the Author of this production will be included in the Lot.

One letter from a Gentleman, asking that he may be put on the Free List of *Punch*, and be supplied with all the back volumes gratis, on the ground that his wife's uncle once sent a joke to *Punch*, which was not inserted.

Two letters from Gentlemen asking why the "bloted aristocracy" is not more stingingly pitched into.

Thirty-two Poems in praise of various popular Actresses.

Seventeen Cartoons.

Seventeen letters from the Authors of the above wanting to know why they are not used.

Seventeen more letters from the same, severely sarcastic, and informing Mr. *Punch* that seventeen horsewhippings are in store for him.

5976 old Joes, cribs from back numbers of *Punch*, and misprints copied out of country newspapers.

A CONCISE CRITICISM ON THE NEW COMEDY AT THE GAIETY.—
Sum Total = Sam Tottles.

BIRDS AND FOWLERS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome in the *Union*:—

"The MARQUIS OF RIPON was received a first time in private audience, and attended on Sunday at his Holiness's mass in his private chapel. In a second audience his Lordship had the honour of presenting to the Holy Father LADY RIPON, whose early conversion is hoped for."

Not long before, the MARQUIS OF RIPON had presented the POPE with £10,000. Some people and their money are soon parted. In presenting his wife to the Holy Father, he cannot as yet be said to have made his Holiness a still handsomer present. That he will be fully enabled to do so on an early day, however, "is hoped for." In the pheasant-cover it used to be a saying among sportsmen that "where the cock is, the hen is not far off." The parties who hope for the MARCHIONESS OF RIPON's conversion reckon, perhaps, without their hostess, and pay a rational Lady, besides, a bad compliment if, in reliance on that saying, they fondly expect that where the gander has gone, the goose will follow.

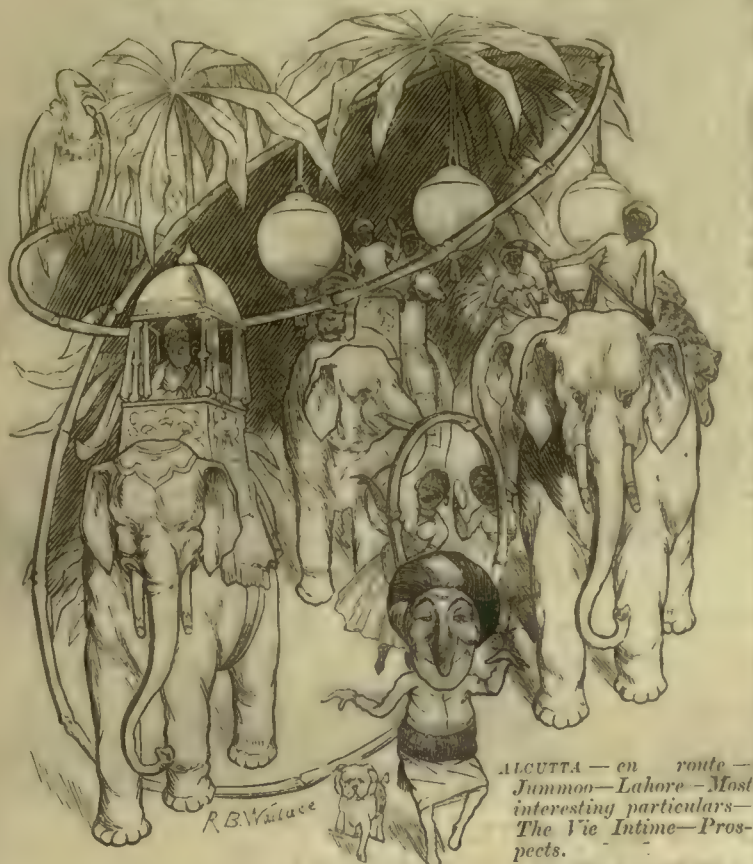
Sic Vos non Vobis mellificatis, Apes!

How doth the little Spelling Bee
Test orthographic power,
And work strange spells of grammarye
Out of each platform-flower!

But Bees that buzz about agree
That 'tis a shocking sight
When Ladies of good family
Take shots, and don't shoot right.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN.—Fair, fairer, fairest.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.



ALCUTTA — en route —
Jummoo—Lahore—Most
interesting particulars—
The Vie Intime—Pros-
pects.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

You did not get a letter from me last week because the weather was so dreadfully bad there was nothing doing, at least worth mentioning. The Golden Umbrella was of no more use against those severe falls in Downpore than a parasol under Niagara. Fortunately we were well entertained by the RAJAH OF INDORE, and so did not care about going out.

We had the Punjabbers (native jesters) in for an hour or two, and then sat down to a Spelling Bee. I gave 'em a word which floored them all: it was "Wasp." The D-E of S-T-H-R-L-D borrowed a pocket dictionary from the Assistant-Secretary, who was just on the point of handing it to him, when I called out, in excellent Hindostanee, "On skral!" and my Accomplished and Royal Patron observed, with more severity perhaps than the occasion actually required, that "if they couldn't play fair, they shouldn't play at all," which intimation, I am glad to say, had the desired effect.

L-R-D C-R-N-G-T-N spelt it "Wopps" — but he was educated at Cambridge. L-R-D B-R-S-F-R-D spelt it "Warp" and lost two rupees by having backed himself to win. The D-E of S-T-H-R-L-D was very much annoyed on being informed that "Wosp" was a mistake, though not bad phonetically; and W. H. R-S-S-L-L accounted for his rendering of it as "Whops" by informing us that this was in reality the Celtic origin of the word. We did not, however, give him a second chance, and ultimately it was won by my Learned and Exalted Companion, who, with the greatest ease, hit it off correctly the very first time of asking. After this the children of SIR JEEJEE JURNERHOY came in and played horses, while we sat round the room on cushions, smoking *howdahs* and sipping *mussalgee* (a sort of sweet liquorice-water having rather the flavour of oysters).

After this the children were taken off to bed by SINGH LULLAH LULLARY, the Ayah night-nurse, whose sole office in the establishments of the wealthiest Hindoos is to soothe the children to sleep with a sort of dull monotonous snake-charming melody.

Then SIR JAK HOLKAR — the HOLKAR — begged leave to introduce some lovely Parsee Ladies, and, having received the gracious permission from my most

Polite and Amiable Companion, the "most Parsee-able of the Parsee Ladies," as I whispered to my Exalted Neighbour (who could scarcely keep his countenance, the joke tickled him so thoroughly), were presented to us; then, taking their hands, the band struck up, and we

"Danced the Polkar,
Led by the HOLKAR;"

whose height is commanding, but who can do his steps with the grace and lightness of a Harlequin. We did not quit the gay and brilliant scene until the majestic moon had slowly risen in the heavens, when we sallied forth in search of our coats, hats, and the Golden Umbrella, which had been in the kitchen to dry.

On leaving the Rajah's hospitable mansion, there was quite a scene between me and the faithful slaves. The fact is that I have become so popular out here with the *raytahs* and *omdar-strapahs* generally, who know what "shelling out rupees" means well enough (N.B. A Jenuin Indian Jo-millah Allah! Bis-millah! On my nose be it! as the Mussulmen say out here), that I can do almost anything with them, as a body. If I wished to go in for Apotheosis ("What ho! Apotheosis!" — SHAKESPEARE — as I said to my Well-Read and Noble Companion), I could do it to-morrow if I liked, and Shiva, Squiva, Vishnu, and Vish'n-u-many-happy-returns-of-the-day, would be nowhere among the Indian Deities. They have already composed a hymn in my honour, but, to my honour be it said, I won't have it at any price. I have begged them not to do it till I am gone. The hymn begins thus: —

"O fi reve creht saw a gib pmaes!"

But I will not continue what in your cold phlegmatic Saxon country might be misconstrued into mere fulsome adulation. Still, *entre nous*, I have deserved it, for I've been *lavish with the coin*. I have not waited for official orders from head-quarters. No, I have been all heart and pocket, in the interest, of course, of the British Dynasty in India. So free-handed in this way have I been as to have justly gained the *sobriquet* of TIPPOO SAHIB, i.e., the Sahib who tips. Why, my dear friend, with a neat *Durbar* twisted round my head, a *Serai* in my hand, and some walnut juice on my face, I might be Imperial Shah of all the Indies any hour of the day.

But far from me be any even ghost or shadow of such an idea. No! Loyal! I will ever sing—

"Send her victorious!
Happy and glorious!
Long-to-reign-o'er-i-ous!
God Save the QUEEN!"

But I only mention the above facts to show you what can be done by a little attention to the wants of a naturally loyal and trusting race.

Talking of "trusting," in consequence of your remittances not having arrived in time, I have been compelled to adopt the system known in India as that of *Tikk*. This plan, which, in some cases, supersedes ready-money payments, was invented by the NOBOD OF ODMPHORE, a celebrated Indian financier, who, with SHAHPUR, of Swindia—the SHAHPUR, as he is called here—contributed so largely to the extensive failures of some of the biggest houses in Calcutta. The Nobob bolted, and the unhappy SHAHPUR was arrested at Aritsur—a sad spectacle of another good man gone wrong.

Send cheque, or my name's Mister Upatree. Address it to me under cover to my friend, the HON. AND REV. STOPHAM SHORT, the Wrecktory, Gravesend. It will reach me quicker than if you sent it straight out here. "Do not forget your GABRIELLE!" as the old chorus has it.

We are all doing well. My Noble and Very Hard-working Friend (for he *does* work at this pleasure, mind you) is in first-rate health: but some of the young 'uns in the suite caught colds after the dance, and got sore

* A *Howdah* or *Howdah* is an elephant's castle, and *Mussalgee*, which our Correspondent represents himself as "sipping," is, in our Dictionary at least, a "torch-bearer." We are now taking steps to ascertain the veracity of our Representative in the slightest details. We have called at the British Museum, where there is a splendid Dictionary on view, and every information given correctly *gratis*, and on the same day we had an interview with an intelligent officer from Scotland Yard. So much is sufficient for the present. Still it is but fair to state that, as yet, we have no proof that our Correspondent is not where he represents himself as being, i.e. in India.—Ed.

* *Durbar* must be, we fancy, a mistake in the telegraphy for *turban*, as, without any reference to a Dictionary, we in England all know by this time what a *Durbar* is. As to the *Serai* in his hand, we don't think he can be *serai*-ous—at all events we can't, as is evident by this joke—because our old Dictionary (a very good one, by the way) gives *Serai* as "a public building for the reception of caravans," which, it is needless to say, couldn't be held in his hand any more than Somerset House or St. Paul's. Still—*Serai* may have a double meaning.—Ed.



POLITICS AND PASTE.

Conservative Curate. "THEN YOU THINK WE ARE GETTING ON PRETTY WELL, MR. GUMMIDGE?"

Ditto Billsticker. "O, YES, SIR! BLESS YER, THE LIBERAL PASTE AIN'T NOTHINK TO OURN—IT'S HALF WATER!!"

throats at Wezerabad; and the D-E OF S-TH-RL-ND, who generally has fire, not water, on the brain, came in for a thorough "cold id 'is 'ed," in a draught between Nosore and Snezapore.

"These are mere trifles," as the Jam said to SIR JELLYBOY, who was among his *suite*.

We are off to Jummoo. I pause. The Elephant shakes too much for me to continue this letter with comfort. Excuse me a minute or two. *Jee Hup!*

Nous Voici! Jummoo.

Crowds to receive us. A variety of colour, creed, caste, and company. Here are the Nabobs, the Nobobs, and the Hobnobs, all fraternising together. A cheering sight. Here is a swarthy *Nobnob* (or big swell) reining in his fiery little *Kobkob* (or native Indian pony) while talking to a young but wealthy *Sunnob*, who is giving himself as many airs as though he were the SHAHPUR, or even the HOLKAR himself.

There, in the corner, stands a lynx-eyed *Bobbie* (or native Policeman), and near him a fellow of lowest caste, who, I could swear, is the well-known KROBAR of Burraglarea, who, it is believed, is still at large.

Just by the door of the *Shantee* stands, his hand on his jewelled sword, the stately GHAUT; while arm in arm with the paunchy little BOWLEE is the aristocratic BHISTEY, who is not ashamed on this occasion to drop hereditary animosities and indulge in a friendly guzzul with a handsome representative of the too-often despised *Florikans*, and one of the insidious and mealy mouthed denizens of the *Tatarkan* district, dressed in his ragged brown jacket.*

* At this point we have recourse to our Dictionary. The word *Ghaut* we cannot find in it. But we would be on our oath that it is an Indian word, and yet it does not recommend itself to our memory as meaning a human being of any kind. We may, however, be quite wrong on this point: we acknowledge ourselves in having been, at least once, quite wrong; *i.e.*, when we gave that boy half-a-sovereign to go and buy a new Dictionary. It is now just seven weeks since that boy disappeared. However, to resume, *Bowlee* is "a well," not a "paunchy little man"; *Bhistey* is a "water-carrier," who can, we should imagine, scarcely be "aristocratic." Here, however, we admit

We are to have another grand ball to-morrow, which, it is expected, is to be crowded by the natives, to whom I am invariably told off to do the honours. The fact is, I have won their hearts, and, by the way, shouldn't mind winning their diamonds; but no doubt even this would come in time.

I get on capitally with the natives, specially at supper. But, indeed, on such festive occasions I have never yet found any natives disagree with me, and, goodness knows, I have had large dealings with dozens of 'em in my time. Here some of the natives are bearded and some not, and, though of a retiring disposition, I soon manage to get them out of their shell.

We have been badly off for sport lately, but at Lahore I managed to bag three *Nuggurs* (a kind of long-tailed animal, something between a fox and a goose), one *Pathan* (of the panther tribe), a fine *Belooche* (not unlike our titmouse), and a brace of *Rajpoots*—which last are of the *genus* partridge, only of a brighter colour.

I must now leave off, as CANON DUCKWORTH wants me to give him a few hints for his to-morrow's sermon, and I have also to entertain a bevy of Parsee Ladies at our five o'clock tea, or Indian Drum, which has become an institution on Saturday afternoons.

CANON DUCKWORTH is an excellent fellow, just the sort of Parson who ought to be canonised—as he has been. On Sundays he gives us a good burst of fifteen minutes' eloquence, and he makes all the points I've given him on the previous afternoon. You see I know the *vie intime* of his audience better than he does, and in arranging the hits of the sermon I can put in some nasty home-thrusts now

we may be in error. A Hindoo, acquainted only with our military terms, would scarcely imagine that a "*Sergeant*" could be a great legal dignitary only one remove from a Judge, and so it may be with a *Bhistey* or water-carrier. *Guzzul* we have looked out before. It sounds like drinking, but it is really "an erotic ode." A *Florikan* is not a man of any race, but "a bird of the bustard tribe." As for the "*Tatarkan* district" we have searched the map of India in vain for such a place: yet it may be there. A young friend about Town, who has just dropped in, asks us if we couldn't find something nearer home resembling the *Tatarkan*? We cannot believe that Our Representative is merely inventing a name. But we have our plan—and in another week we shall be in a position to tell the public more.—Ed.



INTELLECTUAL EPICURES.

STEEPED IN ÆSTHETIC CULTURE, AND SURROUNDED BY ARTISTIC WALL-PAPERS, BLUE CHINA, JAPANESE FANS, MEDIEVAL SNUFF-BOXES, AND HIS FAVOURITE PERIODICALS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, THE DILETTANTE DE TOMKYN COMPLACENTLY BOASTS THAT HE NEVER READS A NEWSPAPER, AND THAT THE EVENTS OF THE OUTER WORLD POSSESS NO INTEREST FOR HIM WHATEVER.

Betsy Waring (who goes out a-charing) and is a Martyr to Rheumatics (what comes o' damp attics), expresses similar views. In her own words:—

"I'VE OFTEN HEARD RUMOURS
OF WARS AND CONTUMOURS,
SEA-SARPINTS, AND COMICS AS LIGHTS UP THE SKY;
STEAM-HINGINS A-BUSTIN',
AND BANKS AS FOLKS TRUST IN,
BUT THEY DON'T NEVER FRET A OLD 'OOMAN LIKE I!"

and then. I mark when and where the shots tell. On one Sunday, after the sermon, I recovered three rupees that had been owing me for a month! It reminded me of the absconding clerk and the Ticket-of-Leave at the Olympic. Truly the Pulpit is a most valuable adjunct to the Stage—or *vice versa*. The Reverend Gent is hollaoing for me now—so adoo. I am also *jusqu' aux yeux* in difficulties as to our programme for the grand processional entry into Agra. The fact is, nothing would so impress the native swells here so greatly as a regular Circus Triumphal Entry, with my Royal Friend in uniform driving a van drawn by sixteen horses, a brass band behind him, plenty of drum, lots of spangles, a Courrier of St. Petersburg, and the Shakspearian Jester on a Donkey. If I can get it up, I will. Believe me, now and ever,

YOUR TRUTHFUL REPRESENTATIVE
(in India).

THE DESECRATED REVEREND!

"FAREWELL, farewell to thee, title of 'Reverend!'
Thus warbled a Rector on Cornwall's bleak shore—
"My scorn of that desecrate prefix shall never end:
The 'P. P.' of St. Petroc is 'Reverend' no more!"

A Street-boy, wishing to insult an Elderly Gentleman, chalks up on his gatepost, "Old Brown is an ass!" But Old Brown rarely writes *himself* down an ass *à la* Dogberry. But what should we say if BROWN, instead of merely *writing* himself down an ass, were to *advertise* himself as one? Then what are we to make of the following extract from a Plymouth journal:—

NOTICE.—I request that all communications to me through the Post-office be addressed as under:—

G. W. MANNING, P. P.,
St. Petroc Minor, St. Issey,
Cornwall.

Correspondents who prefix to my name the now desecrated epithet of "The Reverend," will please not be offended if I reject their letters, &c.

G. W. MANNING.

Can any Clergyman of the Church of England be so inflated by self-esteem without self-respect, so destitute of dignity, charity, common-sense and taste, so devoid of all perception of absurdity, as to be conceived capable of penning this notice? It must be "a thing devised by the enemy"—the fling of hostile and unscrupulous Sectarians. Perhaps they will next advertise MR. MANNING as renouncing the clerical black and white tie because Wesleyan Ministers wear them, and adopting coloured clothes and a bird's-eye fogle instead.

It may be that the letters "P. P." are insidiously intended to be taken for "Parish Priest," so making out the namesake of CARDINAL MANNING a Ritualist aping the style of his Eminence's Priesthood. Suppose a Popish Priest were to publish a request that nobody should subjoin to his name the letters "P. P.," now desecrated in their permitted assumption by a Protestant heretic? Would you not consider him as great an ass as a Church of England Clergyman renouncing the title of "Reverend" because it has been decided by the Court of Appeal that it may legally be carved on the gravestone of a Wesleyan preacher?

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO (by an unhappy Investor in the Credit and Co-operative Bank).—"Hang up our BANNER on the outer walls."

LADY OF THE LAKE LOQUITUR.



"Mr. RUSKIN has issued an invitation to all persons 'who have any regard' for him or his writings, to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the Lake country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district, upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of *Modern Painters* detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining region."—*The Academy*, January 22, 1876.

1ST! Let my silver voice
at least be heard,
Echoing that eloquence which
off hath stirred
Even Philistine feeling!
Let not the Trade-Gnome
further still intrude
Within the sweet sequestered
solitude,
Where Nature's coyest
charms may yet be
wooded
To full revealing.

Can you not keep one inch
of all your isle
In the unsullied light of
Beauty's smile,
Which dirt and discord
banish?
Must your swart Titans
thrust their iron arms

Till, scared by driving reek and rude alarms,
From their fouled path Pan's brood with all
their charms
Shall wholly vanish?

If Progress its far aims to reach, must fill
The air with poison, choke the babbling rill,
And dye the limpid river,
And such compulsion, as a rule, 'tis vain
To challenge, yet some haunts should sure
remain,
Which wiser Man to Mammon's grasping
reign
Will scarce deliver.

Seeing all-liberal Heaven has given you here
Vales soft as those of Tempe or Cashmere,
Still lakes and solemn mountains,
Spurn not such largess! Do not drive away
All Solitude's shy nymphs, whose hands
array
My banks with bowers, and keep in joyous
play
My floods and fountains.

I am the Lady of the Silver Lake;
I would not have my mountain echoes wake
To shriek and snort incessant.
And you whose steps have strayed along my
marge
Would Steam-Fiend's roar, gush of foul
mines' discharge,
Fit the still scene where my smooth-shining
targe
Reflects the crescent?

Even to cold Utilitaria's self—
Sole regent in these days to thirst of pelf
Given by self-dedication,
I make appeal! Prudence forbids to spoil
The few fair spots on your sea-straitened
soil,
Where poet-passion and o'erburdened toil
Find consolation.

Here have been nourished sons of Art whose
song
Or storied canvas shall your fame prolong,
And swell your pride and pleasure.

Where WORDSWORTH roved let not the wheels
of Trade,
Unresting as Ixion's, make fresh raid,
Till Fancy flees her loveliest, best-loved shade,
And needful leisure!

Grant in these crowded times men's needs
are more
Than broad meres, mountains high, and
forests hoar,
Birds' song or rose, or lily;
Yet these, too, higher human yearnings crave:
Were it not well source of such joys to save,
Nor wholly yield old Pan a helpless slave
To Puffing Billy?

Though Commerce claim free course, and
subtle Greed
In mask of Progress her convenience plead,
Should Wisdom not be chary
In casting Nature's dearest dowers away?
Leave Lakeland still to elf, and faun, and fay,
For Art and Thought and Toil self's place of
play,
And sanctuary!

Shakspeare Against the Burials Bill.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT has the immortal WILLIAM not anticipated? He has clearly foreshadowed MR. OSBORNE MORGAN's iniquitous Burial Bill, and has given a quiet wipe at the Dissenter—who schismatically chooses his own path to Heaven—in the *Grave-Digger's* question to his comrade, in *Hamlet*, Act v., "Is he to be buried in Christian burial who wilfully seeks his own salvation?"

Yours, CLERICUS.

An Awkward Ultimatum.

FOR a Prince to "call in an Accountant," no doubt,
Is a course too like bankruptcy favour to win;
But if the KHEDIVÉ's bent on having CAVE out,
As one likely result, he may have to Cave in.

Only Natural.

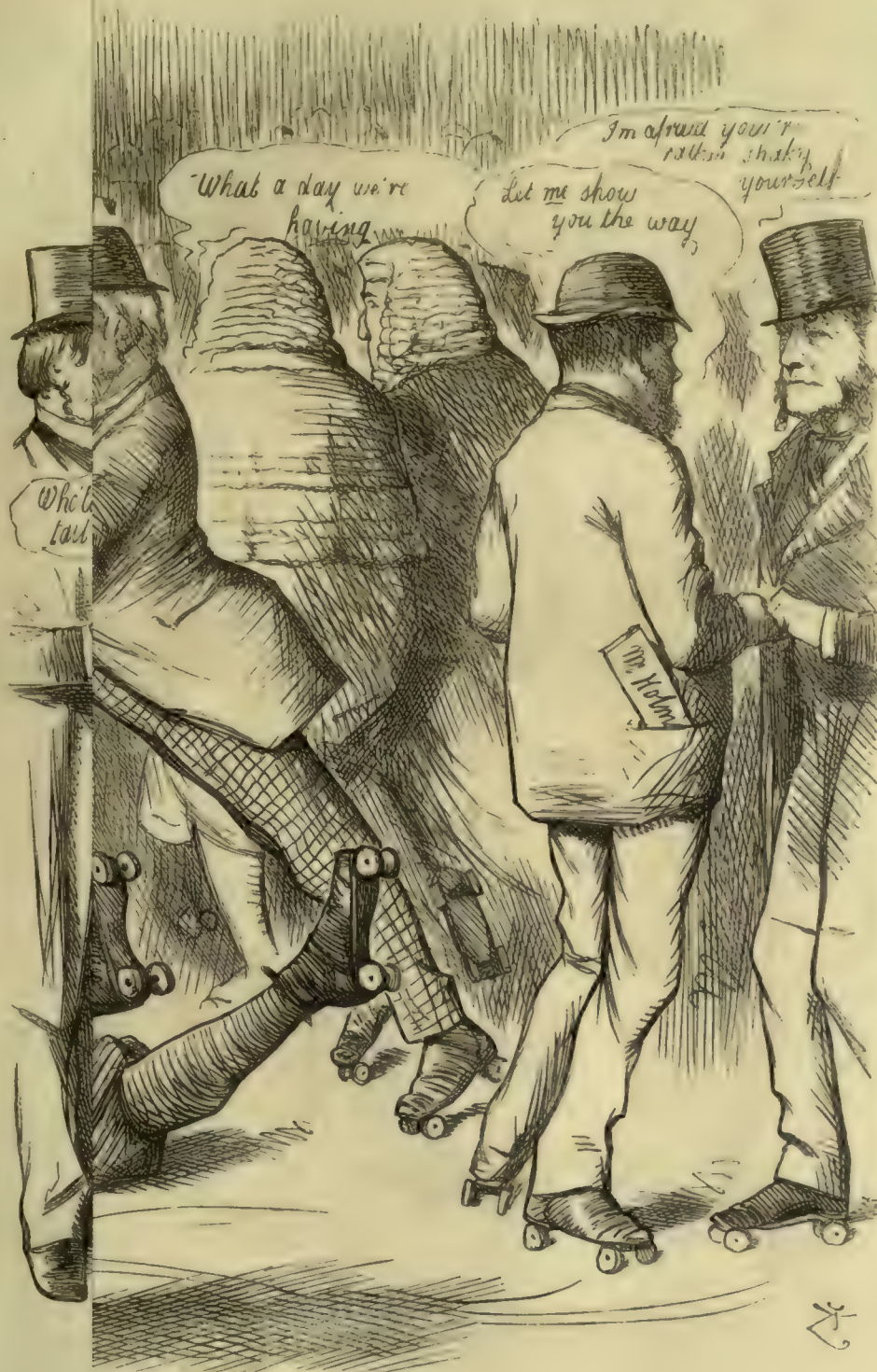
(Cook v. Jenkins.)

WHAT wonder if COOK for a Christian disown
Bold JENKINS, on Satan as mythic who looks?
When his mission's from Satan; what saw's better known,
Than "'Tis Heaven sends us meat, but the Devil sends Cooks"?

NATURAL RESULT OF MOODY AND SANKEY'S PREACHING IN IT.—
The Opera House is about to be converted—into a Post-Office.

MOTTO FOR THE MANAGER OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT BANK.—
"Depositi Tenaz."

THREE EXCESSES OF THE DAY.—Drink! Rink!! Ink!!!



R RINK.



SHADOWS OF THE COMING SESSION.



R. HOLMES will worry the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR with statistics that would be absolutely startling, if they were not absolutely inaccurate.

MR. BUTT will waste the time of the House in impracticable discussion of the principles of Home Rule, and the self-engendered miseries of Ireland.

SIR WILLIAM LAWSON will trifle with the fleeting hours in a facetious attempt to pass the Permissive Bill.

MR. BIGGAR will exhaust the patience of the House by forgetting that Members of Parliament are accustomed to the society of Gentlemen.

MAJOR MCGORMAN will prove to the world that the House of Commons, like the ring of a circus, has its own clown.

MR. WHALLEY will bore the House with stories of imaginary grievances and impossible plots.

MR. PLIMSOLL will lose his temper in a good cause.

SIR CHARLES DILKE will pick holes in the British Constitution, and show how to mend them by his private patent processes.

MR. DISRAELI, in answering plain questions, will be mysterious facetious, or flippant, as the exigencies of the case may require—but never discursive, or explicit, or perfectly intelligible.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON will conduct the Opposition, subject to the embarrassing supervision of MESSRS. GLADSTONE, FORSTER, LOWE and BRIGHT, and the caustic comment of SIR W. V. HARCOURT. The above gentlemen will pull different ways, "as 'tis their nature to."

SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS will prose away (for the twentieth time) about the atrocious profits of the Civil Service Stores, and the grievances of the West End tradesmen.

MR. MACDONALD will do his best by his advocacy to render unpopular the cause of the Working Man.

And lastly, DR. KENEALY will—but no, let us indulge the hope that "the Doctor" will not appear at all *this* Session, being too much occupied in establishing a new Religion.

A VISIT TO THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry, men,
For 'tis our opening day,"—*The Chough and Crow.*
(Omitted from the Aquarium Programme.)

I CAN perfectly imagine the moment when the now managing-director (*pro. tem.*), MR. WYBROW ROBERTSON, returning from a visit to the Brighton Aquarium, *via* Victoria, compelled to masterly inaction in his Hansom by a block system of complicated carts, carriages, cabs, and omnibuses, looked to the right and the left, and said to himself "What a good thoroughfare for a show! and nothing here but the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and the Law Courts!" Then his mind reverting to the Brighton he had so recently quitted, there must have occurred to him one of those electric flashes of inspiration, now popularly known as a

Happy Thought. Here's the place for an Aquarium.

Evidently the very thing! All that London in general, and Westminster in particular, could want to complete its happiness was, surely, an Aquarium. Then it arose out of the earth with, comparatively speaking, the celerity of Aladdin's Palace. An eminent architect was obtained for the fabric, an eminent naturalist for the fish, and an eminent composer for the fantasias. Other eminent persons were soon got hold of to appear as Fellows, so that at last for one Gentleman to call another a fellow, and to receive the retort "you're another," came to be, Aquariumly speaking, rather a thing to be proud of than otherwise. This short form in the neighbourhood of St. Stephen's became, as it were, the Masonic pass-word among the Fish-exhibiting fraternity,

"Sir, you're a Fellow!"

"Sir, you're another!"

And this was the sign and countersign necessary for entrance on Saturday, January 22nd.

The Aquarium was opened in some sort of State. A crowd in reserved and unreserved places wondering what was about to happen next. All eyes on a set of decorated private-boxes, with the Royal-box in the middle, guarded by (apparently) sailors, who, in turn-down collars and short jackets, looked as if they'd grown out of that kind of dress, and were feeling rather awkward in not having been put into stick-ups and tails long ago.

Then came a great time for inquisitive people who always want to know all about it, whatever it is, and well-informed persons who always do know all about it, and are equal to any emergency.

Inquisitive Visitor. I say, why have the sailors got guns?

Well-Informed Friend. They're Naval Artillery.

Inquisitive Visitor (only half-convinced). Oh! but artillery have cannons, not guns.

Well-Informed Friend. Ah! but these are on duty, and they always go about as the body-guard of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, the Sailor Prince.

Inquisitive Friend. Ah! yes. Good idea having them here instead of soldiers. Soldiers would have been out of place among fish.

Happy Thought (for the title of a new ballad). *The Soldier and the Fish.* Suggested gratis to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. It might be appropriately played by the Cold-streams.

Inquisitive Friend (using opera-glasses). I say, who's that in a private-box with lace on his shirt—?

Well-Informed Person. That's a Sheriff.

Inquisitive Friend. Oh! (Then apparently resenting the intrusion.) Why's he here?

Well-Informed Person (nonplussed for once in his life). I don't know. (*Recovering himself.*) Oh! because he was asked.

Inquisitive Visitor. Who's that in a fez?

Well-Informed Person (proud of his superior knowledge). That is the Turkish Ambassador.

Inquisitive Visitor (as before). Why's he here?

Funny Gentleman from the Stock Exchange (overhearing and answering). He's just the man for the place. He's here, as the representative of a decidedly fishy State.

Hats off, and enter the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. He stands up in his box, and somebody facing him, reads him an address. It looks uncommonly like *Punch* and *Judy*, with the squeak and the dialogue left out, as the voice part is inaudible.

Inquisitive Friend. What's he doing?

Funny Gentleman. He's hearing the Duke his Catechism.

Then the Duke replies, also inaudibly, bows, accepts the paper, hands it to somebody to put away somewhere, and then the Concert begins. The songs are most appropriately chosen; the first, sung by MADAME PATEY, being evidently intended as, somehow or other, applicable to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH on the present occasion, commencing,

"Gentle youth, ah! tell me why—?"

which is the sort of question the Inquisitive Gentleman has been putting with reference to the presence of every notability in the building for the last half-hour.

MADAME PATEY, still singing, then goes on to bid H.R.H. the Duke leave the building as quickly as possible:—

"Far from hence, oh haste away!
To the heart its case restore,
Go, and never see me more!"

Which command, if the accomplished songstress represented the Genius of the Aquarium, was scarcely a cheery sort of welcome to the Sailor Prince.

Then MADAME WYNNE, more in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, informed the Nautical Prince that she would

"Dance on the sands;"

but this smacked more of Margate than the Westminster Aquarium, which has not, as yet, obtained its dancing licence from the Magistrates.

MRS REEVES obliged the company with "You'll Remember Me," which it is to be hoped they did, handsomely.

The great feature of the Orchestra, under MR. SULLIVAN'S able direction, was an advertisement stuck up over the player of the big drum, announcing, apparently, the name of the player (no other musician being labelled in this way) as "POTTER & Co." Somebody said it was the name of the firm who built the drum. The audience refused to accept this, and all the interest felt in that Concert was centred in "POTTER & Co." Others in the band might be greater musicians, but few, except the initiated, knew them by name; and so "POTTER & Co." had it, so to speak, almost entirely to himself. The musical honours of the day were, undoubtedly, shared by MR. SULLIVAN, MR. GODFREY, and "POTTER & Co."

What did "POTTER & Co."—a most respectable elderly gentleman, by the way—care for the vocalists? While they sang, he had an easy and luxurious time of it. Suddenly, three raps from the baton of the Conductor awoke "POTTER & Co." from his reverie. He was called into action. No; he was not wanted as yet; and,



DELICACY.

Edwin (as the Servant is present). "AH—J'ETAY SEE—AH—DISAPPOINTAY DE NE PAS VOO VWORE A LA RINK CE MATTANG—POOR-QWAW ESKER—?" Angelina. "AH WEE, MAIS MOMMONG—"

Parlour-Maid. "HEM! BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS; BUT I UNDERSTAND THE LANGVIDGE!!"

after casting a glance of reproach at MR. SULLIVAN, he sank back into the repose from which he had been so unwarrantably aroused. Ah! now!—at last his time has come.

"The Procession March," by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. A nod of recognition passes between the eminent composer and "POTTER & Co.," as much as to say, "Now, then, I've brought you into this. Wake up! 'England expects,'" &c. It was an edifying sight to see the calm, determined, and unimpassioned way in which "POTTER & Co." settled down to work. No unnecessary flourishes of his drumstick, as a showy, younger, and less experienced musician might have been tempted to give, with such a weapon in his hand. Not a bit. He hit the drum as though he loved it; tenderly, almost reluctantly at first; then warming to his work, encouraged by the eye-glass of his chief, and impelled by a stern sense of duty, he came down on that drum so as to make it writhe again, and bellow under the thud. But when his part was finished, when dulcet strains succeeded, then with more than maternal care did "POTTER & Co." pat and caress the suffering instrument, and not a few among the audience but felt a choking sensation in the throat, as they saw that venerable man turn aside and use his pocket-handkerchief, doubtless to wipe away a tear. Beat on! thou Loving Heart! Thy joys and sorrows are appreciated by the public! Oh! well deserved was the *déjeuner* of "POTTER & Co.," when he and his instrument sat down with a drumstick between them.

Last Happy Thought (but one) at the Aquarium. Get some fish. Or, why not a pond with sticklebacks for the boys to fish in?

Or,—*Last Happy Thought of all.* While the Tanks are unoccupied, wouldn't it be an excellent plan to turn them into private baths, getting eminent individuals to bathe in them—(pretty bathing dresses being provided, of course)—and let in the public, as at present, to stare at them through the glass fronts? It could easily be advertised. For example: Saturdays, MR. GLADSTONE (Tank No. 1), from 10 till 1. MR. DISRAELI (Tank No. 2), from 2 till 4; and so on—the Band playing all day, and refreshments handed round. There ought to be some special attraction pending the arrival of the still absent Octopus and the Fish of the Future.

JOURNEYS "PERFORMED."

THE *Manchester Examiner* states that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company have resolved to paint their first-class carriages yellow, the second-class brown, and the third blue. The tickets will be of the same colour as the carriages. This will give the trains a nice and lively appearance, it is true, and may serve to beguile the minds of anxious passengers; but it must be admitted that for certain lines of railway the most appropriate colour for the carriages would be black, with feathers for the first-class and other less costly marks of mourning for the second and third. The tickets might be black-edged, and ornamented with a funeral urn. The Guard's costume should resemble as closely as possible that of an undertaker, and the journeys should be "performed" as much like funerals as possible, with all the chances of cremation included.

Of course an undertaking should be given, and kept, that all trains will carry an experienced surgeon, and that a proper proportion of *ambulances*, with all the necessary surgical appliances, will accompany every excursion and express.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE LABORATORY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

"R. I. P.

DOM LOUIS GARNIER,

Pour cinquante ans Supérieur du Couvent, et Chef de La Fabrique."

For fifty years of dexterous distilling

And deep devotion here DOM LOUIS swayed:

In the grave's still-room here to rest he's willing,

While in the cellar his pure spirit's laid.

Let all, when cups with fragrant Mocha brim,

Who Chartreuse *verte* or *jaune* for *chasse* prefer,

Say new Superiors may succeed to him,

But no superior to his *liqueur*.



LES MONTAGNES DE HAMPSTEAD.

SHOWING HOW WE ADVENTUROUS INHABITANTS OF THE HILLY SUBURBS OF NORTH LONDON BEGUILLED THE WEARY HOURS DURING THE RECENT SNOWY WEATHER.

YOUNG CHELSEA V. OLD.



O, tell me not, in cold anticipation,
Next Session's horoscope portends stagnation,
While Chelsea's Baronet
o'er vasty deeps,

The Stormy Petrel of the Future, sweeps.
Or among birds is Petrel's flight too narrow?
Should we not rather call him Java Sparrow?
From that far isle one day we hear his twitter,
The next at Chelsea he shows, brisk and bitter,
The liveliest "sparrow" if a wildish hither.
Pardon the pun—let "sparrow" be preferred
For him who skims o'er subjects like a bird,
And wider, wiser, than o'er bird that flew,
The world embraces in a bird's-eye view.
Not the bird's-eye, of course, in smoke that ends,
But that which loftiest elevation lends,
To look down on the British Constitution
Old wheel-work, but still good for revolution!
After swift survey, hear him condescending
To prove to us how all in it needs mending.
So one may sometimes see a Chelsea sparrow
Peeping into a bone that once held marrow,

And after squinting down it for a minute,
Conclude, off-hand, that there is nothing
in it.
When the contents but lie beyond his peep,—
The Sparrow's ken too short, the bone too deep.
By CHAFFERS let "old Chelsea's" praise be sung,
Punch, chief of chaffers, takes his Chelsea young.
At sales old Chelsea mugs may out a figure,
Young Chelsea's mug, self-mirrored, cuts a bigger.
Let China-maniacs the old prefer,
The young's omniscient, and can never err;
Then happy Chelsea, whose far-seeing Bart.,
Surveys mankind, and scorns not to impart
To "free and independents" ne'er so rough,
Of his collective wisdom quantum suff.:
Nay some, profane, may say, more than enough.

THOROUGHFARE V. BARRACKS.

GOVERNMENT, it is reported, have determined to pull down the Knightsbridge Barracks. So far so good. But they have also determined, it is said, to build another, and bigger, and better, block of barracks in their stead.

Kensingtonia, a wealthy and fashionable suburb, naturally objects to any such erection—with its fringe of beerhouses and music-halls—in its midst, and is up in arms, and, like other interesting creatures in arms, crying loudly. As it has Lords and Millionaires to utter its disgust, there is no fear but it will make its wrongs and wishes very distinctly audible.

There are so many more crying grievances pressing on poorer Metropolitan populations, that *Punch* cannot bring himself to take this of Kensingtonia from the Knightsbridge barracks very seriously to heart. Still, if a wider roadway could be substituted for a cavalry barracks, no doubt all who have occasion to use a much frequented approach to the Metropolis would bless the Board of Works.

THE WARDEN OF THE STANDARD.

"BOTTLE MEASURE.—The Warden of the Standard has occasion again to advert to the subject of the size of bottles. Six years ago it was represented to the Standards Commission that wine and ale bottles, commonly known as reputed quarts or pints, were getting smaller. The Warden of the Standard verified standards of these measures in 1870, and he now reports that he re-verified them in 1875. But he has to state that these newly-legalised measures do not appear to be much used. In the whole of the last few years not quite a hundred bottle and half-bottle measures have been verified for the use of local inspectors of weights and measures; only two in the last year!"—*Newspaper Paragraph.*

Hehe's the Warden of the Standard!

A useful officer he;
Though by many Good Templars slandered,
The need of his office I see.
He has a good deal of work in
Making the publicans swear,
Yet hogshead, kilderkin, firkin,
Are smaller than once they were.
In his drink the labourer is cut short,
Getting a pint and a half for a quart.

The Warden stamps the bottles
That are brought to him to stamp:
Alas for thirsty throattles
When the Bung's fair measure scamp!
They laugh at you, not rarely,
With a mean, dishonest laugh,
When for your quart you pay squarely,
And get but a pint and a half.
Measures are passed of a silly sort:
Best measure of all is the honest quart.

Good Bung, give us nialt full measure,
Drink brewed in October prime,
Wherein to dip beak is a pleasure,
And to scrimp thereof a crime.
Here's health to squire and peasant
Who own or till the ground,
Both find their liquor pleasant;
I wish it were always sound!
But a plague on the salted and hoccussed tap
The labourer often is doomed to lap—
The man who sells such deserves a rap!

The Voice of Truth's Last Lie.

MONSIGNOR TIZZANI's report of PROFESSOR ROLLI's recantation and return to the bosom of the Church in *extremis*, seems, on sifting, to be a case of "Rolli, Poly, gammon and spinach," and, as such, peculiarly fitted for the propagation of the *Voce della Verità*—a title, if ever there was one, on the "*lucus à non luceo*" principle.



AN UNREGENERATE YOUTH.

The New Governess (impressively). "O, TOMMY, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, AND MADE A BLOT ON MY COPY-BOOK, I USED TO CRY."

Tommy (earnestly). "WHAT! REALLY?"

New Governess (still more impressively). "YES—REALLY CRY!"

Tommy (still more earnestly). "WHAT AN AWFUL LITTLE DUFFER YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

TWO DOSES OF JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

(As administered in the Provinces with immense success.)

DOSE I.—CRAWLEY-CUM-SNOOZLE.

Bench—COLONEL DUNDERHEAD, REV. LYCURGUS DRAKE, REV. MINTO CUMMIN, J. FOOZLE, Esq., and LORD SHALLOW.

JOHN JONES, 70, a starved-looking man, was charged with having stolen four potatoes. Witnesses having deposed to the potatoes being found in the prisoner's possession, the Bench asked him if he had anything to say for himself. The prisoner said he was starving. The REV. L. DRAKE said he ought to be ashamed of himself. If that was all he had to say, he had better have held his tongue. The prisoner said the potatoes were rotten, and that he found them in the middle of the road. LORD SHALLOW remarked that that assertion was, on the face of it, false, as rotten potatoes never grew in the middle of roads; a remark in which the rest of the Bench concurred. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if there were any previous convictions against the prisoner. Police-Constable Z 11 said the prisoner had always borne a very good character. The Reverend Gentleman said he considered that made the case worse. It was painful to see a man of seventy commencing a career of crime.

After some deliberation, the Bench sentenced the prisoner to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

DOSE II.—SAME BENCH.

TOM HULKER, 24, was charged with having assaulted his wife. The prosecutrix, whose head was enveloped in bandages, and who was still so weak from her recent injuries that she had to be accom-

WHISKEY I. "SILENT SPIRIT."

ALAS, alas for Whiskey,

That spirit pure and clear,
That made its drinker frisky,
Yet left his liver clear!

Now vile adulterators

Have caused its name to stink:

Can Irishmen be traitors

To Ireland's noblest drink?

The nectarous amber fluid

That Erin used to send—

Pure stuff as ere was brewed—

Is now a poisonous "blend;"

For the true potheeny flavour,

And the fire from headache free,

From fusel-oil its savour,

Its consequence, D.T.!

O spring of merry laughter,

Of fancy, frolic, fun,

That drew no black bile after,

From honest worms while run.

Now sullen, silent spirit

Sets brains and blood aboil;

Can Erin aught inherit

But woe from fusel-oil?

Of Vintner and of Grocer

We long have been the sport:

Claret to ink comes closer,

And elder rules in port.

Petroleum fizz of ROEDERER

Usurps the famous brand;

And Hamburgh, wholesale murderer,

With her sherry floods the land!

In wonder I am stranded,

So strange it seems to think

The Irish, nation candid,

Should send us filth to drink,

Vile spirit, which the deuce is

The nose and cheek to blotch,

And Erin's calm excuse is—

"We get it from the Scotch."

O Firms of both the JAMESONS!

O Firms of POWER and ROE,

Don't let HIBERNIA claim as sons

The scamps who treat her so.

Home-Rulers effervescent

Poor Erin may endure,

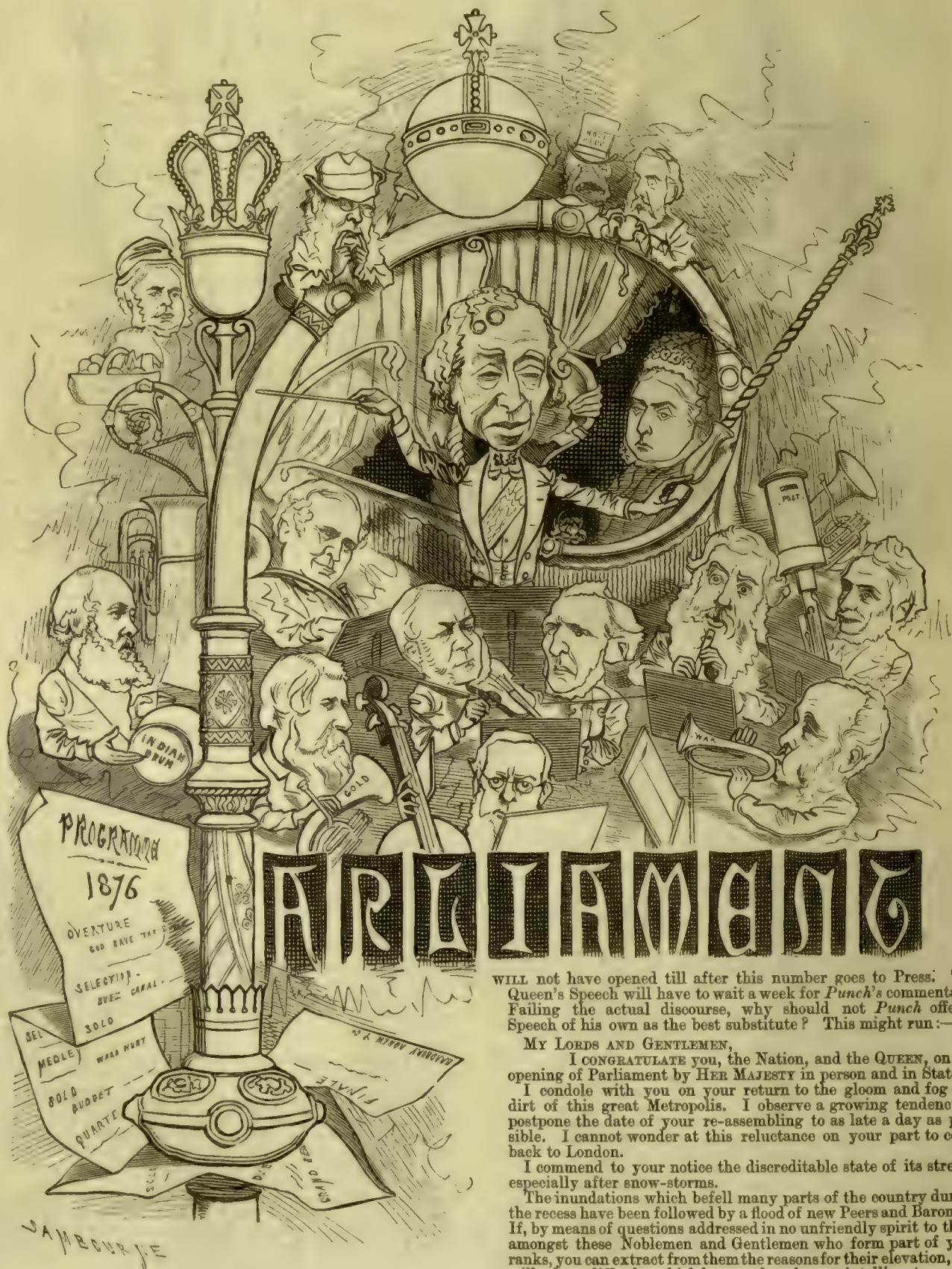
But she'll ne'er be convalescent,

Till her potheen is pure.

modated with a chair, said that last Saturday her husband came home drunk, and asked her for money. On her telling him she had none, he knocked her down with the poker, then kicked her for half-an-hour, and finally turned her out of doors for the night. The Bench asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself. The prisoner said he was a little overcome, and had no recollection of anything his wife had deposed to. The REV. L. DRAKE thought that altered the case very much. Was the prosecutrix so ignorant of the duties of Christianity and the married state that she did not know that it was her duty as a wife to have forgiven her husband under the circumstances? J. FOOZLE, Esq., concurred. Women never did any good by pulling up their husbands, any more than by nagging at them. The prosecutrix said she had forgiven her husband several times before. The REV. MINTO CUMMIN asked if he was to understand that she had been beaten previously, and had never charged her husband with the offence? The prosecutrix said that was so. The Reverend Gentleman could only observe that, according to his reading of the law of the land, she had been guilty of the heinous offence of compounding a felony, and had rendered herself liable, he believed, to penal servitude. It was for her husband to say whether he would press for a conviction. The prisoner said that as his wife earned more wages than himself, he wouldn't. After a short deliberation, the Bench acquitted the prisoner of the assault, but fined him five shillings for drunkenness.

The money having been paid, LORD SHALLOW said that he thought it was his duty, on behalf of himself and his brother Magistrates, to say how pleased they were with the generous manner in which the prisoner had refrained from pressing against his wife the charge of compounding felony, and cautioned the women to be careful in future.

PUNCH OPENS PARLIAMENT.



WILL not have opened till after this number goes to Press: The Queen's Speech will have to wait a week for *Punch's* commentary. Failing the actual discourse, why should not *Punch* offer a Speech of his own as the best substitute? This might run:—

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I CONGRATULATE you, the Nation, and the QUEEN, on the opening of Parliament by HER MAJESTY in person and in State.

I condole with you on your return to the gloom and fog and dirt of this great Metropolis. I observe a growing tendency to postpone the date of your re-assembling to as late a day as possible. I cannot wonder at this reluctance on your part to come back to London.

I commend to your notice the discreditable state of its streets, especially after snow-storms.

The inundations which befell many parts of the country during the recess have been followed by a flood of new Peers and Barons. If, by means of questions addressed in no unfriendly spirit to those amongst these Noblemen and Gentlemen who form part of your ranks, you can extract from them the reasons for their elevation, you will solve a difficulty which has perplexed many intelligent persons.



OUR WAVERLEY BALL AT MUGGYPORE, BENGAL.

(His Royal Highness did not come our way as was expected, but it was a brilliant success all the same.)

Captain Mango (as the Baron Bradwardine). "I SAY, FOKER, YOU'RE LATE. WHERE'S YOUR COAT AND YOUR RAPIER? LOOK SHARP!"

Lieutenant Foker. "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE CHANGED MY CHARACTER. THAT BEAST OF A DURZEE* HASN'T FINISHED MY DOUBLET AND TRUNKS, SO I SHALL GO AS I AM—S THAT FELLOW IN *IVANHOE*, WHAT'S HIS NAME THE UNREADY, Y'KNOW. RUMCHUMMEE HERE SAYS I LOOK 'SPLENDID'!!"

* Tailor.

Since last you met within these walls, an agreeable place of relaxation and amusement has been opened near to the seat of your deliberations. I refer to the Royal Aquarium, where you will have the opportunity of unbending your minds, after too long and too close attention to your legislative duties. I venture to suggest to Her Majesty's Government the propriety of holding their annual Ministerial Fish Dinner at this establishment.

The Royal visit to India has proved a gratifying success, and will, I trust, induce you to take a greater interest in the concerns of that vast country than you have of late years displayed. Perhaps the diversion of boar-hunting, from which so much was expected, has proved more satisfactory to the pigs than to the Prince. By the aid of an intelligent and trustworthy eyewitness I have endeavoured to keep you fully acquainted with every detail of the Royal progress. Should it be necessary to ask for a supplementary grant, grant it without a moment's hesitation or a night's debate.

Of the relations of this country with Foreign Powers, I foresee that you and I will hear more than enough. It is hard to believe that "the sick man" who is in such straits on the Bosphorus can ever be convalescent. It remains to be seen whether a recent transaction in Canal Shares with His Highness the KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT will hold water. The startling project of a Tunnel under the English Channel, to connect this country and France, is worthy of a few minutes of your serious attention. Spain is much as usual. Germany and England will, I hope, never be other than the best of friends. You have had the happiness of seeing that the PRINCESS OF WALES has returned from Denmark in health and safety. Sweden and Norway never give MR. BRIGHT, myself, and other experienced salmon-fishers a moment's uneasiness. You will all, I am convinced, wish success to the approaching Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia.

England must have a real Army—not the show and shadow of one. I trust to your common sense to look facts in the face, and to provide the means of effective national defence.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

When the annual Estimates are laid before you, I trust you will devote due time and attention to their consideration. Be liberal, but not extravagant; economical, but not niggardly.

Should the year's accounts show a surplus, I am confident that you could not better employ a portion of it than in augmenting the pay and salaries of those meritorious persons in the service of the Crown whose means of living have not increased with the increasing expenses of living. A great and wealthy country like ours should not be distanced in liberality to its servants by a bank or a brewery.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Circulars," as we all know, are troublesome and annoying, but sometimes we are obliged to read and consider their contents, even though we should afterwards throw them into the waste-paper basket. The documents of this description which you will be called upon to discuss are of more than fugitive importance, and should not be weighed in a spirit of mere slavish submission to party considerations.

I trust you will fathom and get to the bottom of certain disagreeable incidents connected with our Navy.

You will know how to spell Mobilization and Localization before the end of July.

I implore you to settle the vexatious Burials Bill question. The prospect of another recess, with its clerical controversies and correspondence, its meetings of unwise clergy and imprudent laity, is too terrible. Let us try, if we can, to bury the hatchet.

Either you or your successors will be forced to face the life and

death questions of Drink and Drinking. May you be blessed with wisdom to deal with them.

Local Taxation, Merchant Shipping, and other topics of pressing importance will amply occupy your attention. I trust, therefore, you will sternly discountenance personal squabbles, Hibernian obstructiveness, and any attempt at intrusion and insolence on the part of a nuisance to which you were far too lenient last year.

Do not waste time at the beginning of the Session; be concise and to the point in your speeches; intelligible and straightforward in your answers to questions; original in your quotations; think more of your country and less of your party; more of the Division bell and less of the dinner ditto.

Assuring you of my intention at once to resume the chronicle of your triumphs and defeats, your blunders and successes, your sense and your nonsense, in my illustrations and "Essence," I now dismiss you to the labours of a Session, which I cannot conceal from you must be of more than ordinary length, seeing this is Bissextile or Leap Year, and that February will therefore have twenty-nine instead of twenty-eight days.

CULINARY SCHOLARSHIPS.

"The Society of Arts lately founded five scholarships entitling the holders thereof to free instruction in the National Training School of Cookery; and these honours will be competed for on the 12th of this month at South Kensington."



WE believe we break no confidence in stating that the following were for some reason omitted from the questions to the candidates:—

If the wages of a Cook are £30 a-year, how much, in addition, may she expect as perquisites?

Supposing that you took a situation where no kitchen-maid is kept, what extra wages would you ask for lighting your own fires?

How many pounds of stock meat would you require to make three platefuls of *soup maigre*?

State the market-price of dripping, and give a table of its fluctuations during the past twelve months.

Do you consider it is one of the privileges of a Cook to imitate in Sunday dress the costumes of her mistress?

If you chanced to have a handsome cousin in the Police, what would be your usual course in dealing with cold mutton?

State your method of procedure in (1) boiling a potato, (2) cooking a beefsteak, and (3) making melted butter.

A HINT FROM THE HOUR.

MR. PUNCH, ever on the *qui vive* to pick up anything that may be worth picking up, lately picked up the *Hour*, and feels grateful to MR. MACDOUGALL for his list of "Unanswered Questions," with the motto, "*Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*," and the intimation that "These questions will appear daily in this column until answered by those whom they concern." Of course they are the most disagreeable questions that the querist's knowledge of the sore or shady places in the past of the queried, or the weak joints in their armour, personal or financial, can suggest.

Though the motive for asking such questions may, as a rule, be questionable, still such curiosity may have its public uses; and Mr. Punch, hoping that the method has not been patented, proposes, for once, himself to apply it, in the hope thereby to elicit some information of use to the public, and not as yet sought by MR. MACDOUGALL, no doubt as lying beyond his special field of inquiry.*

* As Mr. Punch has more demands on his space than he can possibly supply, he will be unable to publish his Questions more than once. He must therefore respectfully request the parties interrogated to answer his inquiries with the least possible delay, as otherwise his readers will, he fears, take the liberty of answering them for themselves.

Persons who could, if they would, answer.	Subject.	Question.
The SULTAN.	COUNT ANDRASSY'S Circular.	What is likely to be the result of making good political resolutions, and not keeping them?
The Head of the Turkish Exchequer.	Turkish Bonds.	How long are the coupon-holders likely to get half their interest?
The Representatives at the Court of St. James's of Turkey, Honduras, Costa Rica, Paraguay, &c., &c.	Foreign Loans.	When do the countries you represent expect to float any more Loans in England, and at what do you value the chances of such floatation, having regard to the time required for the investing Public to forget their latest experience?
Her Majesty's Ministers.	Slave Circular.	To whose Happy Thought is this bright and successful document really due?
Ditto.	Suez Canal.	Are you looking forward with pleasurable anxiety to the interrogations of the Opposition on this question, and are you quite clear that your bargain will hold water?
RIGHT HON. WARD HUNT.	Vanguard, Iron Duke, Alberta, Mistletoe, and other subjects of accident.	What peculiar qualifications does a Naval Officer require to guarantee him against liability to Court-Martial?
Ditto.	National Indignation.	What pressure of public dissatisfaction is required to produce practical conviction of the duty of resignation?
RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.	Recreations of Ex-Ministers.	Which is the most elevating employment for a great Statesman—Leading a great national party, or helping the circulation of second-class periodicals, and answering letters from young men engaged in mercantile pursuits, and old women of both sexes?
PRINCE BISMARCK.	The French Indemnity.	How comes it that Germany, after nobbling two hundred millions of war indemnity, is poorer than France after paying it?
THE KING OF ITALY.	His Future.	Where do you expect to go to, if you don't get absolution, and how much do you suppose you will get it for, and don't you wish you may get it?
THE POPE.	Peter's Pence.	Who takes care of these pence, and are there any Peter's pounds that take care of themselves?
THE MARQUIS OF RIFON.	MGR. NARDI'S Letter to the <i>Voce della Verità</i> .	In a pious fraud, where does the piety stop and the fraud commence?
G. E. MANNING, Rector of St. Petroc.	Unchristian Jealousy.	What title are Anglican P.P.'s to take now that of "Reverend" is de-se-crated by lawful application to Dissenting Ministers?
RICHARD BANNER OAKLEY.	Co-operative Deposit Bank.	How many widows and orphans must a scoundrel ruin before he is financially successful?



THE ST. STEPHEN'S SHOW.

"WALK UP! WALK UP!! JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!"

ECONOMY IN A MESS!



THE following account of a Mess-Meeting of the 129th Regiment of the Line has found its way into Mr. Punch's letter-box. Although the name of the Battalion in question does not appear in the Monthly Army List, there is no reason for doubting the accuracy of a report so evidently the outcome of recent correspondence in the Public Press and less recent Horse-Guards' Regulations.

2,439th
Mess-Meeting
of the
129th Regiment.

Present—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (in the Chair); MAJOR MILDMAN; CAPTAINS FASTBOY, DRAG, BUSKIN, and PLODD; LIEUTENANTS SHODDY and CAPER; SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM; SURGEON PROBANG.

After the roll of officers had been called by the Adjutant, the Minutes of the last Meeting were read, approved, and confirmed.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that he had called a Meeting of the Officers of the Regiment because he wished to take their opinion upon the subject of Mess Expenses. In the olden time, the Mess was considered private—it was left to the Officers who had the honour to command the Regiment (assisted by the Mess-Committee) to regulate the customs and decide upon the uniform. Now-a-days the Mess-jacket was a matter of sealed patterns, and he was directed to see that no unnecessary expense should be incurred by the Officers under his command in giving entertainments. He wished to live in friendship and good-will with all his Officers, and he therefore called upon them to make any suggestion they pleased for his information. Of course they would understand it was merely for his information, as the Mess had now become a question of discipline.

MAJOR MILDMAN begged to call the attention of the Colonel to the fact that Champagne was drunk at Mess contrary to the wishes of the General commanding the district.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY wished to correct the Major. The General objected to Champagne. He doubted if the liquor recently supplied to the Mess under the name of Champagne really came within the General's objection. It was more suggestive of gooseberries than grapes.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER wished to know why Champagne had been introduced after his orders to the contrary.

SURGEON PROBANG explained that the General commanding the district had dined with the Mess during the temporary absence of the Colonel. The General commanding the district had ordered the Champagne.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER said that altered the matter. Evidently the intention of the General was not absolutely to forbid the consumption of effervescing wine—what was commonly understood by "fizz," in fact—but to put a stop to unnecessary display. Under those circumstances the case might, perhaps, be met by Champagne being drunk in future from China mugs in lieu of glasses.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN would respectfully ask the Colonel if private theatricals came under the heading of "entertainments."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER (before answering the question) would wish to know who took part in the theatricals.

CAPTAIN BUSKIN informed the Colonel that SURGEON PROBANG, LIEUTENANT CAPER, and himself, were the leading members of the troupe.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER was of opinion that, under these circumstances, the theatricals could scarcely be considered as entertainments.

LIEUTENANT CAPER respectfully requested to know whether the Regiment might not occasionally give a ball to the resident gentry. The fact was the amateur theatricals recently given, which had been

very largely attended, had created a very unpleasant, and, he was bound to say, erroneous impression in the neighbourhood. *Handel* had been played, he thought very well played—but the resident gentry who had witnessed the performance insisted that there had been an intention to burlesque SHAKESPEARE. Such an intention he begged most energetically to repudiate, for himself and the other members of the regimental *corps dramatique*.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thought that perhaps, under the special circumstances of the case, a ball *might* be given, but officers must be put to no unnecessary expense. He would be glad to receive suggestions.

MAJOR MILDMAN would suggest that the band of the Regiment should play quadrilles from eight until ten, and that tea and cake should be served for ten minutes, in the ante-room, at half-past nine.

CAPTAIN FASTBOY said that it would be absolutely necessary, to preserve the *prestige* of the Regiment, that a string band should be brought down from Town, and that the supper should come from GUNTER'S.

LIEUTENANT SHODDY thought that things ought to be well done, if they were done at all. Five-pound bouquets should be provided for the Ladies. His father was ready to put down £2,000 to pay his proportion of the cost of doing things in style. "D—n the expense," was his motto.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER begged to decline MR. SHODDY'S offer. He did not think that MR. SHODDY had quite caught the regimental spirit.

CAPTAIN PLODD could not help feeling that a ball was an unnecessary, as well as unsatisfactory, form of entertainment. A scientific *Conversazione* would be infinitely better. For £50 he undertook to purchase the materials for several most interesting illustrated lectures on Electricity, the Spectroscope, Organic Chemistry, and the Darwinian System of Evolution.

SUB-LIEUTENANT BANTAM, as an officer of two months' standing, thought that the Regiment would be utterly disgraced if they did not give a good Ball at least once a quarter. Did not the glorious rag he had had the honour of carrying that morning for the first time, record what the Regiment had done at Waterloo, the Alma, and Inkermann? As to expense, he for one was quite sure his widowed mother would send him an extra £10 note for so good a purpose.

CAPTAIN DRAGE would like to know whether the Colonel wished the Pack to be kept up?

The Colonel said certainly—at the same time he would like to see more economy in its management, and had made a suggestion with that view in his list of regulations, which he thought would meet the exigencies of the case all round. He had framed them with a view to encourage good feeling and keep up the *prestige* of the Regiment, while avoiding all unnecessary outlay, which, as their Commanding Officer, it was his duty to discourage.

The Adjutant then read the following list:—

Mess.—Champagne and all other wines may be drunk, but in mugs. The *chef* will send up the dinner (which will be of the usual *recherché* description) on willow-pattern plates. Water decanters will not be put on the table, as being an unnecessary expense. The supply of salt and other condiments will in future be carefully controlled, with a view to the strictest economy.

Private Theatricals.—Stage costumes, professional coach, and hire of rooms will remain as before. As it appears, however, that it has been customary to pay ten boys at a shilling a head to go into the gallery to applaud, a reduction is recommended under this heading. In future only five boys will be sent into the gallery at tenpence a head.

Ball.—Band and supper will come from London as heretofore. No alterations will be made in the sums voted for hire of rooms, floral decorations, &c. With a view to economy, however, the riband attached to the pencils of the dance programmes will be of common silk instead of twist gold-thread.

Pack.—In future, the man in charge of the dogs will receive one quart of beer, allowance, daily, instead of three pints as heretofore.

After the reading of the above regulations, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL TRIMMER thanked the Officers for their attendance, and the Meeting was formally dissolved.

The Colonel, before leaving, intimated, however, that no great reduction would be made in the Mess subscription of the 129th Regiment, in spite of the above sweeping reforms.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE RINK.

"THUS men may grow wiser every day—it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies."

As You Like It (Act i. s. 2).

MOTTO FOR THE POSTE RESTANTE.—"Litera scripta manet."



A HINT TO COACHMAKERS.

DESIGN FOR A NEW CONVEYANCE, TO BE CALLED THE "GOODY TWO SHOES." THE "ACME" SKATE MAY BE REPLACED BY RINK-ROLLERS, FOR ORDINARY WEATHER.

SOME WORDS WITH A SWEATER.

(As heard from the Men's side of the Hedge.)

Am I willing to work by the piece? To be sure!
Don't ketch me refusing it! Not such a "cure!"

What, object to a "lay"

As increases my pay

To some four times the "twist" I can earn by the day?

Do the men who work under me pocket the same?

'Taint likely! That isn't exactly my game!

On day-hire I get 'em,

And grind 'em and sweat 'em;

But as for the "perks" of the spec—why, I net 'em!

Do I stick at the price I'll accept? No, not me!

'Tis but cutting one's coat to one's cloth, don't yer see?

If the prices looks blue,

Why I puts on the screw,

For I means making piece-work pay me,—and I do!

Do I put the best men on the job? Well, yer know,

First-raters and me don't quite "cotton"—that's so!

They are stuck-up, I find,

And not good at the grind,

Cheap outsiders will sweat, and are more to my mind.

Do I pay all my subs by the day? Why, in course!

And the pay-sheets I rig,—which the foremen endorse,—

But here's one o' my tricks—

Say they're rated at six,

Well I pays 'em four bob, and the balance I nicks!

Is the workmanship good? Well, you must think me green!

Why of course it's tol-lol,—where it's like to be seen.

If it looks rather queer,

Why there's paint, just a smear,

Or some good "bournanteak,"*—that'll pass it, no fear!

* Shop-slang for putty or other "padding."

Don't the foremen look better than that after me?

Well, a cove don't twig much through gold blinkers, yer see.

If he's given to quiz,

There are "tips" and free "fizz,"

And it's lovely how well we agrees—that it is!

Such "scamping" must injure the firm's reputation?

Who cares? It pays me, that is one consolation.

The profits are prime;

It will last out my time,

And I ain't the sole sinner, if "Cutting's" a crime!

Drive Trade from the country? Don't know about that,

Though I've heard a good lot of such snivelling chat!

Every man for himself!

If I don't pile up pelf,

Will "the country" keep me when I'm laid on the shelf?

Does it injure the health of the subs as I sweat?

That's no business o' mine. There are plenty more yet

As won't stick at a "bob"

When hard up for a job,

And the pickings pay nicely at so much per nob!

Is it fair to my mates? Well, we've all the same chance,

If they miss 'tain't my fault, that is clear at a glance!

If at piece-work they kick,

They will find pretty quick

They have spoilt a good game—for the few who've the trick!

A Refuge for Ritualism.

WE hear that the Ritualists contemplate secession as their only escape from the rigor of the Court of Arches. Let *Punch* suggest an alternative. Let them embark from Penzance to the Isles of Seilly. History tells us that the first settlers in those islands came from Rome. Let history repeat itself.



EXPERTO CREDE.

Our Dustman. "'ERE'S THIS 'ERE BIG 'OUSE, BILL, ON THE LEFT, WHY I SHOULD SAY THEN'D TURN OVER THEIR MATTER O' THREE LOAD O' DUST A WEEK IN THE SEASON VITHOUT A HEFFORT!!'"

A GRACE'S COUP DE GRÂCE?

ACCORDING to the London Correspondent of a local paper, the ARCHBISHOP of YORK has lately distinguished himself by saying a sharp thing. In order to the repression of national intemperance:—

"The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK cleared the ground for doing something when a few days ago he gave the *coup de grâce* to the old blatant sophism 'You can't make people sober by Act of Parliament,' and said 'But you are now making them drunk by Act of Parliament.'"

This is clever, indeed. An Act of Parliament not only sanctions public-houses, but also compels people to go and get drunk in them. That is the case of the agitators for a Liquor Law. It isn't as though the people could do as they chose, drink or not. That would be simply reasonable and constitutional freedom. They are absolutely forced to drink, and more than so, to get drunk, by Act of Parliament. Under what penalty? The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will perhaps tell us if it was really he, and not somebody of another order of intellect, who, by the particularly brilliant saying with which his Grace has been credited, so completely gave to the "old blatant sophism" the "*coup de grâce*" quoted as archiepiscopal.

PHILOSOPHERS AT FIGHT.

PHILOSOPHERS, authorities of weight,
A much-vexed question in the *Times* debate.

"Spontaneous Generation" these sage men

Discuss with some asperity of pen;

PROFESSOR TYNDALL *con.*, and BASTIAN *pro*,

Does putrefaction gender life, or no?

Both parties are on this main fact agreed,

That some infusions infusoria breed.

TYNDALL protests, "*Negatur*, giv'n due care

To purify or quite exclude the air."

"Not so," cries BASTIAN. "Germs spontaneous grow,

Exclude and purify the air or no."

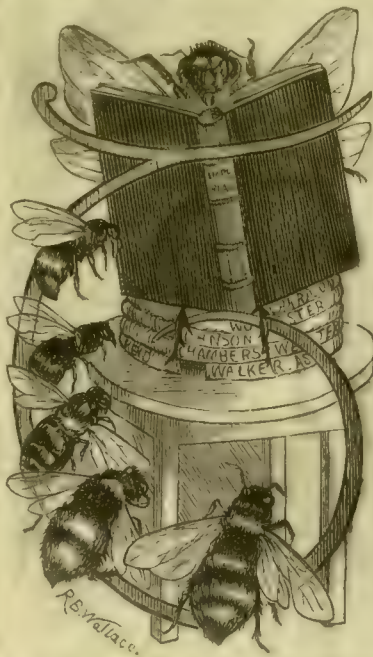
Within a word the controversy lies—
Let us but understand what it implies—
Unfiltered air contains, you tell us, "germs."
Philosopher, explain ambiguous terms!
What is a "germ"? An ignoramus begs
To know, do "germs," or do they not, mean eggs,
Or embryos, which preceding creatures bore,
Of other animalcules born before?
If "germs" are eggs, then do "bacteria" bear
Eggs, to be hatched in water, laid in air?
Say when you mention "germs" you do but mean
Mere motes of protoplasm or protein,
Then what although they needs must coalesce
With matter in a putrefactive mess,
To generate forms of life, no parent stem
Having, as offspring, generated them,
Whence infusorial progeny are bred,
Are not those "germs" at best as mutton dead?
And is not all your question a mere word,
As being the reverse of sense, absurd?
Sure unspontaneous were the proper term
Whether for agency of senseless "germ,"
Or particles as void as "germs" of sense,
Wherefrom, in ferment, living things commence.
Life in some states, beneath creative laws,
If Nature generates—both, hold your jaws.

POST ET PROPTER.

IN former times, Actors in the Royal Theatres were called His or Her Majesty's Servants, whether male or female. According to report, however, Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket is, in future, to be occupied exclusively by Her Majesty's Mails.

THE WORST KIND OF DO.—The do as one would be done by.

A SONG OF THE DAY.



THE busy B stands now for
Belle!
I love to rink, I love to
spell:
Both to flirtation I convert:
Good gracious, is it *flirt* or
flurt?

While merry groups fly to
and fro,
I practise spelling as I go:
Practise or *practice*?—s
or c?
The Dictionaries disagree.

This rinking is a pleasant
whim,
When lungs are right and
ancles trim.
Is *ankle* right? Is *anle*
wrong?
No matter; mine are swift
and strong.

Says FRED, "I'm *augur* of
success:
I long to see your spelling
dress."
Ah, now I know I have it
pat—
Augur's a bore: FRED isn't
that.

LAWSON AND LIBERTY.

A FEW evenings ago SIR WILFRID LAWSON, "in connection with the Temperance agitation," as a newspaper says, "visited Portsmouth." There, at a public meeting in the Soldiers' Institute, he delivered another of his funny speeches on the "Permissive Bill." Referring to the feud raging between the Publicans and their rivals the Grocers, he said:—

"The Grocers who held licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors were about to be attacked. His hair stood on end when he read the organs of the Licensed Victuallers, to find what a bad account they gave of the Grocers. (*Laughter.*) The Publicans accused the Grocers of every enormity because they sold drink, which in their opinion ought to be sold and consumed only in the public-house."

Having, amid "loud laughter and applause," observed that in this case the relations between the Pharisee and Publican in the parable were reversed, the speaker went on to say that—

"He had a great respect for the ordinary Grocer, but he had no respect for the Grocer who sold intoxicating drink, and he would heartily help the Publicans in driving the liquor-selling Grocer out of the field. Having got rid of him, however, he would join them in any movement against the Publicans."

For this fair warning that the "Permissive Bill" is intended not only to put down public-houses, but also to restrict private persons, SIR WILFRID LAWSON deserves the thanks of every freeborn Briton who values his freedom. In the meanwhile the conflicting Publicans and Grocers will perhaps have sense enough to see how completely they, in relation to one another, correspond to those famous combatants in the fable, the Frog and the Mouse, and with what exactness the Kite hovering over them, that swooped down upon and snapped up both together, is represented by the United Kingdom Alliance, personified in SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

PUNCH'S PLAY-BILL.

MARRIED in Haste
Suits the taste.
Sam Tottles
Draws like what else?
Our Boys
Nought alloys.
All for Her
Makes a stir.
Masks and Faces—
Take your places!
Anne Boleyn
Crowds should pull in.
Peep-o'-Day—
See the play.
Mam'selle Clytie,
Rather flighty.

Rip Van Winkle
Makes eyes twinkle.
Black Eyed Susan,
Most amusin'.
Broken Hearts,
Weak in parts.
Quiet Rubber
Makes one blubber.
Piff-Paff
Makes one laugh.
Duke's Daughter
Might be shorter.
L'Archiduc,
Go and look.
Trial by Jury,
Still the fury.

THE LAND AND THE LANDLORD.

(An Appeal to MR. BRIGHT.)

No doubt the wise, Friend BRIGHT, with thee on Free Trade ground
who stand,
Must own that no impediment should clog the sale of land.
Consistency and logic this acknowledgment demand;
Yet feel'st thou not that something may be said, on the other hand,
For the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Imagine, JOHN, that for the last two centuries, or three,
Trade in respect of land had been from trammels wholly free;
Where now would all the large estates with their good broad acres be,
Entailed at present upon heirs of ancient pedigree,
Like the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

Where the grey keeps and castles, the historic courts and halls?
The granges o'er whose gables lichen creeps, and ivy crawls,
Whence flit the bats and owls as dark the shade of twilight falls?
Where the stately manor-houses, the time-worn, ancestral walls,
Of your fine Old English Gentlemen, all of the olden time?

Thou know'st the ancient seat that bears a county name of mark,
The homestead nigh the rookery in avenue or park,
Whose annals were recorded by a grave and learned clerk,
That house where every thing is seen, say the neighbours, after
dark,
By its fine Old English Gentleman, 'Squire of the olden time.

The house that's full of wainscotting, and chests and coffers old,
And antique chairs and furniture, and mildew, moth, and mould;
Inside and out a picture, oh, how lovely to behold!
And where the Family Ghost appears before the death, we're told,
Of the fine Old English Gentleman, still of the olden time:

Whence the Squire drives on Sundays to the Church, hedged round
with yew,
And through service sits with gravity and grandeur in his pew,
From which, by mien distinguished from the men of fortunes new,
He contemplates his scutcheon on the tablet full in view
Of that fine Old English Gentleman, all of the olden time.

Canst thou not with him sympathise, Friend, canst thou not admire
The behaviour and belongings of this typical old 'Squire?
Would it not grieve thee were his Hall to be destroyed by fire?
Or the house and grounds to pass away to a base and alien buyer,
From that fine Old English Gentleman, one of the olden time?

'Tis sad enough already when, through cutting off entail,
A spendthrift is empowered to put his heritage up to sale;
How often and how sorely, and how vainly, we bewail
The good old mansions that have gone the way of the good old ale,
And the good Old English Gentlemen, 'Squires of the olden time!

NO MORE KNIFEBOYS!

A SHORT time ago MR. BRIDGE, at Wandsworth, and MR. CHANCE, at Lambeth, decided, against the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, that liability to the tax on male servants was not incurred by the occasional employment of a boy to do odd jobs. At Kingston, however, official zeal has been rewarded by obtaining from the Magistrate a conviction, with a mitigated penalty of five pounds, incurred by a Gentleman through having, without a licence, employed a Lad daily for a few hours. He had previously given an old man the same employment, which kept him out of the workhouse.

Nothing of this sort can occur again; and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are further to be congratulated that the effect of their public-spirited proceeding at Kingston has already been that of causing numerous housekeepers to dismiss their boys. For of course all these housekeepers will now, instead of boys, employ regular footmen, or other male servants for whom they will be chargeable with no more duty than they were liable to for the boys, and of whose wages and keep the additional cost will be no object. Thus the Revenue will gain immensely; unless the appeal of which the Defendant at Kingston has given notice should be decided in his favour, and the Commissioners be unhappily ruled by the Court above to have unduly, vexatiously, and mischievously endeavoured to press the law to the injury and annoyance of their neighbours.

New Rhyme for the Nursery.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think?
She paid one and sixpence to skate at a Rink;
A cropper she came, when she ventured to try it:
Oh, couldn't this foolish old woman keep quiet!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NITROIT Regina! Rootoot, Punchius!
(Tuesday, February 8.) Sound our twopenny trumpet, in echo of the Life Guards' brass. Boom, our big drum, responsive to the Park "pots!" God save the QUEEN! And may she never again have so dreary a day for her resumption of so delightful a duty.

That such a crowd should have faced such weather for so many hours, says volumes for the warmth of London loyalty. Perhaps it glows the stronger for the rarity of its kindling. Is it as true of Queens as of holidays, that

"When they seldom come, they wished
for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare orna-
ments"?

The Irrepressible Doctor was determined to have his Procession to the House, too—King Mob's Pageant by the side of QUEEN VICTORIA'S. But Papa Police took King Mob by the scruff of the neck, first stopped, then spun him round, and, finally, chucked him back into his native slums amidst the approving ruffaw of contemptuous Common Sense, which hates to see the monkey paws of a tag-rag-and-bobtail rabble laid on the great name and glorious associations of Magna Charta. The Doctor alone of the rabble rout was allowed to pass the *cordon bleu*, on his way to the House ("To what base uses may we come, HORATIO!"), affably bowing in recognition of the hisses and hootings of the public as he passed along.

Then HER MAJESTY graciously opened Parliament—her faithful Commons, by the way, rushing into the Presence like a pack of riotous Undergraduates—*via* the LORD CHANCELLOR, Keeper of the QUEEN'S Conscience, and Speaker of the QUEEN'S Speech, which this year contains rather less than the usual amount of nothing; and in that lessened sum-total less than usual of domestic nothing.

About Turkey, the Suez Canal Purchase, and recent Difficulties in China, papers are promised. The Prince's journey to India is pronounced a great success. So the QUEEN is going to take the title of EMPRESS OF THE INDIES—not the Prince that of King of England, as the *Indépendance Belge* doth vainly report. If England hates anything from her heart—besides Popery—it is Slavery. Ministers are sorry they have inadvertently trodden on BRITANNIA'S toes in their Fugitive Slave Circulars, Nos. 1 and 2. They have withdrawn No. 1. They are going to smother No. 2 under a Royal Commission. Papers will be laid before the House (See *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon this week as a specimen) for further information. Besides, to atone for this little Circular slip, our officers will be ordered to look sharper than ever after the Slave Trade under native Indian Princes. South Africa is going to be confederated—let us hope to the improvement of Cape Wine, and the diminished production of Cape smoke, alcoholic and oratorical. In the Straits Settlements we have come, it is trusted, to a settlement of our straits.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons will have the Estimates laid before them—that they may rely on; and JOHN BULL will have to pay the year's bills, that he may rely on.

As to the chaotic jostle of competing measures, commonly called Domestic Legislation, "least said soonest mended." *Le Ministre propose, et Force majeure dispose.* So we'll promise the least we can, and of that mean to fulfil as much as we can see our way to. Legislation affecting Appeal, Merchant Shipping, University and Primary Education, Commons, and Prisons, we promise you, as the Bills are drawn and ready to bring in. There are more in the pigeon-holes these came from, which may, in due time, be fledged to fly, at least, as far as First Reading. And now, be off to your Bills, and the

Lords (and Commons) grant them a good deliverance!

There, *Messieurs de l'Opposition* get a hold, if you can, of that smooth eel of an oration! Comment drops off it like water off a duck's back. No wonder it slipped through your fingers, with the merest pretence of critical handling. Ministers are to fight the Suez Canal battle next week. Meanwhile, it may as well be scored to them in advance as a victory. It is the duty of the Opposition to discuss and dissect; but they would be ill-advised to fight, when the buyers have the country at their back.

As for MR. GLADSTONE, like Balaam, he blest the following of BENJAMIN, instead of cursing it. He applauds the Cabinet's cautious adhesion to the Austrian Note as the least objectionable of three courses open on the Eastern Question, between which the only doubt is, which is the least unpleasant, or the least likely to be profitable.

Then came the pelt of private Bills—nearly a hundred of them—

Hobbies young, and Hobbies old, Hobbies, whose fate may be fore-
told;

Hobbies, whose knees are as yet
unscoured,

Hobbies, whom many a Session's
seen floored!

Cherished crotchets, still fresh
and fair,

Crotchets much rubbed against
the hair;

High hopes destined to fade in
air:

Mischievous monomanias scam-
pant,

Ardent aspirations stampant,
Reforms retiring and Reforms
rampant!

All the eggs dropt where vagrom
men roost

Outside of the Governmental
Henroost;

How few to chip shell, how many
be addled,

Ere the House that now gathers
has skedaddled!

It was touching to see the rush, and to watch their marshalling, under the impartial hand of Blind Ballot, for their choice of a Wednesday. *Et après?*

Altogether, we must congratulate MR. DISRAELI on his opening day. Above all, his way of turning the flank of the Opposition, and repairing the Slave Circular blunder, was masterly—worthy of the Great Medicine Man!

Wednesday. — MR. OSBORNE MORGAN—ballotted out of reasonable hope of a Wednesday—means to use the wedge of a Resolution to force open the Burial Ground Gates, if he can, against the resistance of the Clerical Intransigentes.

Thursday. — Recognising the truth, that a Merchant Shipping Bill is too big an oyster for one gulp, Ministers are going to bring one in in gobbets.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER takes charge of Marine Insurance, in a daring attempt to stop the scuttling-holes in the present law on the subject, which often make the loss of a rogue's ship a gain to the rogue. Interference with rogues' gains! No wonder there is much vehement invocation of Freedom of Contract! Can anything be more "delicate and difficult," as MR. NORWOOD happily puts it?

Side by side with SIR STAFFORD'S Bill to diminish Insurance frauds, SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY brings in his instalment of Merchant Shipping Reform—the temporary Act of last Session made permanent, with a few improvements—a framework, at least, for MR. PLIMSOLL to hang Amendments on.

MR. CROSS gives us a much-wanted Commons Enclosure Bill. MR. SHAW LEBEVRE is very indignant to find it is all *his* thunder. Is it any the worse for *that*?—that he should put himself in such a passion?

Friday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR propounded his plan of a Court of Final Appeal—a most ingenious piece of Mosaic. The Legal House of Lords—or the Lords' Court of Appeal—will include the Law Lords, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and two new Law-Life-Lords at £6,000. In time the paid Judges of the Privy Council will become also the paid Lords of the Lords' Court of Final Appeal, who will at last be four. Then we shall have (to parody GOLDSMITH)

"A Bench contrived a double debt to pay,
Lords' Court to-morrow, Council-Court to-day!"

An economical scheme for reconciling the substance of a working Court of Final Appeal with the shadow of a House of Lords jurisdiction—preserving a venerable name, while getting rid of a worn-out institution.

(**Commons.**)—The salaries of Roman Catholic Chaplains in India are to be raised—as they ought to be.

MR. SOLATER-BOOTH brings in a Bill for amending the law as to valuation for rating purposes, handsomely acknowledging his obligation to MR. GOSCHEN, whose valuation machinery for the Metropolis he has borrowed. It occurs to Mr. P., as a ratepayer, that what is wanted, is not so much improvement in our rate-making, as in our rate-spending, machinery.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



Be up very early in the morning, indeed, at day-break, when all should sally forth, with ladders and telescopes, and watch the birds pairing. Much depends on what sort of bird is first seen. If it is a Wryneck, or a Crossbill, make up your mind that the course of true love (not to be found on any map) will not run particularly smooth for you. If a Goldfinch, or a Yellowhammer, it is a sure sign that you will marry money. But if a Love bird, then it is absolutely certain that neither parents, nor guardians, nor long absence, nor limited means, nor the high price of provisions, will prevent you from marrying the person who is dearer to you than all the world besides. A Blackbird is a clear indication that your husband

will be a Clergyman; a Redbreast, that he will be in the Army; a Bunting, in the Navy; a Goose, or a Booby, should warn you of a want of intellectual qualities; a Duck will instinctively bring a particular person to your recollection; and the sight of a pair of Turtle Doves will make you blithe and happy for all the rest of the day.

It is an undertaking fraught with considerable peril to send a Valentine to a Ward in Chancery. Do not run the risk of fine and imprisonment, unless you have first obtained the written sanction, properly stamped, of the LORD CHANCELLOR, or a Judge at Chambers. The document you propose to transmit must be filed in Court at least fourteen days before the Fourteenth of February, accompanied by an affidavit, made before a Commissioner in Lunacy, that the contents of the Valentine, if in MS., are your own original composition, and that you have, at least, fifteen hundred a year, or

expectations from two wealthy maiden aunts, who approve of the match.

Whatever the prevailing coiffure may be, on this day it is indispensable that you should wear your hair in a true lover's knot.

In buying a Valentine to send to an adult, if you wish it to produce a favourable impression, the following precautions must be strictly observed:—

1. Select a fine day in February for the purchase, when there is no fog, and the wind is in the South-west, and there is blue sky and sunshine, and the birds are singing on the trees.
2. Wear a Nosegay, composed of Bachelors' Buttons, Forget-Me-Not, Heartsease, Love-in-Idleness, Passion Flower, and Speedwell.
3. Let every article of your dress be new, and worn on this occasion for the first time. A Glossy Hat, a Blue Coat, with brass buttons, White Waistcoat, Lavender Trousers, and a Violet Scarf, present a tasteful and unobtrusive appearance.
4. Draw up to the door of the shop where you purpose making your selection in a neat Brougham, or smart Victoria.
5. Take no change. If the Valentine you fix upon is priced threepence, and you have only a sovereign in your purse, beg the seller's acceptance of the balance. Any neglect of this injunction, betraying, as it would, a mercenary spirit, may lead to the destruction of your most cherished hopes.
6. Post your Valentine with your own hands, not in a Pillar-box, not at a Receiving-house, but at St. Martin's-le-Grand, if you live in London; if in the Country, then at the Head-office. For greater security, you had better register the packet; and be particular in inviting the attention of the clerk to the nature of its contents.

If the first time you go out of doors on St. Valentine's morning, you should meet the same person in the same spot and at the same moment in three successive years, you will be guilty of a dereliction of duty if you do not mention to her the subject which is nearest to your heart, and press for a favourable reply before post-time.

This being Leap-Year, there can be no objection, as an exceptional occurrence, to a Lady sending a Valentine to a Gentleman; but she must first consult all her maternal female relatives, who are unmarried and above forty years of age, on the propriety of the step, and afterwards submit the Valentine itself to the family lawyer, who will take Counsel's opinion upon it, if thought advisable.

A Memoir of BISHOP VALENTINE, by his Private Secretary, with Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence, and Portrait, is understood to be nearly ready for publication.

SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

Examination Papers for the ordinary Degree of C.B. (Cordon Bleu.)

I.—HISTORICAL COOKERY.

1. Of what form and consistency were the Crumpets ALFRED THE GREAT burnt? State their number.
2. Of what breed was the Goose cooked by HENRY THE EIGHTH for his Queens?
3. Relate the story of VAREL's precocious talent for making mud pies.
4. (a) Give leading incidents in the lives of SOUBISE, MAINTENON, BECHAMEL, and CHATEAUBRIAND, and connect them with their respective *plats*.
(b) What Cabinet was NESSELRODE at the head of?
(c) State the ingredients of the sauces, *plats*, or puddings to which their names have been given.
5. Give the etymologies of *Kromeski*, *Chaudfroid*, *Salmi*, and *Minestrone*, and distinguish the latter from *Minestra*.

II.—GEOGRAPHICAL COOKERY.

1. Give the latitude and longitude of Eel-Pie Island.
2. When did Cook discover the Sandwich Islands?
3. What is the Capital of the Land o' Cakes.
4. What pastures produce the Cream for Butter Scotch?

III.—PRACTICAL COOKERY.

1. Write out a *Menu* in the Tajpore, Judpore, and Fiji languages.
2. Give the French for Pickled Whelks, Plum Duff, Welsh Rabbit, Cock-a-leekie, Haggis, Pop-Corn, and Tummy Cake.
3. Give receipts for the following dishes:—Bread and Butter; Toast and Water; Baked Potatoes; and Nursery Tea.
4. Analyse, translate, and explain—
Ravigote de Mollusques farcies à la Crème de Patatoûm.
Macédoine d'Orvietan de Stamboul en Turlupinade.
Petites Caisses Infernales à la Crinière de Poniatowski.
Trocadéro Truffé à la Crénem d'un Petit Bonhomme.

5. Give any anecdotes you know of the Lady Banker and the Female Gardener familiarly referred to as *La Financière* and *La Jardinère*.

6. Can you serve up the following *Menu* at twenty-four hours' notice, without assistance?

Hors d'œuvres Froids—Sharks' Fins and Kippered Trepang.

Potages—Nids d'Hirondelles; clear Terrapin.

Poissons—Rouges de Java; Sea-Serpent Cutlets.

Entrées—Cervelled-Oran-Outan-frite; Noix de Giraffe à la Financière.

Rôts—Buffalo Hump; Wild Turkey.

Gibier—Canvas-back'd Ducks; Delhi Peacocks.

Entremets—Bread-fruit Pudding; Mangosteen Tart.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

1. May a Scullery-Maid join-Cook's Excursions if personally well-conducted?

2. State your views upon Stock, Kitchen Grease, Unladylike Conduct in Mistresses who will come down-stairs, Perquisites, Tradesmen's Tips, and Sundays out.

3. How many times a week do you go to the Rink?

4. Describe the manners and customs of the common Policeman.

AS YOU WEAR!



RESS! is a well-known word of command. So we need not wonder if the uniform of Her Majesty's Army has been of late occupying our Military Heads. The burning questions of how the strap of the forage-cap is to be worn, and the amount of embroidery to be allowed on the sleeves of the mess-jacket, seem now to have been set at rest for ever. Mr. Punch heartily congratulates the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE upon the completion of his arduous labours, and trusts that he will be equally successful with the twin schemes—Localisation and Mobilisation. But yet the Sage of Fleet Street is nothing if not critical; and, accordingly, the following further alterations in Her Majesty's livery (embodied in a Circular) are suggested to H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief, with Mr. Punch's kindest regards and best compliments:—

UNIFORM FOR THE ARMY.

85, Fleet Street, Feb. 14, 1876.

For General Officers.—In future respirators will be worn between the months of October and March. Wheel-chairs may be used instead of horses at Reviews when the Sovereign is not present. Crutches bound with an inch of gold lace (regulation pattern) may be taken to Levees. Ear-trumpets in future to be carried hitched up on the left side under the sword-belt.

For Captains.—Wigs are to be worn under the shako in cases where the officers can count thirty years' service. White whiskers to be dyed garter-blue in Review order.

For Subalterns.—In future, officers may bring their school-books, black boards, and globes on to parade. When the battalion is ordered to "stand at ease," officers will wear their blue spectacles over their eyes two inches above the eyebrows. The hair in future may be worn long (pattern, "German Professor"), and gloves can be dispensed with.

For Privates.—In future, Soldiers taking part in a Review in heavy marching order, will be required to wear their pin-befores.

SOBRIETY IN SCOTLAND.

In a lately published Parliamentary paper, the number of persons, during the year ended the 30th of last June, arrested in Scotland for drunkenness was 61,173. "Drunk and incapable," 38,213. "Drunk and disorderly," 22,960. And have Scotchmen still the cheek to sing "We are na fou, we're nae that fou?"

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE.

At a meeting of High Churchmen for discussion of the Burials Bill, the REVEREND T. HUGO is reported, in the *Church Times*, to have spoken thus:—

"With regard to the grievance the Clergy felt at being the national undertakers, it was one he felt in no small degree. It was an intolerable wrong that a man who was excommunicated had a right to come to the Clergy to be buried. But there was a greater grievance. No doubt every Dissenting Minister had his black sheep, and, when the hand of death fell on them, he might refuse to inter those black sheep; the alternative being that the Clergy would have to bury them, and so they would not only have the reprobates of their own congregations, but all the carrion of dissent to bury, which, according to law, might be turned over to them."

"The carrion of dissent!" What a pretty figure of speech for a Clergyman to utter! How this "snowy-banded, delicate-handed" Gentleman must shrink from the idea of being a "national undertaker," and how tightly he must hold his nose the while he reads the Burial Service over some black sheep of a Dissenter!

After using more strong language than we feel inclined to quote, the Reverend—very Reverend—speaker thus concluded:—

"With the exception of a few here and there, Dissenters were chiefly remarkable for impudence, ignorance and stupidity; and dissent was below contempt as regarded its intellectual position. It was a base thing, and as long as Churchmen kept it down under them, so long would there be happiness and blessedness in England."

Hard words break no bones, or the dissenting body would be found in a sore plight after such a speech as this. England must indeed feel happy and blessed in the thought that she possesses such a champion as this Churchman, ever ready to defend her from the Dragon of Dissent.

HARD MEASURE.

FROM a statement circulated by MR. G. S. MEASOM, a member of the Orphanage Working School Committee, it appears that the "Joseph Soul Testimonial," raised in recognition of MR. SOUL's services as Secretary to that charity and others, was not a payment made directly to MR. SOUL himself, but was a sum of money (£1,337 11s. 6d., less necessary expenses) invested for the benefit of MRS. SOUL and her daughter.

It further appears, however, that a Committee of the Orphan Working School had generously awarded to MR. SOUL, on his retirement from office, a pension equal in amount to his full salary.

Unhappily, it still further appears that on being reported to the "General Court," this grant was, reduced £50 per annum, on the alleged ground that "a testimonial had been got up for MR. SOUL's benefit by MR. MEASOM without consultation with any member of the Committee"—which MR. MEASOM denies.

Here, surely, there is some mistake. All kinds of governing and legislative bodies comprise little-minded members, actuated chiefly by a sense of self-importance—nearly all the sense they have. Some of them, under a show of zeal for economising corporate funds, are apt, on opportunity, to indulge a predilection for reducing another man's income. Doubtless, the majority of the Orphanage Working School's "General Court" is not composed of that kind of constituents; and, if it has been betrayed into inflicting a disappointment and an unmerited hardship on a worthy SOUL, will lose no time in rescinding a harsh resolution.

"Credat Judeus!"

SIR,

THERE was a Sermon in behalf of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews in our Parish Church last Sunday. Walking home with my family afterwards, my eldest son (a very hopeful young man, as you may guess) asked me what I considered the greatest difference between Jews and Christians.

I answered that I knew of no other differences between them save those of nationality and religion. To which he replied—

"Oh, yes, there is another very great difference. Christians take much interest in the Jews, and Jews take much interest out of the Christians."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, Yours,

A PROUD PARENT.

FROM "CHURCH AND STATE" TO "IRISH CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT."

"MR. GLADSTONE has been admitted to the honorary freedom of the Turners' Company."

A LUSUS NATURE.—A Spelling-Bee in a Bonnet.



MORE COMPLIMENTARY THAN IT SEEMS.

Papa (concluding the fascinating Tale). "AND HE WAS TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL PRINCE, AND MARRIED BEAUTY"!
Minnie (after a pause). "PAPA, WERE YOU A BEAST BEFORE YOU MARRIED MAMMA?"

THE DEFENCE OF HACKNEY DOWNS.

CERTAIN markings and carvings on the face of Nature are popularly ascribed to the Evil One. A dell in a certain Down is named "The Devil's Punchbowl." On Hackney Downs, also, there is an excavation which will, perhaps, one day bear the same title. Possibly it may likewise be called AMHURST'S HOLLOW. A Circular, bearing the signature of MR. JOHN DE MORGAN, alleges that, notwithstanding the Metropolitan Commons Acts of 1866 and 1872, forbidding enclosure of or encroachment on any Metropolitan Common,—

"MR. TYSSSEN AMHURST, the Lord, or one of the Lords, of the Manor, in 1874, enclosed two pieces of Commons Land on Hackney Downs and North Mill Field; and at the same time opened a large pit (now measuring 190 feet by 90 feet, and a depth of about eight feet), from which gravel has been taken and sold, to the great injury of the pasturage of the Common."

Now the enclosure and excavation of public land may be regarded as the work of a public enemy, so nearly resembling the Enemy of Man as to make any hole he might illegally dig alike and equally fit to be called the devil's or his own. MR. DE MORGAN contends that the pit above-mentioned was dug, and that the fences were erected on Hackney Common against the Law. Accordingly, he says,—

"I, at the invitation of the Commoners, after careful study, advised the removal of the fences erected on Hackney Downs. In the presence of 50,000 people, the Commoners asserted their right, on December 11th."

For which exploit the bold Commoners and their dauntless Champion have been immortalised; modesty alone prevents MR. PUNCH saying how—besides, everybody knows. Of course MR. DE MORGAN was prepared for the consequences. He thus relates them:—

"Immediately an action was commenced against me, at the instance of the Lord of the Manor, for damages, and for an injunction to restrain from further proceedings."

A Committee of Commoners on the part of MR. DE MORGAN have instituted a cross action against the Lord of the Manor. The case

has come before the Master of the Rolls; litigation is still pending; the parties on either side having mutually undertaken in the meanwhile to hold their hands, the Lord of the Manor from setting up any more fences, or digging any other holes, and the Commoners from removing any extant fences, until the case shall have been heard. But encroaching Lords of Manors are not to be fought without money. Subscriptions can be sent either directly to MR. DE MORGAN, or to his Solicitor, MR. E. KIMBER, 22, Queen Street, Cheapside. He and his valiant Commoners want them to carry on the war. A Public that values its own Open Spaces will doubtless respond liberally to the following appeal:—

"For the sake of the health of the poor living in overcrowded houses, for the sake of preserving the natural powers of your children, by providing for them a playground, I appeal for funds. A balance-sheet will be published at the close of the fight."

What fight short of battle against a foreign invader concerns a nation more than warfare with a domestic enemy, who, for his private aggrandisement, is invading public land? Success to the resolute combatants and their determined Leader in their fight for the defence and rescue of Hackney Downs.

A Tender Subject.

(For the Admiralty.)

THE Government ask for a "tender"
 For raising the *Vanguard*. Enough
 Of sand now o'erlies her to render
 The job most uncommonly tough!

Sors Virgiliana.

(For MR. BANNER OAKLEY.)

"Hi nostri reditus, expectatque triumphus?"—Æn. xi. 54.
 ARE these my grand returns, and expected triumphs?



THE “EXTINGUISHER” TRICK.

“HERE YOU PERCEIVE ‘FUGITIVE SLAVE CIRCULAR’ NUMBER TWO—NUMBER ONE HAVING DISAPPEARED ALREADY! I NOW TAKE THIS CONE INTO MY HAND;—IT RESEMBLES AN EXTINGUISHER, AND IS CALLED A ‘ROYAL COMMISSION.’ I PLACE IT OVER THE ‘CIRCULAR,’ AND—HEY, PRESTO!—ON RAISING IT AGAIN, ‘CIRCULAR’ NUMBER TWO *WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED!*”



"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(True, full, and Particular Account of a Great Tiger Hunt, showing "How it is done.")



EAR SIR,
I SHALL give it all up. I won't play any more. I shall chuck up the sponge, and return. I've had a row with SIR JAK HOLKAR—the Holkar—who can't stand a joke. The Holkar is not a Joker. He *will* wear a European hat, which doesn't suit his native *Tog-garee* (civilian's costume on ordinary occasions), and so at Jeypore I got a lot of little *Tuttees* (a sort of native street-boy) to run after him, and shout, "Who's your Mahr-hatta?"

He was wild, and came to complain to my Noble and Princely Companion. I could not help overhearing their conversation, as they were in the next room to me, which LEVAH DORAJAH, our head Butler, had just quitted, forgetting, as he invariably does, *fermer la porte* behind him. You know the proverb about listeners? Well, I was obliged to step in and have it out with the Holkar, who finished by weeping copiously. But—my Noble Friend was short with me. For the first time—and mind you—for the last. We made it up before dinner over a glass of *Chowrie* (a kind of barley-water, with slices of Indian pickle in it, served like cup), and a fragrant *Haremsadah* (something between a 'Pickwick' and a 'Vevey Fin') out of my own private cigar-case.

When this cloud had cleared off, my Noble Sportsman wanted to have a shot at a tiger, in fact, to see some real fun, with a spice of danger in it. The truth is, he had been excited by my accounts of how in former years (Ah! how little did I then think I should revisit the scenes of my youth in such distinguished company) I had traced the monarch of the forest to his lair, had wrestled; with him single-handed in the jungle, had given him his *coup de grace* all among the pampas, and how, armed only with a *Musnud* (a kind of light walking-cane), I had tickled a tiger like a trout, till I bagged him.

"Mon Prince," said I, for he wouldn't be gainsaid, "you shall have your tiger."

B-R-SF-RD, C-R-QT-N, W. H. R-SS-LL, S-TH-RL-ND, and all of 'em, came up to me.

"Don't let him risk anything!" they cried.

"Leave it to me," I replied, and then I gave them my plan. It was simple, and succeeded to admiration. I got a fine bullock, had him killed, steeped in rum, and then drove out into the jungle. Sure enough, true to his unerring instinct, the finest Bengal tiger I have ever seen came bounding up to where the carcass lay, with myself concealed in the high grass behind it. The splendid beast made a dinner for a month off the dainty provided for him, and, of course, the rum utterly fuddled him. When he was sufficiently far gone, to render all chance of his going any farther highly problematical, I slipped my lasso round his neck, led him quietly down the hill, and tied him up in a large old forty-gallon cask, which I had taken the precaution to have placed there for the purpose. Then I sent messengers into the town with the news, and presently out came my Noble Sportsman and the Suite in carriages, armed to the teeth. I could not help laughing in my sleeve. However, the natives did the thing in style. They erected a wooden tower, into which my Royal Companion could climb, and from which he could shoot at his ease—or, I should

say, shoot at his tiger—for I suppose that a man shooting at his case, would intend to kill time, whatever he aimed at.

When all was prepared, I undid the cord, and pulled the tiger's tail, but he wouldn't wake—he was sleeping off the fumes of the rum. Two buckets of water did the trick, when he arose with a low growl, and gave me a side-glance of intense dislike. But, fortunately, as a boy, I had picked up the secret of pacifying these brutes, and it stood me in good stead on this occasion. He came out of the tub, looked about, yawned, and then, pulling himself together, began quietly trotting homewards towards his native jungle. Another tug of his tail from me sent him off towards the Royal box, whence he was very soon saluted with two or three shots that immensely astonished him. He gave one roar, bounded off, and disappeared, much to the disappointment of the gentlemen in the wooden tower. But, knowing his route, I took a short cut, and met him as he was turning the corner. With all the concentrated fury at his command, he sprang on me, but, luckily, remembering that sort of Pantomime trick which Indian hunters practise, I passed underneath him as he bounded over me, caught him by the tail, which brought him heavily to the ground, and then with an air-pistol, so that the report might not reach Somebody's ears, I settled accounts with Mr. Tiger. Then I carefully inserted a bullet in the beast's heart, and ran back, shouting and hollering, to the Noble and Distinguished Party. What was their delight at seeing the Splendid Animal dead as mutton! The question was, "Who killed Cock Robin?" The answer was soon forthcoming. One of the natives, stooping, found in the Tiger's heart a bullet, which, being handed round (like the shoe in *Cinderella*), to find out to whom it belonged, was at last discovered to fit exactly the bore of His Royal Highness's rifle!

Come, Sir, wasn't that worth five thousand a-year and a baronetcy? I believe you, my Bhoy! But where is gratitude in this world? Hymns are actually being composed and sung in honour of the Tiger Slayer; and no deed has done more for the future of India than this, the fame of which will raise my Noble and Amiable Companion to the highest pinnacle on which Indian reverence can place him. And yet—shall auld acquaintance be forgot?

I must finish up this in haste, having been just called in to join in our evening Spelling-Bee, over our cup of Kaffy. They put too much *Shikkaree* in the Kaffy here. However, as it's in the next tent, I must throw my *Suwarree* loosely round my throat, and run in.

IBRAHIM BEG has just come in, to ask us to lend him two rupees, to put on at *Bagheechee** (a sort of Blind Hookey). IBRAHIM BEG belongs to an ancient family, but he's always cadging, and he doesn't pay when he wins. I'm off.

YOUR EVER FAITHFUL REPRESENTATIVE.
(In India.)

* *Bagheechee*, according to the Dictionary, is "a fruit garden," not a game of cards. We are expecting another telegram from Gravesend. We warn the public in advance, and have a great mind to publish the photographs of our Correspondent and the Boy.—ED.

SUFFOCATION AND SCIENCE.

THE atmosphere of the Lecture Theatre of the Royal Institution is remarkable for containing a very large excess of carbonic acid gas, when, as usual on Friday evening meetings, those who breathe it are numerous. Hence, the Albemarle Street rendezvous of philosophers cannot be crowded, without being, literally, suffocated. The representative of the *Medical Press and Circular* notes, that during PROFESSOR HUXLEY's lecture there the other night, Ladies were led out fainting, and states that he was himself almost obliged to retire by the stifling nature of the air under the gallery. An attempt made to open the ventilators set PROFESSOR HUXLEY sneezing, and nearly made him shut up. Ventilation has ever been notoriously defective, and the air loaded with noxious gas, at the Royal Institution. Its theatre when filled is as fit for a lecture-room as the Grotto del Cane—fit to stupefy everybody in it, and send even the hearers of PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL to sleep. Yet the Royal Institution is the very Temple of Chemical Science. Here is another parallel to the case of the shoemaker's wife; always the worst shod woman in the parish—isn't she?

* As Our Correspondent intimates his intention of speedily returning, we have decided upon waiting for his arrival, in order to obtain such explanations of Indian words as we cannot find in our own Indian Dictionary. At present, in default of better information, we can only inform our readers that the usually accepted interpretation of *Haremsadah* is not any sort of cigar, but "a savage;" that *Chowrie*, of which he professes to have had a glass, is a "Fly-flapper, formed of the tail of a Thibet cow, and only used by persons of high rank;" and the *Tuttee*, which he explains to be "a sort of street-boy," is "a screen of glass placed in a window, and cooled by water." *Magna est veritas!*—We break off suddenly. A Telegram has just reached us, from a person in whom we have every confidence, informing us that a person, bearing a striking resemblance to our Representative, and a Boy with a large book, have just been seen on the pier at Gravesend. The Boy, by the description, seems to be our missing link. We have telegraphed back "Spare no expense. Follow them, and bring them to justice, whatever it may cost you." Perhaps, before this number is published, we shall be in possession of further and more certain details. At present, all we can do is to request our readers to suspend their judgment, and our judgment would suspend them (the delinquents) if it could.—ED.

† At present it is not worth our while to do more than remark that the Dictionary gives *Musnud*, not as a "walking-cane," but a "Mussulman throne." Where will this end?—ED.



AWKWARD INCIDENT IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

THE BEAUTEUSE MRS. VAVASOUR BELIEVE AND HER LOVELY SISTERS STOP THE WAY IN DIRE CONSTERNATION. THEY HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT THE RECEPTION AT BRABAZON HALL WOULD TAKE PLACE IN THE PALATIAL SUITE OF ROOMS ON THE GROUND-FLOOR, AND MRS. V. H. HAS COME IN A SKIRT OF SUCH FASHIONABLE TIGHTNESS THAT TO MOUNT A SINGLE STEP IS AN IMPOSSIBILITY; WHEREAS THE GROUND-FLOOR SUITE IS UNDERGOING ALTERATIONS, AND MRS. BRABAZON DE VERE TOMKINS IS ENTERTAINING HER GUESTS UP-STAIRS.



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Conservative M.P. (to Butler, who has given Warning). "WHAT HAVE YOU TO COMPLAIN OF?"

Butler. "OH, NOTHING IN THE 'OUSE, SIR—LEASTWAYS, NOT IN THIS 'OUSE, SIR. BUT I'M AFRAID, FROM 'ER MAJESTY'S SPEECH, AS THE CONSERVATIVES DON'T MEAN TO HACT UP TO THEIR PROGRAMME"!!

STERN TRUTHS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

NOT having had an opportunity of laying my views before the PRIME MINISTER the other day, I send you a brief note of what I intended to have said on behalf of myself and brother Ship-owners.

In the first place, what right has a fellow like PLIMSOLL to interfere with me? I wish he'd give me provocation to pull his nose, or smash his spectacles. I've actually had four out of five ships detained in consequence of his impertinent meddling. Because one fourth of a crew of sixteen object to be drowned, are they to prevent twelve other honest and daring fellows from risking their lives, as British Seamen ought always to be ready to do at the call of duty. It is perfectly monstrous!

It is true that one or two of my ships have occasionally gailed rather deep in the water, and that one did go down not long after leaving port. But in this case it was solely because the Captain had foolishly forgotten to allow for the weight of the crew, who only shipped at the last moment—the carpenter and boatswain being exceptionally heavy men.

Then, as for saying that Seamen are, as a rule, dissatisfied with their ships, it is all moonshine. The Sailor's attachment to his ship is, on the contrary, proverbial. Why, it was only the other day a man fell overboard from one of my own ships. Did he swim away from it? No, he immediately endeavoured to climb on board again, and expressed the highest satisfaction when he found himself once more among his messmates. Instances of this kind are numerous.

With regard to want of proper comfort and accommodation, all I can say is that I don't believe there is a single bunk in all my vessels in which the stoutest Sailor could not turn without coming in contact with the top planking. What do you say to that, Mr. Punch?

There are only two more points upon which I need trouble you;

HORACE AND LYDIA ON THE RINK.

"Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

The Lover.

AH, LADY LUCY, I am glad to find you
Charming as when, that happy afternoon,
Beneath a slender birch with silver rind, you
Watched the sun sink 'mid rosy clouds of June.

The Lady.

Dear me! You do remember? Well, how curious!
Although so many months have slipped away.
I thought your sentimental saying spurious,
And quite forgot it till this very day.

The Lover.

Yes, you forgot, I know! I saw you rinking
With that LORAINÉ, the fastest man in Town.
His essenced head has never done much thinking.
I felt a strong desire to knock him down.

The Lady.

Fast! Yes, he takes one's breath away in skating:
I really have not quite recovered mine.
But let me ask, while thus we are debating,
Who sent my Cousin MAUD a Valentine?

The Lover.

Your Cousin MAUD's a child. Come, don't be dismal.
I could not tell you if her eyes are blue.
There's something hidden in my heart abysmal,
Which I am very sure belongs to you.

The Lady.

Spelling-Bee English does not fit your lips, Sir.
Be cool to MAUD: I'll try to cut LORAINÉ.
And if you never make another slip, Sir,
Perhaps we may look on sunset skies again.

Dearth of Army Doctors.

THE papers report a grievous lack of candidates for the commission of Medical Officer in the Army. Private practice is lucrative to few but the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons. Anything like adequate pay and a position on a fair footing with combatant Officers surely might be expected to attract at least a sufficiency of Army Surgeons. These attractions have yet to be tried.

and they are so insignificant, that I must apologise for mentioning them.

The frequency of casualties has been much spouted about by PLIMSOLL AND Co. I simply remark, "Pooh!" Do not accidents happen on land? Did not my own daughter tread on a piece of orange-peel the other day, and twisted her foot, so that she could not skate for a week? And as to a case, lately much commented on by a scandal-loving Press, in which one of my ships came into port with eighteen out of twenty disabled by scurvy, if you only knew the trouble a Captain has to get his men to take the slightest precautions, and their rooted prejudice against lime-juice and other antiscorbutics, you would, I am sure, agree with me that the owner is the last person to be made responsible for what is, after all, only a form of disease, and mysterious, like all diseases.

Scurvy is, no doubt, an unpleasant complaint; so is the gout: I've got a touch of it myself now. So you see, Mr. Punch, there is not the slightest occasion for all this agitation; and all I can say is, that if I am to be interfered with in my business, it will end in my being unable to clear a living profit, and cutting the concern altogether, at whatever cost to the country. I have only expressed in this letter what I know to be the private views of others of my class.

If you want to see what a jolly, contented dog the British Seaman really is, come and spend a week aboard my yacht, and believe me to be,

Yours, indignantly,
A SHIPOWNER.

"The Ship and Turtle," Feb. 10, 1876.

AMERICAN COUSINHOOD.

A GENEALOGIST in the Far West writes to ask what relation, if any, is J. TIMMIS WARD, the late Senior Wrangler, to R. TEMUS WARD, the late popular humorist?



"THE WAY WE BUILD NOW."

Indignant Houseowner (he had heard it was so much cheaper, in the end, to buy your House). "WH' WHAT'S THE—WHAT AM I!—WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE MEANING OF THIS, MR. SCAMPLING!"
Local Builder. "T' Tut, Tut! WELL, SIR, I 'SPECTS SOME ONE'S BEEN A-LEANIN' AGIN IT!"

A GUINEA FOR JACK'S HOSPITAL.

MONEY is wanted to extend the efficiency of one of the noblest of our national charities—the most expressly national indeed of them all, yet at the same time more than national. That is, dear friends, the Seamen's Hospital, late the *Dreadnought*, at Greenwich, open not only to British Seamen who need laying up for repairs, but likewise to Seamen of all nations requiring to go into dock. To the funds of this excellent and sorely-needed Institution the Goldsmiths', the Clothworkers', the Saddlers', the Mercers', the Drapers', the Skinners', the Vintners', the Salters', and, last, not least, the Worshipful Merchant Tailors' Company, have liberally subscribed—the latter to a donation of £31 10s. having added a grant of free admission to their Convalescent Institution at Bognor, which has accordingly received many patients from the Seamen's Hospital during the past year.

However, the support of Jack's Hospital concerns not only the City and Port of London, but every Port in England—indeed every Port and Harbour all over the world. It is itself a Universal Harbour of Refuge. In their fifty-fifth annual Report, just published—a pretty little blue book—the Managing Body of the Seamen's Hospital Society apprise all whom it concerns—that is, everybody—that, for reasons which see:—

"The Committee ask the Public to come forward, and increase the amount received in annual subscriptions from £2000 to £5000, and then, if on an average £60 annually be received from each port that sends patients to the Hospital in the course of the year, the Society will be established on a sound national basis."

This appeal is now made known to the world at large by the one periodical which can truly boast a world-wide circulation.

THE BIRD QUESTION.

Oh, would I wear a Bird?
 Certainly not—if I were a *Lady*!

MARRIAGE MEMORIES.

What the Father says.—Which side must I stand on when I have to give her away?

What the Mother says.—I am sure the ices will be late for the Breakfast.

What the Sister says.—I flatter myself I am the best looking of the eight Bridesmaids.

What the Brother says.—Of course, the Best Man is behind his time—just like him!

What the Pew-opener says.—This way, my dear young Lady!

What the Beadle says.—They are sure to be in time, Sir. I will motion to you the moment I see 'em a coming.

What the Clergyman says.—Have you got the ring?

What the Crowd says.—Hooray! That's 'er! Oh, ain't 'e a Guy!

What the Old Friend of the Family says.—I have known him too since he was so high. That was nigh upon forty years ago!

What the Funny Man says.—You can see from my face that I am just the man to be associated with the Bridesmaids.

What the Best Man says.—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.

What the Bride says.—Good-bye, my own darling Mamma and Papa; and—EMMY dear, please do see the things are all right before we start.

What the Bridegroom says.—Thank goodness, it is all over!

Disbarred.

OUT of compliment, no doubt, to DR. KENEALY's late forensic position a "*stet processus*" was entered in bar of his late motion from Tavistock Square to Westminster Palace. The Police appeared for the Public, and showed cause against the (Mob) Rule moved for by the learned Doctor.

A DEFINITION.—Flirtation: a Spoon with nothing in it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



so locutus est! And when either *Leo* or *Bos Britannicus* has spoken, there is an end of discourse and discussion. (*Monday, Feb. 14.*) *Leo* has spoken on the Suez Canal purchase, and, however obliged he may be to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for his explanations, and to the Head and Members of Her Majesty's Opposition for their critical analysis thereof, he is satisfied with his share—the Lion's share—in the venture, and that is (as set forth in this week's Cartoon) no less than his Indian Street-door Key. Whether the purchase be a good investment or bad of our four millions, by interest-measure, that is not the measure to be applied to this transaction. There is a high-policy-measure, as well as an interest-measure, in which the scale is marked—not by nominal *L(ibra)*, *S(olidi)*, *D(enarii)*—but by national *C(redit)*, *S(afety)*, and *H(onour)*. By that measure Ministers demand, and rightly demand, to have this purchase gauged. And with British Lion and British Bull at their backs, they may confidently face the criticism of the Opposition, in the adjourned debate this day week, for which LORD HARTINGTON and MR. GLADSTONE reasonably pressed, and which MR. DISRAELI wisely conceded.

Tuesday.—SIR WILLIAM FRASER attacked the "Parochial System" of Local Metropolitan Government, and thereby laid himself open to sundry "counters"—but more for slips in words than facts—from LOCKE, LUSK, and HOGE. London is now misgoverned, not by its beaules, but by its *Ediles*; not by "porochial" Bumbles, but by District Boards and Vestries, which combine in a smaller cluster of big bodies most of the faults of the huge congeries of lesser bodies they have absorbed. LUSK uttered the pious wish that those who found fault with the existing vestrymen, had to look after the street-sweeping, the dust-carts, and the nuisances themselves. Fancy SIR W. FRASER transformed from Apollo to Hercules—turned from translating *Tasso* to cleansing the Augean Stable of London! SIR J. HOGE said a good word—not undeserved—for the Metropolitan Board, which has now finally passed from the stage of Words to that of Works.

But more is needed for London than the great mind of even the Metropolitan Board can compass. We want to see *Edileship* brought down from such heroic tasks as Embankments and Viaducts to the humbler duties of the scavenger's cart and the domestic dust-bin. No doubt the Wen is a big one to deal with, but it wants doctoring sadly. If Cross would take up his London, London would take up its Cross, and set him on a higher pinnacle than he ever will reach by even the regulation of Licensed Victuallers' houses and the improvement of Artisans' Dwellings.

MR. HUBBARD is going to set the law as to Crossed Cheques on its right end again, from which it has been rudely toppled by the rude hands of the Judges in MILLS and SMITH. Don't check the use of crossed cheques whatever you do! There is nothing prettier to look at than the magic "and Co" across a stamped "Please pay." And then they show the payee has the highly respectable appendage of a banking account.

Stern Economists, Municipal and Imperial, don't like paying superannuation allowances. Let a man save out of his salary, and if he don't, or can't, turn him out to starve, when past work. The House declined to endorse this economical doctrine by the narrow majority of 101 to 94 for Second Reading of MR. RATHBONE's Bill empowering Corporations to grant superannuation allowances—with due precautions against local jobs. Old public servants in municipal employments should be much obliged to MR. HANKEY—who pointed out that pensions are only a form of deferred salary, on which principle they are paid by the Bank of England—and to MR. CROSS, who supported the Bill. MR. BASS opposes it. Bitter beer is tonic, and braces up men's nerves to do hard things.

Wednesday.—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR used to boast his own short and simple plan for increasing the efficiency of the Episcopate. "Give every Bishop £600 a year, and make it death to leave his diocese." MR. BERESFORD HOPE, in his scheme of episcopal improvement, takes another line. Private persons are to be at liberty to endow, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to cut and carve, new Bishoprics out of existing dioceses—subject to the approbation of Queen in Council and Parliament assembled.

Everybody—who wants Bishops at all—wants more of them. The Bench, as it is, is over-diocessed and over-worked. The flocks—black sheep and other—are certainly not easier to rule now than in old times, and the shepherds and crooks at work now are no more than when HENRY THE EIGHTH was King, and population counted by hundreds, where it is now reckoned by thousands.

But nobody—neither SIR W. BARTELOTT, nor MR. MONK, nor MR. MOWBRAY, nor MR. DILLWYN, nor MR. HENLEY, nor MR. WALPOLE, nor MR. CROSS,—much as we may want more Bishops, approves MR. HOPE's machinery for making them. And so HOPE—*spes longa*—was obliged to accept an adjournment of his Bill to the Greek Kalends—*alias* July 26.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD CARNARVON, after apologies for a very bad cold, gave an elaborate explanation of the motives which had led the Government to entertain favourably propositions for an exchange of our possessions on the Gambia against French possessions on the Gold Coast. No wonder an explanation made with such a cold was rather coldly received. LORD CARNARVON makes a very good case, but their Lordships want further information. And so should the country. There ought to be very strong reasons indeed for giving up the command of a river navigable for 400 miles by 100-ton craft, and so leaving us ten degrees of African coast without any station but a tiny island off one of the mouths of the Niger.

(*Commons.*)—The Nasmyth Hammer at work. A brisk fire of questions on all sorts of subjects, from Snow in the streets to Slave-Trade Legislation. *Inter alia*, Knife-cleaning Boys (such is the decision of the Inland Revenue Authorities) serving many masters are not to be taxable as men-servants; but knife-cleaning boys with one master, *are*. Let all who keep a boy to clean their knives see forthwith that he finds somebody else's knives to clean, or send him about his business. Also, we are glad to learn from MR. HARDY that the indecent practice lately prevailing in the Royal Artillery Barracks at Aldershot (not there only, we fear,) of lodging four families in one room without screens, or even curtains, to separate them, is at once to be put an end to. But why four families in one room at all? If a certain proportion of married men is allowed in the Army, surely there ought to be proper provision for that proportion in all barracks—with its own room, at the least and lowest, for each family.



DISTRACTING.

Customer. "WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE BISHOP'S SERMON ON SUNDAY, MR. WIGSBY?"

Hairdresser. "WELL, REALLY, SIR, THERE WAS A GENT A-SETTIN' IN FRONT O' ME AS 'AD HIS 'AIR PARTED THAT CROOKED I COULDN'T 'EAR A WORD!"

The QUEEN is to be authorised to exercise her Royal prerogative of adding to the Royal Style and Titles.

MR. DISRAELI'S announcement of the fact was flatter than had been anticipated. The Oratorical Vesuvius did not play off the expected fireworks.

BUT MR. LOWE did his best to flog some fat in the fire, by objecting, in anticipation, to the title of EMPRESS OF INDIA, and provoked the wrath of the House by an ill-omened and ill-timed suggestion, that the name might read awkward if we had to give up India—as some day we might have!

O ROBERT, ROBERT! is the House a Deputation that thou shouldst do this thing?

The new Royal addition remains a secret till HER MAJESTY has exercised her prerogative of choosing her title. It certainly seems to *Mr. Punch* that Parliament and the country may, with the utmost respect, but equal urgency, request to be informed which it is to be—Queen or Empress? Not that it much matters, as far as *Mr. Punch* can see. Perhaps, no the whole, he would say *Queen* for choice.

Merchant Shipping Bill introduced by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, and discussed in a sensible spirit on both sides—ship-owning and sailor-saving. With a little screwing-up from PLIMSOLL, which is still wanted, there seems a chance of a useful and workable measure.

Friday.—How many people, in or out of Parliament, knew that the Official Referees on Private Bills vote on such Bills in Committee, though not Members of the House?

By all means, MR. ANDERSON, have the matter referred to a Select Committee.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE and MR. FAWCETT as busy as Crows in a newly-sown wheat-field, picking holes in MR. CROSS'S Enclosure Bill.

Make it better, Gentlemen, by all means—in fact, you can't make it too good. But do MR. CROSS and his Bill justice. It is good as far as it goes.

A MEMBER'S LAMENT.

DULL is an essay on the Vatican,
Even by GLADSTONE written; dull the day
When nought save fog in street and square you scan,
And e'en policemen fail to find their way;
Dull is KENEALY, with his bounce and ban;
Dull is the fierce Home-Ruler's blatant bray;
Greatly I fear—how sad is the confession!—
We're settling down to dullness, for the Session.

Look at the PREMIER's countenance of lassitude!
Might he not be a worn-out, weary Sphinx,
Gazing o'er deserts dim of Tory crassitude,
Where from Wit's fount no weary traveller drinks?
If with Lavater-lens you tried to glass it, you'd
Discern that chiefly of repose he thinks:
Roi fainéant he, who finds it a relief
That hostile hordes have lost their mightiest Chief.

That Chieftain, who of yore for battle lusted,
And hurled invective's javelin swift and straight,
Being by many followers mistrusted,
Quietly bowed to the decrees of Fate.
We know not if his bright sword, still unrusted,
Will starlike shine again in hot debate,
Or if, heroic shade, he means to dwell
Henceforth in HOMER's field of asphodel.

If Chiefs are dull, their subs are duller still,
Dullest of all the great financial topics:
Adown the steep inevitable hill
Egypt descends, and we, with philanthropic
Ardour, send CAVE & Co. to stave off spill:
Creditors' chances shrink to microscopic,
And when the crash comes, 'twill be found, I fear,
PHARAOH was not the last lost Charioteer.

Vain to lament, Jeremiads will not bring
DISRAELI's brilliance back, or GLADSTONE's fire,
To BRIGHT's strong words their ancient clarion-ring,
To LOWE the wit-flash and ironic ire.
E'en warbling WHALLEY has forgot to sing;
And coarse KENEALY's torpid in his mire:
Dull are the Parliamentary hours. To vary 'em,
I'll try a quiet stroll in the Aquarium.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL POLISH.—The thing to rub up your orthography with—Bees' whacks.

WHY THIS THUSNESS?

THERE is surely something—shall we say "high"—not to put it coarsely—in the State we may call Denmark—supposing such social contrasts as the following to be of everyday occurrence. There are noble and elevating thoughts, no doubt, associated with the expression "a Paternal Government," but that paternity does not show to advantage in the castigation of illiterate babies, and the petting of well-educated sons and daughters who ought to know better. Judge for yourselves.

One Sunday afternoon last week, in a Yorkshire town, HODGE, PAT, and BILL GUMMDGE, resisting the temptations held out to them by sleep-compelling parsons, repaired to a neighbouring stream, where their low tastes and sinful tendencies tempt them to throw chips into the current. Not content with thus desecrating the day, they add the further crime of backing one chip to pass another in their short race to the village bridge. At this plebeian amusement they stake several pence, and coppers change hands freely. The Paternal one has its eye on them, however, and BILL, PAT, and HODGE are walked off by the Police to the nearest station.

One afternoon, a few days later, while BILL and his companions in crime are engaged in an interesting conversation with the magistrates, FITZ, HUGH, and GERALD may be observed at the window of the Holy Alliance Club, Piccadilly, watching with intense eagerness the horses attached to cab, cart, brougham, or omnibus as they pass along the thoroughfare.

"A pony," says HUGH, "on there being a grey horse in the next ten."

"Done with you!" says GERALD.
Bays, browns, a chestnut, and tenthly a spanking white stepper in a *coupé*!

"Roses light on the eyelashes that fringe your aristocratic pupil!"—this was about the meaning conveyed, though not exactly the words used, by the highbred loser—"you've won! I'll go you double or quits."

"I'll do ditto," says FITZ, who has seen four grey dray-horses pass, and feels he must win.

Chestnuts, browns, and a bay, and ninthly a General Omnibus with two whites to the fore.

HUGH pockets his hundred, and they retire to the card-room, where they remain, with an interval for dinner, till four o'clock the next morning. GERALD has lost a couple of thou., which he hasn't got; and FITZ has recouped himself with an agreeable surplus, of which we hope a few sovereigns will find their way into the pockets of HODGE, PAT, and BILL.

In the Drawing-room and Kitchen next door may be noticed by any Asmodeus like ourselves another and equally edifying contrast.

Down-stairs a very snuffy old woman, with a walnut-juice resemblance to a gipsy, is promising, with the aid of a greasy pack of torn cards and a sediment of tea-leaves, all sorts of honours, titles, and fortune to poor little MARY ANNE HOUSEMAID, for the large sum of one silver sixpence and a pound or two of kitchen stuff. While MARY ANNE is gazing with credulous delight on the propitious Sibyl, a Paternal agent steps down through the area-gate, which is wide open, and kindly offers an arm of escort to the snuffy pseudo-gipsy, for whom lodgings have been prepared in Queer Street.

In the Drawing-room above sits MRS. REGINALD COLEYEAL, with six or eight friends, who have invited the celebrated American Medium, JABEZ M. POSTOR, to join their circle, in hopes of eliciting revelations of the Future from such condescending spirits as may happen to listen to their call. The shutters are closed, the little fingers of the Illuminati are linked round a large table, on which a tambourine is already beginning to tap out the names of the returning ghosts and the destinies of the inquirers. This masculine Sibyl has nothing snuffy about him, wears a faultless evening dress, and several diamonds on his fingers. It would be downright rudeness and want of *envoir-vie* if the Paternal Governor interferred with him—but at the same time we confess to a weak pity for the gipsy, and a strong desire to let off PAT and HODGE aforesaid.

To the Government we simply repeat—Why this Thunass?

RINKOMANIA.



WE believe we break no confidence in publishing the news that the attention of Parliament will shortly be called to the prevalent epidemic, and a Royal Commission, in all probability, appointed to inquire into the causes which have led to the mania for Rinking, to consider the effects it is producing on society, and to report if any, and what steps may be advisable to check its rapid progress. How extensively the mania is spreading on all sides may be gathered from a glance at the columns of advertisements, which, besides inviting notice to the rinks already started, announce a myriad of new skating clubs in progress, or in prospect. That the mania has extended from the

West End to the East, from Hammersmith to Houndsditch, and from the lordly Prince's Ground to the vulgar Pig and Tinderbox, may be seen by a few titles of the companies projected, which we are exclusively now privileged to quote:—

The Mile-End and Whitechapel Rink, and Wheel-Skate Letting Company. Capital, Two Millions. Treasurer (*pro tem.*), MR. JEREMIAH DIDDLEY.

The Costermongers' Skating-Rink, and General Conversation Club. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. BAWLER.

The Holloway-cum-Hornsey Rise and Hackney Rinking Company (Very) Limited.

The United Handsome Cabmen's Rink, promoted to provide a means of healthful indoor exercise for Cabmen.

The Wapping Old Stairs Rink and Below Bridge Skating Company. The Land's-End Real Ice Rink. Executive Committee. MESSIEURS BLUNDERHEAD and BOOBIE, with power (if they can) to add to their number.

The Eligible Spinsters' Rink. Established to promote flirtation

among Marriageable Persons. Chairwoman of Committee, MISS SELINA SLYPUNS.

The Organgrinders' Skating Club, and Asphalte Recreation Company, for the use and entertainment of itinerant musicians. *N.B.* A Concert on wheels will be given every evening, when the public will (on payment) be privileged to attend.

The John O'Groat's House Rink. Open to all Nations. SANDIE MCSAWNIE, Honorary Secretary.

The Jolly Beggars' Skating Rink, and Club for Merry Mendicants. Temporary premises, Rag and Tatter Alley, Scamp Street.

The Water Bibbers' Rink, and Tee-Totallers upon Wheels Aquarium and Convivial Club. President, SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

The Swindleham Skating Company (Limited). Promoters, CAPTAIN FLASHMAN and SIR HOKEM SNIVEY. Present population, 1229; anticipated Rinkers, 1220. Capital, £50,000, in Shares of £10 each. Prepayment in full to be made on application.

The Seven Dials Skating Rink; for the promotion of this fashionable and invigorating pastime among the poorer classes. Chairman of Executive Committee, MR. CATSMEAT.

The Slushborough-cum-Sloppiton Al Fresco Rinking Company. Secretary, MR. DAMPER. President of Council, SIR TIMOTHY GOLOSHER.

The Amalgamated Duffers' Rink and Slide and Tumble Company. Manager, MR. CLUMSIE. Treasurer, MR. FOOLSCAPP.

The Burglars' Skating Rink. President of Committee, MR. WILLIAM SIKES. Bankers, MESSRS. DOWNHILL and HOOKITT. Members for election to attend (after nightfall) at the Office of the Company, which for prudential reasons need not publicly be advertised. *N.B.*—Ring the top bell twice, and sharply whistle.

The North Pole Rinking Company. Promoted with a view of providing wheel skates gratis in the Polar Regions.

The Submarine Skating Rink. Temporary Offices in Water Lane. Chairman of Committee, MR. DIVER.

SANSCULOTTES AT LIMERICK.

It is not often that an Irishman can be twitted with what other Irishmen might call Scotch economy. But the *Cork Examiner* reports a suggestion on the part of certain members of the Corporation of Limerick, not only in respect of caution and economy, but also as relative to a matter of clothing, specially Caledonian. At a late meeting of one of the Limerick Corporation Committees, the Mayor presiding, MR. CONNOLLY, of the firm of JOHN CONNOLLY and SON, the municipal tailors, attended to submit for acceptance the new clothing which had been ordered for the Night Watchmen; when

"ALDERMAN CLEARY said he heard a member alongside observe on the impropriety of supplying Watchmen with trousers; for, if they dismissed a Watchman, the question arose how would they get the trousers off him if he would not give it up himself?

"MR. BERNAL said he was the member alluded to by ALDERMAN CLEARY, and he would advise them to adopt the suggestion which ALDERMAN TINSLEY made some time ago, or by supplying the Watchmen with a hat, coat, and cape. The Watchmen should be obliged to pay sixpence a week for the trousers."

"It's ill takin' the breeks aff a Highlandman." This Trans-Tweedian adage might, had the colleagues of the two gentlemen above-named adopted their ideas, have become as applicable to the Night Watchmen of Limerick as it is to the Gaël. The Watch would perhaps have had to be reconstituted, and the Corporation to advertise for recruits, notifying, although in Ireland, that "No Irish need apply." The suits of Limerick's Night Watchmen would then have suited none but Scotchmen. A uniform consisting of a hat, coat, and cape, and no trousers, would for its complement have really required a kilt. The expedient wherewith BRIAN O'LYNN supplied any deficiency in his wardrobe is no longer practicable. Sheepskins are too costly for that now. As a lay of a Limerick Night Watchman, BRIAN O'LYNN would have needed to be sung with a difference, somewhat after this fashion:—

"BRIAN O'LYNN, wanting trousers to wear,
Joined the Limerick Night Watch in hopes of a pair;
Which when he found out he would not be found in,
'Twill be mighty cool walkin', says BRIAN O'LYNN."

The "songs of other days" included one in which a pretty picture was presented to the mind's eye by a couplet in glorification of—

"PADDYWHACK just come from Cork,
With his coat neatly buttoned behind him."

An elegant addition to this array, in a Hibernian sense, might have been beheld at Limerick exhibited by PADDYWHACK patrolling the streets at night in the dark without any trousers. Perhaps, however, the streets of Limerick are lighted after dark—by luminaries even brighter than ALDERMAN CLEARY and MR. BERNAL.



VETO.

"SHALL WE—A—SIT DOWN?"

"I SHOULD LIKE TO; BUT MY DRESSMAKER SAYS I MUSTN'T!"

RUS IN URBE.

"It was no longer the interest of the State,—at least to nothing like the extent it was some years ago—to interest itself in the multiplication of Enclosures. They must now rather consider Enclosures as schemes for private improvement, the State seeing that the public interest did not suffer by the Enclosures. . . . They must take into consideration that which the people of this country wanted almost as much as food,—the air which they breathed, and the health which they enjoyed. . . . The Government had thought it right to make every encroachment on a village green a public nuisance, and to enable any one to proceed against the person so offending."—MR. CROSS, on Commons Enclosures.

BRAYVO, MR. CROSS, Sir! Plain speaking at last,
Worth columns on columns of roundaboutness:]
Such "improvement" may go it a trifle too fast
For the temper and taste of a trade-ridden nation.
The City must spread with the spreading of man—
That's the law of our life, and 'twere folly to ban it;
But we don't want to see every trace of old Pan
Improved off the face of our planet.

Too plainly we feel that the chimney and wheel—
Twin symbols of Modern Mechanical progress—
Stretch sway every day. We may fume a good deal
Against Trade, the omnivorous Octopus-Ogress,
Whose far-reaching tentacles mesh us all round,
Yet we know she at least is a sort of Step-mother.
But must we give up every acre of ground
To the demons of Shindy and Smother?

We have yielded too much to Utility's clutch,—
That one-eyed Utility, Duncedom's pet idol—
Forgetting the use of such matters as touch
The health or the heart. We may well put the bridle
On Selfishness rampant, most hard-mouthed of nags,
Who all public interest rough-shod rides over:
May well cheek old Mammon when plumping his bags
On the plea of some "right of estover."

Too long, under shield of too negligent law,
The insatiate ghoul hight Enclosure has nibbled
Those bits of green open, so sweet to his maw,
In defiance of all who have squabbled or scribbled:
He'd prig from the poorest heath, common, or forest,
And laugh at the masses who toil and can't travel,—
Preferring to needs which are sure of the sorest
The profits from villas or gravel.

But on Wealth *versus* Health we are getting new views;
New measures of worth for our few Open Spaces:
All glimpses of Nature we dare not refuse
To the populous City's poor throngs of pale faces.
JOHN plainly means backing the weak 'gainst the strong:
Though the "rights" of the rich he's no wish to disturb, he
Intends to preserve for the labouring throng
Some sort of a poor *Rus in Urbe*!

Here's a health to the few who have sturdily fought
In the cause which the many now take into favour.
The names of the nob who such "pickings" have sought,
To the sense of to-day have a nauseous savour.
They will find, will these grudging earth-gobblers, whose greed
Would filch from the poor their few "Patches of Pleasure,"
The cry "No Short Commons!" means mischief indeed
When 'tis backed by shrewd men and sharp measure!

A Political Difficulty.

SIR,
I AM not much of a paper-reader or a politician, but occasionally I glance at the Debates. Whenever I do, I am sure to see a heading, "Offences against the Person Bill," as a subject of discussion in Parliament. All I want to learn, Sir, is, who is the "Person BILL" here alluded to? Who offends against him? Is it a measure for the protection of "the People's WILLIAM?" Is *he* "the Person BILL?" Explain, and oblige
Yours,

DUNDERHEAD.



THE LION'S SHARE.

"GARE À QUI LA TOTCHE!"



TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

(For the Use of Parents and Guardians.)



HERE is no feature of the rising generation more striking than their disposition to intelligent doubt, sometimes mis-called scepticism, and their unwillingness to accept the *ipse dixit* of authority. Mr. Punch, having been lately invited to put a friend's child through a historical examination, was so

struck with the result, that he has recorded both questions and answers as subjoined.

GENERAL HISTORY.

Q. What do you know about ROMULUS?

A. He was a purely mythical personage, whose actions were so excessively stupid that I have not burdened my memory with them.

Q. What was the character of NERO?

A. Humane, gentle, and refined. The assertions as to his cruelty and madness are calumnies invented by his friends.

Q. Who was HOMER?

A. A Grecian MRS. HARRIS. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were street songs of the period—an ancient parallel to "Lord Bateman," or "Tommy make Room for your Uncle," or—

Q. Let us try elsewhere. Who was WILLIAM TELL?

A. He never existed—save as the hero of a German play or an Italian opera.

Q. We will come to our own country. What is your view of KING ARTHUR?

A. KING ARTHUR is a solar myth, like Hercules, Thor, Vishnu, and generally all the so-called gods, demigods, and founders of religions.

Q. Did not KING ALFRED suffer the cakes to burn in the neatherd's hut?

A. Oh dear, no! The story was invented for the benefit of Royal Academicians hard up for a subject.

Q. What did the spider suggest to ROBERT BRUCE?

A. Squashing it.

Q. Tell me what you know about HENRY THE EIGHTH.

A. He was amiable, kind, and forbearing to a most aggravating set of wives, and a strict respecter of legality.

Q. Why is the epithet "glorious" usually applied to "QUEEN BESS"?

A. It is hard to say. QUEEN ELIZABETH was a mean, tricky, and avaricious character, principally remarkable for doing her Ministers out of their money, and cheating her sailors of their beef and beer. I need hardly add, that her private character won't bear looking into.

Q. Comment on the genius of SHAKESPEARE.

A. He hadn't any. That he was uncommonly clever I do not deny, because he is the one theatrical person on record who realised a fortune by management. If he had lived now, it is probable that he would have gone the greatest lengths in the way of sensation drama, burlesque, and *opéra-bouffe*.

Q. This is startling. Who on earth then do you suppose did write what we are accustomed to call SHAKESPEARE?

A. Certainly not SHAKESPEARE, as we know that he couldn't write his own name twice alike. For my own part, I lean to the Baconian theory, but refuse to commit myself.

Q. Good heavens! How old are you?

A. If you believe the testimony of my parents—which the experience of life thus far has taught me is rash—I am four years six months and three days old.

Q. What are you?

A. I cannot say that I have yet made up my mind, but, as at present informed, I incline to the belief that my generation was spontaneous, that my bodily substance, in its simplest expression, is protoplasm in the form of germ-cells; that my actions are automatic, my motives cerebro-spinal, and my ancestors anthropoid apes in their later generations, ascidians or bacteria in their earlier.

[Exit Examiner, hastily.]

PUNCH TO THE BLACK-COATS

(Established and Discontenting).

HEAR a lay voice, O recalcitrant Clerics,

To whom *Punch* most respectfully proffers his tip.

Now have we not had *quantum suff.* of hysterics,

Of cat-and-dog conflict, and quarrelsome quip?

Church or Conventicle, list to his caveat,

Bow all ye sensible heads, whether under

Mitre or billycock, curly or wavy hat!

Call in your lightning, and tie up your thunder!

Punch must announce that all sensible people

Are wofully weary of all this to-do;

Wondering why the traditional steeple,

Which points so suggestively up to the blue,

Stands as a sign of perpetual shindy, a

Pepper-pot token of battle as hot

As water of Hecla or pickle of India.

Must you keep boiling the clerical pot?

"Peace and goodwill?"—well, it sounds very pretty

From eloquent oracles lovely in lawn;

But passionate squabbles and bickerings petty

Scarcely portend its desirable dawn.

Ridiculous rows round the title of "Reverend"!

Strife about what may be carved o'er a grave!

Say will such puerile potterings never end?

Must the red standard eternally wave?

Small pseudo-popelings who peevishly hanker

For mass and monopoly, cash and koton—

Priggish P.P.'s whose un-reverend rancour

Revels in rudeness a cad might eschew—

Clerical Dracos so down upon little ones—

Watchdogs who snarl at the gates of the grave—

Ware! or your holds on the mass will be brittle ones,

Useless to shackle as helpless to save.

Genial Gentlemen—Churchmen, Dissenters—

Is there no clerical Coventry known

Whither to banish these public tormentors?

Zealots and sectaries, can't you change tone?

If but for sake of a little variety,

With sweet milk of Charity temper your zeal;

Mingle the spirit of peace with your piety,

Harry no longer, endeavour to heal!

Popular speech on this rumpus parsonic,

Which raises a dust wheresoever we walk,

Is apt to be far less polite than lagonia;

Much it might pain you to list to such talk.

Lend *Punch* your ears, then, O Clerics ubiquitous,

Lest it be found there are those who shall say,

"Whenever we'd banish the harsh or iniquitous,

The peace-blazoned 'drag' of the Priest stops the way!"

De Dickey-Birds nil nisi Bonum.

SIR,

WE HAVE heard a deal of the cruelty of killing and plucking Dickey-birds—dear little things! Bosh! They ain't dear little things; leastways, not out of the trade. They are nasty quarrelsome little varmint. WATTS says they "in their little nests agree." What's WATTS? He may have knowed a thing or two about lions and bears, but it's quite certain he didn't know much about Dicksies. If he 'ad, this would have been about what he would have wrote—

"Birds in their little nests agree

Till big enough to fight;

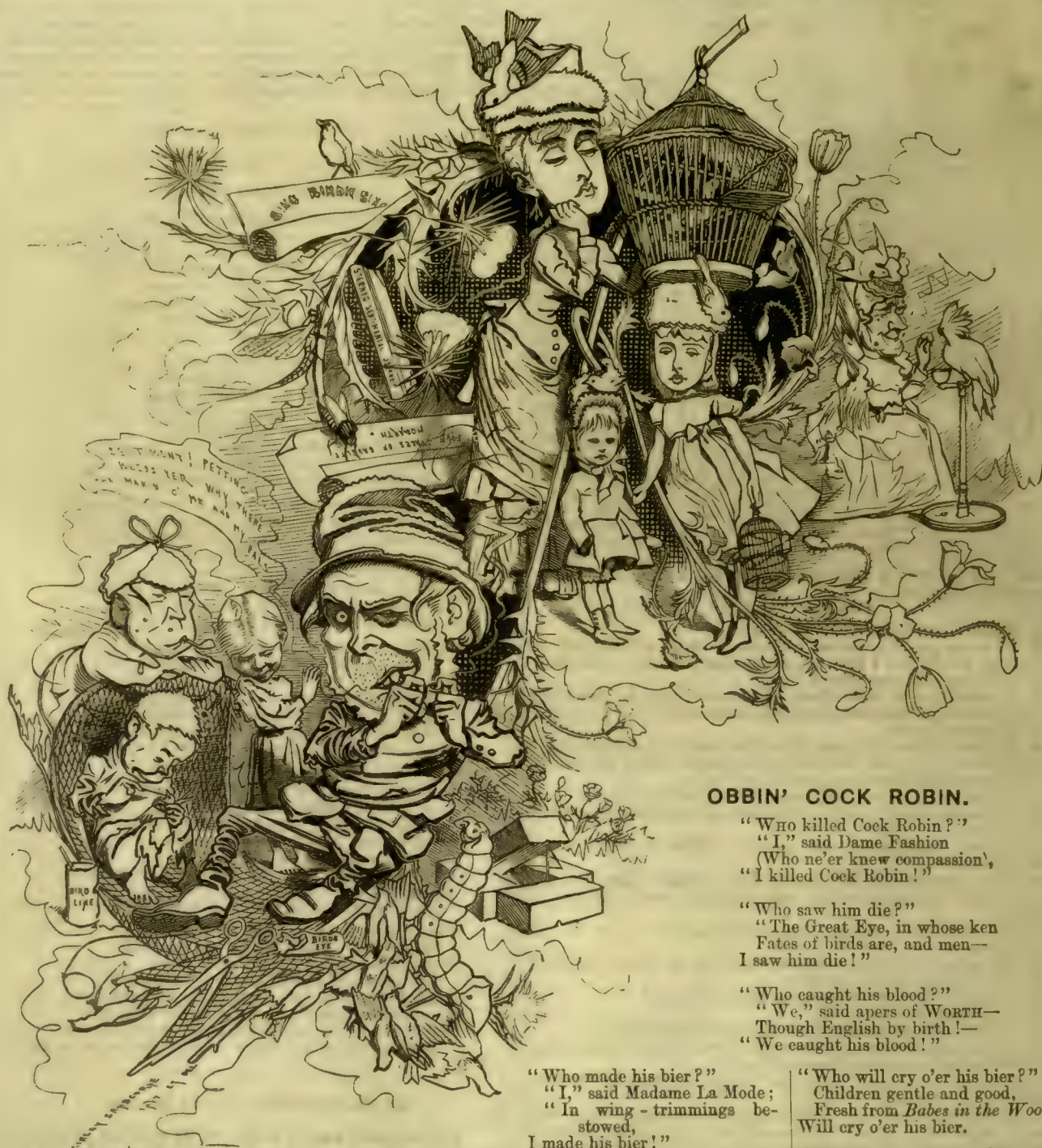
And then the biggest gets atop,

And sarve the little 'uns right!"

Yours truly,

A FEATHER DRESSER.

ADDRESS TO THE CONVOCATION OF YORK.—York, you're not wanted.



OBBIN' COCK ROBIN.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
 "I," said Dame Fashion
 (Who ne'er knew compassion),
 "I killed Cock Robin!"

"Who saw him die?"
 "The Great Eye, in whose ken
 Fates of birds are, and men—
 I saw him die!"

"Who caught his blood?"
 "We," said apers of WORTH—
 Though English by birth!—
 "We caught his blood!"

"Who made his bier?"
 "I," said Madame La Mode;
 "In wing-trimmings be-
 stowed,
 I made his bier!"

"Who will cry o'er his bier?"
 Children gentle and good,
 Fresh from *Babes in the Wood*,
 Will cry o'er his bier.

"Where'll be his grave?"
 "In my hat," says the
 Maid,
 "When off Missuses' laid—
 There'll be his grave!"

"What's the prayer they will
 pray?"
 "English girls, England
 through,
 Small birds' corpses eschew!"
 That's the prayer they will pray.

"Who'll be his chief mourners?"
 English maid, English mother,
 Both one and the other,
 "We'll be his chief mourners!"

"Who'll to that say Amen?"
 All, save fools of a feather,
 In chorus together,
 Will to that say Amen!

Candid.

MR. PUNCH, with some astonishment at the freedom and fulness of the admission, read last week in that leading medical organ the *Lancet*—

"The law presupposes that every person dying has the assistance of a medical man, and that where such assistance is not procured . . . the facts should be referred to a Coroner."

Such thoughts may have occasionally crossed the lay mind, but what non-medical authority would have dared to give them words?

HORATIAN MOTTO FOR A BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

"Mox reficit rates . . . indocilis pauperiem pati."

Carminum, lib. i. 1.

SON AND STRANGER.

We sincerely hope the new comedy of ALEX. DUMAS fils will remain an *Etrangère* as far as the English stage is concerned.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT GIRTON.

First Young Lady (opens Valentine, and reads):—

“Ἐπος ἀνικατέ μᾶλλον,
Ἐπος, ὅς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,” . . . &c., &c.

CHARMING, ISN'T IT? GUSSIE MUST HAVE SENT IT FROM OXFORD!”

Second Young Lady (overlooking). “YES, IT'S OUT OF THE ANTIGONE—THE LOVE-CHORUS, YOU KNOW. HOW MUCH JOLLIER THAN THOSE SILLY ENGLISH VERSE FELLOWS USED TO SEND!”

LUNAR VAGARIES.

THERE are two Moons, one ecclesiastical and the other civil. Perhaps we ought to say there are three, and include the Moon poetical, which hath influences over

“The lunatic, the lover, and the poet.”

The Moon ecclesiastical defines Easter Day; and this year there is a great outcry against her for putting that festival a week later than if the actual Moon had decided it. The REVEREND LORD ALWYNE COMPTON, however, comes forward with consolation, and says:—

“Among the proposals for amending the Rubrics now before Convention is one that the following words should be added to the rule quoted by Mr. JACKSON from the Book of Common Prayer:—‘Note.—That the full moon of this rule is not the full moon of the heavens, but the 14th day of the moon of the Ecclesiastical Calendar.’”

Plain people will fancy that this is an odd way to mend a Rubric (if it be a Rubric), since, instead of altering it, a note is added stating that “full Moon” means something else, and that the “Moon of the heavens” is not the Moon recognised by the Church of England. What an insult to “*Siderum Regina bicornis*”! Why should not the Moon of the heavens regulate Easter, so that everybody may calculate the date of that feast for himself?

There is a story of a Greek Cockney who was surprised to find the same Moon in Athens that he had left behind him at Corinth. His astonishment could hardly have been greater than is that of Mr. JACKSON and his friends at finding that the Clergy have a special Moon of their own, which declines to be bound by astronomical rules.

E. Payson Weston's Perpetual Motion.

[110 miles in twenty-four hours, followed, within less than a week, by 180 miles in forty-eight!]

WELL! there is one thing no one can say of our American Cousin's unequalled pedestrian feat—and feet—and that is, Walker!

THE FOLLY AT FOLKESTONE.

AIR—“*The Vicar of Bray.*”

O RIDSDALE, Reverend Gent., desist
From antics Ritualistic.

Are you determined to persist

In aping rites Papistic?

What, is it really your intent

To disregard “monition”?

On that wild course if you are bent,

Consider your position.

In the face of the Law no longer fly;

At Popery cease to play, Sir.

You had better cave in and knuckle
down,

And act the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

Oblige the Law to turn you out

As being its transgressor,

And you may call yourself, no doubt,

A “Catholic” Confessor.

But you're a Heretic, Sir, says Rome,

Until her pale you enter;

Whilst from the Church that was your
home

You'll stand a mere Dissenter.

In the face of the Law, &c.

This is a land of Liberty,

And all, in these dominions,

To own what faith they please are free,

And preach their own opinions.

Whatever crochets they may hold

They're licensed to avow them,

Without, but not within, the fold,

Whose Doctors disallow them.

In the face of the Law, &c.

To Bishops if you thus deny

Obedience that you owe, Sir,

Oh whither do you think to fly,

And where expect to go, Sir?

What refuge from “Erastianism,”

But knuckling down to CÆSAR?

Some new conventicle of Schism,

A High-Church Ebenezer?

In the face of the Law, &c.

Will you compete, for cure of souls,

With each sectarian surgeon,

And, in your chasubles and stoles,

Attempt to cut out SPURGEON?

But first a requisite you'll need

'Twill puzzle you to fish up;

For your secession to succeed,

You'll have to find a Bishop.

In the face of the Law, &c.

Debarred by Vatican Decrees,

All their gainsayers banning,

You fellows can't, as refugees,

Take service under MANNING.

Like bats you flit 'twixt birds and beasts,

In view of either erring,

Nor Protestants nor Popish Priests,

Fish, flesh, nor good red herring.

In the face of the Law, &c.

You know, if once you overstepped

Rome's fixed and rigid border,

That all of you would then be kept

Severely under order;

For pranks allowed no further scope,

Obedience forced to render;

No more himself each playing Pope,

But snubbed as a Pretender.

In the face of the Law, &c.

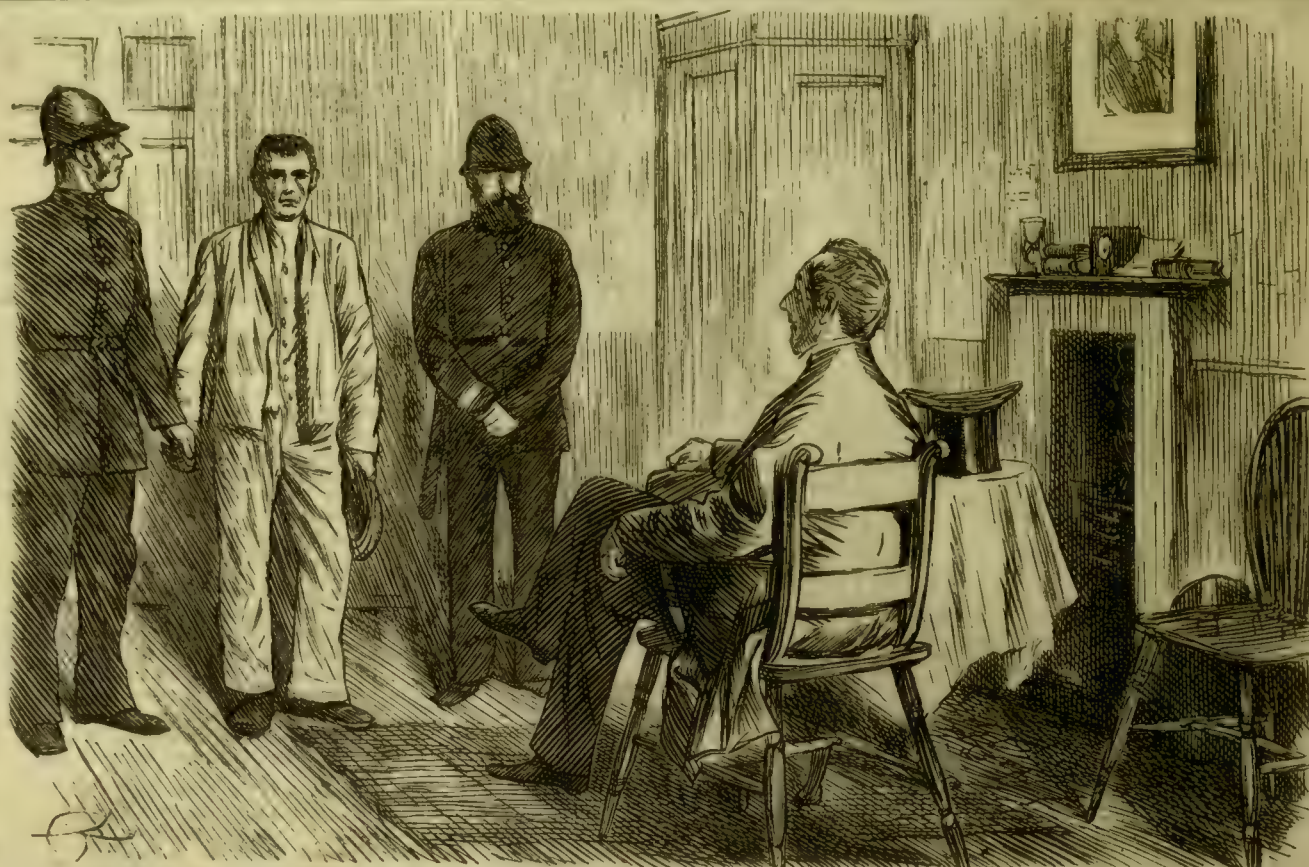
Not a Bad Interpretation.

Inquisitive Small Boy. Papa, what does
Fugitive mean?

Papa (Consulting Nuttall's Dictionary).

“Not tenable—not durable—volatile—
short-lived.”

Little Boy. Then, does Fugitive Slave
Circular mean Short-lived Slave Circular?



THE RULING PASSION.

Prison Chaplain (charged to report on Convict's religious Knowledge). "DO YOU KNOW THE COMMANDMENTS?"

Prisoner. "YES, SIR." Prison Chaplain. "SAY THE EIGHTH."

Prisoner (promptly). "THOU SHALT DO NO MANNER OF WORK; THOU, NOR THY SON, NOR THY DAUGHTER," &c.

A WORD FOR WALKER.

PERHAPS the hilarity as well as the utility of the "Spelling Bee" would be augmented by making it also a Pronouncing Bee, so as to combine rivalry in right speaking with competition in orthography. The President of the "Bee" to spell out the word which he invites the members to pronounce; it being also posted up before their eyes in large print. A Pronouncing Bee would probably afford the following amongst other no less elegant examples of popular utterance:—

"Ask"—ast, arsk, awsk, (*Cockney*) ax. "Basket"—barsket, bawsket. "Class"—clarse. "Master"—mawster, muster, measter (*rustic*). "Bad"—baud or bod (*superfine rustic*). "Bore"—baw (*superfine swell*). "Bull"—bul (*northern rustic*). "Pudding"—pud-ding, ud as in mud (*ditto*). "Common"—kimmon. "Cover"—kivver. "Creature"—creacher. "Curiosity"—curocity. "Ear"—year. "Here"—ear. "Draw"—drawr. "Law"—lawr. "Saw"—sawr (*Cockney*). "See"—zee (*rustic*). "Face"—veeace (*rustic*). "Grievous"—grievous. "Tremendous"—tremenjus. "Hand"—'and. "House"—'ouse. "Hour"—hour. "Honour"—honour. "Horse"—hoss, 'orse, 'oss. "I"—Oi (*northern rustic*). "Spaniel"—spannel. "Spirit"—sperrit. "Thanks"—thenks. "Time"—toime (*Cockney*). "More"—moor (*rustic*). "New"—noo. "Duty"—dooty. "Tuesday"—Chooseday, Toosday. "Tune"—toon. "Veal"—weal. "Vehicle"—wehicle. "What"—wot, vot. "When"—wen. "Which"—witch. "You"—yer.

The standard of reference at Spelling Bees has hitherto been too exclusively WEBSTER'S *Dictionary*—a gross insult to the shade of DR. JOHNSON. But surely due regard should now be paid to that other Lexicographer whose authority is held to have determined the speech as well as the spelling of our native tongue. It is the reverse of true that Spelling Bees are all "Walker." The operation of WALKER on the Spelling Bee would possibly effect a considerable diminution of the crime of clipping the QUEEN'S English, whereby the ears of the more cultivated classes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects are too commonly offended.

HYMN TO VICTORIA.

(After BEN JONSON.)

QUEEN or Empress, Lady fair,
Sovran of the swelling deep,
Who, in distant Orient air,
Dost the sway of nations keep?
Must we, changing style with scene,
Hail an Empress in our Queen?

Where the tiger haunts the glade,
Where the mystic Ganges flows,
Where we English, unafraid,
Govern friends who once were foes,
There thy power is felt, unseen,
There men bow to England's Queen.

Lay the imperial style apart;
Leave it to the lords of regions:
Queen in every English heart,
Be thou Queen in Eastern regions.
Keep thy style and state serene—
Who so great as India's Queen?

Beams in the Balance.

THERE is reason to believe that the "Imponderables" are about to be abolished. A distinguished Chemist has, if not mistaken, determined, by experiment, that Light at least is ponderable. At the Royal Institution, the other Friday evening, MR. CROOKES gave a lecture, in which he appears to have actually demonstrated the possibility of weighing a ray of Light. Now if Light has weight, the weight of Light in some quantity must be no light weight, and in that case, therefore, it is manifestly not a paradox to say that light is heavy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LADSTONE and LOWE v. Everybody Else; Spirited Policy v. Close Calculation of Per - Centages; Ratification of Suez Canal Bargain v. Repudiation of Same. Such was the triple issue very decisively settled (Monday, February 21) without any Division but that of the Opposition against itself.

DOCTOR LOWE should really be cautious how he uses his blistering ointment. It is a dangerously lively irritant, as may be inferred from its ingredients. To equal parts of penny wisdom, cynicism, and self-complacency add equal parts of wit, half-truth, and Oxford logic. Rub in hot, the wrong way of the hair; and stand clear of the patient's teeth and claws, or horns and hoofs, as the case may be. It has been known to set even Deputations kicking. No wonder that the British Lion and British Bull are not very patient under it. Nor are these high-spirited animals just now more in the mood for putting their heads into MR. GLADSTONE'S Economical Muzzle.

Not satisfied with Monday's discomfiture, the conscientious and energetic W. E. G. has since hung up his twenty-seven headed syllabus in the columns of the *Times*. There is much force, and we doubt not solid foundation, in his cross-questioning of the ministerial bargain from the pure Economist's point of view. But that is not the stand-

point from which JOHN BULL just now looks at it. He applauds a prompt act of "spirited policy,"—annoying as such a strange piece of perversity may be to MR. GLADSTONE—and persists in his "inflammatory approval" of MR. DISRAELI'S unprecedented *coup de bourse*. Nothing can show this so clearly as the hornet's nest MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE have brought about their ears, even from the friendly columns of their own Press, by their objections to the purchase. The course and conclusion of Monday night's debate gave Parliamentary proof of the same incontestable, however inexplicable, fact. MR. GLADSTONE must appeal from JOHN BULL "inflammatory" to JOHN BULL "condemnatory." That appeal cannot be yet set down for hearing; but it may come on.

Tuesday (Lords).—Patents Bill: same as last year's, but with only one class of Patents (for fourteen years) instead of two (one meant for "one-horse" Patents, to last half as long), and without the power to appoint professional referees, besides the Commissioners and Examiners of Patents, to sift the grounds of Patent claims—both changes for the worse, but said to be pressed on the Government *ab extra*. No sufficient reason, we are glad to learn on satisfactory authority, for the complaints of the Martini-Henry rifle as the soldier's shooting-iron.

(Commons.) First night with the Fugitive Slave Circulars.

MR. WHITBREAD—as by right hereditary—moved Resolutions involving immediate withdrawal of Number Two, without reference to the Commission's report.

MR. HANBURY moved a Resolution *contra*, to wait for the oracle from under the extinguisher.

Hence two nights of very long speeches; the lawyers having a good deal of the field to themselves, and expatiating freely, but as unable as their lay-fellows to reconcile the irreconcilable.

There is no denying the fact that LORD CLARENDON in 1870 wrote a letter that goes the whole length of Circular Number Two. Policy and public feeling, conscience and comity, the hearts of the British Public and British Officers, and the heads of departments, are all alike at odds in this unlucky matter.

"Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?" Why didn't Government leave the difficulty as it has been left till now—in the discretion of the British Captain? There seem to have been only six hitches concerning fugitive slaves in some thirty-six years; and better any number of such hitches than an official act of the Government tying the hands of British Naval Captains—discreet and indiscreet alike—from helping the slave out of his shackles.

Several speakers in the course of the two nights' talk recalled, with a sigh of regret, LORD MELBOURNE'S famous query—in a similar perplexity between conflicting courses with much to be said for each—"Why not let it alone?" It was a British Admiral (SIR J. HAY), who suggested the course *Punch* would have recommended, to await the Commission's Report, and meanwhile withdraw the Circular. Even staunch Conservatives prayed MR. DISRAELI to follow SIR JOHN HAY'S sensible advice. Of course, it isn't a party question; of course, Her Majesty's Government hates Slavery as much as Her Majesty's Opposition. But, unluckily, if a Member of H. M. O. moves Resolutions, and a Member of H. M. G. moves counter-Resolutions, the fight will become a party one in spite of everybody's teeth, and so it was here. Two nights' talk (Tuesday's and Thursday's) ended in a party division. Circular Number Two stands, and MR. WHITBREAD'S Resolutions are defeated by 45 (293 to 248), a few of the usual supporters of the Government holding aloof. A solitary "Act" of stout MAJOR O'GORMAN'S enlivened the long and wearisome two nights' discussion of humanity, internationality, and territoriality. The portly Major wound up with an impassioned allusion to his portly Dartmoor protégé, ARTHUR ORTON. What that obese impostor has to do with the Slave Circular is not clear, though, taking corpulence and captivity together, one does see an association of ideas between him and a circular slave. One thing must be said to the House's credit. There was less "cant" and "rant" than might have been expected on such a subject.

But whatever Commission may report, and Commons vote, *Punch* agrees with SIR HENRY JAMES that Circular Number Two is as dead as Circular Number One. The country, simply, will not stand it. It has "got to disappear," as our American cousins say—whether under the Commission's extinguisher, or what other device of Disraelitish ingenuity, matters not. "*Actum est!*"—i.e., in English—it won't act. No, Sir! it won't *wash*—except out.

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon. First instalment of the Home-Rule Bill-Budget—a plan of CAPTAIN NOLAN's to shift the control of County Finance from

Grand Juries to Boards elected by Twelve-pound Ratepayers—i.e., "out of the frying-pan into the fire."

The Irish Members had the fight to themselves; and the opponents of the Bill, led by MR. KAVANAGH—who has a Bill of his own for tinkering the frying-pan—had the best of it.

Then followed Home-Rule Measure Number Two, MR. BUTT'S Grand Jury Presentments Bill—knocked on the head after a refreshingly short struggle.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY introduced the Oxford Reform Bill. The Government of the University is to be put into Commission after 1877. Till then, if a House likes to put itself in order to the Commissioners' satisfaction it may do so. Funds for University needs are to be got by abolition of "Idle Fellowships," which ought to put £50,000 at the University's disposal at once, and four times as much eventually. The Marquis tried to make a distinction between "idle fellows" and "idle fellowships." What Colleges and Captains have to do is to get the idle "fellows" out of their "ships" as soon as may be.

Thursday's (Commons) Essence we have extracted in advance.

Friday (Lords).—THE LORD CHANCELLOR tried to prove that the New House of Lords' Court of Appeal would be the Old House of Lords—or that *perum concilium* = *Magnum Concilium*. What's in a name? LORD CAIRNS could answer *Juliet's* question.

Commons.—HOLMS of Hackney made a rash and ill-directed attack on the Militia and the Barrack System, and was very energetically and sensibly answered by MR. HARDY. Hackney readily suggests hobby; let not MR. HOLMS, though sitting for the one, take to riding on the other.

PHILOLOGY "IN SPORT."

It is agreeable to notice a praiseworthy effort to make the study of abstruse languages no longer a task and a drudgery, but a pastime and a pleasure. *A Sanskrit Handbook for the Fireside* has our cordial wishes for its success through many editions to come; and we hopefully look forward to a time when the language, dealt with in this very alluring manner, will have become as familiar as Irish or Scotch, Erse or Gaelic, to many a solitary student by his lonely hearth, to many a fair philologist in her comfortable chimney-corner.

We are betraying no secrets, abusing no confidence, in announcing that this help to Sanskrit is only the first of a series of Handbooks planned to while away odd moments and unconsidered minutes. The following pleasant little manuals may be expected to appear in due course:—

Garden Strolls among Greek Roots.

Chinese at Tea-time.

Arabic over a Cup of Coffee.

A Gujarati Handbook for the Easy Chair.

Siamese in the Summer House.

Hungarian: a Book for those who are kept waiting for Dinner.

How to study Polish while you are having your Boots blacked.

Tamil and Telugu: a Breakfast-in-Bed Book.

Turkish over a Pipe: a Bird's-eye view of the Language.

Anglo-Saxon in a Country Rumble.

Icelandic: a Book for the Chimney-Corner.

Half-Hours with the Hardest Languages.

SUN v. STEAM.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum*, a Frenchman "states that he has proved his position of being enabled to use sunshine as a motive power." This piece of scientific intelligence suggests three obvious corollaries:—

1. The employment of sunshine as a means of locomotion is altogether distinct from the extraction of that article from cucumbers.
2. Should a patent be taken out for the practical application of this discovery, it will be of but little value in the Metropolis, Manchester, and other large cities and towns, owing to the absence of the motive power for a considerable portion of the year.
3. It may be fairly assumed that within twelve months from this time some other sanguine projector will uphold the claims of another motive-power as equally efficacious—namely Moon-shine.

The Pope and the Pretender.

THE Carlist forces having been signally defeated at Vera, Estella, and Tolosa, DON CARLOS is told from the Vatican that, in the opinion of the Holy Father, "he ought to cease carrying on war in Spain now that there is no probability of his being successful." His Holiness, claiming to be the Vicergerent of Heaven, recognises the safety of siding with the big battalions.

MUSIC AND COOKERY.



A MEETING has been held at the Mansion House, the LORD MAYOR in the Chair, to aid the new National Training School for Music, about to be opened at Kensington, by the establishment of Free Scholarships. Several of these, the great Corporation, City Companies, and Common Councilmen, have undertaken to found. Not a word can be said against this laudable movement in the East, to promote harmony and the study of counterpoint and thorough bass in the West. But there is another educational institution, now in full operation at Kensington, which, we trust, will not be forgotten by City opulence, appealing as it must do to tastes and pursuits which, for many generations, have been cultivated with untiring energy and complete success to the East of Temple Bar. It can only be necessary to name the School of Cookery and its wants, to

prompt the most hospitable Corporation in the world; the Fishmongers, the Fruiterers, the Vintners, the Poulterers, the Cooks, and all the rest of the festive City Companies; and the genial Common Councilmen of Portsoken, Vintry, and every other ward in London, to endow, with loving care and affectionate liberality, an establishment in which they must all feel the deepest personal interest—thereby showing that while they are mindful of the wants of the larynx and the voice, they do not overlook the claims of the epigastrium and the appetite, and are as sensible of the pleasures of good eating, as they are alive to the delights of drinking in sweet sounds. Music has had a hearing at the Mansion House: we hope that Cookery also will soon receive proper attention in that congenial atmosphere.

QUESTION IN RULE OF THREE.

(For Vestries and Vestry Reformers.)

Pure and Mixed Mathematics. Time allowed, to December, 1876.

A GENTLEMAN of Florence writes to say that all the snow that fell in that City was rapidly carted away by hundreds of carts and flung into the Arno. Now, if a block of snow in front of my door, measuring four inches by four inches, weighs two and a half ounces, and can be compressed to one-third of its bulk (for snowballing), how many carts, and of what capacity, will be required to cart away all the snow lying in one mile of a London street fifty feet wide, the snow being four inches deep? Having found this, find how many carts, of the same capacity, will be required to do the same work for all the main thoroughfares of London, showing how they will get to their work, and how they will travel to the River with their loads, and back empty (traffic not to be suspended during this cartage).

Jenkins v. Jenkins.

THE JENKINS tribe, it seems, are fair

In contrariety to revel:

One JENKINS writes *The Devil's Chain*,*

Another holds there is no Devil.

'Twixt two such JENKINES, 'tis plain
Satan will find his proper level.

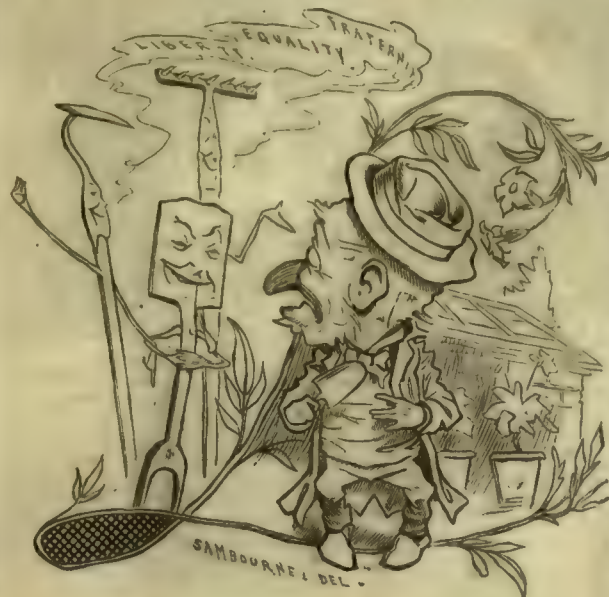
* See the drastic and didactic Temperance Novel, so called, by E. JENKINS, Esq., M.P. for Dundee.

An Old Rhyme.

(Adapted to a Modern Manta.)

Angelina. Fain would I rink, but that I fear to fall.
Edwin. You must risk "spillers," or not rink at all.

THE HARD-UP HORTICULTURISTS.



ET us give a tear to the sorrows of the poor Royal Horticultural Society! They were pathetically recounted by LORD ALFRED CHURCHILL, presiding at the adjourned annual meeting of the Fellows of that impecunious Corporation in their Council Room, South Kensington; and signally illustrate the auspiciousness of the *genius loci*. His Lordship stated that:—

"In the past year the income of the Society had been diminishing, and the rent of the Gardens had not been paid. The Royal Commissioners, however, had given the Society three years in order to enable them to raise their income up to £10,000 a year. Up to the present time they had only received £3,000, but still the year was young. If, however, the income was not raised in three years to £10,000, the Society could not any longer exist."

The report above and below quoted contains no

reference to any payment or delivery of prizes due to successful competitors at the Society's shows. Those debts may possibly have been paid, though rent is owing. But never say die!

"DR. ALFRED SMEB was of opinion that, no matter what they did, they could not damage the prestige of the Royal Horticultural Society."

No, indeed. The prestige of a Horticultural Society in arrears of rent for its grounds is past damaging.

"Although the Society might be short of funds, it would still rise again."

"Yes; in the meanwhile its motto may well be *Resurgam*—for how long? DR. SMEB continued:—

"They might do many things to raise the fortunes of the Society. They might have Skating Rinks and other attractions, but unless they kept to the cultivation of horticulture, they could never maintain the Gardens in their proper position."

At South Kensington? Is that a proper position for the Horticultural Gardens? And would not the position be more suitable for "Skating Rinks and other attractions" than for the "cultivation of horticulture"? If the "other attractions" included Skittles, the sad Horticulturists might, at least, have a chance of competing with the "Jolly Gardeners."

The Horticultural Society has had losses, personal as well as pecuniary. It has lost Fellows. There are some Societies that no Fellow can possibly be expected to remain in connection with; but, of course, it would be too much to say that the Royal Horticultural Society is one of those. A Fellow suggested an attempt to reclaim the Fellows they had lost:—

"He (MR. BOWRING) was exceedingly glad that the Council had come round to the views of the Fellows, and he would urge that it was of the highest importance that the Fellows who had been lost should be recovered to the Society. ('Hear, hear!') Let the Council make a special appeal to those Fellows to come back to their Society, and let there be a systematic house-to-house canvass in the neighbourhood."

"*De Paudace, de Paudace, et toujours de Paudace!*" appears to be the motto of bold MR. BOWRING. What cheek a Fellow—any Fellow—must have to propose sending round the Hat on behalf of the Royal Horticultural Society! Systematically, too, from house to house in the neighbourhood! Would not that expedient be a little less unlikely to answer in a remoter district wherein the Concern on which residents are solicited to bestow their charity is less known than the R. H. S. is at South Kensington?

THE TURNER'S "TIP" TO THE CITY COMPANIES.

"I desire that each of these local institutions may thrive and prosper on that only basis on which anything can permanently thrive and prosper—namely, the steady and careful performance of its duties. . . . So far from desiring their abolition, what I cordially desire is their development and expansion in an application to duties that are of the greatest importance to the country. . . . It is not for an infant to advise adults. . . . The main difficulty, no doubt, is the change of circumstances; but if we look to the original duties of these ancient Guilds, we shall find in most instances they have disappeared, and you do not know where to find them. There is required for full conformity to the purposes of these Companies, a change in the form in which their energies and resources were to be applied. . . . A great mass of new wants have come into existence. . . . The necessity of falling back upon our ingenuity, and developing our resources, has become greater and greater. . . . Professional and technical training is wanted by most of the various classes of our artisans. . . . and all these classes are, as it were, knocking at your doors, and asking what help you can give them."—MR. GLADSTONE to the Turners' Company.

GREAT City Guilds, what think you, pray,
Of the new Turner's "basis"?
Affairs are entering, one would say,
Upon a novel phasis.

"New wants," indeed! the "want to know"
Which Brother GLADSTONE starts with—
Is this the sort of thing to go
And trouble Civic hearts with?

This Woodman deals a sturdy stroke
Stark strength with skill combining.*
Duty with him is not a joke,
Or synonym for dining.
A guest extremely kind and nice
To have within your border,
Who gives you neatly-veiled advice
To—set your house in order!

Not JONES's gush nor COTTON's sneer
Will this stern Woodman soften.
For turning!—well, his foes, I fear,
Deem he's done that too often.
But when he spots a Upas tree,
And thinks it ripe for axeing,
To turn *him* were a task, pardie!
Titanic muscles taxing.

And yet this "infant's" cool advice
Perhaps is worth revolving;
Ere the new Turner thinks his thrice
And reaches to resolving;
Or other chopper-wielders rise
To mark your trees with "blazes,"
And tell home-truths to Companies
In less mellifluous phrases.

For these are days when revenue
Entails responsibility;
Big trusts are left to very few
To toy with in tranquillity.
Commissions sometimes take by storm
Strongholds of Corporation;
And then the "rude hand of Reform"
Works wondrous tribulation.

Neglected duties, funds too fat,
And interests sly and sinister—
Which he so gently hinted at,
Our fluent ex-Prime Minister,—
Are not the things to buoy a barque
When storm to storm seems beckoning:
How would it be, to build an ark
Against a day of reckoning?

Those duties of each ancient Guild,
To which old Charters bind them,
Most surely ought to be fulfilled
Wherever search may find them.
And if Time's metamorphosis
Have blurred their very traces,
One thing is certain, and 'tis this—
New ones must take their places!

Trade interests alone may yield
Full scope for all your vigour.
To bring Art-work into the field,
And put down rogues with rigour,
Are tasks to tax your cash and skill;
Since some who look upon her
Fear Britain's course must be down-hill,
Till scamped work brings dishonour.

Shrink not from Satire's friendly whip,
Nor pose yourselves as martyrs;
But take, in time, the Turner's "Tip,"
And overhaul your Charters.
Pageants, brave halls, and sumptuous
feeds,
Mean but vulgar ostentation;
Trade and the Time have larger needs
Which claim consideration!

* "A poet, whose works are now three thousand years old, in one of his immortal lines has told the world that the excellence of a Woodman lieth not in his strength, but in his skill."—MR. GLADSTONE.

SYLLABUS AND SUEZ.

MR. GLADSTONE has sent the newspapers a "Syllabus" of questions on the Suez Canal shares purchase. A Syllabus from the Author of *Vaticanism*! What more could have been expected from the Vatican itself? Is WILLIAM going also to proclaim himself infallible?



AN OLD KING BY A NEW NAME.

Tymkyns. "GOOD MORNING! A—A—I WANT A COSTUME OF HENRY THE FOURTH OF ENGLAND, IF YOU PLEASE!"

La belle Costumière (affably, but not without a touch of scorn). "EXCUSE ME, SIR! HENRY THE EIGHTH OF ENGLAND! HENRY THE FOURTH WAS A FRENCH KING!"

The Costumier (solving the difficulty). "PARKINS! PAR-KINS!!"

(Voice in the distance. "YES, SIR!")

The Costumier. "BRING DOWN THE 'ANGRY CAT!'"

[He must have meant "HENRI QUATRE," but that was what he said.]

CHAIRS BEHIND COUNTERS.

As a rule, when a customer enters a Draper's shop, an Assistant hands that customer a chair. That is, if you are a Lady, or a being of the lower sex at ladies' heels. Not if only a Man, come shopping simply on your own account. Male customers never have chairs offered them. The Shopmen know that the man will be suited immediately. He will choose what he wants out of any assortment of articles at a glance. Man, in making purchases, of draperies at least, does not compare, deliberate, and judge. It is not his nature to. He will buy and be off. He won't sit down for an hour, or even a minute. He does not want a chair, not he.

However, chairs are at his elbow, plenty, before the counter. But there are none behind it. There, those who serve stand. The Female Assistants stand, as well as the Shopmen, and have to stand all day. A Lady, who at farthest will probably not exceed three hours in choosing a silk or a muslin, has a seat provided for her; but the Female Assistant, to say nothing of the Shopman, who serves her, must keep on her legs not only while attending on customers, but even whilst unoccupied, from early morning till late at night. There is no sitting at the receipt of custom for her; no sitting for anybody but the Cashier. Why does this particularly brutal and barbarous arrangement exist? "It is said that this custom has to a certain extent been adopted out of deference to the supposed wishes of customers." So we learn from a Circular signed by a number of Ladies resident in Bristol, Clifton, and the neighbourhood, deprecating the regulation by which Female Assistants in shops are "obliged to stand so many hours continuously," to the detriment of their comfort and health. These are their words:—

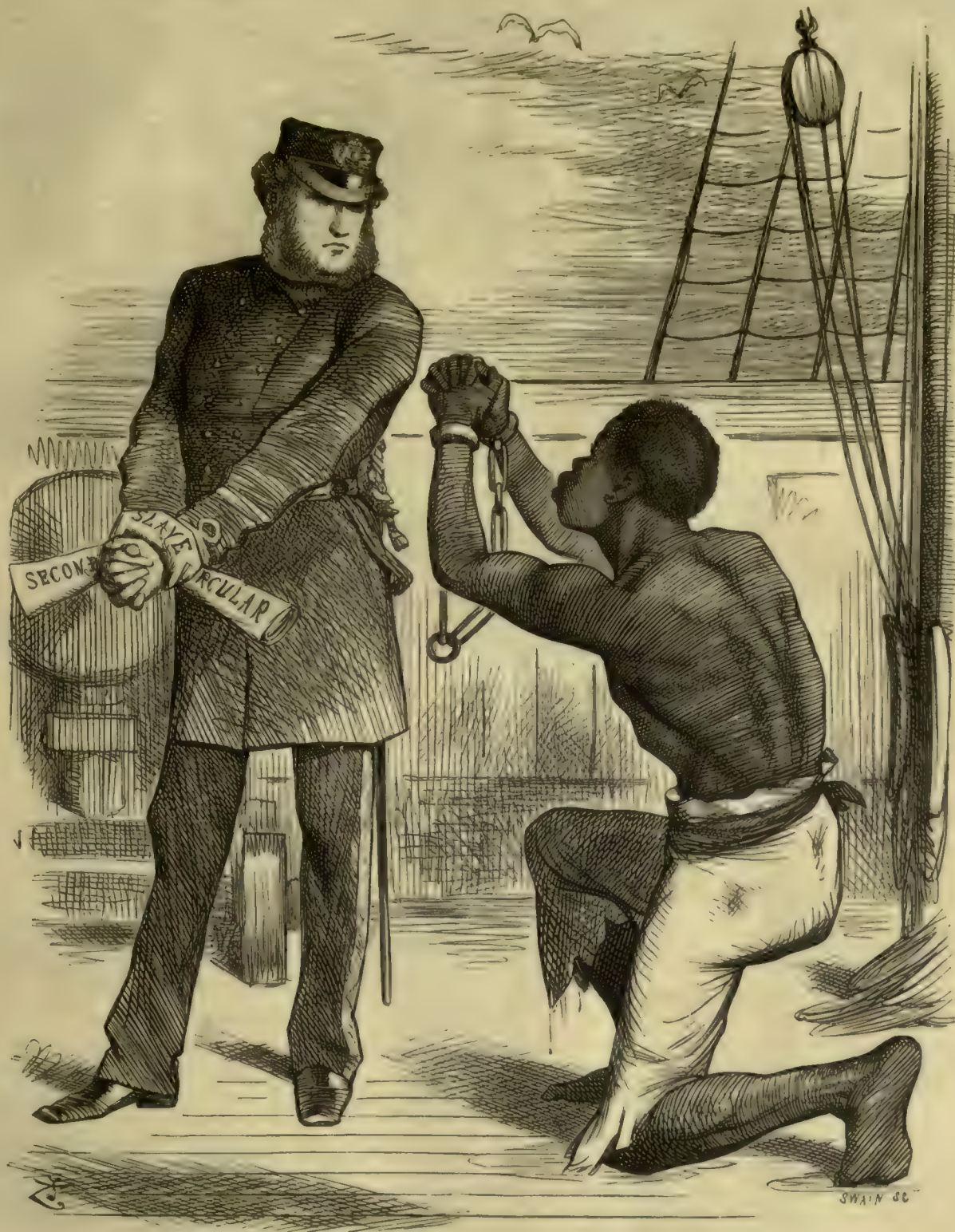
"Without any desire to interfere unduly in business arrangements, but solely out of sympathy with those of our own sex, we beg to submit to the Masters of all retail shops in which women are employed as Assistants, that it

would very much add to our comfort when we are making our purchases, if we saw these young women relieved from this unnecessary strain upon their constitution, by seats being provided for them, and permission given to sit and take a few minutes' rest at the various intervals, in which, as we believe, they might, when not serving, do so without neglecting the interests of their employers."

This appeal, though addressed to all Shopkeepers who employ Female Assistants, chiefly concerns Drapers. The Philosopher, detained in a Draper's shop, and looking around him, is generally struck with the pallid, hectic, pasty, flabby, and otherwise unwholesome visages of the Assistants, male and female. Of the latter even he may often grieve to notice that not a few have partially lost their hair, so that their heads present here and there appearances similar to the half-worn mop, or long-abandoned crow's-nest. He feels that all this is partly owing to the vitiated air of the shop, always peculiarly stuffy, though made so by emanations from sources worse than stuffs, and he sees that the injurious effect of a bad atmosphere is greatly aggravated by having to stand in it all day long.

The considerate Ladies who beg that Shopwomen may be allowed seats, add the suggestion that all shops might advantageously "be closed at a much earlier hour than is now the case." They truly observe that—"The chief thing wanted is unanimity among the Masters." An initiative is needful to render people unanimous who are not so yet. Might it not be judiciously taken by any enterprising man of business, master of Female Assistants? He would surely find it at least a safe "spec" to combine enterprise with humanity. Who will risk it? "Seats behind the Counter"—would not this be a taking legend in a shop-window amongst the scrolls that teach us to come and buy? Of all attractive labels announcing the "novelties of the season," would not this be the Ticket?

NEW NOVEL.—*Angry Livers.* By the Author of *Cross Lights.*



MEN AND BROTHERS!!

FUGITIVE SLAVE. "TAKE THESE OFF!"

CAPTAIN, R.N. "HOW CAN I?—WITH *THIS* ON?"



THE END OF THE

WORLD

EAST AND WEST.

Punch to the MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN.



ELCOMÉ, Wise RAJAH OF
BURDWAN!
From the far heart of
Hindustan,
Is this kind gift you send.
Punch, pink of Western
courtesy,
Feels it his part to make
reply
To England's Eastern
Friend.

These medals, sent from
East to West,
When hung upon each
boyish breast,
Will tell the stirring
story,
How British lads could
play the man,
And how a Prince of Hin-
dostan
Could see, and swell,
their glory.

Punch thanks you in the
youngsters' name.
"Such deeds are not of
local fame,"

Your Highness says, and rightly.
Yet none the less their thanks are due
To one who proves that dictum true,
So promptly and politely!

Such deeds, such words, do much to knit
Far lands; when diplomatic wit
Proves the more strained the duller:
The "touch of Nature" everywhere
Knits hearts that feel and hands that dare—
In spite of creed and colour.

Be sure our boys will wear with pride
These tokens from the Orient side
Of Britain's empire spacious—
From one you courteously call
"Their fellow subject," in Bengal—
Kind thought, and impulse gracious!

We serve one Lady—EMPRESS—QUEEN,—
Mere title matters not, I ween,
While we are friends, not foemen.
Though Critics carp, though Statesmen jar,
Burdwan, from her oasis far,*
Sends words of pleasant omen.

* ("Burdwan is one of the most productive territories of India, and being environed by jungles, appears like a garden surrounded by a wilderness." The Rajah's gift of silver medals to the boyish heroes of the *Goliath* is one of the pleasantest passages ever recorded between England and India.)

UNITED AT LAST.*

A Novelette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.

CHAPTER I.—All Wrong!

"Don't speak to me," said FRANCES. "I cannot bear to think of it. Your Master did not come back to-day, and I do not expect to see him to-morrow."

She was a pretty, pouting young wife. Her complexion was cream-coloured, and her eyes a glorious hazel. When she smiled her face became as bright as a sunbeam; but now, as she reclined on her easy-chair, there was a curl about the ends of her rosy mouth telling of great distress of mind. The expression of anxiety was out of place on that sweet, trusting countenance. So thought the faithful ATALANTA.

"You will find it will come all right, Mum, in the end," observed the faithful creature. "Take my word for it—it will all come right."

* So many stories are published now-a-days without a purpose, that Mr. Punch has no hesitation in presenting his readers with a tale having a very high purpose indeed—the spread of the science of Cookery. The style of its popular Author is so patent in every line that it is unnecessary to divulge his name.

"I have done my best to make my home comfortable for his sake," continued the Mistress of the house; and her lip trembled. "I have clothed the walls in blue-green tints, and hung up any amount of delft and Persian plates. All the furniture is artistically ugly and aesthetically uncomfortable; and, to please him, I have changed your name from BETSY to ATALANTA, because I thought it sounded more refined."

"Indeed you have, Mum," replied the faithful creature.

"And yet he does not come!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth when a loud knock was heard at the front door. The two women looked at one another as women will when they feel their hearts in their mouths. Then FRANCES clapped her hands with joy, and ATALANTA glided gracefully out of the room to attend to the visitor. In a moment more a hurried step was heard on the stairs, the curtain barring the entrance to the boudoir was thrust aside, and husband and wife were locked in one another's arms. And then they began to talk. He was full of conversation. He gave her a *précis* of all the leaders in the daily papers, and read many articles from the *Law Times*, the *Engineer*, and the *Economist*.

"I could listen to you for hours," at last she said; adding, with a smile, "Indeed, I have done so. But I want so very much to ask you a question, dear."

"Nay, nay, pretty trifter," he replied hurriedly, but affectionately, "you really *must* hear this. Listen!"

And then he read, from beginning to end, the last number of the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*. She listened with a half-smile upon her lips, but there was a feeling of anxiety at her heart—at her heart of hearts.

"You must tell me," she said gently, but firmly, "why you did not return to dinner?"

"Did I not?" he murmured, absently.

"O EDWIN, you know you did not."

He blushed up to the roots of his hair. He felt that his evasion was regarded as a subterfuge.

"You are right," he said, at last—and there was a hard, cold expression about his eyes as he spoke—"I did not return to dinner."

She was all of a flutter, and the tears gathered in her eyes. In a moment she was clasped to her husband's heart.

"O my darling!" he cried, "we have been married only six weeks, and yet a shadow has arisen between my loved one and myself: a shadow bringing with it agony and remorse: a shadow horrible and palpable."

She was cold and pale now, but she replied, calmly, "You mean the shadow of dinner?"

He buried his face in his hands, and was silent.

"EDWIN, my love, my angel," she said, softly, "before we part for ever—for part we must if the Club claims you daily for its own. Nay, do not interrupt me, darling. I repeat, before we part let me ask you, is there *no* hope?"

He was silent for a moment. Then he wiped away a few tell-tale drops of moisture from his eyes. Then he sighed heavily, and produced a newspaper.

"Only this," he said. "Take it!" He moved towards the doorway. When he reached the curtains he turned round and cried, with a voice trembling with emotion, "My darling, O my darling, I leave my dinner in your hands. Let us forget the past in a glorious future."

As he disappeared she began to read the paper he had left with her. A passage was marked. The marked passage contained a report of a Lecture upon Cookery delivered by MR. BUCKMASTER at High Wycombe.

Soon her eyes glistened and her cheeks became rosy. "At last I know the way," she murmured—"at last I know the way. And now for ATALANTA."

She rang the bell, and soon the faithful creature was closeted with her Mistress. At the end of the conversation the Mistress kissed the servant, as women will under the impulse of a joy too great to bear single-handed.

(To be continued.)

Two Paragraphs.

News from India:—

"It is not very improbable that, before long, Burmese women will be employed as land surveyors in the Amherst district."

The champions of Women's Rights are in high spirits, and parade enlightened Burmah as an example to prejudiced England.

News from St. Petersburg:—

"An official ukase forbids the exercise of the functions of barrister by women."

The champions of Women's Rights are in low spirits, and use harsh language about poor benighted Russia.



A SUGGESTION IN BLACK AND WHITE.

OUR ARTIST BEGS RESPECTFULLY TO SUGGEST THAT WHITE EVENING SUITS MIGHT WITH ADVANTAGE BE ADOPTED BY GENTLEMEN DURING THE COMING SEASON. BLACK SHIRTS MIGHT ALSO BE WORN, IF CONTRAST OF COLOUR IS DESIRED.

[N.B.—Our Artist will have to draw a good many Evening Suits in the course of the coming Season, and probably grudges the labour of imparting the proper amount of blackness to them.—ED.]

REAL "FASTING GIRLS."

THE announcement of "Another Fasting Girl," which is going the round of the papers does not interest *Mr. Punch*. He is far more concerned for the poor fasting girls whose total earnings for a week's work of eight hours a day only amount to three or four shillings. There is certainly something of "the miraculous" in the fact that these unfortunate creatures manage to keep body and soul together; rather more wonderful, thinks *Mr. Punch*, than that a girl should be able to lie in bed and sustain life by the "moistening of her lips with wine, brandy, &c." "Moistening" is a convenient word, and "&c." is a wide term. A little wine and brandy, and a few "*etceteras*" would often save the life of an over-worked sempstress, whose "fasting" had become a matter of cruel necessity.

If our readers wish to have brought home to them a real and recent case of this sadder order of "fasting girls," let them read, mark, and digest this brief record, from last Thursday's morning papers:—

"Last evening, *MR. BEDFORD* held an inquest at St. Martin's Vestry-hall, Charing Cross, respecting the death of *ADA FILE*, an unmarried woman, aged twenty-two years. From the evidence it appeared that

deceased and an elder sister lived in one room in Chandos Street. Since the death of their mother, who died recently, they have gained a precarious livelihood by needlework. The deceased was at work all Saturday night and Sunday morning. At about half-past five on Sunday morning, she gave a sudden shriek, and fell back in her chair, and died almost immediately. The medical evidence showed that the body was extremely emaciated, and the stomach was completely empty. All the internal organs were healthy, with the exception of the right side of the heart, which was dilated. Death arose from the failure of the action of the heart, produced by over work and long abstinence from solid food. The Coroner said it was a sad case, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence."

"EMPRESS" V. "QUEEN."

WHEN *CÆSAR* shirked the kingly name,
And reigned as "*Imperator*,"
The choice implied no higher aim—
None deemed that title greater.

With anxious care he shunned the style
That Roman pride offended—
Content the "*cives*" to beguile,
And rule through forms less splendid.

What though that daring Soldier's sway,
Through scores of rogues transmitted,
Enslaved Old Europe, from the day
When Roman freedom flitted;

And, age by age, that name accurst
Has still, from first to latest,
Implied of Monarchies the worst,
But ne'er with us the greatest;—

What though the phantom of a Past
With crime and folly teeming,
Was, for a wonder, doomed to last
In faint imperial seeming,

Until this shadow of a shade,
A tyrant's views offending,
Like some old ghost, at length was laid
By *NAP*'s resolve unbending* ;—

What though this empty name, the scorn
Of honest right and freedom,
In apish mimicry is borne
By those who little heed 'em ;—

Let mushroom dynasties that spring
From spoil and usurpation,
To this, as to each emblem cling
Of lawless domination.

For us, though now we go to school
Where crazy *Crotchet*'s mission
Seems to be to subvert old rule
Of History or Tradition—

Still "King" or "Queen" from earliest
days,
To British understanding,
A sense of rank supreme conveys,
That brooks no rash expanding.

Symbol august of regal state,
With Freedom's spirit blended ;
Can title so securely great
Be altered or amended?

* On the compulsory abdication of *FRANCIS THE SECOND*, the last of the Emperors of the old Holy Roman Empire, which was broken up by *NAPOLEON*'s conquests.

MERCY TO ANIMALS.

THE Baring reign has come to an end in India. Let us hope, thanks to the joint influence of *FLOWER* and common sense, it will not be resumed in London.



"DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

Near-Side Passenger. "HE EVIDENTLY WANTS TO RACE YOU."

Driver (disdainfully). "BUT YOU DON'T SUPPOSE FOR A MOMENT, SIR, THAT I'M A-GOIN' TO RACE WITH ONE O' THEM TWPENNY YALLERS?"

THE FATAL TWENTY-NINTH.

"MR. FITZ MILLION presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and would be glad to know from the Universal Monitor of Mankind what to do with these letters, all of which he found on his breakfast-table on the morning of the 29th of February."

Mr. Punch's reply was laconic: "Burn them." As there were about five hundred, they will make a pretty bonfire.

MR. FITZ MILLION is twenty-two, and has just inherited his worthy old father's vast property. He is emphatically—

"A marriageable man, with plenteous cash."

Mr. Punch selects three letters as fair samples of the terrifying mass.

I.

DEAR MR. FITZ MILLION,

How I wish I knew your Christian name! I dreamt it was FERDINAND. Is it? I have seen you driving four-in-hand, like Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun. Your hair is golden, like that Deity's. O happy Leap Year, in which, without maiden shame, I can tell you that I love you!

I am poor, but poetical. I make my own costumes—why should I blush to own it?—but I am divinely beautiful. Your ecstatic love will decorate me with the most resplendent apparel and the costliest gems, will it not, dear FERDINAND? O fly to my arms, most adorable of heroes!

Your impatient, impassioned,
AMANDA BLOGG.

II.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HEAR that you have inherited large property, and I propose to take the control of it in the interests of Science. This being Leap Year, I have a right to make you a matrimonial proposal, which of course you will not refuse. You are, I am told, extremely ignorant; but you are very young, and as I do not suffer from either the one

HARD-BOILED EGGS.

"The answer to the Andrassy Note was ready on Wednesday, but was kept some days awaiting the approval of the SULTAN, who was ill with cholera from having eaten eighteen hard eggs at one meal, and could not be communicated with."—*Constantinople Correspondent.*

GREAT SULTAN, stubborn 'gainst attacks,
Diplomacy attention begs,
While you digestion over-tax,
By this excess in hard-boiled eggs.

Look, where your Rayahs evil-starred
Oppression's cup drain to the dregs,
And think your yoke on them lies hard,
As on you yolks of hard-boiled eggs.

From scorn, wrong, robbery, grant them rest,
As Russ, Pruss, Austrian, JOHN BULL begs,
And you'll find easier to digest
Hard-worded notes than hard-boiled eggs;

Lest when Al Sirat's narrow bridge
You cross with rather shaky legs,
Your subjects speed you o'er the ridge
With, "Allah bless those hard-boiled eggs!"

AN ÆSOP'S FABLE.

(Re-written.)

A CERTAIN Actor was tried and condemned for murdering a Moorish Captain in the employment of the Venetian Republic. On his way to the place of execution, he requested, as a last favour, that he might be allowed to shake hands with his Critics, who followed in the crowd, weeping. The favour was granted, but in this act of apparent cordiality the condemned man contrived to twist out of joint the pen-fingers of the Critics' hands.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed the bystanders. "Will you, at this awful moment, add yet another to your catalogue of crimes, that you treat thus your best friends and advisers?"

"Not so," replied the condemned man. "If these Gentlemen had not told me when I was a beginner that I was a happy mixture of ROSCIUS, BETTERTON, GARRICK, KEMBLE, and KEAN, I might never have come to this unhappy fate!"

Moral—superfluous.

or the other misfortune, I shall be able to educate you, so far as a mere masculine intellect is capable of development.

To devote your wealth to the noble pursuits of Science will be a grand enterprise. Money is very needful for great experiments. To find DARWIN's missing link it is only requisite to keep a few thousand apes of different species, and select such of their offspring as show a tendency toward manhood. This is one of many valuable experiments in which, as the husband of my natural selection, you will be privileged to aid me. I have tried it on with others of your sex in preceding Leap Years. You succeed to their chance on the Darwinian principle of survival of the fittest. You will, of course, call at once. I remain at home to receive you.

PRISCILLA GURBINS,

Professor of Anthropology, University of Laputa.

III.

Πανδαυτῶν Ἐπὶ,
How daring he grows

In the year that's bissextile, when fun overflows!

Ἀδαντ' Ἀποδότην

Is equally flighty,

And won't give us maidens a minute's repose.

Nummus aureus est

By no means a pest,

If you know how to spend it with wisdom and zest:

So dear MR. FITZ,

If keen are your wits,

In CHLOE, M.A., you at once will invest.

Girton College.

Such are the dangers of Leap Year. MR. FITZ MILLION (whose name is not FERDINAND) did well to ask our friendly advice.

A COMMON CLERICAL SCANDAL.—A Bachelor Rector with a Family Living.



MUCH IN THE SAME LINE.

Chinamanias (on the prowl, with an eye to prey). "HAVE YOU GOT ANY OLD CROCKERY, MY GOOD WOMAN?"
Old Woman (suspiciously). "CROCKERY, INDEED! WHAT DO YOU GIVE FOR RABBIT-SKINS?"

ON A POLITICAL ZOILUS.

(LOWE v. *High Policy*.)

THERE's a scholarly Statesman who wields a keen wit,
 Like a rapier polished, and pungent of point;
 You might warrant that wonderful swordsman would hit
 In a dragon-fly's armour the tiniest joint.
 The Gushers and Foggers fight shy of that blade,
 The Wind-Bags all shrink from its pitiless prick,
 And fools at the flash of it slink to the shade,
 Double-Quick!

But so keen is his eye, and so sure is his hand,
 That to pry and to prod grow his only delight.
 For sentiment—pooh! 'tis a mountebank's wand,
 And policy—nothing but conjuror's sleight.
 Small prudence, thinks he, based on *L. s. and d.*,
 Backed by cynical sneer and discourteous snub,
 Is the *Ægis* of State. But JOHN BULL can't agree;
 There's the rub!

The spy-glass and scalpel are all very well,
 But a microscope's useless for watching the stars;
 And the blade that's a boon when it cuts up a "sell,"
 When it pricks little holes in big policy, mars.
 We are not wholly governed by ledger-law yet;
 And the pitiful prudence that fain would have shrunk
 From a right royal risk, *Punch* declares—with regret—
 Looks like—funk!

A New Shakspeare Reading.

Adapted to the Times.

"ALL the world's a Rink,
 And all the men and women merely skaters."

A DELICATE SITUATION.

MR. PUNCH.

As the Pantomimes are nearly over, I shall soon be out of place, and what do you think of my applying for the situation following?

WANTED, a Christian Person who has seen better days, and would value a kind home more than high wages, as NURSE in a private family.

I'm a rare hand 'at nursing (ask *Pantaloon* if I'm not), and, though I'm often heard to exclaim "Oh, what a day we're having!" I don't at all mind owning that I've seen many better. People who have seen me steal a baby, and then thump it on the floor, or treat it like a football, may entertain a doubt if I can be "a Christian person;" but people who in these days expect to find a servant who will work for them for kindness' sake, and next to nothing wages, may expect their advertisement to be treated as a joke, and answered by—

A CLOWN.

Music of the Future.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH is going to give something more than his Patronage to the New National Musical Training School of Kensington. His Royal Highness, we hear, contemplates giving Lectures on the National Wind Instrument of Scotland, with personal illustrations on the Bagpipes. Of course there will be a Bagpipe Scholarship to add to the fleet of scholar-ships already announced. The question as to "who will pay the piper" has not yet been answered. Doubtless, H.R.H., as England's Sailor Prince, will also throw in a Hornpipe Scholarship. The lucky winner of both honours will be known as Kensington Bag-and-Hornpiper to H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, by Appointment. So far, the prospects of the New National Musical Training School are magnificent!

THE WORST SLAVE CIRCULAR (*By a Brute of a Bachelor*).—The Wedding-Ring.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EBUKE, more pungent than Peers' pepper usually is (*Monday, Feb. 28*), was administered by LORD CARNARVON (*Lords*) to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, for his premature condemnation of Authorities and Army in our late Straits' shindy. LORD STANLEY should have waited till the Papers were before Parliament.

(*Commons.*)—MR. BIGGAR looked smaller on the collapse of his *coup* at the ROTHSCHILDS. The only one of that name now in the House, SIR NATHANIEL, is not a member of the Mighty Firm, and so has no disqualifying interest in the Suez Canal bargain. It is a pity that MR. BIGGAR did not ask the one question before the other.

MR. GOSCHEN stirred the *Vanguard* mess, with its accompanying messes, the Admiralty Minute on the finding of the one Court-martial that was held, and the Admiralty mistake in refusing the two Courts-martial that ought to have been held.

MR. WARD HUNT defended himself after his wont, blunderingly, but in perfect good faith. He did not seem even to see the point of MR. GOSCHEN's attack—that in over-riding the Court-martial's censure of one of his own colleagues by an Admiralty Minute, he was exposing a good and gallant officer to the most unfavourable imputations. Also that a Court-martial on ADMIRAL TABLETON and CAPTAIN HICKLEY, so far from a hardship, would have been the greatest boon to both. The Service, differing on every other point in the case, agrees in dissatisfaction at the withholding of full public inquiry into the conduct of the two officers exonerated by the Admiralty Minute, and this without reference to their deserts in the case.

That is about the upshot of the long night's talk. Even MR. WARD HUNT must, one would think, have got the true *gravamen* of his own blunder beaten into him by this time. It is true, his power of resisting the ram of reason is amazing. Talk of iron-clads!

A snug job (creation of a Chief Civil Service Commissionership at £2000 a-year, for LORD HAMPTON, *et. seventy*) rudely questioned, and all but upset. Too bad. Aren't there two Commissioners to do the work, and hasn't LORD H. earned a retreat for his old age?

Tuesday (Lords).—Second Reading of LORD CAIRNS' BILL, bringing the law as to Crossed Cheques into accordance with mercantile practice, out of which a recent judgment has rudely shaken it. A cheque crossed "& Co.," may be paid through any banker. But any one who takes a cheque specially crossed with a banker's name—except that banker—does it at his peril.

LORD SANDHURST led an attack on Knightsbridge Barracks. But they have got to be re-erected. The site is pronounced, on high authority, the best for strategic purposes—if the Guards should ever have to do bloodier duty than guard the line of route for a procession—*quod Di avertant*. Besides, the Duke assures us that the healthiest cavalry barracks are those where men's rooms are over horses' stables. Troopers so lodged are not so liable to chills as when they pass, heated, from detached stables to gusty barrack-rooms. The ammoniaical odours, we presume, they get used to. Nay, perhaps we shall be told these are medicinal. Did not an elderly carcase-butcher tell the Smithfield Committee that if ever he felt a little "queer in his inside" he used to go and inhale the odours from the grating of one of the Smithfield sewers, and it always brought him round better than any physio? *Odor equi—like odor lucii—bonus est.*

(*Commons.*)—The brisk Baronet of Chelsea gave the House a delightful night's rattling sport over the "unreformed Corporations." There were some hundred little burrows left untouched when the municipal rats were smoked out of the bigger boroughs. It was intended, no doubt, to bring the sulphur and the ferrets to these lesser holes, after the big ones were cleansed and set in order; but this latter work took more time and energy than was calculated, and so the

venerable rottenness of these cosy retreats of antiquated corruption was spared to exercise the Chelsea Baronet's keen taste for ferreting. Last year he turned his ferret into the burrows of New Romney, Queensborough, and Woodstock. This year the sport is spread through Sussex, the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. Shall *Punch* wrong DUKE by picking the plums out of his pudding? No. Let our readers go to his speech if they would enjoy the amazing "bag" of musty abuses and venerable villainies his sharp eye and keen scent have brought to light. Never was there such an unearthing of vermin since the Pied Piper of Hamelin charmed the rats into the Weser, and did not earn the blessing of the Corporation.

MR. CROSS undertakes the future ferreting in these well-stocked preserves; and SIR CHARLES leaves the sport in his hands. The vermin should have been unearthed, and their rotten old burrows cleared out, forty years ago—but better late than never.

Wednesday.—Another Irish afternoon. By doubling the usual number of Parliamentary sponsors to a Bill, the Irish Managers have doubled their chances on the ballot for days. So we are in for a good allowance of Irish Bills. *En revanche* the English Members seem disposed to leave Irishmen all the talk on Irish business.

The Great O'GORMAN moved to assimilate Irish to English municipal franchise. It would be more to the purpose, if we could, to assimilate the English municipal franchise to the Irish—of £10 rating. As it is, having made the mistake of severing municipal taxation from representation, in our own Corporations Reform Bill, we should be cruel to do Ireland the same bad turn.

The Bill was thrown out by 176 to 148, a narrow majority under the circumstances.

Thursday (Lords).—Second Reading of the Ecclesiastical Offices and Fees Bill. Offices are to be amalgamated, staffs reduced, fees diminished, vested interests preserved or compensated, £10,000 a year saved out of more than four times that amount, and, with all this, a salary to be screwed out of the surplus for the new Judge under the Public Worship Regulation Act. All facts about fees are the better for sharp sifting—and those about Ecclesiastical Fees are particularly likely to repay investigation. So *Punch* can't pretend to be sorry that the Bill was referred to a Select Committee.

(*Commons.*)—Army Conversation and Army Estimates.

HARDY (*aujourd'hui*)—tackles his hard task like a man. He gallantly speaks up for the Knightsbridge Barracks, site—echoing the DUKE. The road is to be widened when the barracks are rebuilt. He increases the pay of noncommissioned officers and rank and file. He has settled a scheme of deferred pay, both for the line and the reserve, calculated to check desertion, and to bring the reserve-men up to the colours. He speaks, and thinks, hopefully of our recruits, and gives very good reasons for so speaking and thinking; and he has done his best to content the Medical Service and attract to its ranks the strength now wanting. Altogether HARDY shows cause for the extra half-



THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

Paterfamilias (dismally, to Uncle John, who has called to ask the young People to dine, and go to the "Play"). "WELL, WE'VE RATHER A SICK HOUSE! FACT IS, WE'VE BEEN RINKING A GOOD DEAL LATELY. MATILDA HAS DAMAGED HER KNEE-CAP; GRACE HAS GOT A BLACK EYE AND LOST SOME OF HER TEETH; GEORGE HAS SPRAINED HIS WRIST; AND FRED'S IN BED WITH A COMMUNUTED FRACT—"
Servant (at the Door). "DR. SPLINTER, MUM!!!" [Tableau!]

million he asks for. If the figure-head of the Navy were carved out of the same stuff as the *ex-officio* head of the Army, it would be all the better both for the Services and the Ministry.

Were HUNT but as HARDY 'twere well for the Navy;
 But a HUNT for a HARDY means taking your davy
 That whate'er you go in for will end in *peccavi*!

Friday.—MR. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Resolution, affirming the right of all parishioners to be buried in their parish churchyards without reference to the burial service that may be celebrated over them, was defeated, in a House of 527, in the teeth of the "uncompromising" opposition of the Government, by a minority of 31. Shall we say next year, or the year after, for the Bill? After such a division, it is clearly due.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Based upon Calculations made during the Present Year.

THURSDAY.—It may rain. Very prudent people will take out umbrellas.

Friday.—Probably wet. Ordinarily cautious folks will not leave home without umbrellas.

Saturday.—Rain and sleet may be looked for. The price of goloshes will increase twenty-five per cent.

Sunday.—A snow-storm may be expected, accompanied by wind. No one will go to Church without a greatcoat and an umbrella.

Monday.—It is likely to rain. Several nasty cases of umbrella stealing will be reported from the Clubs.

Tuesday.—There is a great chance of a wet day. Umbrella stealing will continue, and much bad language will be used in smoking-rooms.

Wednesday.—The odds are in favour of its pouring cats and dogs. Thousands, in their eagerness to buy *Punch*, will leave their umbrellas at home.

THE REJECTED OF ROME.

A "PRESBYTER" (High) "ANGLICANUS"
 Would, forthwith, turn *Sacerdos Romanus*,
 "If you'd only agree
 To admit us," says he,
 "Not requiring to first reordain us."

We own English Orders? *Profanus!*
Ineptus, insulsus, insanus!
 Did he verdure espy
 In the living POPE'S eye?
Stupidissimus asinus vanus!

Speaking Out.

PUNCH finds this advertisement in a provincial paper:—

WANTED, a GENERAL SERVANT, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c.

Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse *with* reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to "M.", the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!

Notice.

As the recent discussion about Crossed Cheques has produced a state of anxious agitation, difficult to describe, among several nervous elderly Ladies and amiable Clergymen, it is requested that all Cheques, about which there may be any hesitation as to their immediate destiny, be made payable to *Mr. Punch* or order, Fleet Street, without crossing of any kind.



A POINT UNSETTLED IN HISTORY.

Lucy (to her elder Sister, who has just been relating a thrilling Episode in the Life of William Tell). "AND WAS THE LITTLE BOY ALLOWED TO EAT THE APPLE AFTERWARDS?"

COLLISION EXTRAORDINARY.

COLLISIONS at sea are, as every one knows, but too common, though they usually occur when one or the other of the vessels is urging on a wild career with supreme indifference to the fate of any unlucky craft that may happen to be in the way. The disaster of the *Strathclyde* has taught us that broad daylight, smooth sea, and unimpeded sight of the vessel into which you are driving, are no securities against running down. But we had yet to learn that not even the fact of both ships being at anchor will prevent vessels from indulgence in their favourite pastime. In the Wrecks and Casualties report of last week we read:—

"GRAVESEND, Feb. 27.—The *Dorothy*, of Sunderland, from Newcastle for Marseilles, has returned from the Downs with damage, having been in collision with the *Tivotaar* (barque), CAPTAIN LINDELL, from Shields for Genoa. Both vessels were at anchor at the time (midnight) in the Downs. The *Tivotaar* has received considerable damage to quarter, &c."

If we feel profoundly puzzled how the *Franconia* came to run into the *Strathclyde*, we are still more curious to learn by what perverse capacity for mischief the *Dorothy*, at anchor, managed to run into the luckless *Tivotaar*, at anchor too. At all events, the occurrence goes far to justify MR. HUNT's assertion that collisions "will" occur.

BUM 'UNS FROM ROMSEY.

(A Rural Roundelay. See "Hants Independent.")

THE chap as for his feller feels
Is one as 'ool bemoan
The loss of are another's pigs
As thof they wuz his own.
Ah, you and me, mates, knows what 'tis
Pigs of our own to keep!
A case in Porchmouth County Court
Must meak all hearers weep.

There did Pigdealer HOLIDAY
Pigdealer OSMAN soo
For five disazed pigs sold for sound,
On a warranty untrue.
'A s'ore to Romsey on the Mud
'A went last Romsey Fair,
And dealt wi' un for thirty swine,
And bought 'um of un there.

Gie'd fower pound iteen shill'ns apiece,
And the seller a said, says he,
"I warrand them there pigs all right;
If they bain't, I'll meak 'um be."
The pigs that night to HOLIDAY
At Fareham come by train,
They sim'd all right for all he zee,
But prape 'a couldn't zee plain.

Next marn 'a found their stummicks fail,
Their happy tights all flown,
They'd nuther touch milk, nor barley-
male
Ate up, and 'oodn't lay down.
Fust one on 'um died a nateral death,
Soon fower moor went the same.
Some says, for Hampshire sassidges,
That Romsey 'll arn a name.

Poor Plaintive to Southampton hied,
He there Defendant zee,
And said, "This here 's a purty job
Into as you 've let me."
Foo late 'a went the cheque to stop
For his ity-zeven pound,
Zo 'a went to laa for the fourteen ten
'A'd paaid for the hogs unsound.

Defendant, on his 'davy s'orn,
Pigs' warranty denied.
'Bout pigs when dealers disagrees,
The jury must decide,
That 's what the Judge his Honour said,
So they for OSMAN found,
And HOLIDAY lost them there five pigs,
And moor nor vowerteen pound.

Now Romsey is a noted place
For beer and likewise drought.
What haven' a ben to Romsey manes
Is well know'd hereabout.
Oft, whilst the rhwoad to Romsey's
straight,
'Tis zigzag back from there,
Mind that, whenever ye gooz to dale
In pigs at Romsey Fair.

Ancient Drinking Customs.

ONE of the officials of the Corporation of Lostwithiel fills the agreeable, but responsible office of "Ale-taster." The existence of Ale-tasters, probably, also, of Wine and Spirit-tasters, is quite within the bounds of possibility, not only in the unreformed Corporations, so amusingly shown up by SIR CHARLES DILKE, but may we venture to suggest in some of the reformed ones also. How about our Venerable Civic Corporation itself?

LEAP YEAR READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—*La femme propose, Dieu dispose.*

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" IN INDIA.

(In which the bubble bursts, and the Public is made acquainted with the real facts of the case.)



of the question to say, "Dear Sir," until I have received the necessary funds to carry on the war. What is a man without his sinews? Nothing. "No song, no supper!" no cheque, no chatter. That's my motto. Those, Sir, are my sentiments.*

'Tis early morning. The dews are falling—(why do I use this word? Strange! Heaven gives the earth its dew every morning and evening; and yet, Sir, why do I not receive my due from you? I cough this playfully, but I mean what I say)—the Indians are snoring round the campfire, my Noble Sportsman is asleep. He little dreams that when he awakes and calls for his most faithful and most loyal companion, that his summons will not be answered. No, I must away! I cannot own to my Illustrious Friend that I have come to my last rupee! I cannot borrow.

Do you ask me *why* I cannot? Ask your own heart, if you have one.†

And I who have done so much for my country! Alas! how does History repeat itself! Did not an ungrateful people make CÆSAR himself sit in a swamp all night until he caught the cramp, from which he never fully recovered? Was not HANNIBAL, the liberator of his country, put under a burning-glass off Syracuse, and scorched to death by his own admirals? What was the end of POMPEY? What of HELIOGABALUS? What of IVANTCH THE FIRST of Russia, whose near relation, the chief of the M'SCATCHITT clan of Scotland, was also cruelly rewarded by his own ingrate countrymen? Not to multiply examples, how about MAC ASSAR THE THIRD and ROWLAND O'DONTO, surnamed "the Dandy," tenth King of Trim, Ireland?‡

However, so be it! Farewell the tented field! Farewell the elephant-hunt, and the death-struggle with the tiger! Farewell the private scandal and the secret history of our life in India! Ha! Sir, do you not now regret not having forwarded me the paltry dross? Why, if you liked to come to terms now, ay, at the last moment, I could a tale unfold of Indian life behind the scenes which would make each particular porcupine stand on end, and send up your circulation to the highest degree on the journalistic thermometer. Six thousand a second would be your sale: But there are two sides to every question.

My esteemed and Royal Friend has but to say to me, "Don't!" and, on my word of honour—unless you make it very well worth my while, by placing £20,000 to my account at once, and getting me a free pass to the South of Lusitania (where there are some charming spots for a literary man to live in)—I say, on my word of honour and of loyalty, I would not (except on the conditions just mentioned) allow a single word of all this to pass my lips. But let me remind you there are other firms, besides your publisher's, who know the value of this offer. But I would rather, for old friendship's sake, that you were first in the field; so if you want to realise thousands, send a boy on receipt of this with twenty-five pounds on account. §

* The cheque was sent, was received, and was cashed. We know all about it now, and so shall the patient public.—Ed.

† The evident reply to Our Correspondent's question, "Why cannot I borrow?" is, of course, "Because no one would be such a donkey as to lend you anything." We know Our Man by this time.—Ed.

‡ In spite of all that has happened, and of all that may happen, we shall always regret that a gentleman of such historical learning and research should have so utterly thrown himself away as the public will subsequently learn he has done. We willingly admit that so accomplished and erudite a scholar would be an ornament to any society. Alas! poor Yorick!—Ed.

§ Here Our Correspondent at last let the cat out of the bag. In his eagerness to secure the money, he wrote, as may be seen, "send a boy on receipt of this"—forgetting that his letter was supposed to be written in India. We secured the envelope. It was stamped *Gravesend*! We took steps accordingly. Gravesend is associated with the place wherein to "spend a happy day!" We know Our Man now. Attendez!—Ed.

I am bidding farewell to my old and faithful *Sunderbund* (a kind of Indian valet), who has served me most faithfully ever since my arrival. The poor fellow is weeping bitterly.*

It is a heartbreaking scene. Our *Tattee* is packed. I have given away my last new pair of *palankeens*, with India-rubber straps, made by the best Indian tailor, to my old *Sunwarree* (Indian cook), while my pistols, I am presenting, as a *souvenir* instead of wages (for as to wages, like "two into one," I can't), to my trusty *Patarras* (a kind of gamekeeper), the truest shot in India.†

I suppose I must bid farewell to my Illustrious Friend, even if I run the risk of having the bootjack thrown at me; for this he will do when suddenly roused from sleep.

My elephant, and camels, and Arab steed await me. I must depart without noise, and get down to the coast. Away! Ah, the weeping Nautch girls! Muffle the tom-tom! Adieu! This is my last morning in India . . . unless before I embark I receive a telegram from Gravesend to say, "All right—cash paid—stay on the tour—see it out!" in which case duty before pleasure, and I will stay, and write you all particulars.

Oh, Sir, as you are great, be merciful! For the sake of my poor widowed mother! for the sake of my bedridden children and my disconsolate wife, to whom your harsh conduct would be a death-blow! for the sake of my family name! do not, do not proceed to extremities!‡ I admit it all. Let me tell my story. You wanted a first-rate Correspondent. I am that. You will own so much, I know. Sir, I was on my way out—I mean I had packed up, and was (for economy's sake) carrying my valise myself, down Regent Street, in order to reach Charing Cross Station, when an intelligent Hindoo, to whom I have often given a penny, thereby saving a dirty boot, touched his turban, said "Salaam, Sahib!" and offered to carry my small portmanteau for a trifle. While arguing with him the simple point of remuneration for his services, I told him the object of my journey. Ah! unhappy wight! Treacherous Black! The glitter of his eye fascinated me! the cunning of his suggestion floored me! "Sahib," he hissed in my ear, "Why Sahib go? RUMMUM PAL BOSHJABBA" (himself he meant) "can tell the Sahib all he wants to know. RUMMUM tell him all Indian words—everything that go on in his own country, all true, on RUMMUM PAL's head be it! Den Sahib save the money for his poor little child and fader and moder, and his whitey wifey, and live happy ever after! Who will know? RUMMUM PAL not tell! Swearee! Takum Affa Dava, RUMMUM no split on Sahib!"

Was not this a tempting offer? It was.

It was too much for me. Home ties held me. I went to Gravesend. RUMMUM PAL came down every evening after his dirty work was done to do dirtier.

Sir, I have been betrayed. You have also suffered. RUMMUM'S Indian words were all humbug. So was he.

One evening, when, in consequence of some inexplicable delay on your part, the usual supply did not arrive, the RUMMUM became very angry. He came the worse for liquor; he got worse and worse for liquor as the night wore on. He would not give me any Indian words. He insisted upon receiving all the money himself—may I never again have to do with such an unprincipled vagabond—and because I would not yield a point (for with me, on honour, a bargain is a bargain), he became violent, dashed his turban on the ground, whirled his broomstick round his head, and exclaiming, "Hurroo for old Oireland!" upset the whiskey and rushed at me.

I was one too many for him, and encountered him with the poker. We parted, and I have not seen him since. When we next meet, I shall have great pleasure in handing him over to the police, as I consider that you, Sir, have serious cause of complaint against him, and so have I.

My letters would have ceased there and then, but for my happening to meet your boy, who had just purchased an *Indian Dictionary*, and was taking it back to you. § I asked him to stay while I looked

* A *Sunderbund* is "a forest tract on the Delta of the Ganges!" Vide our Dictionary, on which we are now certain we can perfectly rely. But we are not to be taken in—in fact, we never were; we always said we mistrusted him.—Ed.

† Once for all we unmask the deceiver. *Tattee* is not a trunk or portmanteau, but a "screen of glass placed in a window and cooled by water!" Everyone knows what a *palankeen* is, though more often spelt *palanquin*; everyone knows it's not a garment of any description. And, finally, a *patarras* is no more a gamekeeper than a tom-cat, being, in fact, "a pair of boxes slung on a bamboo." So much for Buckingham! Off with his head!—Ed.

‡ This change of note is attributable to the sudden appearance of our Head-clerk, with a Police-officer, just as Our Correspondent and the missing Boy (whom we sent, months ago, to buy a Dictionary) were leaving his cottage to go out for a row on the river.—Ed.

§ Our office is in Fleet Street. Why did our Boy go to Gravesend for an *Indian Dictionary*?—Ed.

We have just asked him this very question. The Boy (who is a good lad enough) replies, "Because I'd always 'eard as hinjun dikshonararies was cheaper down at Gravesend." This looks like truth. The Boy, at his age, could not have invented such a falsehood. We shall retain him on the establishment, and deduct the half-sovereign.—Ed.

out a word. He stayed. I looked out several words. He is here now. I surrender him. He is not a bad boy, though, were I you, I would not implicitly trust *all* he says, especially when he is speaking about *me*. The Indian Dictionary is, I regret to say, lost. I took it to church by mistake for my prayer-book, and left it in the pew. When I went to afternoon service it had disappeared. *So much for piety!* I am now ready to go out to India, or wherever you like to send me. But, believe me, in all your establishment you have not a truer or more faithful Correspondent than has been ever

YOUR CORRESPONDENT.*



* The Clerk and the Policeman returned with the Boy. The Boy owned to having spent the ten shillings. He never bought any Dictionary. He now says that he went down with the money to Rosherville "to spend a happy day." There, he says, he met Our Representative. The Boy (who is a brave little fellow) attacked him, and charged him with ingratitude to his employer. Our Representative retaliated, and threatened to take the Boy to the nearest police-court. The case was serious, and the Boy's mother interfered. The Boy was induced to remain with eight-and-sixpence at Gravesend. His mother received eightpence, and left. Our Correspondent took the money, saying he would give the Boy a weekly allowance of twopence. He kept his word so far as to give the Boy an I O U for that amount every Saturday. We believe the Boy, and have blamed the Policeman for not having brought up the principal offender, who has now absconded. However, on behalf of his afflicted family mentioned in his appeal, we have written a full and free pardon.

P.S.—On inquiry we find that Our Correspondent has not got a wife, or a mother, or a father, or any children at all. We have been imposed upon, but it is for the last time. "Never again with you, Robin!"—Ed.

PAVING THE WAY.

The Clerical Mrs. Partington on the Burials Question.

"We shall give our staunch and unqualified opposition to the resolution of Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN."—MR. DISRAELI to the Deputation.

"Nature will prove too strong even for a Conservative majority."—*Times*.

BRAYVO, my dear BENJAMIN! Bless you! Such words is the sort I assure you

To settle them dratted Dissenters. You stick to that text and you're right!

No Surrender's the only safe standing. So don't you allow 'em to lure you,

From the proper Conservative posture, as gives you a pull in the fight!

Nonconformity's getting a nuisance; and as for that horrid O. MORGAN,

Cremation's the best I can wish him—the sooner the better I say. Equality's rubbish; the cry of each tuppenny tub-thumping organ, And means what that darling EARL FEVERSHAM patly called "paving the way."

As certainly no "good intentions" to us, or to anything proper, Don't form any part of that pavement, although its direction's the same

As—but, there, I don't wish to speak strong, not at all! but we must put a stopper
On plans whose prime mover's a Person I'm always unwilling to name.

For whatever that bragian JENKINS, as bothered poor dear MR. COOK

May say in his nasty stuckupishness, I'm too Conservative far
To give up my Satan, though Science our Church's foundation has shook so,
Resolving all faiths into Sun-Myths, and him I suppose to a Star!

But none of your sly "educating," no "leaps in the dark," dearest DIZZY!

"Moderation" may sound very nice, but it often means pulling up stakes.

Your talk of "discussion" and "reason," with MIALl and MORGAN so busy,

Remembering what I remember, I own sich talk gives me the shakes.

The question did ought to be safest, as EGERTON says, with the Tories.

Which why to be buried like Christians the Tubthumpers can't be content,

Fogs me. But the fact is, their aim is to strip us of all our old glories,

And that, my dear DIZZY, is why I would have you so down on Dissent.

As to saying that Nature's against us, that's gammon! She knows herself better.

They'd make her a Rad, if they could, with their science and freedom and stuff.

They envies our Church her position, and does their black best to upset her.

Concession! It's not to be thought of; they're truckled to more than enough!

Keep 'em out! That's the watchword, dear BEN. The thin end of the wedge they'd be driving;

They've horrid "ulterior objects"—as doubtless to you is beknown.

To sweep back this deluge of dirty Dissent I have long been a-striving,

And if you will aid Me and my Mop, I have hopes we may yet hold our own!

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

PAPERS TO BE READ.

Antiquaries.—"On an Ancient Venetian Mile-stone."

Asiatic.—"On the Discovery of a new variety of Chutnee."

Astronomical.—"On some Indications of Adulteration in the Milky Way."

"On Theatrical Stars."

Botanic.—"On Flowers of Speech."

Clinical.—"On Breakfast in Bed."

Entomological.—"On Black Beetles."

"On Spelling Bees."

Horticultural.—"On the Connection of Rainy Days with Flower-Shows."

Institute of British Architects.—"On Aërial Castellated Structures."

Medical and Chirurgical.—"On the Symptoms of Insanity to be detected by Dissection in the March Hare."

Mathematical.—"On 'The Loves of the Triangles.'"

Meteorological.—"Biographical Notices of the Clerks of the Weather from the earliest period of the Weather Record."

Numismatic.—"On the French Forms of Change for a Sovereign."

Pharmaceutical.—"On Money as a Drug."

New Shakspeare.—"Was SHAKESPEARE acquainted with the First Four Rules of Arithmetic?"

"On the Traces in SHAKESPEARE's later Plays of his Knowledge of the Semitic Languages."

"On two proposed Emendations in *Hamlet*—

a. "Twas caviare to the General."

b. "An eye like Ma's, to threaten and command."

Statistical.—"Tables showing the Number of Proposals made by Ladies to Gentlemen in the Leap Years of the Present Century, and their results."

Zoological.—"On the Gregarious Habits of Birds of a Feather."
[Secretaries of Learned Societies will confer a favour by giving early intimation of forthcoming Papers.]

UNITED AT LAST!

A Novellette for the Drawing-Room and the Kitchen.

CHAPTER II.—All Right!

It was a very happy party. EDWIN and FRANCES were seated at a table upon which was spread a snowy white cloth, upon which were placed some hot-house flowers. He was eating heartily; she was all aglow with excitement. In the background ATALANTA stood like a presiding genius, the very impersonification of contentment. The faithful creature was employed in removing the dishes. The soup had been praised; the fish had been excellent; the joint was on the table.

"Come," said EDWIN, "this is something like a dinner, I will be bound no dirty fork was used to remove this boiled beef from the pot to the dish."

"I should think not," replied the now happy mistress of the house, pouting. "I followed the directions of the great master."

"You mean BUCKMASTER?" put in EDWIN.

"I do mean Mr. BUCKMASTER," replied FRANCES, smiling. "A piece of tape was tied round the joint. The dirty fork lets out the gravy."

"It is beautifully cooked!" murmured EDWIN.

"It is," returned his wife, with conscious pride. "Thoroughly agreeing with Mr. BUCKMASTER that it is a great mistake to keep the pot bubbling away, I got a receptacle large enough to receive the meat in, the clean soft water I had heated to about 190 degrees to receive it. The meat was boiled a quarter of an hour to every pound. I carefully (with the assistance of my faithful ATALANTA) removed the scum every now and then, and you see the result."

"I do indeed!" cried EDWIN, laughing merrily, and holding out his plate for a second helping. "How good the soup was!"

"Yes," murmured FRANCES, dreamily, "I followed the directions of Mr. BUCKMASTER. I put the meat in cold water, and set it on the hob to simmer for three or four hours."

"Did you say cold water, my angel? Another potato, please!" It was EDWIN who was speaking.

"Yes. The joint was plunged into hot water, the meat forming (with oatmeal) the nourishment of the soup, was thrown into cold.

In one case I wanted to keep the juices inside the joint, in the other to get the juices out into the soup. In future (following the advice of Mr. BUCKMASTER) I shall turn the liquid in which the meat is boiled into soup." This was said with a pretty little air of determination.

"How good these potatoes are!" cried EDWIN, enthusiastically. "I am sure you took the advice of Mr. BUCKMASTER on this subject, too?"

"I am not ashamed to say I did," was the reply of the sweet young wife. "I selected potatoes of the same size and same variety. I washed and scrubbed them with a hard brush."

"Did you remove the skin before cooking?"

"Certainly not," she cried. "If I had, all the delicate flavour of the potatoes would have been lost. If a raw potato is peeled, the part giving the distinctive taste of the different varieties—which lies just under the skin—is wasted. No, Sir, I packed them as tightly as possible in a saucepan, and covered them with the smallest quantity of rain-water. I brought them quickly to the boil, and when they did boil I set them aside till they were tender. I soon ascertained that they were tender by using a knitting-needle—not, mark me, a dirty fork. When I knew that the potatoes were indeed tender, I put them on the fire to boil for two or three minutes quickly. Then I poured all the water I could away, gave the potatoes a shake, and took off the lid to allow the remainder of the water to evaporate. Then, and not until then, the potatoes were peeled, and sent up to table."

EDWIN was silent for a long time, thinking deeply and gravely; then he rose from the table, went to his desk and wrote a short note. All this while FRANCES was watching him anxiously and eagerly. Then he came to her, and smilingly placed the letter in her fair hands.

"My soul!" he murmured, as he embraced her, "it is my resignation of the Club. In future I dine at home

with a darling little angel who knows how to cook. Thanks to Mr. BUCKMASTER's teaching, this is now a happy house—and, darling, we are united at last!"

Our story is over. EDWIN and FRANCES (now MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF BROMPTON AND ISLINGTON) are the most contented couple to be found in the pages of *Burke*—their dinners are the



MR. PUNCH'S DRESS DESIGNS (AFTER NATURE).

COSTUME DU SOIR—ROBE EN HOMARD.

[A Suggestion for Tight Dresses.]



CIVIL SERVICE STORES.

"WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, MADAM? ROYAL COMMISSION?—SELECT COMMITTEE?—PAPERS?—CAREFUL CONSIDERATION?—OFFICIAL INQUIRY? ANYTHING TO OBLIGE!"

theme of admiration for miles and miles round their many country seats. As for ATALANTA, that faithful creature learned the theory of Cookery, went to Canada, and married a wealthy farmer. She has her box at the Opera at Toronto, and her husband keeps a pack of hounds.

And now let us drop the puppets, lower the curtain, blow out the lights, and—with MR. BUCKMASTER as our guide—cheerfully and comfortably to dinner.

NE QUID NIMIS.



1827

1876

one would think though perhaps as salt was not discovered it might be difficult for ADAM and EVE to put any on their tails.

Dear dear I fear there are no stops but I am in *such* a hurry to go to the Rink and I *must* tell you, you old dear, what I think and that is that nobody cries out about the poor silkworms who spin their own catacombs for us or the dear little cochineal insects or the shivering lambs or the thousand and one animals that lay down their lives *gratefully* at the shrine of Beauty, no that's nonsense but you know what I mean and though as I said before I am sure I would not have darling Robins and those sweet nightingales shot to put in my hat I hope we shall not have any of my sex shrieking about the innocent Bombyx or the ill-used Ostrich which after all are to be pitied for it must be painful after weaving so much silk and growing such beautiful feathers to be unrolled or plucked just when you have succeeded in producing your best, and if the silk was meant for our use surely the beautiful scarlet and green and purple, and blue sheen were not intended *only* to adorn the virgin forests—oh! and I quite forgot all the chirpy little squirrels and *petit-gris*, is that a weasel a squirrel or a rat? which must have multiplied by *millions* you know lately for it takes nearly a hundred and fifty skins to make one of the mantles we wear and you know *everybody* does and we could not go without. Is that cruel too? I suppose it is somehow or other but then there are chops and outlets and dear me I suppose I am *very* hard-hearted but nothing will ever make me turn vegetarian. There's CHARLIE'S knock! Ta-ta you dear old thing you.

Ever your admiring subscriber;

EDITH ROSAMOND SPARROWHAWK.

The Eagle's Nest, Falconsbridge.

Celestial Cruelty.

THE Chinese have a Board of Rites called *Li-pu*, which has lately published an edict to the effect that brides of Mandarins are not to wear more than eight ornaments (it says nothing about bridesmaids, by the way). What would become of *our* brides, and their châtelaines, lockets, and bangles, under such cruel sumptuary restrictions? *Li-pu* Board of Rites, indeed! Had we anything of the kind here, English Daughters-in-love and Mothers-in-law would call them a Board of Wrongs.

VIVISECTION.

SIR,

Old Lady Day.

No less than forty-eight Mayors, some of them old Mayors—and so perhaps of no further use except to the knacker or vivisector—protest against the cruelty of Vivisection, and call on Parliament to legislate against “the existing evil.” I can sympathise with them, and hope they will succeed in neutralising, by law, the philosophic curiosity and cruelty of Students.

Never be afraid, Sir, to ride your “Cockhorse” to our “Cross,” to pay me a visit. I will protect from the dangers of vivisection your horse, and as many Mayors—equine or asinine—as you like to bring.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

THE OLD WOMAN.

Banbury, Feb. 29, 1876.

P.S.—Why do they not enlist in their cause the *mères* and *com-mères*, as well as the Mayors?

Christendom was once “*our hell*” as well as that of “dumb animals” (see advertisement). Cruel wretches used to vivisect us after they had hanged or drowned us as witches. THE O. W.

The Old Woman encloses the following advertisement, to which we gladly give publicity:—

REASONS AGAINST the SCIENTIFIC TORTURE of ANIMALS, most respectfully addressed to the Members of the House of Commons, shortly to be engaged in the consideration of the question of Vivisection:—

Because it cannot be justified without justifying the scientific torture of man. To torture a man is not wrong on the ground that he is intelligent or immortal, but only because he has a sensitive body; and the same is true of all vertebrated animals.

Because it cannot be practised without an immediate hardening of heart to students who grow up under it, and a spreading demoralisation in the community.

Because in particular it becomes impossible to punish boys for indulging their boyish curiosity by cruel experiments, when philosophers indulge their philosophic curiosity by experiments prodigiously more cruel. So too if a philosopher may try how many minutes it takes to bake a dog to death, or what amount of torture suffices to alienate his affection, rude man cannot be punished for trying which of two animals has greater endurance of wounds.

Because a medical degree is at best a test of intellectual attainment, not of gentleness, patience, and wisdom; and since one heartless man who has taken a medical degree can torture in living death tens of thousands of dogs, cats, and rabbits, no licence of torture can safely, wisely, or justly be granted to any one by virtue of his degree or station.

Because the increasing use of more and more artificial apparatus for ingeniously torturing our helpless, harmless, and innocent creatures, has been accompanied with an increasing tendency in the medical profession to approve of and promote artificial impurity in the blood and in morals; cruelty, recklessness, and impurity going hand in hand; so that we are threatened with demoralisation of a complicated order from the profession which ought simply to minister to health.

Because it cannot be proved that any truth of science worth knowing is not attainable by legitimate observations and experiments which involve no cruelty, and especially by observations upon human beings.

Because in particular it is denied by competent medical authorities that the circulation of the blood and the function of the nerves were discovered by vivisection; while other eminent persons have avowed that this cruel practice has perpetuated error and distracted students from truer modes of discovery.

Because it is not even pretended that the cruelties aim directly at the relief of human suffering. Avowedly they aim at science, that is, at the gratification of curiosity; any relief to man from it is only contingent and barely possible, and to judge by results may rather be called a fiction and a fraud.

Because Christendom has long since been taunted by the nations beyond as the Hell of dumb animals, and Christianity must be eternally and fatally disgraced if nations called Christian allow the perpetration of these heart-rending enormities under any pretext whatever.

Issued by the Birmingham Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: H. F. GOODSON, *Hon. Sec.*

It would be difficult to find a better illustration of the softness of heart—and head—at the bottom of the present vehement horror of Vivisection. The Commission's Report recommends the wise course, regulate, but do not prohibit. Prevent the abuse of Vivisection, but in the name of Science and Humanity do not deprive the world of the use of it.

Admiralty Maxim.

(As Translated by the RIGHT HON. W. H.)

FIAT Justitia (?), ruat cælum. “Let Justice be done, though EVANS come to grief.”

FAIRLY WALKED OFF HIS FEET.

MRS. MALAPROP writes to sympathise with poor PAYSON WESTON on his great walking feet having come off! She doesn't wonder at it, considering the awful amount of work they have had!



JOHN THOMAS TO THE RESCUE!

RINK SOCIETY IN THE PROVINCES IS APT TO BE RATHER MIXED. AT ALL EVENTS, LADY FITZ-TOPPINGTON THINKS SO, AND WILL NOT HEAR OF HER FAIR DAUGHTERS SKATING WITHOUT SUCH ATTENDANCE AS BEFITS THEIR RANK AND STATION.



LAST MATCH OF THE SEASON.

EXCITING RACE.—JUMPING IN ULSTERS! BY GENTLEMEN-AMATEURS! (*Umbrellas "de Rigueur"!*)

FOG-SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH has picked up a pocket-book (with the initials W. H.), containing nothing (as far as he can make out) of any value to anybody, including the owner. In the hope of identification, he publishes a portion of these contents—rough copies, apparently, of what would seem to be letters. No signatures are attached in any case.

(*Private.*)

DEAR ADMIRAL T*****

OF course you could not be expected to be on deck in your position, and I don't blame you the least for being below when the collision took place. Try not to do it again.

(*Private.*)

SIR,

WHAT the devil do you mean by being below when your Commanding Officer was not on deck? If you had not slowed your ship, you might have gone right through the other, and in the fog we should never have heard more of her. Now we shall have to make an example of you, as ADMIRAL T***** did of WILMOT, when he ran his ship ashore.

(*Private.*)

SIR,

WHAT, in Heaven's name, do you mean by thinking, when you ought to have been below instead of on deck—no, I mean ought to have been on deck instead of in the tops? You did it for the best, indeed! Why did you not follow the example of your Captain, and do as he did? Had you drowned yourself, it would have been better for us all.

(*Private.*)

DEAR CAPTAIN,

OF course you know best. There is no doubt that, if the Captain's place on board the *Iron Duke* was on deck, your place on the *Vanguard* was below. If the Admiral was right in not being on deck, which cannot be contradicted, then LIEUTENANT E—ought

to have known better than to remain out of his cabin. You are not to blame any more than the fog.

(*Private.*)

MY DEAR G*****,

I AM in a fog. That is, they were in a fog. Do tell me who ought to have been on deck and who below? When an Admiral is below, ought the Captain to be in his berth? Has a Lieutenant in charge any right to leave the wheel, or may he remain in the galley? Answer me these questions at once, or I shall be in a fix.

LOVELINESS BY LIMELIGHT.

"During the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to Agra, the Taj Mahal was illuminated by coloured lamps and limelight, with results as little pleasing to the senses as to æsthetic sentiment. Malodorous fumes from myriads of oil lamps and Will-o'-the-Wisp illumination suggestive of a Crystal Palace fireworks 'set-piece' on a windy night, could hardly have enhanced the native beauty of the place, or—one would think—the pleasure of the Prince."—*Our Own* (*indignant*).

UXORIOUS SHAH JEHAN, could you return

To view the peerless tomb your love created,
How would your Eastern blood within you burn,
To see that sacred shrine so desecrated!

The snowy marble must have blushed for shame.

Better decay like Tadmor's should, with time, light
Upon that fairy dome, than it should flame

A la Cremorne, with coloured lamps and limelight!

Were Sahibs snobs that they should do this thing,

Where the East's Marble Miracle reposes,—

A dream of "mist and moonbeams" glistening

Amidst its clustering cypresses and roses?

A Prince's Progress has its needs, no doubt;

Yet is there not a dash of something sad in

Thought of the lovely Taj tricked, tawdry, out,

Like—Covent Garden, when they play *Aladdin*?

AURINKULAR CONFESSIONS.

(By Witnesses examined before Mr. Punch's own Royal Commission.)



THE HONOURABLE MR. DAWDLE confesses he thinks Rinking rather fun than otherwise. Does not skate himself. Likes to drop in, don't you know, and look at other fellows.

MISS AURORA GUSHINGTON does not mind confessing that she dotes upon the Rink. Thinks it quite too awfully jolly. Is not very strong, and gets knocked up by dancing. Can skate for hours and hours—at least, when CHARLES is with her.

CAPTAIN HAR-
DUPPE (unattached) skates because it's cheap. Can't afford to hunt, or to play rackets, or tennis. Rinking only costs you eighteenpence a day. Cheapest exercise there is, and never wears one's boots out as one does by walking.

LADY SHORTCOMMONS confesses, with a blush, that, as the mother of six daughters, she looks upon the Rink as quite a heavenly institution. Girls must have amusement, or they get out of sorts, and even out of temper. Now skating is so economical a way of taking exercise, and quite as fashionable as riding, which is so expensive. Besides, there are always some eligible young men now at the Rink, and who knows but an attachment may spring up from a premeditated tumble. Really, don't you know, a Rink is quite as suited for flirtation as a ball-room; and there's no expense incurred for bouquets or evening dresses.

MR. SLOWCOACH confesses he objects to this new-fangled amusement. Thinks it quite un-English to go skating in summer-time. Seems to him like flying in the face of Nature.

MR. DASHERTON confesses he goes in for Rinking a good deal. Has averaged five hours a day for the last six months. Doesn't care much for the skating—in fact, considers it a bore. But likes meeting girls one knows, you know, and having larks and chaffing with them.

MR. BONESSETTER confesses that, professionally speaking, he much approves of this new fashion of skating upon wheels, for it has brought him several highly interesting cases. Asphalte is more dangerous to tumble on than ice; accidents, though personally pitiable, are professionally paying.

MISS OGLEWELL confesses she loves Rinking. Those little ducks of hats are so delightfully becoming, and a short skirt looks so well when one has pretty feet and ankles. It's really, don't you know, almost as awfully nice as valseing. Indeed, in one respect, it's nicer, for if one feels timid one needn't be ashamed of leaning upon somebody.

CAPTAIN RATTLECASH thinks Rinking a good spec. He has helped to get up heaps of Rinks, and, as a promoter, of course has helped himself to something handsome.

MR. SPOONLEY confesses that he's awfully fond of Winking. Yes, he means to say Winking. Can't pronounce his R's well. Likes Winking better than waltzing. Comes a cwopper pwetty often. Hasn't fallen in love yet.

MISS DOLDRUMS confesses she thinks Rinking a sadly demoralising habit, and one likely to produce a most pernicious influence upon the female character.

MR. ADONIS WOBLEBY confesses, upon pressure, that although he is most brilliant in a ball-room, he does not shine on wheels. Has an uncommonly fine figure (for a fellow over forty), but rarely shows it on the Rink for fear of looking awkward.

MISS PRETTIPET confesses, with some shyness, that she delights in skating; that is to say, when she gets some one nice to teach her. Really, is so nervous that she dares not try alone, but can manage pretty well, if some one holds her by the hand. When one makes a slip, you know, he cannot well help squeezing it. (The last six words were spoken in so low a tone that the Witness was obliged, with great reluctance, to repeat them.)

SIR CHARLES DILKE AND THE CORPORATIONS.

ALAS, ye unreformed Municipalities,

With small venalities,
Saltash, Lostwithiel, Pevensey, and Wareham,
This harum-scarum

Young Baronet has tried you, taking notes
From the Land's End, it seems, to John o' Groat's,
And swears your members all are greedy sinners,
Who spend the public money upon dinners.

Certes, not quite un-English this proclivity
To free festivity:

GLADSTONE, in tones half menace and half pity,
Has told the City

That not for banquets did our fathers build
The deep foundations of the traders' Guild:
And who can doubt that all men will be learners
From WILLIAM's wise sayings to the Turners?

So Romney, with your very grave election *
(Then gay refection),

And Brading, with your Hall for Aldermen,
Eight feet by ten,†

And Plympton Earle, that sold the portrait rare
Of great SIR JOSHUA, your most famous Mayor,‡
Not very long the public shall you birk:
Reform must follow on the words of DILKE.

* "The Corporators of New Romney sat round a tomb to elect their Mayor, and, locking the gate of the Church to keep the people out, declared themselves a public meeting of the inhabitants."

† "At Brading the Town Hall and the Stocks were the only outward and visible signs of the existence of the Corporation. The Town Hall was the smallest he ever saw, being only eight feet by ten."

‡ "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was once Mayor of Plympton Earle, and, not being able on one occasion to attend the Corporation dinner, he sent down his portrait, painted by himself, to be put in his vacant place. It was afterwards hung in the Town Hall, but, after a long period had elapsed, the representatives of the Aldermen claimed that the portrait had not been given to the Corporation, but to the Aldermen as private individuals. They sold it, and it was now in the possession of LORD EGREMONT, at Silverton Park."

OUR LEVÉE.

By Command, a *Levée* was held yesterday afternoon at 85, Fleet Street, by H.R.H. PRINCE PUNCH (on behalf of HER MAJESTY).

The following Presentations were made:—

The S-LT-N, on his not paying his debts, by a Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

The KH-D-VE, on his selling the Suez Canal (and the purchasers?) by a Stock Exchange Bear.

DON C-RL-S, on his happy dispatch, by the Spanish nation.

MR. L-WE, on his late heavy falls, both in Public Opinion, and on the asphalt, by the proprietor of the — Skating Rink.

B-R-N DE R-TSCH-LD, on his obtaining his commission, by MR. L-WE.

MR. W-ED H-NT, on his naval policy, by ADMIRAL T-RLT-N.

MR. GL-DST-NE, on his Syllabus, by MR. D-SR-LI.

Several Conscientious, Painstaking People, on reading the Syllabus, by several other C. P. People.

MR. C-YE, on his deliverance from Egypt, by the KH-D-VE.

SIR W-LFR-D L-WS-N, on his great success in the character of J— M-L-L-R, by MR. ALLS-P B-S-S.

DR. K-N-LY, on his having mercifully held his tongue this Session, by the SPEAKER.

Six other K-N-LYS, on their chances of being returned to Parliament, by their father.

MRS. PR-DG-RS, on having ridden 1 mile 1759 yards for eighteenpence, by a Metropolitan Stipendiary Magistrate.

MRS. CR-WSH-Y, on her attempts to abolish maid-servants, by the grateful Head of a Family.

RISHMAYDAYKOOKOKLARMAN (Spelling-Bee Directors, beware!), on his splendid reception of the PR-NCE of W-LES, by his taxed subjects.

MR. IRV-NG, on his *Othello*, by S-GN-R S-LV-NI.

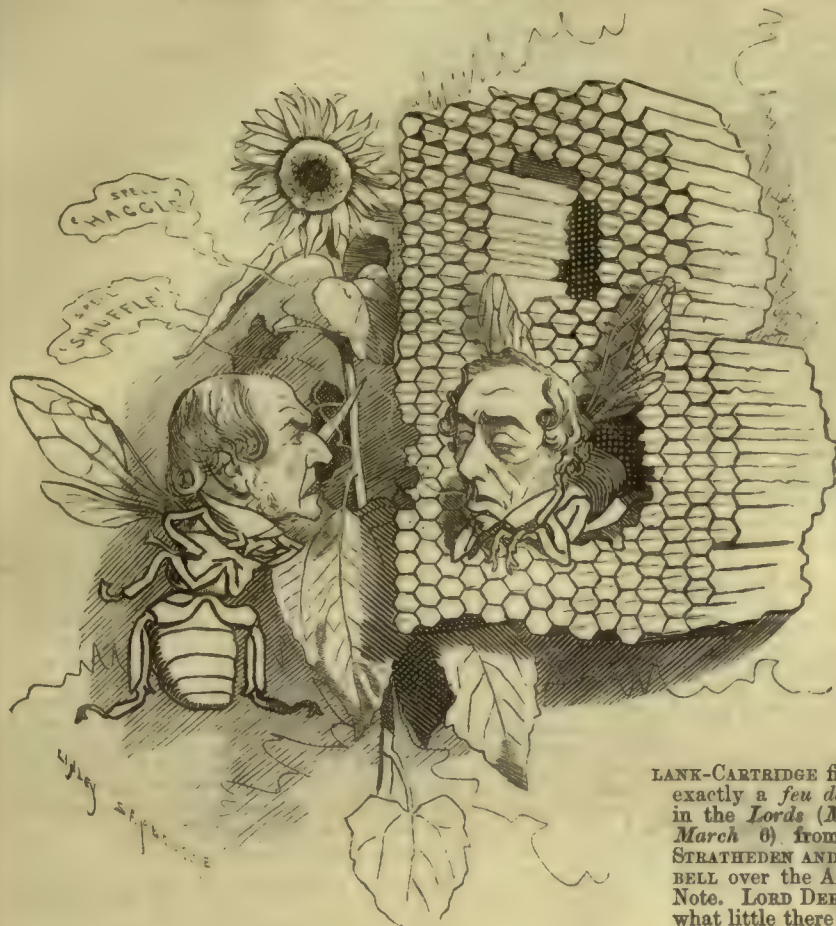
MR. T-LE, on his refusing to play *Macbeth*, by MR. IRV-NG.

The D-r-ct-rs of the W-stm-nst-r Ag-r-r-m, on their laudable endeavours to promote the study of pisciology, by an instructed public.

Various Contributors to *P-uch* (whose modesty will not allow of their names being printed), on the refining, enlightening, and edifying effect they produce on the world, by the aforesaid grateful world.

CRACK!—Reports of the Martini-Henry Rifle have been presented to Parliament. The most conclusive report is the Rifle's own.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LANC-CARTRIDGE fire—not exactly a *feu de joie*—in the *Lords* (Monday, March 6) from LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL over the Andrassy Note. LORD DERBY said what little there is to be said, in a case where there is nothing to be done but to keep our eyes

open, mouths shut, and see what the SULTAN will send us. We couldn't keep our fingers out of the Turkey Pie when all the Great Powers were dipping theirs in; but it is a comfort to know we have not plunged them deeper than was inevitable, and than will allow us to take them out without soiling—it is to be hoped—or burning.

(*Commons*).—A night on the Suez Canal. The Government declines a partnership in the Egyptian National Bank. It has not declined to appoint, with France and Italy, one of three receivers of Egyptian revenue, with power to appropriate the needful out of Egyptian income, for payment of Egyptian debt. Unfortunately any dealing with the KHEDIVÉ flings our Government among the bulls and the bears. It is unlucky that our road to India should lie, not only through the Suez Canal, but through the dirty alleys of the Stock Exchange.

MR. GLADSTONE twitted the Government on the dismissal of SIR D. LANGE from the English agency of the Canal Company. M. DE LESSEPS wants to show he is still master of his own house, if England flatters herself she has bought the latch-key. MR. GLADSTONE thinks, as most people are likely to think, the publication of private and confidential despatches an inadvertence and an error, and suggested that the Government ought to intervene on behalf of an agent whose only fault was being too English.

MR. DISRAELI retorted with some irritation. SIR D. LANGE had not asked the intervention of Government. When he did it would be time to consider of action on his behalf. Two, and the most important, of his five Dispatches published, were not marked "private and confidential." Besides, LORD GRANVILLE had seen the Blue Book, and had not objected to their publication.

LORD HARTINGTON explained that the papers were sent to LORD GRANVILLE merely as an act of courtesy, and that he had not been consulted as to the propriety of the publication of SIR D. LANGE's Dispatches.

Altogether, MR. DISRAELI did not come brilliantly out of the night's skirmish. The Bill to raise the Four Millions was read a Third Time.

In Committee of Supply on Army Estimates, SIR WILFRID poked fun at the increase of MR. HARDY's little Bill; and MR. PEASE, with better taste and more sense, withdrew his Motion to knock off 10,000 men.

MR. HARDY defended his estimates gallantly. He hankers after MR. ANDERSON's scheme for marking recruits in vaccination. And why not? There seems more prejudice than reason against such a plan of making a "marksman" of the British recruit. Of course, if outsiders will call such a mark a "brand," it sounds ugly, and is likely to be pooh-poohed. If it be adopted, officers should be marked as well as men.

An Irish row over the appointment of the Referee Committee. MR. SULLIVAN wanted more Irish Members on the Committee. MR. BUTT was not there to keep the "boys" in

order; and so SULLIVAN and O'GORMAN between them kept up the game, through seventeen divisions, till after four in the morning! Now "division," like love, may be

"The sowl of a nate Irishman,"

but Englishmen get tired of the sport, when begun unreasonably and kept up hopelessly.

MR. SULLIVAN ought to know better than discredit Ould Ireland by such "devilry," especially when all decent folks—even M.P.'s—want to be in bed. The pleasantest Club in London will lose its character if this sort of thing happens often. To be sure, the Home-Rulers are not particularly anxious to promote the harmony of its evenings.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD GRANVILLE disposed of MR. DISRAELI's statement that he had sanctioned the publication of the Lange Despatches. LORD DERBY had to admit that no such sanction had been given. He added a lame defence of what remains, after all said and done, an official blunder, if no worse.

The best summary of the *pro* and *con*. on the subject of the Slave Circular that Parliament has yet obliged us with. LORD CAIRNS for the Government, LORD SELBORNE against. LORD SELBORNE's argument clinches the case against Circular Number Two. Why not have substituted for it a declaration that we would *not* restore fugitive slaves, and leave the aggrieved Governments to look after their own niggers? That's what it must come to, with more or less circumlocution.

(*Commons*).—Three talks on Wine Duties, Tralee Savings Bank Losses, and Railway Passengers Duty. Government won't give Select Committees on the two first (wonderful! Select Committees are *not* granted as asked, then); but to make up for the unexpected refusal, grants one on the third.

Wednesday (Commons).—Great rejoicings of Opposition. In the fight over Mr. M'LAGAN's Scotch Game Laws Bill, Government flogged by 172 to 150. First blood for the Opposition!

It is true it was a scramble. The Government didn't seem quite to know their own mind. The Bill was a decently good Bill, on a subject fertile of bad blood, and hard to handle reasonably. Scotch Members are not so easily driven as English, when the Government road is one they don't want to go.

It wasn't much of a victory, but the Opposition is thankful for small mercies in that way, and yelled vociferously at the announcement of the division.

Thursday (Lords).—An instructive talk on LORD SALISBURY's Oxford Reform Bill. When their Lordships do talk to the point, their wisdom is wonderful. We seem in their high House to breathe a serener atmosphere than the hot, if breezy and healthy, breath of the Commons. But who are the "Idle Fellows" LORD SALISBURY is for waging such fierce war on? *Punch* would have said that Clerical fellows, as a rule, best answered the description. The danger seems to be that LORD SALISBURY's Bill will hand over the University to the tender mercies of these very Clericals. If that is what LORD SALISBURY means by strengthening the University element, we would rather he strengthened the Colleges, by getting rid of the Clerical dry rot which now infests them, and left the University to take care of itself.

(*Commons*).—Queen or Empress? Which

is it to be? "Empress," says MR. DISRAELI, with much emphasis, yet with little force of logic, or reason of history. "Queen," says MR. GLADSTONE, with emphasis all the more effective for the pulse of patriotism and force of feeling that beat and glowed under his words.

The House, like the Country, is most anxious to avoid anything that shall have the appearance of interfering with HER MAJESTY'S choice of a title, still more of disapproving any title she may choose. But HER MAJESTY always feels with the Country. For her best title, if she still hesitates, we beg to refer her to our Cartoon, and to remind her of the additional reason she has given in favour of "Queen of the East," by her last week's visit to the London Hospital, and the womanly and motherly feeling which guided her kind hand to poor little KATIE AMBLER's pale cheek.

Friday (Lords).—A good word for a good thing—LORD SHAFTESBURY on Training-ships—one of the best machines (witness the little heroes of the *Goliath*) to work up the waste of our back slums into stout "fearnought"—about the best stuff going to meet wear and tear.

Government admits the need of able Seamen and the feasibility of converting our X. Y. Z.'s into A.-B.'s. The question is, who's to find the money? The Ship-owners, for whose use the article is manufactured, are not at all disposed to pay for it. JOHN BULL can hardly be asked to dip his hands into his pocket, though it would be cheaper, in the end, to turn street Arabs into sea-boys than into gaol-birds.

(Commons).—MR. BRASSEY on the same tack as LORD SHAFTESBURY. *Punch* is glad to hear that the Admiralty is ready to pay twenty-five pounds for every trained boy who joins the Navy, and three pounds for every Naval Reserve boy, and to provide three training-ships a year.

MR. BRASSEY, besides training-ships to look after the launching of our Jack-tars, wants a Pension Fund to provide for them when "laid up in ordinary"—their best berth, when disabled, now being the Workhouse.

Here again Government is welcome to do its utmost, but Ship-owners will not hear of a compulsory contribution. The Sailors' Friend must fall back on "Voluntary Contributions"—in other words, the generous must pay for the selfish.

"So was it ere my life began,
So is it, since I've been a man,
So will it be when I am gone!
Let SHAFTESBURYS, BRASSEYS, still work on!"

Altogether, this has been one of MR. DISRAELI's bad weeks. He has treated the House, strange to say, to bad taste, bad temper, and stranger still, bad talk. MR. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, has been in rare force—quite a revival of the old man—

"The ARTHUR whom we knew,
From spur to crest, a star of tournament."

THE 'VARSITY FCENERATOR.



MAJORES nostri furem dupli
condemnârunt, feneratorum
quadrupli."—CATO.

THE 'Varsity Twenty-per-
center

Is a gay and genial
wight;

In parting with his money
He taketh great delight;
And is piously glad when
the Undergrad
At his gilded hook will
bite.

Some youth who go to
Cambridge

To sap for honour are
fain,

But the faster sort they
love their sport,

And the midnight oil
disdain,

Save that which lights
Unlimited Loo

And Van John's loss and
gain.

At pigeon-match and race-
course

They love to take the air,

And where they bet, "Hail fellow, well met!"

The Twenty-per-center's there:

For a loser rash he'll find the cash,

So nobody need despair.

These youthful Cantabs, gallant and gay,

Diversion merrily seek;

Both x and y they do defy,

And also Latin and Greek:

Who hard up would be glad when twenty pound
Can be had for a pound a week?

So Cambridge has its Tattersall's:

Of course they choose the one day

When there's never a race or a lark in the place—

And life runs slow of a Sunday.

In his twentieth year what youth will fear

Don, Devil, or MRS. GRUNDY?

Still, inquisitive people want to know

If really Alma Mater

Likes boys in their teens to waste their means,

And so heavily mulct poor Pater?—

In their caps and gowns to be horsey clowns,

And slaves of the Fenerator?

And you, young Cambridge gowmsmen,

Distrust the genial cad

When out he totes his sheaf of notes,

Which for twenty per cent. may be had;

Who helps you o'er the stile on the way to the dogs,

And gives you a lift to the bad.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

CONFIDENTIAL ADDRESS.

OUR Readers will learn with pleasure that negotiations have been entered into with an Authoress of great repute, as the representative of a certain school of fiction, for the immediate production of a Novel in this Journal. The Editor, in pursuance of his usual course of plain-spoken and open dealing between himself and the Readers of this paper, wishes to put them in possession, at once, of the circumstances attending this new arrangement. For reasons which will be appreciated in the proper quarter, he gives to the Public the correspondence that has passed between the gifted Authoress and himself, in lieu of preface to the forthcoming work, which he believes will prove itself to be the Authoress's *chef d'œuvre*—unsurpassed by any work of fiction within the present century.

PREFATORY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Editor to MISS RHODY DENDRON, Authoress of "Good-bye, Sweet Tart!" "Red as a Nose is She," "Not Shilly, but Don't Tell," "Cometh Down like a Shower," &c., &c.

DEAR MADAM,

I HAVE not had the great pleasure of reading any of your charming Novels, but having heard from a great number of my fairest and liveliest friends that your works are "awfully good," I have determined upon asking you to give us something in your very best and most characteristic style. You understand, of course, the high moral tone which is required from all Contributors to this Journal, and I am certain that it will be your aim and object, as well as your greatest pride and truest pleasure, not only to adorn your tale, but also to point clearly and emphatically a *first-rate* and *unexceptionable* moral.

I remain, my dear Lady, yours, in most sincere admiration of your undoubted and acknowledged talents,

THE EDITOR.

To the Editor from MISS RHODY DENDRON, Authoress of "Red as a Nose is She," "Not Shilly, but Don't Tell," "Good-bye, Sweet Tart," "Cometh Down like a Shower," &c., &c.

DEAR SIR,

Do you object to tremendous Love interest? If not, I think I have the very thing for you.

Yours truly,

R. D.

From the Editor to MISS R. D.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

I NEVER object to "tremendous interest," even up to *fifty per cent.* Yet permit me to observe, as a matter of business, that, when the interest is *extraordinary*, the risk is proportionately large. You will take this remark as made from a humorous point of view, and will have too much uncommon sense to be in the least offended. In fact, I am sure that I may leave the question of "Love interest" to your own good taste, delicate feeling, and excellent judgment.

With most profound respect for your genius, and every confidence in the result of our arrangement,

I beg to remain, &c., &c. (as before).

From MISS R. D. to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE you at your word. You are willing to accept a high interest with proportionate risk. Of course I do not write for milk-sops, and I am sure that you would not wish either yourself or your

readers to come under *that* designation. My object is to raise a rosy cloud of Love and maddening witchery round you, to make your veins throb, and your pulse beat with ecstasy,* as I guide you onward, with my enchanter's wand-pen, into the very presence of divine ambrosial loveliness. Those who listen to the voice of this Syren, must prepare their palates for goblets of the vein-tingling nectar of the Gods and Demigods. I do not profess myself to be a demure Hebe serving out flabby toast and wishy-washy tea to sleek divines and weak effeminate milksops. As to "pointing a moral," my dear Sir, depend upon me for that. I am proud to say that there is not one of my novels which has not been written with the highest possible aim. All teachers of morality have not one uniform plan of inculcating their lessons. If you have not already made yourself acquainted with my method, you should do so without delay. I consider the bargain concluded, and the novel shall forthwith be commenced in your pages.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours, &c., R. D.

P.S.—Do you really mean to say you've never read my *Red as a Nose is She*? You should.

From the Editor to Miss R. D.

DEAR MADAM,

No, no, we are not milksops. On the contrary, no man whose daily literary pabulum is the *Revue des deux Mondes*, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Objections*, SCHLEGEL'S *Philosophical History*, GÜNTHER'S *Problematica*, and reviewing the latest Dysteleological arguments of Circulionist savans, with a cold bath every morning throughout the year, and the dumb-bells and leaping-bar to follow, can be much of a "milksop." The day is gone by for milksops. Give tapioca to the timid, steaks to the strong! Were there any "milksops" among our readers, I should request them to take their money back, as they would not find the food provided by this Journal of the "flabby toast" and "wishy-washy tea" description mentioned in your letter. I heartily agree with you, and, holding out the right hand of fellowship, I will order the agreement to be drawn out at once, and am yours strenuously and hardily, THE EDITOR.

P.S.—I couldn't get *Red as a Nose* at either MUDIE'S or SMITH'S. I suppose the run on it was enormous. Should like to read it. You might send me a presentation copy on toned paper.

From Miss R. D. to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter is highly satisfactory. Now I understand you. As you say, "Tapioca for the Timid," so I may be permitted to add Rice for the Respectable! Venison for the Venturesome!! Beef for the Bold!!! Why did you not tell me at first the sort of thing you expected? I detest beating about the bush. But now you shall have your Novel. You want a real good thing—the pith and marrow of *Red as a Nose is She*, Good-bye, Sweet Tart, Not Silly, but don't Tell, Cometh Down Like a Shower, and the rest of my popular works, all distilled into one strong, clear jelly—a very Liebig's Essence of a Novel! Good, my dear Sir, you shall have it. "Man wants but little here below, but wants that little strong."

Yours sincerely,

R. D.

P.S.—"That Little—Strong!" wouldn't be a bad title. But I prefer either titles of popular songs or a bit of a proverb. I have had my eye on several song-titles, such as "Tommy, make room for your Uncle," which might be cut into "For Your Uncle;" also "Don't be Sorrowful, Darling," which could come out well as "Sorrowful Darling!" * * * Stay! I have just put my hand on what I am told is quite a catch phrase about Town now, and that will be half the battle of popularity. It is "There's another good Man gone Wrong." You can therefore announce my new Novel as

GONE WRONG!

And you can advertise the first Number for your Next.

* On showing this letter of the gifted Authoress to a confidential friend, whose advice we have hitherto found invaluable, he remarked, "Ah!—'veins throbbing'—'pulse beating with ecstasy'—ah—um—if the Novel is to have this effect on you, don't you think it would be as well to keep a first-rate medical man on the premises?" We felt he was right, and acting on this suggestion, we intend to edit the forthcoming work under medical advice. With a Doctor and a Solicitor on the spot, we can't go very far wrong.—Ed.

To the Public.—In consequence of a private communication, the Editor, in the interests of the Public, of the Publisher, of the Authoress, and of himself, has, with the advice of his Solicitor, inserted a clause in the agreement with Miss R. D. (in whom he has, of course, all the confidence consistent with ignorance of the gifted lady's previous writings), to the effect that, on occasion, he may, in his highly responsible capacity of Editor, insert a little explanatory note, or remark, wherever the text may appear to require it. To this the distinguished Authoress has, with a ladylike courtesy which does credit at once to her head and heart, replied, that, as her text will need no comment, she has no objection to the insertion of the above-mentioned clause, which stipulation the talented Lady goes on to observe, seems to please the Editor, and can do no sort of harm to the writer. On this amicable understanding, the Editor has the greatest possible pleasure in welcoming this rarely-qualified Writer as a contributor, who will widely extend her already large circle of ardent admirers.

A ZODIACAL CONGRESS.



A MEETING of the Signs of the Zodiac, in reference to the state of the weather, was recently held at the Mermaid Tavern.

As the PISCES (though "parents of sweetest sounds") are not famous for oratory, AQUARIUS was unanimously voted to the Chair.

The venerable but rather washed-out Chairman remarked that, although his duty had ended in February, his successors had carried out his aqueous policy with real consistency, for which he heartily

thanked them. He was proud to be able to say, in the words of HORACE,—

"Piscium et summâ genus hæsit ulmo,
Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis."

PISCES wagged their tails in grateful response. There was no need to provide for them a special aquarium, as the room was under water.

ARIES rose to dissent from the Chairman's watery discourse. His favourite grass meadows were all under water. It was his chief duty to provide good mutton for the Lords of Creation, and that could not be done unless the sheep had wholesome grass to eat. Had it not been for the fun he had lately had—on salt water—thanks to the employment found him by the *Iron Duke*, he really hardly knew how he could have stood the late superfluity of fresh water vouchsafed by JUPITER PLUVIUS.

TAURUS followed on the same side. He had no personal disrespect to the Chairman, but he should like to see him cross his paddock with water-buckets. He should have an aerial voyage gratis, and see how he relished another element. He had quite enough to do on the Stock-Exchange, in keeping up his "Egyptians," without having to waste his time on a set of "Pumps!"

The GEMINI spoke together, and swore a little, but they were suddenly interrupted by

LEO, who, having kicked CANCER out of the way, roared his approval of the remarks of ARIES and TAURUS. Both men and lions wanted beef and mutton (*sensation*), and you couldn't grow either in wet weather. For his part, he was thankful that the Ministers had given him a permanent interest in the fine dry climate of Egypt, and the Canal he was most concerned in was one not of drainage, but—passage! (*Sensation*.)

LIBRA rose to deprecate political allusions. It was his object, and should be that of his brother and sister Signs, to hold the balance between Government and Opposition. "Open to all parties, influenced by none," should be the motto whether of houses, or Planets, who hung out Signs to the public! He hoped his friend AQUARIUS would not misconstrue him.

Here LIBRA was cut short by an unanimous call for

VIRGO, who remarked, in a musical voice, that, as she looked for garden-parties and pleasant hours on the river in that part of the year which was specially her own, she should take good care that strawberries and flirtations should not be spoilt by the extravagant folly of the Chairman and his *clique*. A great poet—ANACREON—had said:

"Nature to bulls gave horns,
To lions fierce-fang'd jaws!"—

But to Woman (he sang)

"What's Nature's boon?—'tis beauty—
More than a match for shields,
More than a match for spears!"

With such authority on her side, she had courage to defy what she must call the fishy conspiracy against the comfort of mankind. Aquariums were all very well, particularly with "covered" rinks attached to them; but to turn the world into an aquarium was a thing unendurable. The race of mortals should have a summer this year, if a lady had anything like the influence due to her sex with the Clerk of the Weather.

The speech was greeted by loud cheers, led by LEO and TAURUS, and the meeting broke up without a vote of thanks to the Chairman.



A PROTECTOR.

Frustrated Garotter (to his Pal). "BLESSED IF A COVE DIDN'T OUGHT TO GET *SIX MONTHS* FOR KEEPIN' A DORG LIKE THAT!"

MARY-ANNER ON THE RAMPAGE.

"I see before me say two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women, working hard and half starved; and I see before me at least twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands, and that plenty rejected with scorn by young women of very little merit, or, if not rejected, accepted only under vexatious and galling conditions imposed by the persons to be benefited. . . The way the modest householder is ground down by these young ladies is a grievance too large to be dealt with under this head, and will probably lead to a Masters' and Mistresses' League. . . Why do they (the Sempstresses) sit hungry to the dullest of all labour, and hold aloof from domestic service, at a time when Ladies born are beginning to recognise how much better off is the rich housemaid than the poor Lady? . . . They think a female servant has no 'liberty,' and that her principal remuneration is her 'wages.' . . Her wages are as a drop in the ocean of her remuneration. . . In the place where she pigged with her relations, she often had a bit of bacon for dinner and a red herring for supper. In the palace of cleanliness and comfort she is promoted to she gets at least four meals a day, and butcher's meat at two of them. . . The wages of her class have been raised, when they ought to have been lowered."—MR. CHARLES READE's Letter, "*Starvation refusing Plenty*," in the *Daily Telegraph*.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

I takes my pen, I may say, *con amory*, Just to relieve my mind a bit. Which a more wicked story Than that there MR. READE, as writes his rubbidge to the *Telly*, I never see. And that, as JOHN would say, 's the *caseis belly*!

Of course you've read his letter, SUE. A nasty, spiteful—there, I Should like to comb his wool a bit, and so says JOHN and SAIRY. Which what domestic Ladies, SUE, possessed of sense and sperrit, Likes being called "young women," and "of very little merit"?

A lot he knows about it, I dessay, as talks of Mississes Being ground down by Servants. He should know what groans and hisses is, If the slandered twenty thousand in his presence might but muster; I'd like to tackle him alone, armed with my tongue—and duster!

He seems to think us Servants' lives is regular paradises—"Where ignerance and oetser." But, oh lor! my dander rises

When he says our wages is too high, and reckons up our perkses. A Screw, as ought to go and herd with Ottingtots or Turkses!

And then his nasty insults, SUE! Young Ladies in our stations Don't feed on no red herrings when we "pigs with our relations"—O drat his imprence!—which, SUE, it well to you beknown is, *My folks would rather starve than stoop a step below polonies!*

"Trampling too hard on Mississes"? I wish he'd got a sample Of Stuckup Naggars at his heels. I guess he'd want to trample! Which if us Servants didn't show a sperrit, lawkamussy, Tain't us would play *that* little game, but rather *wisey wussy!*

And as to talk of cutting down our liberty and wages—Well, there—it ain't no use, I s'pose, to fly into sech rages! I've spilt the ink, and Missis is that horridly pertikler! But let who will knock under, SUE, I keeps my perpendikler.

He talks about a league among the Mississes. O drat it! They'd better try it on, they had! I'd like to see 'em at it! I proudly hopes there's none on us, from Brixton to Belgravy, As wouldn't rally to the flag; no not the veriest slaver!

And as to them there Sempstresses he'd shove into our cribses—Walker! I says. The letter, SUE, 's all foolishness and fibses. Just like that "Lady Helpses" dodge! 'Would READE, for all his bawling,

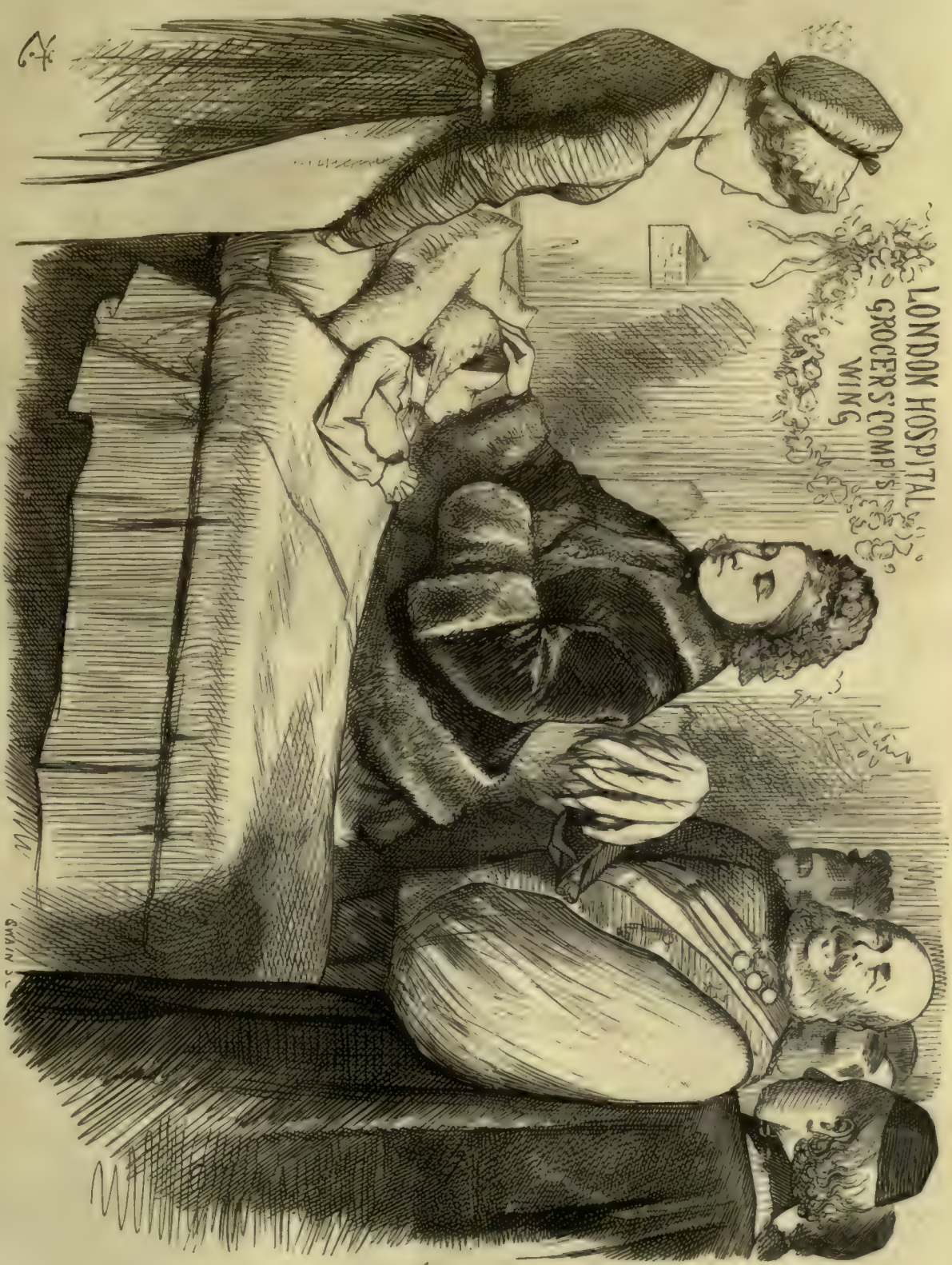
Relish two thousand *Hammy Toors* pitchforked into his calling?

He says we holds our heads too high. I guess we'll hold 'em higher. It's time we pulled together, SUE. But there! that's Miss MARIAR A pulling of her bell like mad, as is her usual manner—And so no more at present from your much-riled

MARY-ANNER.

The Sweets of Savage Life.

PLINY tells us that, among the ancient cannibals of Ethiopia, black pudding was a favourite dish at all state dinners. In default of other sweets, they beat their wives into a jelly, or made mince-meat of their enemies. As regards one dish of this appetising menu ancient Ethiopia may boast a rival in our modern Black Country.



HER BEST TITLE—"QUEEN OF THE EAST."

"MY DARLING, I HOPE YOU WILL BE BETTER NOW!"

[The New Wing of the London Hospital, given by the Grocers' Company, was opened by Her Majesty in person, March 7th, 1876.]

MERE METAPHOR.

Dialogue on a Debate.

OME writers say that an English public ship, wherever she goes, is part of the English soil. . . . I must beg leave to doubt the accuracy of that proposition. I believe it to be a metaphor, and a metaphor eminently calculated to mislead." — LORD CAIRNS on the Slave Circular.

"There is no such thing as a Slave by the law of England." — LORD HOLT, as quoted by LORD COLERIDGE.

Jack (looking up from his Newspaper).

What's a "metafore," Mate?

Bill (scratching his head). Well, I can't rightly say; But it's poetry-lingo for somethin' or other; A sort of a figger o' speech, anyway, As seems to say one thing and means quite another.

Jack. Hang sich figgers o' speech then! A false figger-head To a sneaking piratical craft isn't wuss!

Bill. Don't know as you're werry far out when all's said; But if land coves will use 'em, 'taint nothin' to us.

Jack. Ain't so sure about that! Here's a Parlyment chap— Their top-sawyer Lawyer, I take it—as says That we Jacks has been sniffin' this "Metafore" trap, And is like to be caught in it one o' these days.

Bill. How's that, Jack?

Jack. D've see, we have had an idee As our deck is a bit like o' free British soil. But this chap says, says he, that's pure fiddlededee— Mere misleadin', "metafore"!

Bill.

Pity to spoil

A straightfarrard rule with such stuff, JACK, say I. Which, wet with their Cirkylers, chatter and putter. We're more in a fog than the *Wanguard*—'ces wy. We've got no chart to steer by—and that's what's the matter!

Jack (ruminating).

A "metafore," eh BILL! That sticks in my gizzard, Which how many more such false signals is flying Who knows? An A B ain't exactly a wizard; I can't see my way, BILL, it's no use a trying. All that 'bout BRITANNYER a rulin' the waves, "Hearts of Oak," and the "Cherub as sits up aloft," With the Union Jack as can't cover no slaves, Is metafore, p'raps!

Bill (who has been taking a spell at the Paper).

Avast jawing, JACK! Soft!

Here's another bigwig—and a Lawyer, by Jingo!— Says *there ain't no such thing as a Slave, by the law Of Old England!*

Jack.

Ay, ay! that's the right sort o' lingo.

Let 'em stick to that there, and what need o' much jaw?

What call for to reckernise any sich sham

As the "rights" of a rogue in the thing he has stole?—

For to talk about *buying*, BILL, 's only a flam, When the article's contryband,—sich as a *Soul!*

Bill. Jest so, JACK. My eyes! if we've got for to play The part o' Perlice to 'scaped Niggers and such, Why, don't let us have no more "metafores," pray, 'Cos they only means bounce when they're put to the touch.

Jack (pointing to Paper). Here's lots o' palaver: I don't rightly see

What the plague they are driving at. When they have done,

I hope that plain fellows, like you, BILL, and me,

May be able to spell out our duty. For one

I goes for the faith of the true-blue old school,

That a man-o'-war's deck 's like a bit o' free land;

But if that 's only Metafore—let 's have the rule

Put in plain English speech as we'll all understand.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

(An Apostrophe to DR. JOHNSON.)

MARRIED life is indeed a sad affair when all the conversation between the partners is "whether the mutton shall be boiled or roast, and probably a dispute about that." But in so saying, DR. JOHNSON, you did not mean to countenance a foolish disesteem of eating, and to censure culinary discussion. No, Sir—not you. A conference—no altercation—between husband and wife as to what shall be done with the mutton or the beef—question not confined to the alternative of boiling or roasting, but extending to the possibility of frying, stewing, mincing, hashing, making a *vol-au-vent* of it, or a curry, or bubble-and-squeak—this, Sir, surely you would consider an intellectual talk on a practical branch of the most useful knowledge. You were never the man to disparage gastronomy, or gastrology either; you, Sir, who declared that "the man who would not take care of his belly would hardly take care of anything else."

Sir, an interesting letter in the *Hour*—a Tory, or, as we now say, a Conservative paper, mind—on "Teachers of Local Cookery Schools," signed "SPES," announces that at Darlington, Stockport, Middlesbrough, and other places in the North, some sensible persons are actively endeavouring to institute local schools of Cookery. You will doubtless approve the suggestion of "SPES" that it is not only girls in elementary schools, but girls in "middle schools"—that is to say, School-board schools for general teaching—who require instruction in the art of preparing food:—

"A local school should provide for teaching both classes; and MR. BUCKMASTER, at one of the meetings to which we have referred, says:—'A local school should not exist for the instruction of children of the working classes only, but the daughters of the middle and upper classes, and, indeed, any class wishing for the instruction. It is the want of this knowledge which makes mistresses dependent on their servants.'"

Why, Sir, might you not have said all this yourself? and did you not, in fact, very often say the like in the course of your valuable life? You know the concise Alderman who, being a man of more wisdom than eloquence, exclaimed on an occasion, "I say 'ditto' to MR. BURKE!" Sir, you are eloquent, otherwise you likewise might simply say "ditto" to what follows:—

"The school must be taught by a person who had not only passed the technical and practical examinations at South Kensington, but who was able to impart her knowledge to others in a pleasing and interesting manner. Such a teacher should be received and treated as a Lady, supposing her to be, as she ought to be, a person of education and refinement, with whom no Lady ought to be ashamed to associate. You can never elevate or improve the Art of Cookery by despising the persons engaged in teaching it."

Them, Sir—pardon the vernacularism—them's your sentiments. That is, if BOZZY has enabled us to divine them. You must know that the MR. BUCKMASTER referred to by "SPES," is a propagandist of practical gastronomy, an expert and able philosopher, who goes about doing good by lecturing on culinary science and art. You perceive that a principal object of BUCKMASTER'S labours is to train ladies to be, so to speak, Buckmistresses—and what better right-hand, I ask you, for a *Materfamilias*? Mistress-cooks are rare. A *chef is ex vi termini*, always a man. Master minds in cookery, as in poetry, painting, and music, are specifically—genderically may we say—masculine. Is cookery, then, one of the High Arts? Perhaps; but until Ladies are taught that art as well as those others, we cannot know that its highest range is above their powers. Masculine ideas may be necessary for composing a symphony, but do you not think due precept and practice should suffice to enable any thinking woman to compose a *salmi*? Many women have an aptitude for inventive cookery, as in the case of a Lady who did herself the injustice of saying that she had made some mock-turtle out of her own head. Surely, Sir, this aptitude has only to be duly cultivated to qualify any Lady endowed with it for appointments at Clubs and Hotels now entirely engrossed by the male sex, or to preside over the kitchen as well as at the table of a rational husband, one who, having known how to appreciate a real treasure, has insured himself an antepast of your Elysian and ambrosial beatitude, Sir, in the good things provided for him at home, by the truly *placens uxor*, an educated woman whose education has rendered her, as a thorough Cook, indeed an "Angel in the House."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—MR. WESTON, who has walked, and was still walking when we last heard of him, so hard against Time, declares he is not in the least sensible to the shock of the collision. Will he never stop? It really looks like it.



“RINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES—”



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Visitor. "JANE, HAS YOUR MISTRESS GOT A BOOT-JACK?"

Maid-of-all-Work. "No, SIR; PLEASE, SIR, I CLEAN ALL THE BOOTS, SIR!"

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION MOVEMENT.

A MEETING of lower Animals to claim participation in any measure which may be framed to regulate the practice of Vivisection, was held last evening at the Esopian Hall. A Pig was unanimously voted into the Chair.

The Pig complained that Pigs were subjected to death by most unpleasant Vivisection. An incision was made through the Pig's neck into a large vein, and he was bled to death. He demanded that porcine Vivisection should be performed under chloroform. Then he should not mind. A Pig must die somehow; and if under an anæsthetic, after a good meal, he would as soon that as sleep.

The Eel wanted to know how much longer he was going to be skinned alive. He would give the most decided contradiction to the statement that Eels were used to it. He spoke on behalf of Fishes in general. It was as bad as any Vivisection to be hooked on to a night-line, and remain so for hours.

The Earthworm had something to say to that. His own lot was still worse; and the Eel might remember that he owed all he got to biting at worms.

The Eel replied that, as for that, it was only putting worms out of their misery. The Earthworm would submit that fishing with ground-bait should be forbidden, and gardeners obliged to be careful in digging not to cut worms in two.

The Lobster wanted to know if the proposed Vivisection Bill would contain any provision to protect him from continuing to be boiled alive.

The Domestic Pigeon contended that being torn with shot which did not at once kill a bird, amounted to Vivisection of the very worst kind, for it had not the excuse of shooting wild creatures for food, nor that of any scientific or other useful object whatever.

The Sheep concurred with all that had fallen from the President the Pig. He wished to know if mutton would be any the worse for being made under laughing-gas?

The Calf desired to extend the observations of the last speaker to veal. It was cruel stinginess of butchers to grudge a poor animal a little nitrous oxide.

The Frog had been represented by some physiologists as a creature of what they called "low organisation." They tried to make out that Vivisection did not hurt him. He knew best, and he begged to differ from them.

The Beetle said he had SHAKESPEARE'S authority for the fact that when trodden to death he suffered as much as Gog or Magog would. People should mind how they walked; and he had quite as much right to protection as the Frog.

The Flea also argued that no relation whatever existed between size and suffering. He was liable to be cracked without the slightest compunction. If cracked at all, why not under chloroform? He claimed the same consideration as his biggers.

Several Animals here rose at once, and said that Legislation must draw the line somewhere. An uproar of inarticulate noises ensued, and the Meeting broke up in confusion.

THE WRONGS OF OUR NATIVES.

(A Moan from the Molluscs of Milton.)

"NATURALISATION OF ALIENS.—Some revelations which are calculated to surprise the oyster-eating community were made yesterday in a case which came before Mr. RECORDER WEST at the Manchester Quarter Sessions, involving a charge of theft against one CHARLES SMITH, employed as oysterman at "The Manchester (Limited)" restaurant below the Royal Exchange. On the 18th of January he got £4 from the cashier to buy oysters, but absconded with the money. On his apprehension a month later at Harrogate he denied the theft, and said he had left the place because he was disgusted at having to supply Dutch oysters as natives. The cashier and the manager of the restaurant admitted, under cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel, MR. COTTINGHAM, that it was the practice to put Dutch oysters into native shells, and sell them under the pretence that they were native oysters. The manager stated he was the responsible person, and 'kept it quiet.' It was done at the suggestion of the prisoner. The prisoner was found guilty, and was sent to gaol for six months."

DEAR PUNCH,

We gape with indignation
At this appalling revelation!
Crossing in love we hold a trifle,
But *this* stirs wrath too strong to stifle.
We've seen our race, by lovers' treason,
O'er-dredged, and swallowed out of season;
We've borne the sauce of vulgar rivals,
Though—thank our strength—we're still survivors—

But, by our beards, this is too much—
To be translated to Low Dutch!
What's six months for this worst of "sells,"
That serves up Dutch in Natives' shells?
How could they hope to "keep it quiet,"
While England, like Worms, has a diet?

Manchester of its taste cracks much;
But fancy DANDY done by Dutch!
What is electoral personation
To this fraud on our reputation?
Aliens pretend to Native worth!
Then what is name or fame on earth?
Much it concerns the whole community
Such a crime pass not with impunity.
Dear we may be, but we're delicious;
And less *we* 'd fetch if less *you* 'd fish us.
Seasons too should share blame for *that*!
How can *we* help short falls of "spat"?
But Natives' character should stand—
Above all, in their native land—
At whatever cost they show your dish on,
Like CÆSAR'S wife, above suspicion!

Sure this worst form of personation
Asks the strong hand of legislation.
If they who personate electors
Have statutes, sentences, detectors,
What Act would be too bad for *such* men
As dare for Natives pass off Dutchmen?
And though I thank RECORDER WEST,
The muse of MILTON in my breast
Swells into protest at the thought
That such crime, to conviction brought,
But dooms the wretch to six months' prison
Who gives the Dutchman what's not *his* 'n,
But *mine*, the advantage of the favour
I owe to my unrivalled flavour!
Then lay, O *Punch*, thy potent lash
On him that, for vile greed of cash,
The worse for better oyster sells,
And plants intruders in our shells—
What doom's too bad for the low catiffs
Who pass off Dutch for

Your own,
NATIVES!



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Draper's Shopman (Melbourne, Victoria). "WHAT DO YOU WANT, MY MAN?"

Successful Gold-Digger (who has been admiring the Customer seated near him). "JIST YOU RIG OUT MY MISSUS LIKE THAT 'ERE YOUNG 'OOMAN!"

THE SLEEPY HOLLOW OF SCIENCE.

A LECTURE on "The Paraffins and their Alcohols" was given the other Friday evening by PROFESSOR ODLING, in the Theatre of the Royal Institution.

A lecture by a clever man on combustible matters, illustrated by experiment, is peculiarly interesting to a popular audience. The remark, therefore, below quoted from a report of PROFESSOR ODLING's discourse, may to some minds appear unaccountable, if not a joke at the Professor's expense. Of paraffins the Lecturer had said:—

"The lightest and most volatile varieties constitute benzoline, a liquid of many uses in the arts, but exceedingly dangerous for lamps."

His reporter continues:—

"PROFESSOR ODLING placed a minute quantity on some cotton wool in a jar of oxygen, allowed a few seconds for it to diffuse itself, and then applied a match. A sharp, short, and very loud report resulted, the effect of which was peculiarly observable on those of the audience who were unable to struggle against the demand for an after-dinner doze."

Nobody, however, who has ever experienced a crowded theatre of an evening at the Royal Institution will make the mistake of supposing that PROFESSOR ODLING's observations on paraffin had sent a good many of his hearers to sleep. The demand for an after-dinner doze on their parts was created not by scientific information, but by carbonic acid gas, with which the atmosphere in the Theatre of the Royal Institution is always loaded when full of people whose lungs, by a law of nature, exhale that narcotic. What we learn from their somnolence is not that PROFESSOR ODLING lectured in a somniferous style, but that the Royal Institution remains unventilated, although its Managers have had pointed out to them, what it is strange they should need to be told, that their Theatre, a Theatre of Science in general, and Physiology and Chemistry in particular, whenever crammed, is crammed, literally, to suffocation.

MY ONLY "CROSSED CHECKS."—My own Shepherd's-plaid Trousers.

GAMGEE TO CELIA.

(See the Accounts of the Professor's Wonderful "Glaciarium," or Real-Ice-Rink.)

RINK with me upon Nature's ice,
And I'll match hers with mine:
Out of your asphaltes, so cracked up,
'Tis I will take the shine!
I make an ice that's more than nice—
Ethereal, divine!
And they in Rinks that would invest,
Had best buy into mine!

The Great Divide.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN has chosen a subject for his new book which will deeply interest all British matrons. Of course the object of *The Great Divide* is to teach economy in the use of coals and firewood. His Lordship would, however, do well to attend a Spelling Bee, and he will then be able to announce his next edition under its correct heading, with the "e" in the right place, and an explanatory second title, i.e., *The Grate Divide; or, How to Save Half your Fuel. A Narrative of Mi-grating into the Hearthstone Country during the Last Three Winters*. But perhaps this would be more suitable to Lord Dundreary than LORD DUNRAVEN. Or, why not collaborate?

Baring and Over-bearing.

THAT FLOWER's crusade has not been vain,
By a late change is shown:
Ere he'll brook SALISBURY's bearing-rein,
NORTHBROOK gives up his own!

A DISH RE-CHRISTENED.—For Cabinet Pudding, read Suez Dumpling.



SACRILEGE.

Parish-Clerk's Wife. "LET YOU INTO THE CHURCH, TO DRAW A INTERIOR! I DU'ST'N'T DO IT, MISS. THERE WAS A PARTY THERE LAST YEAR, AND DO YOU KNOW THEY LEFT A 'ORRID DISSENTIN' TRAC' IN THE RECTOR'S PEW! EVER SINCE THAT IT'S AGAINST ORDERS!"

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS.

NEW Clubs are rising almost as rapidly as Rinks and faster than mushrooms. An unsophisticated provincial may perhaps wonder what denomination of mankind remains to be catered for. *Mr. Punch* can answer his mute amazement with the following list of proposed Clubs:—

"The Janus." Political. For unsuccessful Candidates in Parliamentary Elections, who are not quite decided as to what line they may adopt when they next offer themselves to the Nation.

"The Brillantine." Social. For the younger members of the highest Society, who find their partings not accurately defined at TRUFFITT'S or DOUGLAS'S. A staff of German shavers and French hairdressers are engaged.

"The Wag and Lavish." Military. For those Gentlemen who, having strong military tastes, are, from failure in obtaining commissions in the Army, ineligible for election at the Army and Navy, Junior ditto, United Service, Junior *idem*, Naval and Military, Horse and Foot, Star and Garter, and other Clubs. No Servant of this Club will address any Member otherwise than "Captain."

"The Tarbrush." Consolation. For Gentlemen who have been blackballed at all other Clubs. Five blackballs insure admittance.

"The Ham-and-Eggs." Festive. Many Gentlemen having complained that in no London Club can they get a decent early breakfast after leaving the Hyde Green whist-table at six o'clock in the morning, this Club will be considered positively a *sine qua non* for men about Town, and breakfasts, at a moment's notice, may be obtained here between 5 and 10 A.M. during the Season.

"The Worms." Ditto. A Club which has long been wanted. Where early birds, turned out of other Clubs by their absurd rules and regulations, may find a snack and a pack of cards after 4 A.M.

"The Pavement." Good intentional. Only Gentlemen are eligible who have sworn off plunging, whist, and *écarté*, and have made vows

OUR COUPLE OF CRAZES.

THE thoughtful Sage, who notes each "rage"
Prevailing 'mongst his kind,
Regards with amaze the present craze
Of what 's called the public mind,
On a single fad the world run mad
'Tis no new thing to see;
But now 'tis insane upon fancies twain—
The Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Like droves and herds, and flocks of birds,
Like oxen, sheep, and swine,
And rooks and daws, whom an instinct draws
Together, how folks combine,
With one consent on a purpose bent,
For no reason the wise can see,
With a common crush as in crowds they rush
To the Rink and the Spelling Bee!

The human swarm will sometimes form
Intent on perilous ends;
But if spelling and skates have turned your pates,
That is all the harm, dear friends.
You indulge no vice on the mimic ice,
Or in mild orthographié,
And no naughtiness shames the popular games!
Of the Rink and the Spelling Bee.

Our William's Last.

FANCY what the Farmers will say to MR. GLADSTONE'S late declaration that he derived more lively and unmixed satisfaction "from the increase of the agricultural labourer's wages" than from "any of the economical changes he had lived to witness!" "Increase o' labourer's wiges! Yah! Call that there a economical change? Purty economy for we Farmers! There be'n't many as 'ood practus the 'economy o' spendun moor money nor they could help. What's the differ'nce, at that rate, 'tween economy and ixtravagance?" In these, or similar observations, it may be feared that too many agricultural gentlemen will criticise the epithet applied in its philosophical sense by WILLIAM to increase of wages.

ADVICE TO ASPIRANTS.—If you go in for a Spelling Bee, and are brought down at the first shot, mind not to be waspish.

to drink nothing stronger than gingerbeer. Spillikins the only game allowed in the Club. Tea at any hour up till twelve at night.

"The Alexandrine." Literary. It has long been a subject of astonishment in literary circles that no Club has been started to meet the requirements of Poets—a class now increasing every day. This Club is opened to benefit the numerous disciples of Parnassus who may not find their æsthetical tastes appreciated by Club men of other denominations. A Listener of long standing and great judgment will be kept on the establishment. Members may introduce Publishers as visitors at all hours. Hair-brushes not allowed.

"The Sable Stockings." Exclusive. Got up by Gentlemen who have found it expedient to retire from the Hyde Green, Bézique, Brag, and other card-playing *réunions*. Members are allowed to bring their own packs, bones, and boxes.

Other Clubhouses too numerous to mention are in course of con- and obstruction, with power to add to their number.

Two Birds with One Stone.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I'd like to know why we're having all this botheration about the addition to the Royal Title? Sure HER MAJESTY (long life to her!) can do what she pleases. It is not as if there wasn't a new style convenient, and one that would flatter more than the Indies.

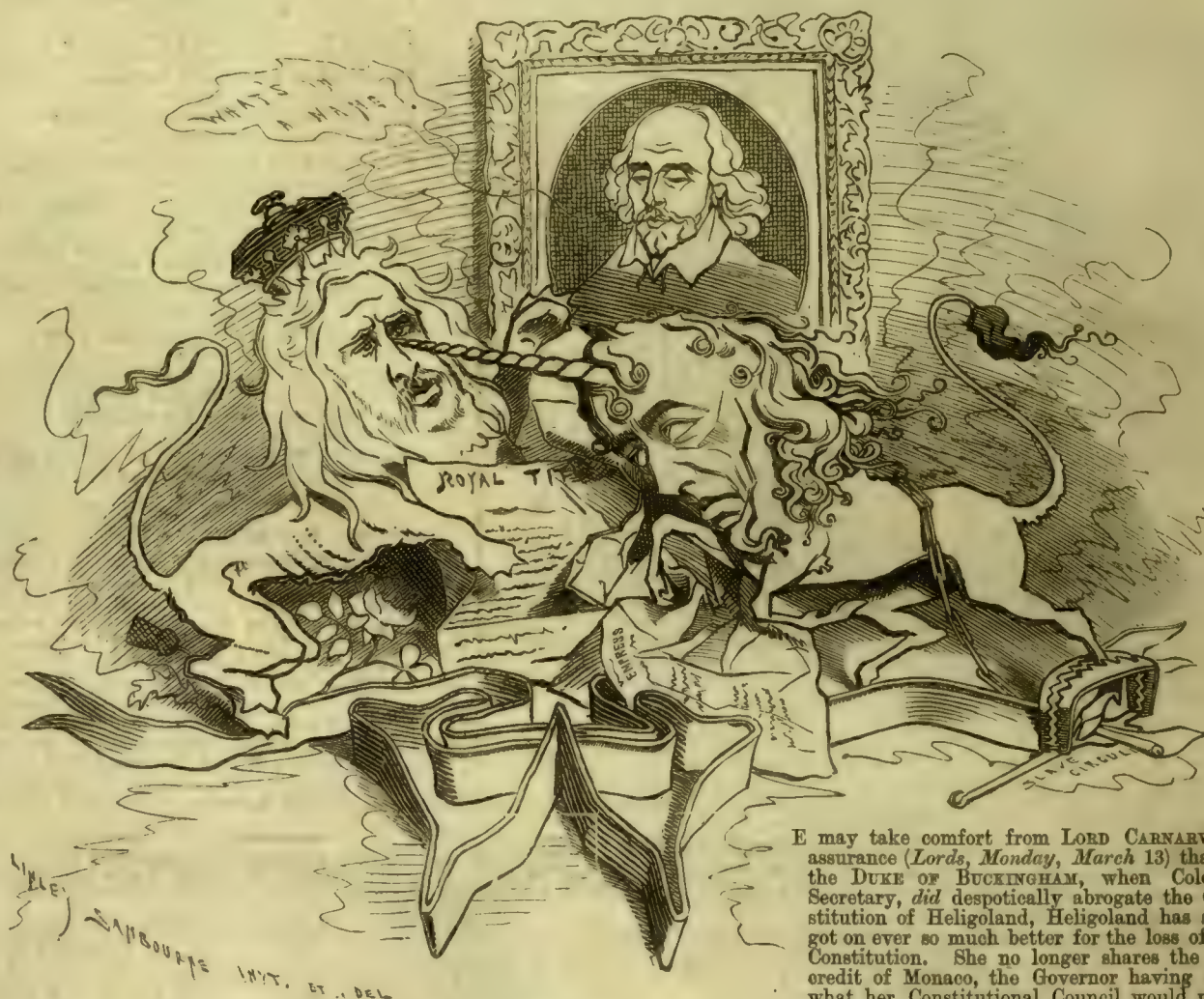
See here, Sir. Don't we all know the Emerald Isle is the finest jool in the British Crown, and why wouldn't the QUEEN be ownin' it? Sure, thin, isn't here an iligant title which would be aigually nate and appropriate for Ireland as for India—and that's the Paddy Shah?

Should the Royal Titles Bill pass its Third Reading in the Commons, LORD BROWNE AND ORANMORE might take the matter in hand, when the Act reaches the Upper House.

Allow me, Sir, to sign myself

A PAT AND A PATRIOT.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



E may take comfort from LORD CARNARVON's assurance (*Lords, Monday, March 13*) that, if the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, when Colonial Secretary, *did* despotically abrogate the Constitution of Heligoland, Heligoland has since got on ever so much better for the loss of her Constitution. She no longer shares the discredit of Monaco, the Governor having done what her Constitutional Council would not—put down her gaming-tables. A desultory talk

on Iron-clads, led off by LORD DUNSANY. Why is it that on Naval Construction everybody thinks himself able to advise the Government? What with Naval Lords, Naval Construction Board, Professional Advisers, Amateur Critics of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Service, and all the Yacht Clubs, the Admiralty ought surely to be able to command the best advice. *Punch* never reads a Parliamentary discussion on the subject of ships and ship-building, and what the Admiralty ought to be and to do, but the moral of *Æsop's Old Man and his Ass* is borne in strong on his mind.

(Commons).—Nor was the thought of that pregnant apologue ever more present than to-night, when, after Mr. BENTINCK's Resolution (that the First Lord of the Admiralty should be a Naval Officer) had been curtly, and with general consent, disposed of by 261 to 18, Mr. DISRAELI having first elaborately smothered Big Ben under Blue Books, Mr. REED applied his private and peculiar measuring rod to our iron-clad sea-going Navy, and by excluding first one class of ships as too long, and another as too short, and a third as too fast, and a fourth as too slow, or for some equally sufficient reason, brought down our fighting fleet to a poor dozen, and hence concluded, to his own satisfaction, at least, that France, joined with either Germany, Russia, Austria, Turkey, or Italy would be more than a match for Great Britain. Even Germany, Russia, and Austria—land-lubbers our JACKS have been accustomed to think the smallest beer of—together were stronger on the Ocean than poor BRITANNIA, ex-Queen of the Sea! Our rule of the waves, in fact, according to REED, is a lapsed legacy of the past, and an idle dream of the future, unless we lean on our REED as we ought, and go on as he would have us, building more, and still more, Iron-clads of the kind he fancies. "*Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse!*" You are an iron-clad-ship-constructor, Mr. REED. Not only do you believe in nothing but Iron-clads; but your faith in Iron-clads is apparently confined to those of Mr. REED's building. *Verbum sap.*

Till somebody will satisfy Mr. Punch that there is a vital distinction between land-fighting and sea-fighting, he must continue to ask why the experience of armour on shore is so utterly inapplicable to the future of armour at sea? Why, if the Knight's steel-coat was thickened and complicated till it fairly swamped the man inside, growing, at last, too heavy for any horse to carry, and too cumbersome for any strength to wear, and wield weapons in, should not a similar danger be apprehended from thickening the armour-plates of our men-of-war? So far from feeling with REED, Punch must own to deriving comfort from MR. WARD HUNT's assurance that for the present he means to confine the new ship-building work of the year to unarmoured vessels. We want eighty-four of these, it seems, for the regular reliefs, and have only eighty forthcoming; so MR. HUNT has already made contracts for six gunboats and two sloops, without waiting for leave of Parliament, and proposes to contract for twelve more gunboats, six corvettes, three sloops, and four torpedo-vessels—in all 4,000 tons of new unarmoured craft to 5,200 of armoured ships now building under contracts of former years. Altogether, if MR. HUNT asks for £11,400,000 of Navy Estimates, he shows us value received for it. And, as earnest of his performance in the year to come, he informs us he has built up to within 450 tons of his programme in the year gone by. If Punch could only, like the *Iron Duke*, sink the *Vanguard*, he would say, "Well done, WARD HUNT!" He not only spoke to the point, if clumsily, on Monday, but showed a good tale of work done in the last twelve months. Altogether, spite of the *Vanguard*, &c., &c., &c., Punch feels more like trusting WARD HUNT than leaning on E. J. REED. "Nothing like leather!" may be a natural cry for



ON HER DIGNITY.

Cook (at the Registry Office). "'AVIN' NEVER LIVED WITH ANY BUT 'IGH FAM' LIES, 'SHOULD WISH TO KNOW IF THE PARTY KEEPS THEIR CARRIAGE,—MEN-SUVVANTS IN THE 'OUSE,—MOVES IN GOOD SOCIETY—"

Mistress of the Office (shortly). "THE LADY HAS BEEN PRESENTED AT COURT, IF THAT WILL SUIT YOU!"

Cook (condescendingly). "THANKS. THEN I THINK I'LL CALL UPON HER!"

dealers in skins, but it does not beget confidence in the article; and "Nothing like armour-plates!" works the same way. *Punch* can't, for the life of him, help putting more trust in hearts of oak than in plates of iron, and in big guns than big ships.

Tuesday (Lords).—"Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione querentes?" Fancy LORD HALIFAX and the DUKE OF ARGYLL—two of the most aggravatingest Indian Secretaries that ever nagged a Governor-General and his Supreme Council to tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth—united to wig the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY for dictation to LORD NORTHBROOK, because he preferred other tariff reforms to the remission of the 5 per cent. import duty on cotton goods! That the Secretary of State for India must have some say in Indian Government, is admitted. It needed no J. S. MILL to come from the grave to tell us THAT. That, with the telegraph at his elbow to say his say through, the Secretary of State is likely to say it more promptly and peremptorily than always pleases a Governor-General, is not surprising. Perhaps, in the instance specially complained of by LORD HALIFAX, LORD NORTHBROOK may have been right, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY wrong. Doctors differ. But surely it is rather unreasonable to complain of a Secretary of State suggesting that it might be more convenient if important acts of Indian legislation were submitted to him, as a rule, for approval, *before* they are passed in Council, rather than for *veto* after passing. Altogether, in the night's debate LORD SALISBURY seemed to Mr. *Punch* to have decidedly the best of it—whatever he may have had in his difference with LORD NORTHBROOK.

(Commons).—MR. CLARE REED enjoyed that pleasantest and proudest of all positions—that of the martyr who can point to the conversion of his persecutors to the faith he has suffered for. He resigned Office because the Privy Council would not enforce uniform regulations for the slaughter of diseased cattle in Ireland and England, and lo the Privy Council have agreed, as LORD SANDON now announces to the House, to uniformity of regulation in the two countries!

As MR. REED's case was unanswerable, his triumph is complete;

and he has fairly earned the handsome testimonial which his friends the tenant-farmers have subscribed to present him with.

He remarked significantly, in closing the debate, that all the changes made by the Privy Council had been made since his resignation in November. He has earned his little crow.

The Government has lost more in MR. REED than MR. REED in his berth under the Government.

Wednesday.—A wonder!—the Scotch Members divided among themselves, over MR. M'CCLAREN's Bill for the Abolition of Church-rates in Scotland. As the organs of Scotland's collective wisdom always manage to agree among themselves when the object in view is clearly and demonstrably good, we conclude that MR. M'CCLAREN's Bill was *not* of this kind; and that it was rejected by 210 to 155 for good and sufficient reasons.

MR. EGERTON's Bill for putting parishes into "mission" whose parochial "black shepherds" neglect their pastoral charge, was talked out.

Punch is rather at a loss whether to condole with MR. EGERTON, or to rejoice for JOHN BULL that another Clerical bone of contention is not to be added to the heap already collected; but he is disposed to think that the measure might have done good in some cases, and that some of the black shepherds it aimed at might be the better for its rod being hung up over their irreverend heads.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR's Bill for lopping the too luxuriant branches of the Irish Judicature. The twenty-three judges are to be cut down to twenty.

Et tu, Brute! Then die, Irish Conservatism!

The changes suggested seem called for. But let us hear what Ireland—above all, the Irish Bar—may have to say to them, and then cut away, CAIRNS!

(Commons).—Second Reading of the Royal Titles Bill. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition gave voice to the general feeling in his Amendment that "it is inexpedient to impair the ancient and Royal dignity of the Crown by the assumption of the style and title of 'Empress.'" But MR. DISRAELI persevered, in spite of

argument in the House and feeling out-of-doors; and his followers stood staunchly to him, and gave him a majority of 105—in a full house—305 to 200.

Is the objection *really* a party move, or a gross figment? Is *Punch* right in thinking that—party apart—the more JOHN BULL thinks over the proposed title, the less he likes it? And that whereas, at first, J. B., like Mr. P. himself, though on the whole rather for Queen than Empress, had no very strong feeling in the matter, he now very decidedly would rather the QUEEN did not weight the ancient and royal style, under which we love and honour her, with a new and unfamiliar title, of doubtful antecedents and objectionable associations. So far as Mr. P. can feel JOHN BULL's pulse, that is the tune it beats to. For his own part, he must admit that of the two D.G.'s he prefers the old one—"Victoria Dei Gratia Angliæ Regina," to "*Victoria Disraeli Gratia India Imperatrix*."

Friday (Lords).—Crossed Cheques Bill passed. May all who have had crosses and checks in life henceforth find them coupled in the pleasant guise of *crossed cheques*.

Bill authorising Pensions to three Members of the Council of India. LORD SALISBURY admits that, if he had his way, he would have Members of the Council appointed for life, leaving it to themselves to retire and draw their pensions when they felt no longer fit for service. That would be the handsomest arrangement in the case of such men as deserve to fill seats in the Council, and so give the last of their lives to the public service. But what would MR. RYLANDS say to it?

(*Commons*).—Sharp attack on MR. SCUDAMORE. All his figures, in connection with the purchase of the Telegraphs, called over the coals—his estimates of cost contrasted with actual payments—those of revenue with actual returns, and general cawing of the croakers over what they are delighted to call the failure of a great experiment. They crow best who crow last. MR. SCUDAMORE, and the Purchase of the Telegraphs—can both wait for time to justify them. *En attendant*, LORD JOHN MANNERS said what he could in anticipation of time. So Manners, ye cavillers, and croakers! Be of good cheer, SCUDAMORE!

MR. MELDON on the insufficient salaries of Irish National School Teachers. On this one point, and only this, all who wish well to Ireland are of one mind. Whether out of voluntary or compulsory rates, imperial taxes, or school pence, the salaries of Irish National School Teachers have got to be raised. The Government seems to feel it; so *Punch* hopes he may live to see it.

"LINKS WITH THE PAST."

To the Editor of *Punch*.



SIR, I BELONG to a singularly long-lived race. My great grandfather lived to be ninety-seven, my grandfather was an unquestioned centenarian, my father would have been able to claim the same distinction if gout had not carried him off somewhat prematurely, and I myself am now in my ninety-second year—writing, as I think you will admit, an extraordinary hand for one so far advanced in life. I cannot remember my great-grandfather, but the family tradition has never wavered that he was an eye-witness to SIR WALTER RALEIGH laying down his cloak in the mud for QUEEN ELIZABETH to step upon. My grandfather, whom I am said strongly to resemble, distinctly re-

collected the wart on OLIVER CROMWELL's face, and had often escaped from his nurse's charge to see CHARLES THE SECOND feeding the ducks in St. James's Park. I think the event which had left the deepest impression on my father's mind was his being hoisted on the shoulders of "BEN," the old family coachman, to admire the illuminations for the Battle of Blenheim.

Here, then, you have only four generations from ELIZABETH to

VICTORIA. I imagine it would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to find any other living person who can boast of such extraordinary links with the past as these.

Your obedient Servant,

NESTOR.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD rather not mention my age, but will leave you to conjecture the year in which I was inoculated, when I tell you that I have a perfect recollection of GEORGE THE THIRD applauding MRS. SIDDONS, at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of *Lady Teazle*, and saying, in a loud voice, "Very good, very good, very good!"

But I am not writing to you to gossip about my own reminiscences, but rather to inform you that my mother's sisters (AUNT GRISELDA and AUNT JANET) danced with the young Chevalier, and a Gentleman, who, from their description, I think must have been Mr. Waverley, at the ball given at Holyrood, in the eventful '45. We have still in our possession a few grains of snuff, which fell from the Prince's *Vernis Martin tabatière* on that memorable occasion. I would enclose some for your inspection, but the precious powder (an heirloom) is in the muniment-room, at our family seat in Mid-Lothian; and I write this hasty note from Torquay, where I am wintering.

Ever yours, my dear Mr. Punch,

FLORA MAC JARVIE.

I enclose my photograph, *untouched*.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM eighty-four, and can still play the flute. My foster-brother is eighty-two, and able to read the smallest print without glasses. My mother-in-law, who was ninety when she died (after living with us for more than half a century), rode to market on a pillion in the last year of her life. One of my sponsors attained the extraordinary age of ninety-nine, and never took a dose of medicine or wore a great coat. The husband of my eldest sister, now in his seventy-ninth year, gets up at six winter and summer, and practises for an hour with the dumb-bells. Not to weary you with too many details, my step-father, when he was considerably over fourscore, walked from Putney to Mortlake and back on the day of the great boat-race, and afterwards dined at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, and played three rubbers in the evening.

If there is any other family which can pretend to so much longevity and vigour in its different members, I shall be surprised, and not altogether pleased.

Yours faithfully,

SENEX.

PUNCH,

I HAVE seen the last link-boy and the first gas-lamp, the last watchman and the first policeman, the last mail-coach from London to Dover, and the first tram-car from Westminster to Brixton, the last pig-tail and the first wide-awake, the last Bishop who looked awful in a wig, and the first servant girl who made herself ridiculous with a chignon.

I have handled snuff, lit my pipe with a tinder-box, been carried in a sedan-chair, worn powder and a night-cap, slept in a bed warmed with a warming-pan, carried my watch in my fob, pulled a bell-rope down, fastened letters with wafers and dried them with pounce, eaten my dinner off a pewter plate, pursued peas with a two-pronged fork, and for many years taken a bottle of port after dinner without experiencing any inconvenience.

I have seen the first envelope, the first postage-stamp, the first match striking exclusively on its own box, the first photograph, the first perambulator, the first breechloader, the first Great Exhibition, the first croquet match, the first "Ulster," and the first Number of *Punch*.

I think you will agree with me that my Links both with the Past and the Present are sufficiently striking to be noticed in your columns. What will they be with the Future? Even your prescient eye may here acknowledge some indistinctness of vision. But is it very venturesome to connect with the coming time submarine tunnels, and sea voyages smooth and agreeable as a summer's evening excursion on the Thames, and reasonable hotels, and comfortable hats, and clean swept streets, and the final extinction of parochial misgovernment in the Metropolis?

Yours,

P. P. F.

P.S.—My father has often told me that, when he was a boy, he used to go bird-nesting with another boy whose father, when he was a boy, bird-nested with a young companion of his own age, whose grandfather was the first person to cultivate potatoes in his own garden. Few "Links with the Past" can, I think, compete with this in interest.

NEW TITLES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL—HOLKAR of Indore.
Solicitor-General—GIFFORD of Out-door.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Unreasoning Panic" in Plain English.

ONE may ask, What's in a Name? In these things everything's in a name. Association and sympathy gather round these ancient names, and it is these things which constitute the national spirit and the continuity of national life. Patriotism and loyalty—sentiments the strongest in our nature—are made of these ancient associations. It is for these things that great men have been proud to live, and good men have dared to die.

SIR W. HARCOURT on the Royal Titles Bill.

JOHN BULL (*loquitor*)—DON'T like it, that's a fact! They wonder why.

SIR STAFFORD says it's all unreasoning panic. Perhaps. Yet stick to the old "Queen" say I.

No mixture of the Imperial or Sultanic

Should taint that ancient title. I would drink Still to the good old toast—"The QUEEN! God bless her!" But "Empress"—'tis a word from which I shrink—A name by which I'd rather not address her.

"What's in a name?" Well I suspect there's much, Far more than is accounted for by reason; But there are things 'twere hardly well to touch With Logic's fingers. Fellows who spout treason Might say that Loyalty is but a name For something rather baffling definition—Mere sentiment. It rules us all the same, Spite of the sumpshs who dub it Superstition.

"What's in a name?" Well, there's association Still counts for something. Did it not, confound it! Society were pure chaos. Should the nation Snap the old well-loved links that long have bound it In ordered freedom, loyal ranks well ranged, Before they find the bond to be a fetter? Not so! Nor should the Royal badge be changed Until we're very sure we've found a better.

"No change—addition only?" Well, I'm bad At logic-chopping, but that statement strikes me As much like quibble. I'd be vastly glad To please HER MAJESTY; but *this* mislikes me, I must confess. An Orient *alias* Tagged to her grand home-title's not precisely The sort of compliment I'd choose to pass On one I love so well, and—I hope—wisely.

"India craves it?" Well, I have my doubts If those who say so can read India rightly. I thank her for her loyal shows and shouts, But yet would wish to intimate—politely—That, though her wants and wishes have all claim Upon my thought and care, 'tis my opinion The British Empire's Mistress bears a name Grand enough e'en for the Mogul's dominion.

I'm for the QUEEN! Two titles *might* get mixed In course of time, and—well, with names, the bigger Mostly gets foremost. BEN, your aim seems fixed, But pause a moment ere you pull the trigger. You may bring down much more than you intend; The QUEEN, as England's Queen, rules England's realm: For guide and guard her empire to defend, Loyalty at its heart, Law at its helm!

A NEW SONG.

"Let me Flog him for his Father." Dedicated to MR. WILBERFORCE, J. P., by the Author of "Let me Kiss him for his Mother."

"SPEAKING OUT."

(THE following advertisement, and comment, are to be found in our number for March 11:—

"WANTED, a General Servant, one who can neither Read nor Write preferred. She must be clean, obliging, willing, and honest. Good wages given.—Apply personally, to M., Post Office, &c."

"Would cleanness, obligingness, willingness, and honesty be any the worse with reading and writing? Let us hope that, if the former qualifications were found in the applicant to 'M.', the reading and writing would not be fatal—disqualifications!"

They have elicited this plain-spoken letter:)

SIR,

IN answer to your query, allow me to state, briefly, that after twelve years' experience as the Mistress of a Household, numbering from five to eight domestics, I unhesitatingly affirm that those who have been innocent of the three R's, were invariably the most industrious, and the most honest. Instead of reading *my* letters, and rewriting *their own*—of the Cook basting her joint with one hand, and her eyes on a greasy cheap pamphlet held in the other (a fact), of the Housemaid carelessly dusting my drawing-room with a feather-brush, and then spending the hour she had gained in my rocking-chair reading some mawkish novel, pregnant with evil results, my ignorant servants have been faithful to their duties, respectful, and respectable; and this, I think, is the experience of thousands.

With every wish of good Mistresses to be considerate to their servants, their homes are hives for labour, not houses for idlers to lounge in; and with every deference to the great and good in our land, who have endeavoured to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, my experience tells me, and my ordinary sense shows me, that with regard to female servants, their efforts are monstrous failures.

My sympathies are entirely with the Advertiser "M," whom you hold up to scorn,* and I think I should find an ally in Mrs. Judy.

Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

* Not scorn, but question.

PATINAGE.

WHAT would have become of French Comic Opera but for the resource of drinking choruses? One cannot help thinking, as one listens to the singers clinking their glasses together to the same eternal refrains, that a little variety would be a boon sometimes. We would suggest something like the following, by way of a change, to the Manager of the Opéra Comique. The verbs "rinker" and "flirter" being as familiar in French as "rink" and "flirt" in English, there can be no objection to their introduction.

Chorus of Village Rinkers.

Rinquons!
Versons,
Garçons et filettes!
Aimons,
Courons,
Tous sur les roulettes!
Flirtons,
Faisons
Jamais des boulettes!
Et ring', ring', rinque!
Choquons nos patins!
Rinque, rinque, rinque,
Du soir au matin!

Woman to the Rescue!

March 12, 1876.

SIR,

MR. HARDY seems to want Surgeons for the Army, and to be unable to get them. I propose a remedy. Let him throw open the Service to Medical Women! They would come forward in shoals, and the British Soldier—our noble defender, Sir!—would no longer be left to the tender (P) mercies of ignorant men.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

MINERVA SHEDRAGON, M.D.

Brahmin to Benjamin.

EMPERESS OF INDIA, and of England QUEEN!
DISEASELI, what does that distinction mean?
For me an Empress, but a Queen for you!
No, your Queen, Sahib, please, and my Queen too.



PAIRING AND REPAIRING.

THE reasons inducing two young people to enter the holy bonds of Matrimony have hitherto, as a rule, been love, interest, intellectual sympathy, compatibility of temper, parity of social rank, and so forth. Now, *Mr. Punch* (who is an inveterate match-maker) thinks it high time these selfish and old-fashioned notions as to what constitute mutual fitness for the married state should be improved away, in the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race. He begs to present his readers with a sketch of two prize couples, exhibited by him (in imagination) at a "Married Couple Show" (evolved from his own inner consciousness), and earnestly commends the same to the thoughtful study of the youth of England. And oh! should one single misguided pair of gifted but dyspeptic enthusiasts be induced hereby to forego their intention of taking each other for better for worse—should one single splendid champion of the river and the cricket-field, on contemplating the above, transfer his affections from some simple-minded and congenial rinker to some such inspired little being as that who divides the first prize in the picture—*Mr. Punch* will not have thought and wrought in vain. *Verbum sap.*

"THE MORE HASTE THE WORSE SPEED."

SCENE—The Charing Cross Station of the District Railway.

Country Cousin bound for Bayswater, to Ticket Clerk, with scrupulous politeness. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (abruptly). No first-class here. Go to the next booking-place.

[*Country Cousin* retires rebuffed, and finds his way to next booking-place.

Country Cousin. If you please, I want a first-class ticket to Bayswater.

Ticket Clerk (explosively). Single or return? Look sharp! You're not the only person in London!

Country Cousin (humbly). Single, please.

[The ticket and change are slapped down unceremoniously, and *Country Cousin* is shoved on from behind by an impatient City man. Rushes precipitately down brass-bound steps, and presents his ticket to be snipped.

Snipper (inspecting ticket). Queen's Road, Bayswater? Wrong side! Go up the stairs, and turn to the right. Look sharp! There's a train just coming in!

[*Country Cousin*, with a deepened sense of humiliation and bewilderment, hurries up-stairs, turns to the right, and reaches entrance to platform just in time to have gate slammed in his face. The train being gone, gate is reopened, and the necessary snipping performed on his ticket.

Country Cousin (to *Snipper*, politely). If you please, will the next train take me to Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Saturnine Official. Can't tell you till the train comes.

[*Country Cousin* paces the platform in moody silence, and wishes he had taken a cab.

Enter Train, rushing madly along.

Stentorian Voice (without stops). Earl's Court North End and Hammersmith Train first and second-class forward third behind!

[*Country Cousin* makes his way towards a carriage, but finds it full. Tries another with the same result, and is frantically endeavouring to open the door of a third-class compartment in which there is one vacant seat next a fat woman with a baby, when train moves on.

Indignant Official. Stand away there! Stand away, will you! (*Drags back Country Cousin.*) That ain't your train! What do you want a-trying to get in there for?

[*Country Cousin*, in deeper humiliation, re-arranges dress, disturbed by recent struggle, and resumes his agitated march.

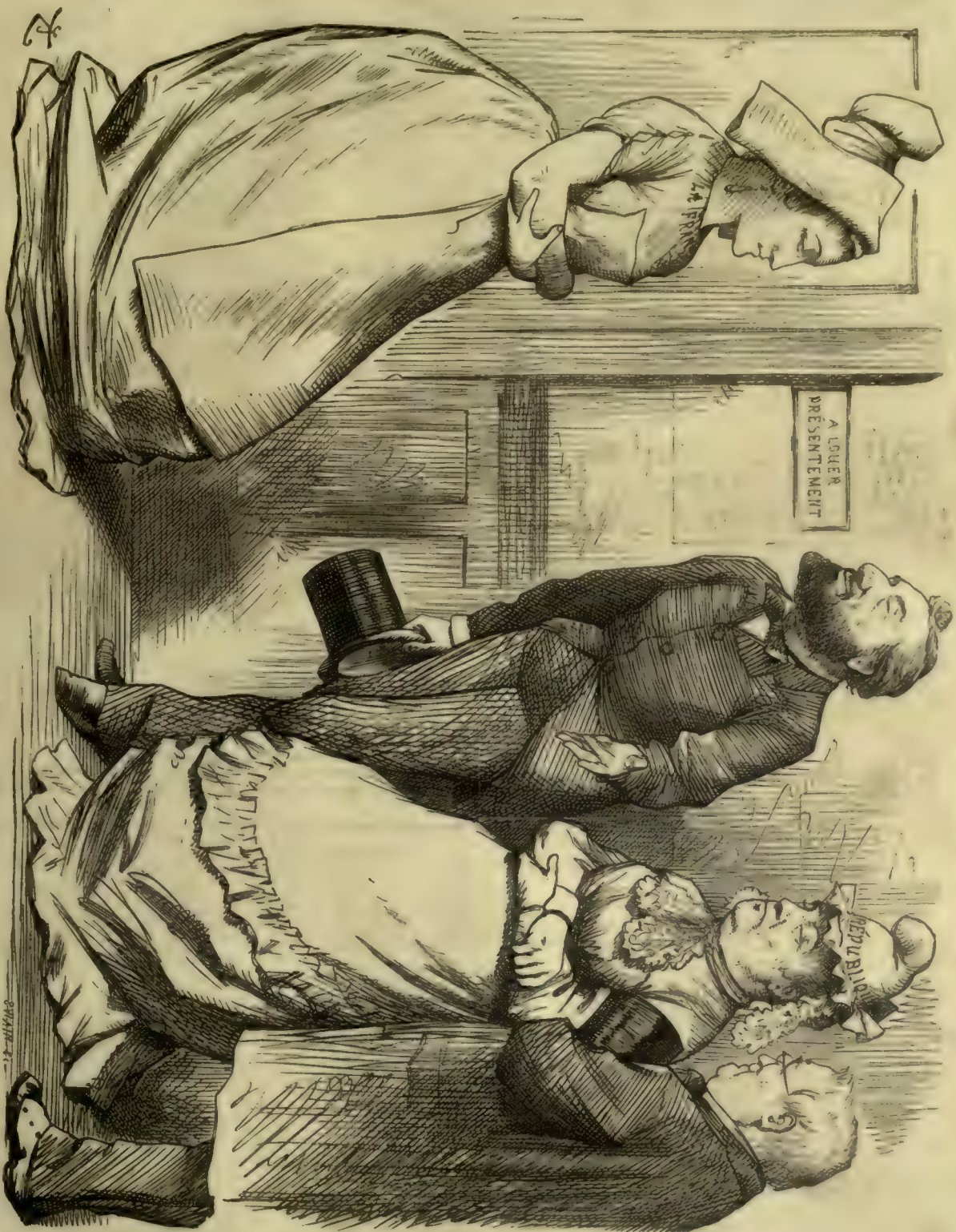
Enter another Train more madly than the first.

Stentorian Voice. High Street Kensington Notting Hill Gate and Bayswater train Main Line train!

Country Cousin (to *Haughty Official*, in an agony of entreaty). Is this train for Queen's Road, Bayswater?

Haughty Official. Yes, Queen's Road. Look sharp! She'll be off in a minute.

[*Country Cousin* scrambles through the crowd to a carriage: drops his umbrella; stoops to pick it up, and on rising finds train three parts through the tunnel. Exit *Country Cousin* in a rage, to get a cab, having lost twenty minutes, the price of his unused ticket, his self-respect, and that of everybody he has come in contact with in the Metropolitan District Railway Station.



THE NEW TENANT.

LA FRANCE. "THAT MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE! BUT, MON DIEU, SHE LOOKS QUITE RESPECTABLE!!"

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Stilly, But don't Tell.*"

CHAPTER I.—*What Jenny says.*

OH the Sea! the Sea! the open, the unpalling, the unfriendly, the unequal, the billowous, ysmooth, the unfailing, the unsteady, the unboundless, the fishful yet porpoiseless, the unshrinking, the unwhaling Sea!

Grand weather for poor little despised Wollum, on the low coast of the Fullum Roads, within full view of the far-stretching Shell Sea. Poor little Wollum! Few people know it, fewer still love it. Pierless Wollum! with its swarms of flies drawn to the place by one horse, and its neat little wheel Bruffum machines, at so much an hour not including the driver. Fresh, sparkling Wollum! with its leafy glades, where the loving trees twine their lissom arms above the low-voiced 'busman's head, and kiss one another in the shady twilight.

And so on the Green—the Green of Wollum—old, froggy-blooded people tottered, and basked, and the marine-coated policeman cracked a nut or two for sheer wantonness, shading his eyes from the fierce darts of the great sun-god, and peered in the direction of the old Knight's Bridge on the one side, the Reach of Putternay on the other, or out on to the horizon-bound Shell Sea.

The small first-floor of a small Wollum Green House; its temperature up to one hundred in the shade; a temple dedicated to rich odours and brave tints; and, in this room, we two sisters, the two MISSES ST. JOHN VILLARS.

JENNY—I am JENNY—is engaged in the interminable work of knitting sand-ropes whereon to string the highly-scented, nature-favoured apple-beads of Shalotte. JENNY is the elder of the two. She is a young old maid, and likely to remain so, as her figure has long since passed the turning-point, the *embonpoint*, of comeliness; and young men with short crisp hair, grand broad chests, clean-shaped limbs, muscles of iron, and no sinews of tin in their composition with their creditors, are not likely to be enticed by the matrimonial advertisements of a poor, but respectable, family inviting them to "Try our Stout JANE!"

Let us go to the other—as men always did—BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. BELLA is our youngest born, and the show one of the family. She is not in a particularly graceful attitude just now, and yet there is a certain charm in it, which would make male passers-by look twice—three times—perhaps even four times, at the two round greyish-green eyes deep set and as full of sweetness as un-shelled peas; and a fifth time would men of maturer age glance at the plump white arms, hanging lazily out of the window, playing with her tresses of bright hair, which she is swinging, to and fro, in the softly-caressing breeze. Neither wholly red, nor purely golden, are her electro-plated locks, which gleam with all the brilliancy of an autumn walnut in a dank wood. She is just settling in her mind which colour it is to be, and has done her sister the honour of consulting her. She makes a soft pillow for her little glossy head on the window-sill. Thought made her head ache.

"I do not want to dye yet!" she murmured plaintively.

"There is no necessity for it," I say. I always say whatever BELLA wishes—it is my rôle in life, and I take a good look at her as she twines her shapely fingers in among her sunset tresses. She has big grey eyes, in which, at first sight, there appears to be a considerable amount of green. She has the small upward turned nose of a person who is passing through Cologne, or through a back street of the Seven Dials in the hottest summer time, with two little heart-shaped, dimpled nostrils, that are very extinguishers for men's souls. Her laughing full-blown lips form an elastic framework to a gorgeous mouth, which could scarcely be measured with the breadth, or length, of two table spoons, and enough to make a selfish man of large appetite (and most men have both qualifications) pause before inviting her to dine with him on the remains of yesterday's meal *tête-à-tête* in his luxurious bachelor lodgings.

All men who looked once at BELLA's mouth, thought twice. It seemed to expect life to be one long pleasant dinner of ever-varying dishes, with luscious fruits for the dessert, and then the whole movement *da capo* from the *potage à la Reine*.

There is a lurking gravity in her low forehead which most men have wondered at; and her full, unblushing cheek, men admire still more, but wonder at less. This face is nicely set on a warm round throat, not too white, nor like unliving marble, but like a large, well-turned, soft, consistent roley-poley pudding, with the veins of raspberry jam within, indicated on its warm, soft surface.

As for BELLA's figure,—well, she has told me, her Sister JENNY, that five thousand a year would be about her figure, if the *parti* were in other ways suitable. But there is no depending upon the whims and fancies of this soft, undulating, plump, dumping-like girl, who is fascinating all round, and whose whole *contour*, whatever our family lineage may be, would never induce an antiquarian

to believe in her having been descended from the Angles, though indeed, some observant naturalists, or logical theologians, holding severally the theories of evolution or development, might have arrived at a somewhat different opinion. But all this is too high for me, who am only Sister JENNY, and, physically speaking, a failure.

BELLA wears a pretty little dress of Japanese silk; of so simple a pattern as to consist of only three figures crossing a bridge, two people in a boat, a quaint tree with large blue apples, a sort of pagoda, two brilliantly plumaged birds fighting in the air, and that is all. It is too plain and quiet to suit most people; it becomes her marvellously, and, being drawn in slightly at the girdle, gives a truer expression to her healthily firm and shapely shoulders, than many a grander garment would have done.

There she sits, lazy, happy, passive; a pretty dollop of colour on the grey stone window-sill of our first-floor front.

"I wish I had something to eat!" she exclaims, wearily. "This air gives me an appetite, especially out here—" (As I have intimated, she is on the window-sill, and throwing these remarks into the room to me.) "I sent TOMMY out to buy some jelly and a pickled cabbage. Where is he?"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—I generally exclaim 'Good Heavens!'—"you don't suppose the unhappy imbecile is so infatuated as to run about Wollum with pickled cabbages and jellies in his pocket?"

"Yes, I do," she returns triumphantly, "and ices too, and sponge-cakes, and buns, and nuts. What's he made for, if not to be useful?"

I am about to attempt an answer to this problem, when the sound of a concertina strikes our ears.

BELLA starts up, and holds on by the window-sash, craning her neck out to look round the corner of the next balcony, and down the street, a few yards distant.

"Here he is!" she cries. "He is always playing the same tune, that is, as much as he knows of it." (It is "*Pretty Jimina, don't say 'No!'*" and we both recognise it.) "And—oh!" she cries, almost bounding off her perch, "he's got some one with him! A Man! such a Man! Oh, I do hope he is going to bring him up here!"

I look out of window, and see TOMMY—that is, our friend, the REV. THOMAS HASOCK, who is taking care of us at the seaside—in his long clerical coat, high waistcoat, large white tie, and big, soft, pulpy, slouched hat, dancing about in the middle of the road, playing the concertina; his little pink eyes thrown up, beseechingly, through his pale green spectacles, towards the object of his loving worship, eager for one smile—for one slight glance of approval, or even of recognition, of his attempts to please and amuse her.

But BELLA's eyes are turned in another direction. For a time she is apparently utterly ignorant of the very existence of the REV. THOMAS HASOCK, and as deaf to the voluptuous harmony of his concertina, as she had been, for months past, to the theme of his pitiful entreaties. It is a *Man* who has attracted her attention; and even I, with all my old-maidish contempt for the sex, am forced to admit that BELLA is a connoisseur of this portion of the creation, and that she is right in refusing this title to poor fluffy-headed, green-spectacled, whimpering Reverend little TOMMY, who would play and dance himself to death in the broiling sun on the Wollum Green, if thereby he could hope to win from her one word of love.

"Come in!" She beckons imperiously to the infatuated dancing Clergyman, with a whisk of her dimpled, white, plump finger cutting his capers short.

TOMMY obeyed instantly.

In another second he is in our room.

"Where's your friend?" BELLA asks.

"Outside," answers TOMMY, blushing, and smoothing his curly straw-coloured hair with the corner of his concertina.

"Why didn't you bring him up?" BELLA inquires.

"He is old enough to have brought me up," replies TOMMY, turning all manner of colours, and pulling out a chord from his instrument.

"You are such a donkey, TOMMY!" says BELLA, throwing at his head a thick cushion on which she has been sitting. The cushion caught the REV. MR. HASOCK on his right ear, and brought him suddenly to the ground.

"Never mind," I say, trying to soften matters—it is my mission in life to soften matters—"she does not mean it."

"You know, Miss JENNY," the poor creature says to me, "I would do anything for BELLA. If she told me to stand on my head I would do it."

"Don't call me BELLA," says the young lady, sharply. "And do it."

"Stand on my head?"

"Yes."

He requires no further pressure. He is on his head, with an agility which shows he has prepared for this occasion, and is turning slowly round and round, following with his spectacles BELLA into whatever part of the room her sudden impulsive walk may take her.



EN PASSANT.

"RATHER REMARKABLE, AIN'T IT, SIR? BUT 'AVE YOU HEVER NOTICED AS MOSTLY ALL THE PLACES ON THIS LINE BEGINS WITH A 'H'?"

"AW—BEG YOUR PARDON?"

"LOOK AT 'EM!—'AMFSTEAD, 'IGHGATE, 'ACKNEY, 'OMERTON, 'ENDON, 'ARROW, 'OLLOWAY, AND 'ORNSBY!"

Then she stops, and speaks, before releasing him.

"You'd better stay as you are. For months you have been 'off your head.' Your parishioners will be glad to hear you are on it again. Tell me what's your friend's name?"

TOMMY, having righted himself once more, produces from his pockets a pickled cabbage, some ices in brown paper, a bottle of ginger-beer, two jam tarts, and a sausage-roll. These he offers to BELLA.

"I thought," stammers the timorous little man, "I once heard you say you liked them."

She puts them aside, and repeats her question—"Tell me his name?"

He answers, "DUSOVER BELJAMBE."

"What is he?"

"A Captain."

"A Captain! I shall go out for a drive with him."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim.

"My dear Miss BELLA," says TOMMY, nervously, drawing out one long expostulatory note on his concertina, and twisting round slowly on one leg, as he sings, in a high, but not positively unmusical voice, "What will Mamma say? What will Papa say? Oh my, fie for shame! What will Mam—"

But a mischievous, tormenting look flashes into BELLA's grey eyes. "Take off your coat and hat!" says the wilful girl, in a calm, determined tone, to TOMMY, who stands aghast—"Take off your coat, hat, waistcoat, and white tie! I am going for a drive with CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE!"

(To be continued.)

THE DUTCHMEN'S PROTEST.

(See "Wrongs of Our Natives,"—Punch, March 18.)

DEAR PUNCH,

WE hope, in this Metropolis,
They play no tricks of Calicopolis:
But we, plain Dutchmen dare to say
We are of real use to-day;
Nor to you only *Mr. Punch*,
Who, having had your oyster-lunch,
Resolve it into purest pearls
For thoughtful men and laughing girls.
We cry, "Come; eat us! Let the best,
Who boast the Natives' choicest zest,
Awhile beneath the ocean rest.
To them we claim not to be equal,
Yet eat us, and await the sequel."
Once, if we credit Roman stories,
Ceteris ostriosior oris
Was the far-famed Rutupian marge
Where Latian epicures at large
Enjoyed a British oyster-supper,
When HORACE reigned instead of TUPPER.
But oh the oysters night and day
Eaten, since CÆSAR came this way!
Since Roman *gourmands*, growing boisterous,
Swore that Olympus was an oyster-house,
That Hermes opened bivalves well,
And always in the concave shell;
That Zeus, almighty self-refector,
When eating them abjured his nectar,
Thought Ganymede a clumsy lout,
And wisely called for London stout.
Natives no longer are abundant;
We, by comparison, redundant,
Not caring, though with scorn you treat us,
"Come, ope," we cry, "come, ope, and eat us!"
Trust not the men who, fond of "sells,"
Translate us into Native shells;
But gulp us in an honest way,
And, having done it, you will say,
"Twere wiser to grant breathing time,
For Natives to regain their prime,
Nor, while we spare them, scorn too much
The plump and modest Anglo-Dutch."
The doings of Mancestrian folk
Are, we admit, beyond a joke,
But we are not in league with such men:
We're honest, unpretending

DUTCHMEN.

WHAT OXFORD QUESTIONS.—Whether the way to supply sins of omission be by sins of Commission?

WHAT IT SEEMS LIKELY TO COME TO.

THE Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury contemplate the opening of Westminster Hall as a Skating Rink, for the use of Members of both Houses, the Bench, and the Bar.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's hope shortly to be able to announce the opening of their new Skating Rink, in the Cathedral crypt, for the use of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Loggia and box-holders at the Albert Hall, who have converted their property into private Rinks, are requested to abstain from skating during the few remaining Concerts which will take place before a Bill is applied for to authorise the adaptation of the Hall as a Metropolitan Rink for the use of the British Public.

The President and Members of the Royal Academy of Arts beg to inform Exhibitors that their entrance cards will admit them to the new Art Rink, to be constructed in the courtyard of Burlington House previous to the opening of the Exhibition.

The Zoological Society is about to turn the Fish House into a Skating Rink. Lessons will be given by the Polar Bears.

Conservative Notions.

It is understood that, should the sanction of Parliament be given to the Ministerial proposal of adding the new and foreign denomination of Empress to HER MAJESTY's old English title of Queen, MR. DISRAELI will shortly ask the House of Commons to vote a sum of money for the purpose of whitewashing Westminster Abbey.

DUCK-BILLS DEVELOPED.

(On the Rink.)



COULD feather-trimmings in Rink-hats
With wing'd things serve to link us,
'Twere but another step—on skates—
To reach ornitho-rhynchus.

That strange Australian animal,
Half-bird, half-beast, whole puzzle,
Needs little humouring, after all,
Of paws and duck-billed muzzle,

To turn into a dowager,
Upon her "Spillers" balanced,
With hands-outstretched to steady her,
And rink-hat feather-valanced.

"Ornis-ornithos—Greek for bird."
Quoth *Punch* behind his blinkers,
"Old rinkers in plumed hats—absurd—
Call 'em, ornitho-rinkers!"

APPREHENDED OUTRAGE AT HAMMERSMITH.

ACCORDING to a Correspondent of the *Times*, some wretch connected with Hammersmith proposes to cut down the noble trees by the River side at the end of the Mall, two hundred years old, and said to have been planted by the Queen of CHARLES THE SECOND. If so, and the caitiff is only quick enough about his work, he will be in time to cause regret and annoyance to numerous spectators who will miss those picturesque objects at the University Boat-Race. Let us, therefore, be informed, as soon as possible, who this fellow is, in order that, whilst all the Philistines, and snobs that rejoice in Vandalism, and revel in the destruction of ancient memorials, will unite in applauding his design, every possible opposition may be offered to it by every sensible person who can make any.

An Enigma.

(*À propos of the Oxford Professor on Political Economy, BONAMY PRICE, Esq., M.A.*)

ALL questions of Exchange
Are settled in a trice
At Oxford University
By reference to PRICE.
Still it is understood
Political Economy
Has never yet held good
With what proceeds from BONHOMIE.

INHABITED HOUSE DUTY—The Servants'. And I wish they'd do it.—Yours, PATERFAMILIAS.

Slippery Ground.

THE following note occurs in a column of Southampton news:—

"CHARLES EDWARDS is announced to give Gospel addresses in the new Skating Rink to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon and evening."

To serve the purpose of MR. EDWARDS, a Skating Rink seems about as fit as a Circus; but authority for preaching both in season and out of season may equally warrant preaching whether in or out of place. However, perhaps a sermon would not be quite out of place in a Skating Rink, where it might touch backsliders.

Elementary Education.

THE Elements of late have been unusually unruly. Meetings to promote Elementary Education have had not the slightest effect in restraining their violence, so as to keep them from tearing telegraphic wires, and throwing tiles and chimney-pots. There are Elements which nobody as yet has been able to master; hence the late tempestuous weather. Better luck to the efforts of philanthropists to educate the people.

Proposal to Parliament.

IN order to the more effectual exclusion of private jobbery from Parliamentary proceedings, suppose you resolve that any Honourable Member accepting office as a Railway Chairman or Director, shall by the fact of so doing, like the receiver of a Ministerial appointment, vacate his seat, and ere he is permitted to resume it, have to offer himself for re-election.

PERFORMANCES IN LENT.



THE *Hampshire Independent*, under heading of "Lenten Missions at Southampton," reports the particulars of certain proceedings lately conducted at various churches in that town and its neighbourhood by certain "mission preachers," invited by some thirty Clergymen, who, "headed by the Rural Dean, the REV. DR. CARY, approached the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and obtained his sanction and warm approval of a series of Services to be held during the first eight or ten days of the present Lent." Some of these proceedings would once have been deemed prodigious, and not merely extraordinary; but in these days we are accustomed to notices of Theatres Clerical, such as the following account of a performance at—

"ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—Those who, knowing the Ritualistic tendencies at this church (REV. F. M. GREGORY'S), expected that the Mission would be accompanied by extravagances, were not disappointed. The notices, announcing the Services stated the Mission Priests will be ready to hear confessions, or to give spiritual direction after any of the Services, with the Service for the renewal of baptismal vows."

The acting at the REV. F. M. GREGORY'S Church, where "Mission Priests" attended to hear confessions, if truly described, was very close to the real thing indeed. MR. GREGORY appears to have played the part of a provincial POPE GREGORY in capital style. This is further apparent from what follows:—

"On Saturday evening the Missioners (REVS. R. LINKLATER and L. N. JONES) were met by the Vicar and choristers at the old parsonage house, where a procession was formed, and headed by one of the choristers bearing aloft a jewelled crucifix, they proceeded to the church, singing, 'Onward, Christian soldiers!'"

These soldiers, however, seem unaware that they are troops with whom the genuine Pope's Own would not march through Coventry, nor would have marched through Southampton.

A "service," we are told, was next "conducted" by MR. GREGORY—playing Anti-Pope, perhaps, rather than POPE GREGORY, as the Ritualists disobey Pius. It was "taken from the Book of the Mission":—

"In this book the advantages of coming to confession are set forth, with directions 'how to make a good confession,' in which an admonition is given 'not to keep back anything, to take care to be plain and simple, and if you find it difficult, to ask the priest to help you;' 'if you doubt whether anything you have done was sinful, ask the priest;' 'keep to the point, and remember you have to confess your own sins, not the sins of other people;' 'make your confession as if it were your last, and you were going to die to-night.' Then is given the following form of confession."

This was simply the Roman preamble to auricular confession slightly garbled to suit the Ritualistic stage. It is followed by the direction, "Then tell the priest your sins," and, that done, finally, to pray "you, my father, to give me penance, counsel, and absolution."

Might not the penitent, told not to confess the sins of other people, as well consider how far he is sure that his own will not be divulged by his mimic "Father Confessor"? There is nothing to prevent a Ritualist from being a hypocrite; nor are there in the laws of the Church by Law Established any provisions to regulate the practice of "Confession," which, as a practice, that Church ignores. No such provisions are likely to be made by Act of Parliament, and even if the Bishops could be prevailed to frame any, what Ritualist—each his own Pope—could be trusted to obey his Bishop? Let boobies, therefore, beware how they play at auricular confession.

The thirty odd Hampshire parsons have "approached" the BISHOP of WINCHESTER to such purpose that next, instead of warily "approaching" him—getting at him in a gradual and tentative manner—they will perhaps at once peremptorily request him to patronise their sacerdotal performances. If the REV. MR. GREGORY, of Southampton, for instance, has the courage of his opinions, will he hesitate to apply to his Diocesan for a faculty to erect a Confessional in St. Michael's Church? For that purpose, however, the mere faculty of imitation will not do.

AN EDUCATIONAL NORTHERN LIGHT.

In these days, when the Schoolmaster is so much abroad, what a comfort to know that even where School Boards are not spread, the banquet of instruction is ready for the children of the humbler as well as the highest orders. And what instruction! Take as an example the following *bonâ fide* educational *menu*—actually put forth by a North Country Schoolmaster—which has been sent to Mr. Punch, and which he reproduces textually.

"MR. — now ventures to commend his scholastic attainments to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of —, feeling confident he has made himself master of a good sound English education, after pursuing the above object many years—nevertheless returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their patronage and yet earnestly solicits a favour of greater patronage feeling assured that, by strictness, perseverance, economy and wonted ability he will give satisfaction to both sexes in tuition and also to parents by imparting to their Children a liberal Education, consisting of Reading, Writing, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic in all its extensive branches and powers, also Mathematics and Drawing.

"N.B.—MR. — deems it highly necessary to remark that it is a matter of great materiality regarding the progress in any boy or girl being absent at school, as their progress entirely depends on their attendance, if the Teacher do his duty, and it is an undeniable fact that Learning cannot be acquired unless attention be paid, hence MR. — only wishes to have attendance of boys and girls, to prove what he has stated above, but he begs to say that he wishes parents would deliver their Children into his hands and charge, as he has already proved in several cases that indulging Children in laziness and not making them obey their duty have been their ruin—thinking this a sufficient remark yet without verbosity or any vague assurance—he hopes this will be conclusive and worthy of the readers attention without embarrassment of un-accomplished achievements.

"METHOD.—I. A course of intelligent study is initiated & steadily pursued having immediate reference to the requirements of his meanest pupils. II. The exercises worked by his pupils are carefully corrected and honestly criticised and every means are taken to secure rapid improvement. III. The result of six years experience are offered for consideration.

"TERMS.—Learning the letters 2d. per week; Beginning to read 3d. per week; Ditto Writing & Arithmetic 4d. per week; Small Hand Writers 5d. per week; Those learning Grammar 6d. per week; Drawing, Mathematics, Geography, &c., from 9d. to 1s. 6d."

Who can say the region enlightened by such an educational luminary as the author of this hand-bill can be in want of a School-Board?

SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN.

A NOTABLE discovery was communicated to the *Times* the other day by MR. HENRY WALKER, the Honorary Secretary of the West London Scientific Association. On the preceding Saturday afternoon, in the brick earth pit of the old Thames bed at Crayford in Kent, a gentleman belonging to the learned body abovenamed found an unquestionable relic of a noble animal too commonly, of late years, accounted a myth:—

"One of the members of this Association, MR. R. W. CHEADLE, of Christ's Hospital, was successful in excavating a bone which was identified by PROFESSOR MORRIS as the thighbone of a British species of lion."

Thus the British Lion, whose very name is sneered at by subversive scoffers as all humbug, is now demonstrated to be a genuine reality, at least to have been a real quadruped once; a live lion in his day, the most ancient of the good old days,—

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Said "noble savage" being the aboriginal Briton, bedaubed with woad. That is if in Britain at that prehistoric period there existed any aborigines on two legs and featherless, and if woad was comprised in the British *flora* at an epoch when the British *fauna* included lions. But, most strange to say, the discovery of the British Lion is not the only one made by MR. CHEADLE. A more remarkable case of "curious coincidence" has perhaps never been announced in any journal than that which remains to be pointed out:—

"MR. CHEADLE found at the same time several teeth of rhinoceros in this cemetery of ancient life among the hop-gardens of Kent."

It is indeed wonderful that the remains of a creature associated in heraldry with the British Lion should have been discovered near those of its companion on the Royal Arms, and that the same fortunate explorer should have had the honour of discovering not only the Lion of our British escutcheon, but the Unicorn as well.

ITALY ON FRANCE.

"La Republica non aveva che una *Gambetta*;
Adesso ha due gambe, e sta ferma!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—Notice.—The REV. ORBY SHIPLEY to be called the REV. URBI ET ORBI SHIPLEY.

PRESIDENT CININNATUS.

"The Senate have passed a resolution reducing the President's allowance from 50,000 to 25,000 dollars."

OUR Transatlantic cousins trying
To meet the last cry from the Gallery,
Go in an honest head for buying
At half the present scale of salary.
Almighty Dollar's slaves essay—
The notion strikes us here as comic—
To halve their President's poor pay,
And so prove clean hands economic.

Alas! there will be no more fun—
Hops, Germans, champagne lunches, dinners—
At the White House in Washington
For hungry saints or thirsty sinners.
Your public life alas! breeds dirt,
Your public organs throw it gaily;
And now the Presidential shirt
Will hardly pay for washing daily.

What is five thousand pounds a year?
'Tis just an English Bishop's income.
While, in the President's starved ear,
The dollars melt from hands that clink 'em!
Roumanian Boyar, Russian Prince,
Outspent in rear of Shoddy tarries:
And English Dukes with envy wince
While Shoddy pays them down in Paris.

Emperors and Kings are much too dear;
A President may well come cheaper:
But why give *anything* a year
To your exalted office-keeper?
Put up the place to auction, friends,
Choose who bids highest—when you've made him,
Wait till his term of office ends,
And, guess, you'll find, somehow, it's paid him.

A Fruitless Visit.

MRS. MALABROP has suffered a great disappointment. Hearing of "the fall in the price of silver," she thought it was a favourable opportunity to buy what she had long wanted—a few additional forks and spoons. Her expectations of a great bargain were rudely dashed to the ground when she reached the silversmith's shop.



PUNCH'S PICTORIAL PATENTS.

PATENT FRONT-AND-BACK-FALL BUFFER (FOR BEGINNERS).

AN OXFORD MIXTURE.

THE following letters have been received at 85, Fleet Street, during the past week, on the subject of the Oxford University Bill, now before the House of Lords. In these days, when public opinion is so powerful, all useful hints should be of service to Commissioners, both of the present and the future. This being the case, *Mr. Punch* has no hesitation in publishing the communications of his correspondents for that unknown quantity—what they are worth:—

(LETTER I. Postmark, "London, W.")

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,

You have *always* been the *best* friend of the Ladies—always—and I do so want you to help us now. You are so good and so clever and so amiable that I am *sure* you will if you can, and you *know*—you satirical, nice important creature—you *know* you can do *anything* if you please. A single line in your *truly* amusing paper will have (as Papa calls it) "the desired effect." You know it will, now don't you?

After reading the first column of the *Times* the other morning, I turned to the other pages (as I *always* do, to see if there is any news of the dear Prince), and, quite by accident, I came upon a long account of a meeting of a Convocation at Oxford, headed "LORD SALISBURY'S BILL." As my brother JOHN is at Oxford, of course I *devoured* the article with the most *awful* relish. I couldn't quite understand it, but Papa tells me that it is proposed to alter the way of spending the money belonging to the Colleges—the endowments or something—you know what I mean. I hope you won't consider me a *very* silly goose if I suggest something *en passant*. I suppose the old Gentlemen have been *too* extravagant in their tailor's bills—I know at Commemoration some of the gowns were quite *too* gorgeous! Now for my suggestion.

Don't you remember there was a *great* fuss a short time ago about the expenses of Commemoration. I recollect a *lot* of letters in the papers saying that the *young* men could not *really* afford (poor fellows) to entertain their sisters and cousins in proper style. One

wretch wanted Commemoration to be abolished! Now *this* would be simply too awfully miserable; it would be really *wicked*! Commemoration is *too* nice, it is indeed.

Why shouldn't some of the funds, *dearest Mr. Punch*, be devoted to paying for the Balls, Pic-nics, Garden Parties, and Flower Shows? If the Heads of Colleges (is *that* the right name for them?) objected, they might be *wheedled* into saying "Yes," by receiving a lot of cards of invitation to everything—of course on condition that they only asked *nice* young Men and unmarried Ladies at least over forty.

Do, do get this done for us, *dearest Mr. Punch*, and merit the eternal gratitude of yours most sincerely,

A LITTLE GIRL.

P.S.—I must introduce you to JACK. I am *sure* he would be *delighted* to put you up for the week, and his breakfasts are really quite too lovely.

(LETTER II. Postmark, "City Road.")

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I am not a Member of Oxford College, but I have written ten five-act pieces that a jealous clique of theatrical Managers (in London and the provinces) have kept off the boards once trod by that far-famed gentleman sometimes called the famous "Swan of Avon."

Sir, "if there is any justice in the land of the brave and the free; if there is still a sun keeping watch over the busy world by day as the silvery moon does by night, like a hawk searching for his first meal—the early worm of daybreak" (pardon me for quoting from my own works), let some of the bloated funds of the luxurious College of Oxford be expended in assisting

Your obedient Servant,

A GENIUS NOT YET RECOGNISED.

(LETTER III. Postmark, "Aldershot.")

SIR,—After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that an Oxford education is scarcely the sort of thing to suit a man

intending to enter the Army. My present duties are confined to company drill, the internal economy of a regiment (inspecting raw meat and tasting weak tea), and occasionally assisting at the deliberations of our Mess Committee.

Why should not some of the University Funds be devoted to purchasing parade-grounds and the endowment of a Chair of Military Science? I may say the exercises would be of local as well as of general importance. As a soldier it is my opinion that even the Heads of Colleges would be benefited by a course of "setting-up drill," and as for "the coaches" a month of "par buckling" and a fortnight of "trench digging" would do them all the good in the world—it would make men of them, Sir.

For the sake of the Service you will be glad to hear that what I learned at Oxford I completely forgot at Sandhurst.

Yours faithfully,

B. A. (Oxford), Lieutenant—th Foot.

(LETTER IV. Postmark, "Putney.")

MR. EDITOR,

FAR be it from me to suggest that a good oar must necessarily be a bad scholar (on the contrary, many of our best Blues have been the prides of their respective Colleges); but surely field and water sports might now take rank with cramming.

The London Public, Sir, fully appreciate the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and the University Cricket Match; but those two great contests have never been properly recognised on the banks of the Cam and the Isis. I see a good opportunity for some reparation in the proposed redistribution of the Oxford funds. Two chairs (one for Cricket, the other for Boating) might be advantageously established; and perhaps a small fund might be reserved for the entertainment of ex-Lord Mayors by victorious Eights, or conquering Elevens.

Let this be done, and I say that Athletic Oxford will be more than satisfied.

Yours most truly,

AN OLD BLUE.

(LETTER V. Postmark, "Little Peddington.")

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,—You will see by my signature that I am the celebrated Tragedian. Sir, in that character I have a right to be heard.

Sir, what do our young men know about elocution? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Don't talk to me, Sir, about a Public Orator. Pahaw, Sir!—his office is a sinecure, a farce, a sham! Sir, I hear that Oxford proposes to spend her money after a new fashion. By all means let her do so.

I am given to understand, Sir, that the University boasts a Theatre of its own (I have my own doubts upon the subject, Sir; for I cannot find it mentioned in the *Era*: but no matter). Then let that Theatre (if it exists) be worthily filled.

Sir—mark me well—let the University make it worth my while, and I will allow our youth to see me nightly in a round of my most famous Shakspearian parts.

As you know, Sir, I am the *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, *Apothecary* (as played by me at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells for more than three consecutive nights), *Othello* and *Falstaff* of the epoch. Need I say more?

Sir, your obedient Servant,

GARRICK KEMBLE JONES,

Late of the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells.

P.S. Should my offer be refused, I shall be at liberty at Easter for Tragedy, Eccentric Comedy, and Utility. I understand the time—eight.

(LETTER VI. Postmark, "London, E.")

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DOUBTLESS there will be many excellent suggestions made for the redistribution of the Funds of Oxford University. Accordingly, I am a little shy of advancing the claims of the class to which I myself belong, and yet if something could be done for us, it would indeed be a blessing. Indirectly, many an Oxford man working either in the slums of London or in the heathen lands of the country might be benefited. But the will must be precursor of the way.

Sick calls, leaten duties, and my ordinary parochial work prevent me from writing more.

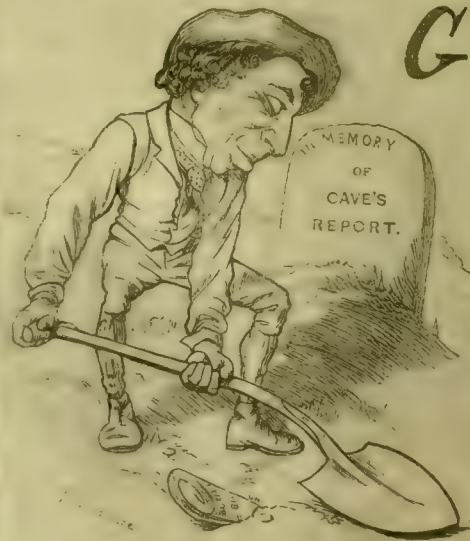
Your faithful Servant,

A POOR CURATE.

QUESTIONS FOR ANY NUMBER OF BEES.

1. Spell LJUBIBRATICS.
2. Pronounce LJUBIBRATICS.
3. Who is LJUBIBRATICS?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GOOD joke (Lords, Monday, March 20th) of LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY'S—Will Government issue a Fugitive-Coolie Circular—the Fugitive Slave Circular having proved such a success? LORD DERBY, with perfect seriousness, disclaimed any such intention.

(Commons).—In Committee on Royal Titles Bill, MR. DISRAELI tried to take the sting out of the Bill by explaining that the QUEEN would, under no circumstances, assume

the style of Empress in England. VICTORIA in fact, is to be Empress, "Limited"—to India—and her children, further West, are still to be Royal—not Royal and Imperial—Highnesses. LORD HARTINGTON was sorry this re-assuring pledge had not been given before Second Reading of the Bill. Still he foresaw awkward complications. Think of the difficulty of keeping the Snobocracy—Social and Municipal—to the old title. There would be something so irresistibly tempting to JENKINS in a new and lower form of Kotow!

SERGEANT SIMON wanted to include a reference to the Colonies in the Royal Style. Our *Warwick*—Empress-maker as he is—really didn't just now see how that was to be managed, but did not despair that some day a happy device might be hit upon!

Now it has come to tinkering the Royal Title, *Punch* can't for the life of him see the difficulty of turning out a serviceable and comprehensive article. What is the objection to "VICTORIA by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the British Colonies and Dependencies, Queen?" Or—better still, because briefer, why not, "VICTORIA of the British Dominions, Queen?" Mr. P. will be happy to meet the RIGHT HON. B. D., the RIGHT HON. W. E. G., the RIGHT HON. SIR S. H. BART, and the RIGHT HON. LORD HARTINGTON, and will back himself to help those four lame dogs over the Royal Style in the course of an hour's confab, with the aid of a sedative cigar.

After some boggling, and with many wry faces from the Opposition, and no great appearance of relish on the part of the Majority, the Bill was got through Committee without a division.

Then the House, having shaken off its nomenclative nightmare, went joyously into Committee of Supply, and knocked off a good batch of "excess votes" in Army and Navy Estimates.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY has ventured—RYLANDS notwithstanding—to make the post of Indian Councillor tenable during good behaviour. Their Lordships are to have the comments of the Hebdomadal Council and Convocation on the Oxford Bill, before going into Committee. That is only fair.

(Commons).—Thank you, MR. RICHIE, for a very useful *exposé* of the constitution, efficiency, expense, and pay of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, in support of demand for a Select Committee. Would that all Committees asked and granted had as good a ground laid for them or the chance of being as useful.

SHAW the Life Guardsman, used to be a popular hero, in the days when the *Battle of Waterloo* came off annually at Astley's. Our SHAW—the Life and Property Guardsman—has a more solid claim on London's recognition, for he does a big work with small means, and spends himself and his men freely for very inadequate reward. If all our big Babylon's municipal services were as well administered, manned and worked as her Fire Brigade, we should have less need for reform of our Local Government.

DR. CAMERON—with Scotch shrewdness and Highland pluck—brought forward the grievances of the *Talisman*'s crew; the men, imprisoned without trial, for more than a year, in a filthy dungeon at Callao, then released without compensation, after being forced to serve the Peruvian Government for a cruise aboard their own ship; the officers still untried prisoners after fifteen months' suffering, and one of them murdered en attendant by one of the native ruffians shut up in the same foul hole.

MR. BOURKE told at great length the story of the *Talisman*—seized



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Publican. "YOUR DOG'S VERY FAT, SIR. PRAY WHAT DO YOU FEED HIM ON?"

Traveller. "WELL, HE HAS NO REGULAR MEALS; BUT WHENEVER I TAKE A GLASS OF ALE, I GIVE HIM A BISCUIT, YOU KNOW!"

fairly enough by the Peruvian Government as having been chartered and loaded here by agents of conspirators against the Government, and used for the purposes of a rebellion in the country—but shirked DR. CAMERON'S point, which was that our Government had been slack in acting on behalf of the crew. We are glad to hear from MR. BOURKE that LORD DERBY has, at last, sent out a peremptory demand for the immediate trial or release of the officers. Better late than never. Unfortunately, the demand comes too late for the mate, SIBLEY. The ruffian's knife has already unlocked the dungeon-door for him, poor fellow!

LORD DERBY should be made to feel that there *are* occasions on which it is the duty of a Foreign Secretary's blood to boil. Peru may be as weak among powers, as she is lawless in her prisons, and rascally in her finance. But that is no reason why she should be allowed to imprison and ill use English sailors with impunity. Weakness *has* its privileges; but this is pushing them too far. Let us hope that DR. CAMERON'S creditably cool and clear exposition of the case will from this time secure his clients against the cooling influences of Foreign Office snow-broth. Even MR. GLADSTONE admitted that LORD DERBY might have shown more spirit, without infringing his cherished rule of discretion.

(*Wednesday.*)—An Irish afternoon as usual. DR. WARD busy proving that the Irish Fisheries had been knocked on the head by the treacherous jealousy of the Saxon, and starved, when the Scotch Fisheries were fed fat on grants and bounties. He only asks for an Irish Board of Commissioners, like the Scotch—a branding system, like the Scotch—and a modest annual grant of £20,000, to be spent in the repairs of piers and harbours, and loans to fishermen, &c. &c.

DR. WARD, backed by MR. BUTT, LORD HAMILTON, and MR. BRUN, and a strong muster of Irish Members—made out a good case, in the teeth of BAXTER and the Economists—and SIR M. H. BEACH was driven to the candid admission that so long as the Scotch system was maintained, if it could be shown that the Irish Fisheries suffered for want of it, it ought to be extended to them. He promised inquiry. As to the grant, there were various loans out of the Reproductive Loan Fund under the Act of 1874. Let us see how the repayments under that came in, and then it would be time to talk about an extension of the system. Sly SIR MICHAEL! On the whole, he must oppose the Bill. So it was negatived by 215 to 131. But DR. WARD can't say he has taken nothing by his motion.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD SALISBURY promised the Cambridge University Bill after Easter. Why are the Dark Blues to have precedence?

(*Commons.*)—"Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" A startler for Egyptian Bulls. When DISRAELI promised CAVE'S Report he had not read it. Having read it he thought KHEDIVE mightn't like it. KHEDIVE being asked, said he didn't like it, and the voice of the CAVE is not to be heard in the City. So the Report is burked, and the Bears are loose with a vengeance! DISRAELI may boast to have repeated the feat of his forefathers. He has spoiled the Egyptians!

MILTON'S hymn comes to mind—with a difference:—

The Oracle is dumb!

From forth the Cave no hum

Shaketh the market, up or downward heaving.

The KHEDIVE doth opine

That light might raise a shine.

So Cabinet seals CAVE—Egyptian darkness leaving!

Another contribution—perhaps the largest of the year, and they have been both large and many—to BENJAMIN'S mess.

But he crowned even this to-night, by his amazing speech on the Royal Titles Bill—in which he ran playfully down a whole gamut of "authorities," from SPENCER'S *Fairy Queen* and CAMDEN'S *Britannia* to WHITAKER'S *Almanac*, and the letter of a nursery correspondent—a dear good girl of twelve—who finds the QUEEN called Empress in her school-geography, a work with the high authority of an eighty-ninth edition.

But the Sphinx's most mysterious riddle was left for the last. Have not the bazaars and the ryots heard of an "Emperor"—an irresistible conqueror—who is slowly, but surely, absorbing Asia, from the North downwards? Henceforth India shall have her "Empress" to throw in the "Emperor's" teeth!

Marvellous medicine of a word! Mighty mystery of the Asian mind! Soundless depths of the Disraelitish incomprehensible!

Here be reasons, O BULL! plentiful as black-berries, and big as it is easy to make wind-bags. So Third Reading of the Bill was carried by 209 to 134, under protest of the Opposition, well and weightily uttered by the accredited mouths of GLADSTONE and LOWE; and with the freshness and force of a new voice, besides—that of COWEN, a dark diamond from coal-tyne. So passes the Bill to the Lords. *Q. b. f. fague diet*, prays *Punch*, but doubtingly, for he loves not to see high things lightly handled—and is for holding to the old ways nowhere so reverently as in the region round the Throne.

On Merchant Shipping Bill. There is a chance of seeing the pressure of Poor JACK'S collar lightened in one place. MR. GOSSET enforced from recalcitrant ADDERLEY promise of a Clause to confine imprisonment for breach of sailor's contract to cases involving danger to life or ship.

Friday.—Nothing so remarkable. SERJEANT SHERLOCK'S gallant proposal to unstage the Ladies! Many Members—HOPE and MANNERS included—maintained that the Ladies preferred their present den behind the grille.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor brazen bars a cage;
Ladies, the House who visit, take
These for a privilege!

NOTE ON NAVAL ESTIMATES.

ONE gun that will sink an Iron-clad is as good as a broadside. A gunboat, whilst hitting hard enough to sink a *Minotaur*, is hard for the *Minotaur* to hit. The smaller the vessel and fewer her crew, the smaller and cheaper the calamity of her going to the bottom. A little ship with a great gun might do wonders. We want a lot of those little ships, my Lords.

AN APROPOS TITLE.

MONARCH OF MONARCHS,

COULD you not suggest to the mighty Mystery-Man that he should style his Royal Mistress Suzerain (*Suez-reine*) of Hindostan? The title would commemorate at once his two grand *coups* at Canal-buying and Sovereign-coining.

Yours, abjectly, AGAG.



PROPRIETY IN A FIX.

MRS. QUIVERFUL HAS THREE DAUGHTERS JUST ENGAGED, AND THE PLEASING DUTY DEVOLVES UPON HER OF CHAPERONING THEM WHEN THEY TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE LOVERS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE YOUNG COUPLES WILL GO THEIR OWN DIVERGENT WAYS!

OUT AT LAST; OR, DIZZY'S ODD TRICK.

THE FOX in the fable had tricks ten times ten
To get back to his den in the day of disaster;
But what was that Fox to High-Policy BEN,
Of phrase and *finesse* the redoubtable master?
Dealt out one by one tricks make excellent fun—
For the dealer at least. But the last was mysterious,
A very "dark horse" of a dodge. If hard run
BEN would have to try that; the result might be serious.
High Policy! Mum! So the chase seemed to flag,
When—out pops that identical trick from the bag!

"Why Empress?" quoth JOHN. With Sphinx finger to nose,
The Great Wizard replies, "There are various reasons.
You don't want them all in a lump, I suppose,
But I'll dribble them out—at convenient seasons.
Dear India desires it. She treated your boy
So remarkably well that she merits your gratitude.
Shown thus she will hail it with genuine joy.
See how eager her eyes, how expectant her attitude!
You don't quite perceive it? That's very absurd.
But no matter, I do; so you'll please take my word.

"Objections? Pooh! pooh! All this silly to-do
Is mere party device and unreasoning panic;
There are plenty of answers, good precedents too,
Let me draw your attention to regions Germanic.
It means very little—it means a great deal.
My plan's purely local—no change, mere addition.
'Twill strengthen your rule. If the Colonies feel
Just a little bit sore, why some new definition
May fix their relation and plaster their sore.
'Tis but tinkering the title a little bit more!

"'New-fangled!' O dear, not at all! An old term.
I have heaps of Authorities—CAMDEN and SPENSER,

And PINNOCK, and WHITAKER. So I affirm
That *Victoria Imperatrix Fidei Defensor*
Is no innovation. And should you suppose
My research on the point has been careless or cursory,
I make my appeal, the whole matter to close,
To the highest of courts, which, of course, is the Nursery.
I won't mention names, but you've only to look
In my infant EGERIA'S Geography Book!

"Not satisfied yet? Well, then, listen. Prepare
For a startler—the heart of this new Asian mystery—
'Tis a hint for the ear of the *Great Russian Bear*!
(Prince—Suez—new title!—three steps in one history)
He has munched up the Tartars! A rival? O no!
But we'll borrow his title to make matters equal.
Sometimes a big word is as good as a blow:
Will he funk it, or grin? We shall see in the sequel.
He fights, and intrigues, and creeps nearer apace;
I, by way of reply,—*fling a name in his face!*"

Writ de Rheumatico, &c.

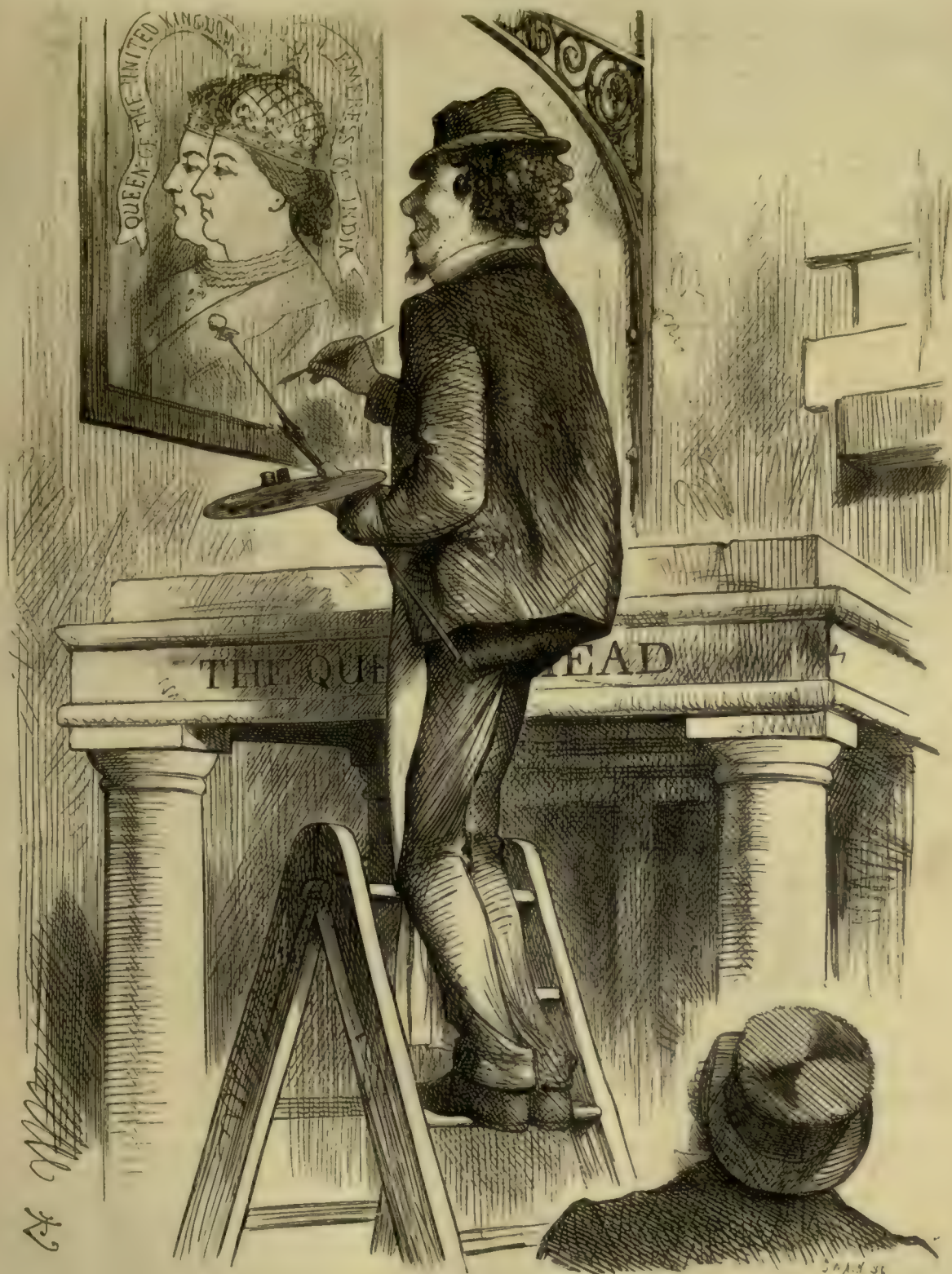
DEAR PUNCH,
THERE is a young Lady for whom I have a great—though,
since the late winter set in again, it has been a neuralgic—affection.
One day last week she suddenly stopped sneezing, and asked me to
write some lines in her album. To blow my nose, and produce the
following was the work of a moment:—

Come where the aspens quiver,
There we'll indulge in a shiver:
Bring your catarrh
To my sciaticá,
And we'll sing of lumbago, my love!

I really didn't know I had it in me.

Snow Hill, March 29.

Yours, North-Easterly,
M. ARCHWYND.



“THE QUEEN WITH TWO HEADS.”

MR. BULL. “NO, NO, BENJAMIN, IT WILL NEVER DO! YOU CAN'T IMPROVE ON THE OLD ‘QUEEN'S HEAD!’”

DRAWING-ROOM DRESSES.



YOU DEAR
CREATURE,

I KNOW you receive letters from Ladies sometimes—very often, perhaps,—but, anyhow, you published a week or two ago one from an awfully jolly girl, I should think (though I really forget what it was about). But what I want to say is *a propos* of these Drawing-Rooms. HER MAJESTY (I suppose I ought to say Her Imperial Majesty?) has announced—that is, of course it is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, not

the QUEEN, who announces them—for May next.

I am sure no girl in the United Kingdom, India, or the Colonies, can be *more loyal* than I am, but why on earth we should be victimised and forced to go in evening dresses to a morning performance goodness gracious only knows. I have been to more than one Drawing-Room, and I know the delights of running out, even in May mornings, into one's carriage in low body and a train; sitting to be stared at by any casual passer-by in St. James's Street—and, whether it be LORD COLEBY or the crossing-sweeper who looks into the carriage window, I know my shoulders in broad daylight must look frightfully yellow, however much *poudre de riz* I put on before starting, and even supposing them *couleur de rose* or "cherub-tinted," one feels so undressed in the day-time that it really seems quite too awfully shocking, especially as a girl does not take a fan to a Drawing-Room. Why are these *fêtes* not held at night? Or, if they must be by day, why cannot Ladies be received in a special morning dress, which, WORTH knows, may be quite as expensive and much more becoming, with those loves of *Bébé* bonnets which are just coming in from Paris. Trains, of course, would be discarded, though no doubt the skirts would be quite as long. But what anxiety, what nerves, what hysterics would be avoided if such a consummation could be arrived at!

Surely feathers, trains, and all the rest of it should be as obsolete as cavalier boots and powder, or, at any rate, as tail uniforms and epaulettes. Some Mammās (don't print this), whose daughters possess exceptionally good shoulders, might object, you know, but oh! what a blessing it would be to most of us, who now catch frightful colds, and in some cases consumption, merely to give the Gentlemen-at-Arms an opportunity of studying æsthetical anatomy while we are shivering in the Ante-Room.

I am quite serious, so do be so for once, and help

Belgravia.

Your devoted admirer,

BERTHA.

I enclose my card, and we have five o'clock tea every Tuesday throughout the season.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Author of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Stilly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER II.—What the Author says.

WHILE our erring, wayward, wild, innocent BELLA, despising the shackles of conventionality, is disguising herself in the REVEREND TOMMY HASCOCK's clerical costume, and making that soft, dumpling-headed clergyman turn quite pink with exasperation at being locked into the jam-cupboard during the process of masquerading which is going on in our front apartment,—JENNY takes a good long look at the innocent cause of all this excitement, who is standing in front of the one hotel at Wollum. He is engaged in swallowing a basin of soup, while, with his eyes, he is devouring the bill of fare which the waiter is holding up for his inspection. Not a very romantic

situation for a hero, truly; yet BELLA,—pausing to settle her white tie, and adjust the REVEREND TOMMY's pale green spectacles to her great unusual-looking eyes, which shine brightly under their white lids,—catching the movement of his deep, poppy-hued lips,—half hidden under a Niagara of tawny hair,—as they pronounced the words, "*Real Turtle*," felt, that, within her soul, there was suddenly revealed to her a bottomless depth—a wild, mad, reckless fervour of passion, to which all her past girlish pleasure in ices, jam-tarts, rolls, and cauliflowers, were but as a drop of summer dew to the tempestuous upheavings of old ocean's stormy bosom. She had seen his lips move; she had caught the masterful words, "*Real Turtle*!"

And what sort of man was he, who, this day, had been so freely inspired with the secret word, the talisman, the key to this priceless treasure of new-born uncalculating passion? This is he:—A big, powerful figure, deep-chested, clean-limbed, thin-flanked. Arms long and sinewy, with muscle rising in knotted cords upon them. His head,—towering stately over the heads of other men, being, as anatomists technically express it, "screwed on the right way,"—was so firmly set on his long, massive, columnar neck, as—his rich tawny, deep-brown hair, being cut short, and brushed straight up, artichoke fashion—to find a perfect resemblance in the sun-lit pineapple that crowns the summit of Old London's fiery Monument.

He has harsh, swart features,—swarter than most swart features,—and a great, soft, black-brown moustache, silkier than the silkiest floss, drooping over his ample, gleaming, mouth. Penthouse brows, and dwelling under them, in their shadow, luminous dark eyes that loved to feast royally on Nature's bounteous gifts to women, with long, unshackled looks. A magnificent ugly man. Such was CAPTAIN IVAR DUSOVER BELJAMBE.

So much for his outside. For his inside, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with the *menu* he is considering than we as yet possess, ere we can weigh and measure this momentous question, and pronounce according to any fixed constitutional standard. He was not more conceited, more dissipated, more self-indulgent, or secret-lie fonder of nuts, preserved fruits, and sweet things at dessert after the ladies have gone, than most men are. His voice was soft, and low as the tone of a muffled fog-horn sounding o'er the summer sea through the mists of evening-tide. Dreadfully soft could that voice be when it chose, suiting itself to the quality of the willing listener.

An ostler is waiting with a dog-cart for CAPTAIN BELJAMBE. Seeing this, he finishes his soup, and stretching out lazily one of his long, big, strong, shapely legs, he gave free play to his muscles, and with an abrupt intimation of his iron, inflexible, foot, dismisses the waiter, who, borne upward, and onward, by the giant impulse, floats away to where the sun is already sloping westwards, and disappearing in the first sprinkling on the water of the holy moonshine, is, so, gradually lost to view.

During the above, BELLA has finished her toilette, has turned to her sister, and asked,

"There, JENNY, am I a waiter? Am I a waiter or a clergyman? Am I to say 'My Christian friends,' or 'C'mingsair, yessir, d'reckly-sir'—which is it to be?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaims JENNY. But before she has time for more, BELLA has shut the door briskly, and has rushed down-stairs into the street.

CAPTAIN IVAR DUSOVER BELJAMBE has already taken his seat in his dog-cart, is giving the last smooching caress to his lion-coloured moustache, before taking the reins in the firm-enclosing, unrelenting strong, iron, grasp of the long, clean, well-shaped muscular fingers of his sinuous right hand. His left, ungloved, still retains the soup-plate, which, in momentary forgetfulness of the waiter's enforced departure, he is holding out, expecting it to be taken by the attendant. And so it is. White, plump, round, soft, ready little fingers seize it, as a tremulous voice, from a pleading face, upward turned towards his hairy countenance and herculean shoulders, says

"Sherry, Sir? Yessir, d'reckly-sir."

Happy DUSOVER! Lucky Moslem in the dog-cart, to have his sherbet brought to him by such a *hourri*!

It was a pretty sight: the big, gentlemanlike-looking man in light clothes, bending down towards the beautiful girl masquerading in the REVEREND MR. HASCOCK's clerical attire—

"Half light, half shade,
A silent waiter, or a gleeful maid?"

Her white tie, tumbled and creased in her endeavours to make both ends meet, seemed but a poor muddy yellow strip, as it lovingly encircled her soft, white, warm throat. Her high, black, waistcoat sat well on her bold, well-defined fairy bust, and the sun kissed her hair and her hands, as though he were some red-loving schoolmaster who could never be sated with tanning her. Her cheeks, rosier than rosy red, are glowing hotter and hotter with the unwonted excitement, and her eyes sparkle and glitter like beautiful great sapphires.

The grey mare is growing restive.

"Come up!" says the deep tone of DUSOVER BELJAMBE's bell-like voice; so deep, so bell-like, that, at its sound, the good people



FORBEARANCE.

Member of Hunt (to Farmer). "I WOULDN'T RIDE OVER THOSE SEEDS IF I WERE YOU. THEY BELONG TO A DISAGREEABLE SORT OF FELLOW, WHO MIGHT MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT."

Farmer. "WELL, SIR, AS HIM'S ME, HE WON'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT TO-DAY."

of Wollum took up their prayer-books, and were for trudging off to church; while some few of the smaller tradesmen came out to put up their shutters, under the impression that the knell of the Lord of the Manor, or at least of the old Squire, was being rung.

"Come up, will you?" he says once more to the restive mare.

BELLA VILLARS hears, looks up at him hardily, growing crimson, but with a dare-devil light in her eyes, and repeats,

"Come up, will you?" I will."

"I don't care about mixed society," returns CAPTAIN BELJAMBE, rudely; "and you seem to be neither one thing nor the other."

"If I am not allowed to do what I like, I scream," answered the girl, gravely. "I am coming for a drive with you, and intend to upset your cart. Do you give me *carte blanche*?"

"This is my *carte de visite*," replied CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE, carelessly, "and I am going to make a round of calls."

"So am I!" cries BELLA. "TOMMY, make room for your uncle!" she adds, as, at one bold jump, she springs up lightly into the vehicle, and seats herself by his side, not more than three inches distant from his great shoulder.

"Now then! Wake up! Off we go!" she exclaims, as, in a sudden ecstasy of breathless enjoyment, she reaches over the splash-board and flogs the mare with poor MR. HASOCK's crumpled hat.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER looks at her full womanly figure, at the round white throat, like a column of Devonshire cream, and then, with one short stirring cry, and a sharp click of the whip, he gives his mare the reins, and away they are carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while her sister JENNY from the balcony is shouting out, "Come back! Come back!" and the REVEREND MR. HASOCK, pink with vexation, and dressed in BELLA's cast-off gown, which the emergency has compelled him to adopt, is waving his blue umbrella from an upper window.

"She is a dear good girl," he is saying to himself, "and really fond of parish work."

He waves his umbrella once more, and for the last time—BELLA is out of hearing, out of seeing, now: she is galloping down the shady green lanes by the sea, looking up into the searching flame of

DUSOVER BELJAMBE's gaze, sipping draughts of poison, thinking to herself "All this is very wrong, highly improper, but what of that? It is utterly unimagined bliss!"

So they sped on, swiftly, these two, down the still road.

(To be continued.)

Foot-Note (Private Correspondence):—

What the Editor says.—"I say, isn't this a trifle too strong? Where's the moral?"—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong! Not a bit! Graphic, descriptive. I'm giving you the pith and marrow of all my other works. Not for wishy-washy milksops. Moral's coming."—R. D.

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION.

ATTENTION, Metropolitan Board of Works, to a request which you should comply with. "J. E. S.," writing to a contemporary, sets forth the difficulty he and thousands of others, occasional visitors in London, experience in finding their way about, especially at night, owing to the multitude of streets with no names visible at all, and even in the principal thoroughfares none to be seen for half a mile. You need not be told how to remedy this state of things in respect of daylight; but as to darkness perhaps are not so ingenious as not to require being enlightened by "J. E. S." as follows:—

"What I wish to propose, or rather suggest, is this: that the names of the streets be put on the lamp-glasses, as you now see at many of the Railway Stations. The cost would be trifling, and the boon immense."

A clever idea, isn't it? and one which, if realised, would be a great improvement, and an immense boon indeed to many, especially country cousins, now that education has taught even bumpkins to read. Be so good as to execute it without delay.

HIBERNIAN TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Home Rule and Imperial assistance.



A NEW TEST.

Aunt (in alarm). "SURELY YOU'VE EATEN ENOUGH, HAVEN'T YOU, TOMMY?"
Tommy (in doubt). "F-F-F-FEEL ME!"

MORAL SUASION FOR SOTS.

(An Appeal to the United Kingdom Alliance.)

WHY cry for vexatious laws to curtail the freedom of the Briton, destroy the Liquor-merchant's livelihood, rob the poor man of his beer, and in consistency the rich man of his burgundy, when you could make people sober without any restrictive Act of Parliament? The way thereto has long been an open secret for any one with eyes in his (mind's) head. Now every fool who runs may read it in a paper just issued by the Howard Association on the "Means of Diminishing Intemperance."

For this purpose, instead of trying to go the whole hog like teetotal fanatics, the Howard Association proposes to proceed on old "Hesiod's maxim that 'the half is more than the whole;'" to do as much as will suffice, and not to fail by over-doing. Having suggested certain modifications of the present licensing system, they observe, for the instruction of Good Templars and Permissive Prohibitory Allies:—

"But when all has been done that intelligent public opinion is ever likely to sanction in the way of legal restrictions and licensing conditions, the principal work will still be to influence the personal convictions and habits of the people themselves as voluntary agents. And this can only be effected, as hitherto, by MORAL AND RELIGIOUS OPERATIONS concurrently (it is important to remark) with an increase of such necessary facilities of sobriety, as HEALTHY DWELLINGS, PROVIDENT HABITS, INNOCENT RECREATIONS, WORKMEN'S CLUBS, EDUCATIONAL ELEVATION, and a cheap and ever-ready supply of HARMLESS BEVERAGES."

Why, is not all this the revelation of a secret which everybody must now see to be as plain as the nose on his face—how plain soever? Who are the sober classes pray, SIR WILFRID LAWSON? Just exactly those who enjoy the above-named advantages, all, except Workmen's Clubs, because you Swells have Clubs of your own—the Carlton, Reform, Conservative, and such. You are the sober

SOMETHING NEW.

OH, who will show us something new!

Too common Rinks are growing,
 And Spelling Bees are, *entre nous*,
 Too solemn and slow-going.
 Against monotony rebellers,
 We're sick of Spillers and of spellers.

What is a Rink?—A giddy whirl
 That makes a poor girl dizzy:
 No time to question, as you twirl,
 Who, what, or how much is he?
 And if one has an awkward tumble,
 It's hard to smile, instead of grumble.

LURBOOK proves Bees a stupid race,
 Good but to buzz and guttle,
 Our Spelling Bees thrust in one's face
 Sharp strings of queries subtle:
 Interrogators poor girls tangle
 With questions—all but the one worth asking.

Dear Mr. Punch, do pray invent
 Some new game—you're so clever:
 Of course one must be dull in Lent—
 But Lent won't last for ever.
 Then Lent means fast—so fast please make it—
 Costume, *décolleté*—not too naked.

PUNCH replyeth.

Old pleasures tire, young fancies fire,
 But Punch has outlived passion:
Ladies invent, and men admire—
'Tis yours to set the fashion,
 Wherefore seek novelty? Behold
 Flirting, still new, however old!

For dress, the thin disguise let fall;
 With tight skirts form-revealing,
 You've reached the art of showing all
 Dress makes show of concealing.
 To help you dress why Punch be pressing,
 The Modistes' art is now un-dressing.

A FEAR FROM THE INDIAN TREASURY.

MAY not the new coinage of our Indian
 Crown still further bring down the price of the
 Rupee?

classes, you, the superior classes—not always classes as sober as they were superior. You, the comfortable and luxurious classes, blessed especially with healthy homes, and with a cheap and ever-ready supply of harmless beverages—champagne, claret, and numerous other wholesome wines; beverages dog-cheap to you who can well afford them, and not only harmless but beneficial to you who know better than to abuse them, and have no temptation. When the superior classes drank port and sherry and brandy-and-water, a sot, drunk and incapable, used to be proverbially said to be "as drunk as a lord." Do you ever see a nobleman in the gutter now? With good hot coffee, as sold in the streets of Birmingham at a halfpenny per cup (and a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent.), good ginger-beer no dearer than bad ale, try if you cannot wean the drunken classes from intoxicating liquors, as their betters—so called—were weaned on light wines before them. Legislate for the drainage and ventilation of those dwellings, from whose filth and squalor they fly to the public-house. Give them—the Howard Association particularly urges—religious training: that is to say, Christianity, not Mahometanism. The Turks are patterns of temperance, but of what other virtue? Suppose, whilst you, the United Kingdom Alliance, go on agitating for coercive liquor laws, the preventives of Intemperance recommended by the Howard Association are effectually tried. Suppose by-and-by you find drunkenness, your *raison d'être*, abolished, your platform cut from under your legs, and your occupation gone. How glad, no doubt, you will all of you be; how rejoiced at beholding national sobriety effected without the enforcement of unwilling abstinence!

A CHANGE OF NAME FOR WESTON THE WALKER.—For "PAYSON" read "PAGE-ON."

FAST FLOWERS.—"Mad-cap" Violets.



GASTRONOMY.

Young Hopeful. "PA, WHY DOESN'T THE QUEEN GIVE DINING-ROOMS 'STEAD OF DRAWIN'-ROOMS. I KNOW" (with his mouth full)
 "I WOULD!!" [Is helped last to pudding!]

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

(From the Note-Book of a Tourist.)

He is a wise man who knows his own luggage, when he travels with a wife and her twenty-seven packages.

For want of a whistle the cab was lost, and for want of a cab the train was lost.

s. s. d. are your real letters of credit.

France prides itself on being the most civilised of nations; yet you may travel from one end of the country to the other, and never see a saltspoon.

Looking-glasses certainly are entitled to be classed among the many foreign things that will not bear reflection.

Except that the briefer the tomfoolery the better, there is not much to choose between a Lord Mayor's Show and a Carnival.

A collie dog is doubtless useful in its way, but how very much more useful would be a *collis* dog to look after one's luggage.

An Englishman will never cease to grumble on the Continent until he finds soap in his bed-room, and is not charged a franc for a farthing's-worth of bed-candle.

En revanche, how a foreigner, when travelling in England, must be driven to despair by our cookery and coffee!

May it be accepted as a proof of the military spirit of the French, that, at their *tables d'hôte* especially, in every dish of fowl there is a prevalence of drumsticks?

The man who stares about a church, while the poor people are at prayer, is a cad who would cut the name of SMITH upon the Parthenon.

La Manche, with all thy faults, I love thee *still*.

The only circulars worth reception by a tourist are circular notes.

The Tallest Style.

WITH talk *pro* and *con*. Queen and Empress we're dinned.

One crown either title's sufficient to cover in:

But Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, Ind,

Supply just the four crowns that make up a *Sovereign*.

THE WILLIAM ON THE BILL.

WILLIAM again, and to the point, as usual—"Titles BILL" we may surely call him after reading this from King John, Act. iv. sc. 2:—

"*King*. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
 And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pembroke. This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,
 Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land
 With any longed-for change, or better state.

Salisbury. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pembroke. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
 This act is as an ancient tale new told,
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome.

Salisbury. In this the antique and well-noted face
 Of plain old form is much disfigured;
 And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about:
 Startles and frights consideration;
 Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected
 For putting on so new a fashioned robe."

Neatly Turned.

MR. PUNCH congratulates MR. EDMUND HAY CURRIE, Chairman of the House Committee of the London Hospital, on the knighthood (couldn't they have made it a night-nurse-hood?) with which HER MAJESTY has condescended to invest him—more especially as the determination to favour CURRIE is not the result of any undue attempt on his part to curry favour.

LEGEND FOR THE LORDS.—*Nolumus nomen Regine mutari.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALAD-MIXING is suggested by the composition of the Oxford Commission (*Lords, Monday, March 27th*). There is LORD SELBORNE for the lettuce, MR. MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY for the oil, SIR HENRY MAINE for the salt, DR. MONTAGUE BERNARD for the pepper, MR. JUSTICE GROVE for the tarragon, DEAN BURTON for the vinegar, and LORD REDESDALE for the mustard. The Commission is to be for four, not seven years. A good deal may be done in four years. But will this Commission do much? BURTON and REDESDALE forbid!

The DUKE OF RICHMOND promises the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND a Royal Commission to inquire into noxious vapours—the breath of Vested Right in its most unsavoury forms of candle, soap, and manure manufacturing, bone-boiling, alkali-making, copper-smelting,

and so forth—but does *not* think the Commission should recommend what legislative measures are required to deal with these rank offences, which smell to heaven at least as strongly as *Claudius's* fratricide. Parliament as well as the public would have reason to thank the Royal Commission that could suggest any legal remedy for such nuisances that would work. Otherwise, we hardly see the good of the inquiry. The nuisances are admitted, and we have plenty of legal remedies that won't work, already.

LORD CAIRNS doesn't see his way for the present to a Marriage Act to harmonise the law of connubial coupling for England, Scotland, and Ireland. More shame for JOHN, SANDY, and PAT, who are content to leave it a puzzle for legal heads to solve when one and one make one, and when they make two, by the law of the three countries.

(*Commons.*)—SAMUEL's son trying to undo the work of BENJAMIN. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER did his best, but to little purpose, to temper the wind to the shorn bulls, by explaining away the non-publication of CAVE's Report. It won't do. Everything is presumed against our unfortunate client, the KHEDIVE. BENJAMIN has smitten the Egyptians hip and thigh; and POOR ISMAIL brought to his marrow-bones by a fall of ten per cent, in less than ten days, may well pray, "Save me from my friends!"

The Leader of the Government promises the Leader of the Opposition an opening for a set-to, on the vote for the cost of MR. CAVE's mission. *Somebody* ought to catch it, hot and heavy.

In Committee on Merchant Shipping Bill, MR. PLIMSOLL temperately, and therefore powerfully, pleaded for his Amendment enforcing a survey of all unclassified ships, in preference to the Government plan of punishing the Owner who sends an unseaworthy ship to sea. The Country's feeling goes with PLIMSOLL; and *Punch* is not by any means inclined to bow down to the authority, as pleaded by MR. SHAW LEEFVRE, of nearly every President of the Board of Trade and all the permanent officials in favour of penalties and against the protective operation of survey.

After a long discussion—in which MR. FORSTER's adherence to MR. PLIMSOLL is worth noting—the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER threw his weight into the scale against PLIMSOLL, declaring that the Government, after much balancing of the two plans, had deliberately preferred punishment to enforced survey, as a preventive of unseaworthiness. The fear is that the State Surveying Board would finally swallow up all the private surveying bodies like LLOYD's, and that this would create a false security, and exonerate shipowners from responsibility. So pleads MR. NORWOOD. We don't feel quite disposed to take the word of the wolves on the efficacy of competing systems of sheep-watching. But the end was—after a debate, in which MR. PLIMSOLL put his case very effectively, and the Board of Trade (till the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER came to the President's aid) very weakly—the defeat of the Amendment by 247 to 110. So be it. Let us see how penalty works. We may yet come to prevention.

Tuesday (Lords).—The DUKE OF BUCCHLEUCH indignantly disclaims the intention of seconding LORD SHAFTESBURY when he asks the Peers respectfully to pray HER MAJESTY not to flaunt Imperial Purple in her BELL's face. We are only sorry the Duke is *not* going to do about the most sensible thing a Conservative Peer could do in this unlucky business. As Government did not concert with Opposition before bringing in the Bill, their best course would be so to concert before passing it. But they won't—the more's the pity.

(*Commons.*)—MR. DISRAELI fenced and dodged about a question of MR. ANDERSON's as to the precedents for the QUEEN's going abroad during the sitting of Parliament. MR. DISRAELI is not happy in this kind of performance, which is always a dangerous one. Even so popular and skilled a performer as PALMERSTON damaged himself seriously at it. The House is glad to laugh at a smart answer to an awkward question, but, in the long run, resents being poked fun at.

Government had the narrowest escape from a very damaging defeat on MR. MELPON's Motion for assimilating the English and Irish Borough Franchise—in other words, for giving household suffrage in Irish boroughs.

To be sure, household suffrage in England corresponds to mud-cabinhold suffrage in Ireland. We should have thought this a weightier distinction than it appears to JOHN BRIGHT, who came out quite in his old form, so that the Home-Rulers found themselves in a minority—would it be more Irish to say a large, or a small one?—of 166 to 179, and nearly shouted themselves into hysterics. *Punch*, from his invisible seat in the gallery, turned his eyes tenderly away from the Major, out of respect for his feelings.

The Irish Reform Bill stops the way! Reform Bill coming down!

Wednesday.—An Irish afternoon, in the coolest sense of the word. MR. BUTT, with inimitable assurance, brought forward what he called a Land Tenure—but which MR. HERBERT of Muckcross more correctly described as a Land Transfer—Bill for Ireland. The Honourable and Learned Member for Limerick proposes to deprive Landlords of the power of Eviction, except for non-payment of rents, to be settled by the award of a Court of Arbitration. This, with a variety of other limitations and conditions, would result in what MR. HERBERT not unfairly described as a transfer of the land of Ireland to the Tenant-Farmers, reducing the Landlords to uncertain annuitants on rent-charges, the amount of which would be very much at their Tenants' mercy.

The House wasted the afternoon on this wonderful specimen of Home-Rule Legislation, and finally paid it the ill-deserved compliment of an adjournment till Monday. LORD HARTINGTON was somehow crowded out, or he ought to have stood by SIR M. H. BEACH in putting down his foot on this audacious attempt at confiscation. Irish Landlords may be bad enough—some of them—but does what we know of Irish Tenants warrant any hope for Ireland from putting them in their Landlords' shoes? There is "property" in the serious, and "property" in the theatrical sense. We may help MR. BUTT's Irish mob to treat the one as if it were the other. But the House of Commons should not be the place to let the distinction be disregarded, even for a Wednesday afternoon.

Thursday (Lords).—The Royal Titles Bill read a Second Time, without a division—except of opinion. But that division found as full and potent voice as if their Lordships had been voting "Aye" and "No." The DUKE OF SOMERSET spoke his protest; and when the straightforwardness of LORD GREY—christen it "crotchety-ness" if you please, you can't deny the intelligence and independence that are worked into its warp and woof—the plain-spoken sense of LORD LAWRENCE, the experience of LORD WAVENEY, the whimsical keenness of LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, the polished humour of LORD GRANVILLE, were pitted against the perfunctory pleading of the DUKE OF RICHMOND and the trenchant audacity of the MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, can we wonder if filigree "Empress" kicked the beam against weighty "Queen"?

What we do wonder at is, that the President of the Council and the Indian Secretary should dare maintain that the dislike to the title is a figment of faction, and the public meetings and petitions against it a "got-up" thing! Your motto, my Lords, your motto—(see your *Punch* of last week)—"*Nobis nomen Regine mutari*." Speak it out—the voice of England is ready to echo you.

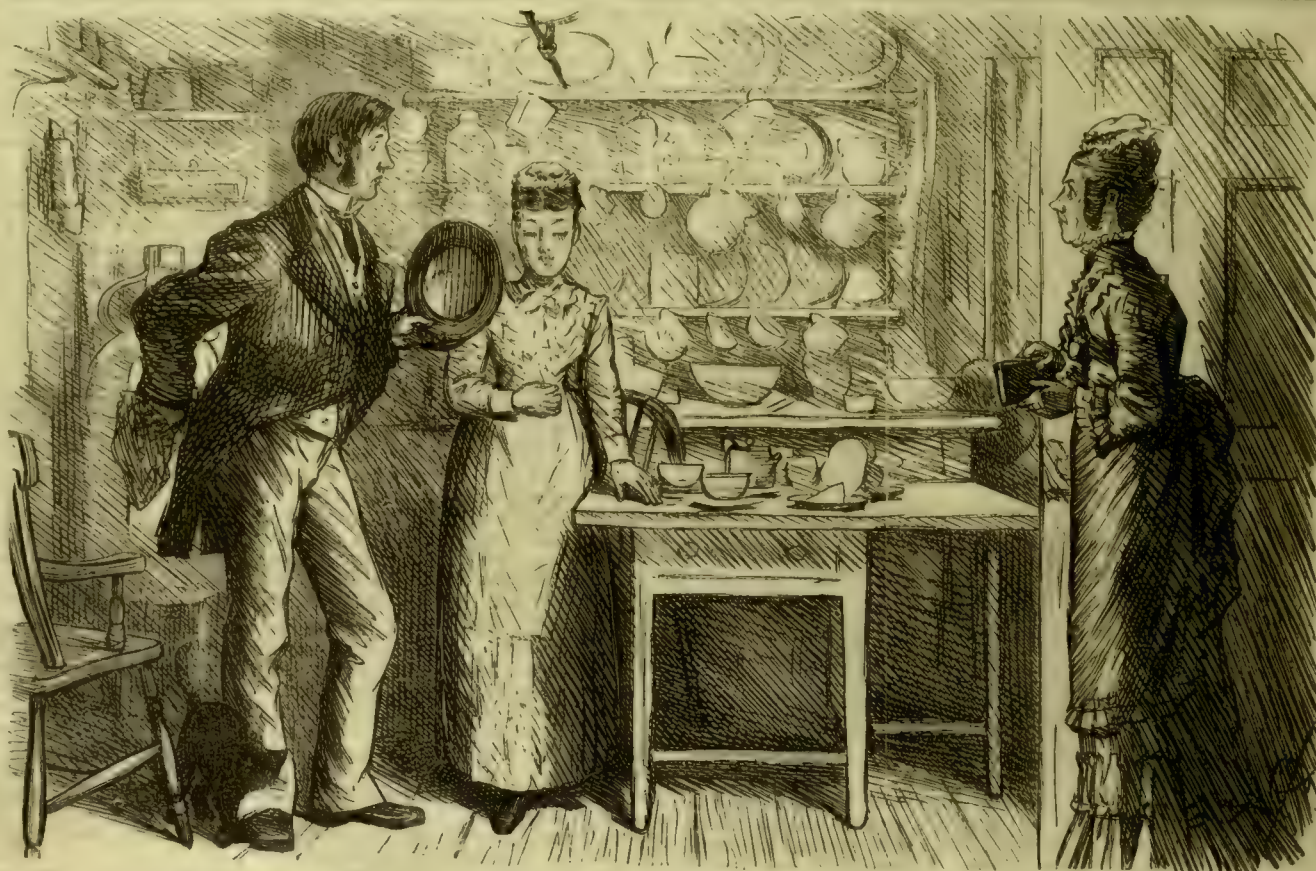
(*Commons.*)—MR. CROSS announced TYLER's fiat, closing Hammersmith Bridge on Boat-Race day.

More Merchant Shipping.

Friday (Lords).—A gallant attempt by LORD GRANVILLE to turn LORD SALISBURY's flank. Instead of doing away with the "Idle Fellowships"—falsely so called—LORD GRANVILLE proposed to open the Clerical ones! Audacious! But strange to say 40 to 57 went along with this audacious innovator.

The Unattached Students may thank the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY for empowering the Commissioners to employ surplus funds in founding scholarships tenable by these well-deserving waifs—these diligent dogs who eat of the crumbs from the rich men's tables.

(*Commons.*)—CHAMBERS and NEWDEGATE, like Knight-Templars,



AWFUL ALTERNATIVE.

Mistress (Low Church) to Follower discovered in the Kitchen on a Sunday. "NOW IT IS GETTING LATE, SIR, AND YOU MUST LEAVE THE HOUSE AT ONCE, UNLESS YOU'D BOTH LIKE TO COME UP-STAIRS WITH ME, AND I'LL READ YOU A SERMON!!"

two on one hobby, running a-tilt at Monks and Nuns. The House declined to follow them.

KHEDIVE consents to publication of CAVE's report! After the Bears have worked their wicked will on his stock for more than a week! Poor impecunious, impetuous, impracticable KHEDIVE! Again we hear his prayer, "Save me from my friends!"

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ENGINEERING.

"I think it is not too much to say that if the school of ARCHIMEDES had triumphed over the school of PLATO, the frightful catastrophe which overthrew the Roman Empire, and condemned mankind to a thousand years of barbarism and misery, would have been averted. . . . And when I remember how many men have spent their lives in small grammatical researches, in reading or writing bad poetry or execrable histories and biographies—all this rubbish to be read by the few, and thrown aside by the many—it is a gratifying reflection that we are this day met to celebrate the triumphs of a profession which has not only benefited its members by the riches they have derived from its pursuit, but has been the means of securing the world against the most awful calamity that could befall it—after a far advance into civilisation—a relapse into barbarism."—MR. LOWE to the Engineers.

HIDE, PLATO, thy diminished head, and pass
Into Philosophy's inferior class,
Since but for thee, vile sophist, but for thee,
There had not been the sad catastrophe,
When the barbaric tide was onward hurled,
And Rome no longer ruled a happy world.
Yes, metaphysic prater, but for thee,
Rome would be mistress still, o'er land and sea,
Gallia and Britain, humbly crouching down,
Would send their tribute to the Imperial town;
And subject provinces would lick the dust
Before our Emperor, peerless and august.

Thus MR. LOWE, who always greatly dares:
And next, he kicks the literate world down-stairs,
Sneers at the small grammarians, although he
Has lately stooped to grace a Spelling Bee;

Lays heavily his strenuous lingual lash
On poets' rubbish and historians' trash,
And fails to see that, if poetic thought
And great historic records go for nought,
If life is sunk to mere material sense,
No State existing would be worth defence.

'Tis very well to praise the Engineers—
A useful army—but they have their peers:
It is the solitary thinker's brain
That gives us lightning-wire and railway-train.
Apollo bids the radiant arrows fly:
Let Vulcan forge the sun-god's panoply.
As to the Roman Rule, it may be sad
That it was crushed by the barbarian cad,
And all through PLATO—sad to think that we
Are Englishmen, and tolerably free,
Instead of working hard at Roman roads,
And bringing to the CÆSAR birthday odes.
But in that higher state, we want to know
What special corner would belong to LOWE.
Would he not vanish, Orator of whim?
And would there be a *Punch* to laugh at him?

Piping Times.

THIS must be a pleasant and easy-going employer, who advertises in the *West Sussex Gazette*:—

WANTED, a CARTER. Will be allowed to do anything he likes except smoke in the drawing-room. Liberal wages given.—Apply, &c.

Carters seem to inspire facetiousness in advertisers. This is from a Bolton paper:—

WANTED, immediately, an idle, drunken CARTER. The Advertiser has had so many Sober Carters that he wants a change, but a moderately sober one would not be objected to.—Inquire, &c.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

Tommy (to Mamma, encouragingly). "NOW THEN, MA', HARDEN YOUR HEART, SIT WELL DOWN, AND NEVER SAY DIE!"

SANITARY SANGRADOISM.

REALLY, the Doctors are determined to frighten us out of our wits. Every day we are warned to take care of our nerves, not to touch alcohol, not to walk too far, not to play a game of cricket, or row on the river with AMANDA—

Where on the ait all emerald is the osier,
Where the white swan-fleets indolently away,
When, in the sunset, Beauty, growing rosier,
Murmurs, "How happy we have been to-day!"—

not to sit up late o' nights, whether to hear the chimes at midnight or unsphere the spirit of PLATO; not to do anything which our strong forefathers did freely, yet lived to a good old age with clear brains to the last, in spite of gout and insanitary surroundings.

Such Sages as CLEOBULUS and PITTACUS were all very well with their "Measure is best" and "Nothing in excess": but nowadays we are vexed with an immoderate moderation, an intemperate intemperance. Here is DR. RICHARDSON, who tells us that alcohol produces "Nothing but disease and death—mental disease, mental death; physical disease, physical death." Silence the profane rhymer, who sings—

Hear, oh hear!
DIONYSUS and DEMETER—
Give, oh give
Wine and corn, that the Poet may live:
All Olympus I disdain,
Blest with aid of that glorious twain.

And don't for a moment suppose that one drink is worse than another. "To say this man only drinks ale, that man only drinks wine, while a third drinks spirits, is merely to say, when the apology is unclothed, that all drink the same danger." Mr. Punch has never unclothed an apology; but he holds that there is less danger in a pint of sound ale or wine than in a much smaller dose of brandy or whiskey.

The same medical luminary objects to exercise, except of a languid sort. He thinks the tortoise wiser than the eagle. Perhaps he is,

if length of life is the only desideratum. "Centuries of life in the aggregate," says a *Times* Critic, as humorously as if he were writing for this lighter page, "may have been sacrificed by the single invention of the staircase." If so, what has the railway to answer for, shattering every fibre of brain and body through miles of travel? Let us all be lotos-eaters. Let us swing in hammocks, and read *feuilletons*, and smoke latakia. A pleasant idea, doubtless; but the world will move, and its inhabitants must move with it. Besides, what says SIR WALTER?—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the life!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

The heroes eat no lotos. *Ulysses* and Mr. Punch alike decline torpidity. The universe wants the mind of man to keep it going. Fancy the result if everybody were to give up hard work and midnight fun, to stay at home and nurse his nerves, and go to bed early after a moderate supper of water-gruel! Faith, it would be high time for the Ladies to take the reins—and they would do it too, and make the "mildeyed melancholy lotos-eaters" break into a sharp trot.

There are doctors of nerves, whom it pleases
To write about modern diseases:
Who believes in their books
Will feel "off the hooks"
If he suddenly shivers or sneezes.

Appalling the tiniest swerve is
To any who knows not what nerve is—
But the string of the bow
Whence brain-arrows flow,
Oft must tremble to do the State service.

O reader, who wisdom discernest,
Take life at its gayest or sternest:
The doctors may prate,
They are welcome to wait.
Eat and drink, work and play, in good earnest.

TEMPERANCE TAVERNS.



UT of the columns of a contemporary *Mr. Punch* transcribes, with high delight, an interesting paragraph respecting—

"PUBLIC-HOUSES FOR WORKING MEN.—We have been requested to draw attention to an effort to establish another 'Public-house,' without the drink, in the East End of London. The success already attending the movement has induced the REV. G. P. KEOGH, Vicar of St. Paul's, Stratford, to start another in that populous neighbourhood. The district contains some ten thousand inhabitants, chiefly working men. MR. KEOGH has raised one hundred pounds but wants the balance of one thousand pounds to enable him to complete the good work."

"Without the drink," at a public-house of the kind above-mentioned, means, not the negation of any drink at all, but

only the absence of those particular beverages which, in excess, occasion inarticulate utterance, bad language, metaphysical argument, devious gait, prostration and incapability, or disorderly conduct, violent assaults inflicted on pot-companions, passers-by, or policemen, and the commission of furious outrages, such as savage beating or kicking upon wives. Of course, public-houses for working men supply them with the means of purely quenching their thirst, and are furnished with bars if not taps; but the bars, and the taps if there be any, are temperance taps and bars. From the foregoing statement it appears that the "movement" of co-operation in establishing such public-houses is a success. It is therefore one in which the benevolent may invest money with the reasonable hope of high returns, not to say dividends, in the shape of the improvement and welfare of their kind. Certain Teetotal Societies are in the receipt of subscriptions for which, perhaps, though there are many tracts and much talk to show, there is little temperance. The quantity of this at present inadequate result would be greatly increased if they would rather expend enough of their income on the institution of these public-houses to promote sobriety; and in particular contribute a sufficiency to make up the balance required by the REV. MR. KEOGH for the completion of the truly good work to which he has devoted himself in Oriental London. Success to that Reverend philanthropist's endeavours to provide carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers-and-glaziers, and other workmen, with houses of call which are not pot-houses; public-houses without barrel or bung.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER III.—*What Jenny says.*

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim. This is my favourite ejaculation, and being recognised only as "BELLA's Elder Sister," it is as good as any other, nobody seeming to pay any attention to my observations, which are invariably distinguished by excellent common sense.

We—that is the REVEREND MR. THOMAS HASOCK and myself—are tramping across the fields within view of the Wollum high road, and the grey, monotonous, motionless sea-shore. I am carrying BELLA's dress, which she has left behind her in our room, and poor, hapless, hopeful TOMMY is holding his green umbrella over my head with one hand, while with the other he is disconsolately playing "*The Glorious Flag of Old England!*" on the concertina. In this world one must love something—even though it be a donkey—"averse to speed"—and yet I neither love, nor am beloved. I have set up no idol, to be adored with frenzy and knife-gashings. No; I do not get beyond homely intercourse with a "friend," and a friend is a sexless thing, I shall never have a lover: I had better become at once a member of the "Society of Friends," where, perhaps, I shall meet with nothing more grand, manly, or fondly devoted, as far as I am concerned, than is, at this present moment, the REVEREND THOMAS, who is secretly worshipping his Ideal, while his little pink

eyes are peering through his blue spectacles, and a small pocket telescope of unusual power, into the mist beneath the dull yellow moonlight. Then he hands me the telescope, and by its aid I see what makes me exclaim, for the second time, "Good Heavens!"

BELLA is seated in the trap close to DUSOVER BELJAMBE's great, broad shoulder. Her small head is bent down towards the grey mare's tail, which is heavily laden with great twists of crisp, silky, fuzzy hair tied with a blue bow; and, as the restless wavering moonbeams fall under BELLA's soft hat, and light up the deep emerald eyes of that small downy face, he could not fail to notice how downy this beautiful creature looked,—

"So downy she,
As none like her could snare the winged songster,
With bait saline upon its hindmost feather:
So downy she—that, not in all creation,
Could aught, except a hammer, be proclaimed
Her peer in downiness."

TOMMY's telescope brings them so near to us that we are able to catch their words.

"I hated my father," says BELLA presently, dangling her white, plump hand over the wheel, and playing with the mud, as it spirts up in little silver jets over the folds of her long dark robe—whereat MR. HASOCK groans audibly—for it is *his* clerical coat that my wayward sister is still wearing.

"And your mother?" asks DUSOVER, bending his head so as to stare right under her hat into her grand opal eyes.

BELLA drew up her long white throat, and tossed her head in the air. CAPTAIN BELJAMBE eyed this feat with curiosity, but with no apparent admiration. It occurred to him that a girl, who could do so much, might throw herself away. In all his past experience of women, this one was something new, relishing, appetising to his jaded palate.

Then BELLA folded her round, plump, dimpled hands in her lap, and put them carefully away in her pocket, while delicious ripples of laughter played about her rosebud lips and warm southern cheeks, on which still remained the blush-dye of the fiery sun-god's kiss.

"My mother," answers BELLA, "was a good, dowdy old soul, always in tears and revoking at whist." And BELLA disdainfully thrusts out her red under-lip, and looks up into DUSOVER's hirsute countenance with contemptuous pink face, as she recites,—

"Who was it slapped me when I fell,
Who whipt, and bade me not to tell,
Who kicked the place to make it swell?
My Mother!"

"Shall I sing to you?" she asks, suddenly.

CAPTAIN DUSOVER, who is leaning his arms on the splash-board, and craning his sinewy brown neck out beyond the grey mare's blinkers, to ascertain the clearness of the coast towards the direction in which they are rapidly going, replies, carelessly,

"If you can sing, *chantez!*"

"*Chantez!*" she repeats, drily; then adds, pettishly, "*Shan't-y.*"

"Do you mean that for a pun?"

"If you like."

"I don't care."

"No more do I."

"Sing!"

"Shall I? In this dress?"

She points down at the long clerical skirt which is wafted against his knees. TOMMY HASOCK, seeing this from afar off, sinks on his knees, while tears well up into his little pink eyes, and suffuse his blue spectacles.

"I think I might mould her!" he sighs, clasping his moist, limp hands.

"Mould your grandmother!" is my rather vixenish reply. It is enough for him, and he says no more.

Why on earth cannot this *marling* propose to me? I am his senior by twenty-five years, and should know what was good for him. I should like to see him try to "mould" me. I would "mould" him first, with a heavy tombstone over him in his own churchyard, before he should try such nonsense with me. But he has not yet offered. Perhaps he may. I take to my telescope again, and see what I can see by the assistance of an extra strong glass.

BELLA is leaning her round, white elbow on her lap for a moment, until her pensive look fades out of her face, and a dare-devil smile flashes over it.

"Are you a Rollicking Ram?" she asks, abruptly.

"Not now," he answers. "Why?"

"You cannot take my song personally, that is all. Listen!"

* *What the Editor says.*—"Does this mean that she was sunburnt? We only ask for information."—Ed. to Miss R. D.

What the Authoress says.—"Why, of course. Any milksoop could have written 'sunburnt cheek.' Where's your fine poetic enthusiasm?"—Miss R. D. to Ed.

This is BELLA's song, as it rings gaily out over the silent shore. Most of you, my friends, know it well enough.

"Come along, come along, come along!
For I am a Member of the Rollicking Rams!
Come and be a Member of the Rollicking Rams,
Out all night till broad daylight,
And never go home till morning!"

"Do you like it?" she asks.

"Immensely," he replies, and there are tears in his shaken voice.

"You are crying. Are you never merry when you hear sweet music?" she asks, harshly; for to her, as to most of us, in a man's hairy, blubbered face, there is always less of the sentimental, than of the justly irritating.

The REVEREND TOMMY, still at my side, runs his feeble, dumpy fingers through his dry straw-coloured hair, and begins to whimper helplessly.

"Can I do nothing for you?" I ask, staring at him uncomfortably.

He brightens a little.

"I should like to have my hair nicely combed," he says, simply.

From my pocket, where I generally keep a number of useful articles, I produce a small three-legged stool, and comply with his request. When I desist, exhausted, TOMMY sits down in a stooped, shapeless attitude, of utter despondency.

Again I take up the telescope, and exclaim "Good Heavens!"

This is what I see, and hear.

The horse stops suddenly—brought up in the way he should not go, shortly and sharply, by a heavily barred gate, apparently belonging to a toll-house on the cliff.

The old deaf toll-keeper is the only one awake within the cottage. He is playing the fiddle dreamily, and his sole audience is his soft, sleek cat, purring an accompaniment before the fire. All else are asleep.

Silence for a few moments. No sound but the "swish" of the whip on the mare's light grey, moon-lit hide, and the cool plash of the beady puddles kicked up by the animal's strong hind legs against the dark splashboard of the dog-cart.

"Can you take a leap with me to-night, BELLA," DUSOVER asks, looking down into those dewy green wells—his darling's eyes.

"Shall we look before we leap?" replies BELLA, with a startled, shrinking look. "Or," she says, stopping a rising sob, and trying to realise the great plunge she was about to make, "Shall we clear the gate without a ticket? Who's afraid? Are you?"

CAPTAIN DUSOVER whistles softly, and looks rather too proudly conscious of the sixteen centuries of Norman blood in his strong fibrous veins.

Suddenly, before BELLA can utter another word, a white cow, that has been lying by the roadside, rises slowly, majestically, ghostly as a spectre of remorse from a grave of past memories! The grey mare starts, pricks up her ears, then forces them back, so that they incline towards her mane, as the ripe ears of corn are bowed down beneath the fierceness of the hurricane—then, drooping her long beautiful head, with her wild lustrous eyes riveted on the dread apparition, she sniffs the earth with pink, dilated nostrils, and, heaving her gracefully curved shoulders, begins to sob hysterically, as the autumn wind wafts one lock of her long, grey, silky tail against DUSOVER's swart, earnest face. In another moment, her fore feet are rooted immovably to the soil, her hinder steel-clad hoofs glitter in the calm, clear moonlight,—a tremendous bound—a cry—a scream—a groan—a deep-toned "moo" from the ghastly cow—a whirlwind of dust, a volcano-like eruption of mud, stones, and slush,—and CAPTAIN DUSOVER and BELLA are flying in the air;—the dog-cart, shivered into ten million splinters, lies a mere wreck on the white coast; while the cow, mad—delirious—amidst the havoc she has caused, bursts the one tether that yet holds her to earth, and yielding to an uncontrollable, curbless frenzy of passion, with one great giant bound, springs from the edge of the cliff, and disappears over the moon!

Within the cottage the deaf toll-keeper is still fiddling away to his cat—full, sleek-coated, and sleepy-eyed—seated by the hob, while his good wife and family are soundly eking out their well-earned repose. A dish—it is the soup-plate which CAPTAIN DUSOVER had placed under the seat of the dog-cart before starting from Wollum—is rolling down the road with a bright, metal spoon, firmly wedged into its shiny, round sides. A small, lazy, lolling, clear-eyed pug-dog, the sole witness—save ourselves—of the abrupt catastrophe, awakes from slumber, in the cottage garden, to bay the moon, with

• *What the Editor says.*—"Never even heard of it. We do not now understand its meaning. Are the words an attempt (we speak under correction, as they might be MR. TENNYSON'S or MR. BROWNING'S—only we don't remember to have come across them in our reading, which, we admit, may have been as limited as a modern Company's liability) at turning some deeply expressive compound word in some German poem into English? We should be really glad of instruction."

What the Authoress says.—"Is 'Bosch' German? Je suis une paysanne—I'm a young girl from the country, but—maïs—comprenez-vous? C'est bien. Je vous aime."—Miss R. D. to the Ed.

canine cynicism ridiculing the vain efforts of human bipeds—his masters, forsooth!—to oppose their puny barriers to the onward pitiless march of what nomad philosophers call "Our Destiny."

As DUSOVER rises in the air, the rarefied atmosphere of the upward road to Heaven clears his brain. The plump, supple form is no longer by his side; the white, warm, round arms have disappeared.

"Where is she?" he cries hoarsely, while big, heavy tears temper the blaze of his agonised eyes.

A deep groan from below the cliff falls on his ear, and stabs him to the very heart. Is she lost to him—for ever?

(To be continued.)

What the Editor says.—"The suggestion may be feeble, and if so you will forgive it; but haven't we read something like the events of this chapter in an old Nursery book of Rhymes, commencing 'Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle' (which are realised in your old toll-keeper amusing himself indoors), 'The Cow jumped over the moon' (which you make her do), 'The little Dog laughed' (you mention the pug-dog baying the moon—it is a curious coincidence) 'to see such fun'—well, everyone has their own idea of fun—and, to conclude, 'The dish ran away with the spoon' (which actually happens to a soup-plate in your novel). We of course see that it might have been a pure accident, and accidents will happen in the best-regulated novels. Don't forget the moral."—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"What are you talking about? Nursery rhyme! Nonsense. I never was in the Nursery, and don't suppose I ever read it. Why don't you felicitate me on the 'go-bang' of the whole thing? Unexceptionable Moral coming."—R. D.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.



HAT the House I think of taking is a model and a marvel of domestic modern architecture, and has been built and fitted up under his own personal and experienced inspection, and with a complete regardlessness of cost.

That, to his certain knowledge, none but the very best materials have been used, and the best workmanship employed in the construction of the dwelling, and that wellnigh every penny expended on the premises has been spent with an eye to durability, convenience and comfort, and not for tricky showiness or deceptive display.

That, although my Lease may bind me to pay for all repairs, none can possibly be needed for fourteen years at least; so a moderate calculation of the money saved in this way really should in fairness be added to the rent.

That in all the neighbourhood the soil is nowhere so salubrious as is the exact spot whereon the house is built.

That all the gas and water-pipes have thoroughly been tested, and the drainage has received the most especial care.

That the fittings, to be taken at a valuation, are likely to be mine at less than their prime cost.

That the fires have all been lighted in all manner of wind and weather, and it has been fully ascertained that not one single chimney smokes.

That, although there is a "slight odour" of paint (his language and his sense of smell are not so strong as mine) about the passages, it cannot penetrate the sitting-rooms, and will pass off in a week.

That the Vestry is one of the most honest and enlightened in the Kingdom, and the district is renowned for the lowness of the rates.

That the bells are all well hung with the best of cranks and wire, and there is not the slightest danger of their getting out of gear.

That, owing to some secret meteoric influence, high winds are comparatively unknown in the neighbourhood; and the house is therefore, so to say, insured against the elsewhere common and expensive accidents of a falling chimney-pot or a loosened slate.

That all the window-fasteners, and locks, and knobs, and handles are of the most durable description; and the stoves and kitchen-range the very best that can be bought.

That the neighbourhood is free from all the usual street noises, and that organ-grinders never venture to intrude.

That all the doors and window-frames are made of seasoned wood, and there is no fear of their warping or admitting any draughts.

That the rent asked is far less than the house is really worth.

And, as a final clench, that only his anxiety to have me for a tenant (owing to his knowledge of my character or family) prevents his now accepting higher offers for a lease.



"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Interlocutor. "WHO'S THAT SHOWY WOMAN WHO TALKS AND LAUGHS SO LOUD, AND DIGS PEOPLE IN THE RIBS?"

Interlocutrix. "OH, THAT'S THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER. SHE WAS A LADY GWENDOLEN BEAUMANOIR, YOU KNOW!"

Interlocutor (with warmth). "AH! TO BE SURE! THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER HIGH-BRED EASE, HER ARISTOCRATIC SIMPLICITY OF MANNER, HER NATURAL AND STRAIGHTFORWARD—"

Interlocutrix (putting up her eye-glass). "BY THE BYE, PARDON ME! I HAVE UNINTENTIONALLY MISINFORMED YOU; IT'S MRS. JUDKINS. SHE'S THE WIDOW OF AN ALDERMAN, AND HER FATHER WAS A CHEESEMONGER IN THE NEW CUT!"

Interlocutor. "DEAR ME!—AH!—HUM!—ER—HUM!—HA! THAT QUITE ALTERS THE CASE! SHE IS VERY VULGAR, I MUST SAY—
[N.B.—It was the Duchess, after all. AWFUL!]"

MR. PUNCH'S "OWN MAN" AT THE BOAT-RACE.

Am I premature? Will anyone say that it is dishonest to describe that grandest of contests, that noblest of sights, that magnificent exhibition of British pluck, the University Boat-Race, days before it (as they have it on the river) "comes off"? I pity the man who thinks so. Yes, indeed I am sorry for the creature whose heart is so dead to every noble impulse that he cannot appreciate an account of the "Blue Riband of the River" simply because time is anticipated, and dates are hurled into space. I have nothing to do with him—he is not of my class; we (so to speak, and as they say at Putney) do not "row in the same boat." It is to the true sportsman, the honest young Englishman with rosy cheeks and curly hair, the representative of all that is good and grand in the national character—it is to him that I address myself. He will understand me, he will appreciate my wonderful word-painting, he will recognise the profound knowledge I possess of matters aquatic, his heart will beat with mine—in a word, he will pull bow to my stroke. The University Boat-Race has often been described before; it is described again. Once more, should it appear to some of the more thick-headed of the public that the description (under the special circumstances of the case) is a little premature, let it be remembered that *Mr. Punch* is no ordinary man, that his wealth is boundless, and that wealth can purchase everything. *Mr. Punch* commissioned his "Own Man" to write an account of the Boat-Race, and an account of the Boat-Race has been written. Transactions of a similar character to ours between editors and contributors have taken place before. Men have described battles on the Continent without

leaving London; they have hunted the tiger in far Bengal, and yet during the chase have still contrived to sleep nightly in their apartments at Lower Tooting. Let it be remembered by the thoughtless that one Boat-Race is the counterpart of the others, and then "good luck to us all." Ring the bell, take off your hats in front, and clear the course!

THE ROAD.

"What sort of day is it?" was the popular question in the early morning of April 8th. Dukes reclining on couches set with jewels and curtained with cloth of silver and gold, put the question to their countless domestics; and costermongers, taking their fevered heads out of the coal-skuttles in which they had deposited them the night before, made the same inquiry of their "old women." And what was the weather? Well, to some people it would have appeared a bright, sunny spring day. Others might have declared that it rained heavily, and was bitterly cold. Nay, some might have said it snowed. After all, the weather is a mere matter of opinion; and such was the weather on the 8th of April, 1876.

From an early hour the roads leading to the scene of the contest were thronged with pedestrians and vehicles. Who does not know the scene? Who does not remember the hansoms, four-wheelers, stanhopes, broughams, and family coaches? Why, it is a twice-told tale, as stale as the news of the decease of Her Majesty QUEEN ANNE. Shall I tell this tale thrice? Shall I, who have seen the most glorious sights in the world—the mighty Niagara, the frowning Rock of Gibraltar, the twinkling lights of the Rue de Rivoli—shall I descend to such homely stuff as this? Never! I will content myself with one or two sketches.

First, a roomy carriage filled with a bevy of pretty girls all dressed exactly alike. Their beauty was the same—hazel eyes lan-



A TIGHT FIT.

TAILOR. "I THINK, SIR, WE SHALL *JUST* MANAGE TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET!"

MR. BULL. "WELL, IF YOU CAN'T, NORTHCOTE, THE FAULT MUST BE IN *YOUR MEASURES*—NOT MY WAIST!"

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guid and yet sparkling; clear olive complexions, suggestive of the most luscious Devonshire cream; rosy cheeks, and dark reddish-black hair. How happy they looked as they gaily passed the champagne! And why did they look so happy? Because the man they loved, the man any one of them would have willingly taken for a husband, was with them. A gay young bishop was the lucky fellow. "It was too bad of you, my Lord, to ask Mamma to get out while we ascended that last hill, and then to leave her behind! I am sure we shall never find her again!"—I heard one of the fair creatures say to the young ecclesiastic. The Bishop's cheery laugh was heard for yards round, and once more he began to amuse them. Well, and why should not a Bishop put on a false nose if Beauty smiles? I envied *them* their beauty, and *him* his luck, and passed on.

An open window. I nodded right and left, for this was a *tableau* of celebrities. There was an eminent Comedian, talking to a not less eminent Statesman; and the Editor of a Newspaper was explaining to a great General the theory of war; a celebrated Dissenting Minister (who had come to see his University win) was smiling at the sallies of wit of a famous writer of *opéra-bouffe* books. And what a background of loveliness! I had to shade my eyes with my hand as I noticed that the female portion of the Chorus at the Opera had apparently come to see the Race *en masse*. Later in the day, I found that the celebrities of the day had, so to speak, thawed, and were gaily dancing quadrilles with their fair companions. Ah! beauty and genius! It is good to be wise, but better still to be young and lovely!

And the crowd. Officers in the Guards, in State uniform, rubbing shoulders with Barristers, who had run out of Chancery Lane just to see the Race; Conjurors; Brass-bands; Punch Shows; Circus Processions (greatly impeding, by the way, circulation on the towing-path); and hearses. Here was a Bridegroom who had, on the way home from church, taken his blushing Bride to see "the finish;" there a Company of Mourners, who had stayed awhile to hail the victory of the Winning Blue. Oh! it was a grand sight! Once seen, never forgotten—and, never forgotten, always described!

THE RIVER.

It is not every wiseacre who can say whether the River is smooth or rough. Sometimes there may be waves that look to the short-sighted like ripples. Then why describe the state of the River on the ever-memorable 8th of April? To the learned it would be an insult, to the unlearned it would be an injury! So the state of the River shall *not* be described.

Plenty of boats, barges, steam-launches, and outriggers! Here was an elderly man in a tub, pulling as if for dear life, and yet smiling with a glee scarcely befitting his grey hairs. Who was he? By the respectful manner in which the River-Police saluted him, evidently some one of consequence. Was he the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, or CARDINAL MANNING, or MR. GLADSTONE? Who can say, on a day like this? and so he passes on. The steamers soon give him their wash, and the tub disappears.

And now it is time for the Race. The bunting either flies gaily in the crisp sunshine, or hangs heavily in the wet. There is a shout—and a mighty one. "They are off!" It has been said before, and it will be said again.

THE RACE.

The boats left Putney together. One of the Blues was on the Middlesex side, the other hugged Surrey. And so they started, pulling a stroke which had eight oars to give it the necessary impetus.

The Water-Works were neared and passed; the Gravel Pits followed the same fate. Off Chiswick it was anybody's race! "Go it, Oxford!" "Cambridge wins!" were the rival cries as the two boats steadily pursued their way. Every sinew cracked, every muscle was stretched to the utmost.

And oh! what a shout there was at Hammersmith as the rival crews came in sight! And how the people cheered at Barnes and Mortlake! Hark to the gun! 'Tis over. The expectant enthusiasm of the year is concentrated into the madness of a thrilling *quart d'heure*! Oh, it was a noble race nobly won. Both victors and vanquished deserved well of their respective "Varsities," (as the Universities are called by members of the less important Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge), and no one was surprised at

THE RESULT.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race of 1876 was won on Saturday, April 8th, by the Light Dark Blue. The time (as taken by BENSON'S chronometer) was about twenty minutes—a minute or so more or less either way.

And thus it will be seen that (as usual) the best men were the victors! Long may it be so; and long may we be there to see it, and to tell the tale!

SENTIMENT TO ACCOMPANY THE TOAST OF "THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL FAMILY."—"Though absent, ever dear!"

THE IRISH £4-HOUSEHOLDER TO JOHN BRIGHT.



"The value of the house is not of so much importance as you fancy. Every man who is admitted under household franchise is the head of a family; he has his wife and his children, with all those calls to industry and fair conduct in life which those have who live in better houses, and you may therefore throw out of view the bricks and roof by which he and his family are sheltered."—MR. BRIGHT on the Irish Borough Franchise Bill.

MORE power t'ye, JOHN BRIGHT, 'tis yourself that is right

When you say, wid the hoighth of urbanity,
'Tis not morthar and bricks, and a man's bits o' sticks,
Fix his pull in the scale av humanity.

Boys in the Green Isle may be out-an'-out loy'l,
And show clargy and ould blood a steady phiz,
Though they don't kneel for mass in the light o' plate-glass,
And reside in a humble mud-edifice.

Cowld Protestant folk on poor PAR crack their joke—
But don't think that thim Saxons so glib are right;

A'bould pisant in frize is a man in your eyes,
Though he's not fed nor lodged like a Sybarite.

If each other we bate while for Home-Rule we wait,
Still we're cute boys, both pisants and artisans,
And just see won't we fight for your broad-brim, JOHN BRIGHT—
'Tis the kind sowl that turns PATS to partisans.

Palace Green never heard thruer manlier word*

Than yours, though you're Saxon and stranger;
There's a heart in poor PAR, and 'tis you gits at that,
When you prache that fair-play is no danger.

And if PAR's voice could rache up as high as yon BACHE,
'Twould tell Saxons to alther their attitude;
On'y give us fair-play, and you'll find, some foine day,
There's Celts can *bate*† Saxons for gratitude.

* "It remains true—although all the officials in the world think it worth their while to call it in question—that justice done by the Government and Parliament to any portion of the population, be it the most remote, or be it the most abject, is never lost; it is compensated to the power which gives it, be that power Monarch or Parliament, by greater affection and more firm allegiance to the law, and by the growth of all those qualities and virtues by which a great and durable nation is distinguished."—MR. BRIGHT'S Speech on Irish Borough Franchise.

† *Punch* never doubted it—but query the sort of "bating."

The Little (too) Busy Bee.

THE REV. MR. D'ORSEY writes to the papers defending his spelling, or mis-spelling, of "peas." MR. D'ORSEY still contends for "pease." It would, perhaps, be as well if, on the occasion of the next etymological encounter at St. James's Hall, he would urge something with effect in favour of "Peace."

Punch to B. D.

If Seventy-Six be dispensatrix
Of the title *Imperatrix*,
Is not the title like to stick, Sir,
Of "BENJAMIN, *Imperatricks*ter"?



CONFUSION OF COURTS.

(See "Punch," ante, p. 109.)

Cook (scornfully). "WHICH IT WERE THE COUNTY 'COURT' AS THE LADY WERE PERSENTED AT! 'CAUSE SHE REFUSED TO PAY HER COOK'S SALARY ALONG O' HER CLAIMIN' HER PERKISITS!!!"

GAMP VERSUS PECKSNIFF.

Sairey on the Rampage again.

"This political Pecksniff, who preaches of conscience and honesty . . . shall he come down and harangue the Tory party on its want of conscientiousness, whose only service to that virtue has been the warning example he has offered of the opposite vice? . . . His premature and sinister resumption of the post which he had formally resigned, and his perverse and poisonous invectives where it was certain that opposition could only aggravate the mischief, if mischief there was, in the measure introduced by Government, will be found, we think, to have indefinitely retarded the recovery of his former hold on the respect and confidence of the people."—*Standard*, on MR. GLADSTONE.

GR-R-R! Drat him! He's at it agen; and I hoped he were settled at last, That waxing and worritting WILLIAM, as plagued me so much in the past. Which my BEN giv him one in the wind, and he seemed out of time fairly knocked— Here he comes up a-smiling once more—drat his cheek!—wich I really feel shocked.

He venture to talk about wirtue, prerogative, conscience, and such? He twit us with blind Party Sperrit? O lor! that's a little too much!

Though BENJAMIN roasted him rarely, I must have a go at him too, As what BENJY's p'int mayn't be good for my cotton umbrella may do.

For a bounceable party like WILLIAM a thump is as good as a thrust, And it's more in my line; which my gingham I'd ply till the ribs of it bust, If so be it might beat rub-a-dub on his ribs, as it often has done; Though, drat him! he don't seem to care, which, you know, rayther takes off the fun.

Party Sperrit, says BURKE, has its use. I says ditto to dear MR. BURKE;

But it ain't that 'ere sperrit one sees on the Liberal Benches at work. That's Fackshus Obstruction—a wiper as Tories was ne'er known to nuss:

There's nothink I so much despises, or daily drops down upon wuss.

But for this 'ere Political Pecksniff, whose buzzum's a bed of sech snakes,

To fie-fie each nice little move as my own blessed BENJAMIN makes, Is just the most bragian bunkum. A nasty, mean, venomous pest! If there's one thing as I says my prayers for—it is that that man may be—blest!

Which I *did* think he'd guv up the reins, and did hope we had done with him quite,

This Jehu, whose desperit driving so long filled poor SAIREY with fright.

And what does he want sneaking round with the whip in his hand as of old,

Which its werry first well-beknown crack makes my blood to run creepy and cold.

He a hermit indeed! Well a *Hermit* once won the "blue riband," so please

Hold tight, my boy BEN, and look sharp 'ow you drive, or the ribands he'll seize,—

(As this 'ere's an aside, to the world I proclaim he ain't got half a chance,

For all his great gift of the gab and his fine hanky-panky finance!)

He has spiled his last chance—(so I swears, and I wish, how I wish, it was true!)

A insulting his Hempress! Just like him—and, BENJIE, how little like you!

As I fearlessly arsts what concern is HER MAJESTY's Title of his'n? A bragian and bounceable traitor, as ought to be popped into prison!



OH! HORROR!

Tommy (suddenly—on his way home from Church). "WHAT DID YOU TAKE OUT OF THE BAG, MAMMA! I ONLY GOT SIXPENCE! LOOK HERE!"

No; let him go back to his crockery, classiks, wood-chopping, and such,
Pitch into the POPE, if he pleases: they can't maul each other too much.
Which SAIREY puts up one more prayer, most frequent and fervent, and that's
May they fight till no more on 'em's left than was left of the Kilkenny Cats!

Make your Game!

A RECENT telegram from Paris, announcing the marriage, at the Church of St. Roch, before a great crowd, of the PRINCE RADZYVILL to MLE. BLANC, daughter of the potent ex-King of the tables at Homburg, and reigning Sovereign of those at Monaco, mentions that "the bride's dot, or marriage portion, is said to be 5,000,000 francs." Such a dot may well brighten a bride's eyes in those of her husband. But what a triumph of modern financial enlightenment over the darkness of old aristocratic prejudice is such a marriage! May we not henceforth say to exclusiveness, *Le jeu est fait*—"the game is up"? And when a proud Prussian junker can thus move with the times, should we not exclaim, *Rien qui ne va*, rather than *rien ne va plus*?

Sors Miltoniana.

"To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad—
'Empress, the way is ready and not long.'

If thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.'
'Lead then,' said EVE.

Paradise Lost, Book ix., l. 625.

SMALLPOX AND SEE-SAW.

THE Guardians who the Workhouse sway,
In Dover's famous town,
Pulled, for repairs, the other day,
Their Mortuary down.

About a yard adjacent flung
Its mouldy relics lay,
Wherein the dull-eyed Workhouse young
Pursued their dreary play.

Rejoicing in the wreck around,
As e'en young Paupers would,
Some ancient trestle-frames they found
Of black and battered wood,

Which means for the unwonted pranks
Of these poor brats supplied,
As gallows, whereon balanced planks
For see-saw swayed astride.

But soon to grievous ending came
Those little Paupers' fun.
Smallpox broke out and stopped their game—
Attacking every one.

Those black frames which, devoid of fears,
For see-saw they had ta'en,
Were trestles that had borne the biers
Of Paupers Smallpox-slain!

Four years ago—grim workhouse guest—
Had that complaint been rife:
And now the dormant germs of pest
Awoke to active life!

But not too drear a tale to tell,
With agony high-piled,
Those Workhouse Children all did well,
Having their Smallpox mild.

They had been vaccinated all:—
Hear that, ye blatant band,
'Gainst JENNER's blessed boon who bawl
Your folly through the land.

Remember, for your Pauper brood,
Ye Guardians of their fates,—
That coffin-trestles pest-imbu'd
Are playthings that raise rates.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

New Carnivora House, Regent's Park, April 1, 1876.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ON the authority of MR. DISRAELI, we are informed that the "Royal Titles Bill" is to have a strictly local operation. I wish, therefore, to know whether the tigers residing in our Indian possessions will be affected by its operation.

Will it be correct in future to speak of a *Royal Bengal Tiger*? Here, in the Zoo, I suppose this designation will still hold. But in India itself must not "Royal" be exalted to "Imperial"?

If so, I hope the tigers will feel a proper sense of their dignity, and improve accordingly in their manners, tastes, and tempers, particularly now that they, like the other native rulers, have had the advantage of becoming more nearly acquainted with that model of urbanity and good-temper, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.

MR. DISRAELI, though unsuccessful with LOWE forms of human nature, may, perhaps, like Orpheus with his lute, be able with his Act to tame that of the savage brute—

"Dictus ob hoc lenire tigris."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours,
A WOULD-BE IMPERIALIST.

Colourable Reasons.

As Red rouses Bull, DIZZY's ready to swear
That Imperial Purple will terrify Bear.
But query, as Bear we've seen run from red wool,*
If Imperial Purple mayn't aggravate BULL.

* At Alma, Inkermann, &c.

ELIGIBLE TENEMENTS.



OME few days ago there occurred on a railway an uncommon kind of accident—uncommon in that the Directors were not to blame for it. The carcasses of a pair of houses that were being built in the Earl's - Court Road, adjoining the Earl's-Court Station, suddenly tumbled down upon the line with a crash in a heap of ruins which blocked it for three hours. This catastrophe occurred about midday, just as the carpenters inside the newly-raised edifice, finishing off the flooring, were about to leave work for refreshment—the beverage “brother chips” and other workmen term their “twelveses.” Several of these poor fellows were badly hurt, and one is reported to have died. The fall of the houses immediately followed the passing of a London and North-Western train, of which the last carriage had a narrow escape. It is supposed that the vibration caused by the transit of the train shook them down. These structures, while standing, were evidently specimens of an order of domestic architecture, examples of model suburban dwelling-houses for the middle classes. It is comparatively fortunate that they fell to pieces when they did, instead of remaining to be completed, and soon after that to topple upon their tenants, overwhelming perhaps a diligent clerk of an establishment in the City, together with the wife of his bosom, a child or a lot of children, a baby in arms, and a maid-of-all-work. In re-erecting those typical eligible tenements, perhaps some care will be taken that their construction shall not be so shamefully scamped as to render a tragical occurrence of that description too highly probable.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Downing Street, April 1, 1876.

I CRAVE the publicity of your columns to dissipate some of the fears which are abroad in connection with the Royal Titles Bill.

The Royal Arms will not be altered in this country. But in India, yielding to a wish which has long been felt and at last openly expressed in the Bazaars and Zenanas, Her Majesty's Government have advised that the Lion and Unicorn should be replaced by the Tiger and Elephant, as creatures more imposing to the Oriental imagination.

Not a bar of our glorious National Anthem will be touched. In the words some changes, to be strictly localised and confined to India, must of necessity be made. The few leisure moments I can command I am employing in recasting the Anthem in English, Hindustani, and Tamil; and I hope in the course of to-day to send you a rough draft, that I may have the benefit of your sagacious and good-natured criticism, before submitting my new version to Parliament.

Her Majesty's Government would view with horror and amazement any attempt to interfere—certainly in Great Britain and Ireland—with those familiar and time-honoured letters V. R., which have sent a thrill through so many loyal hearts, and can never be read without emotion on our mail-carts and pillar-boxes, and on the lead pencils which are daily and hourly wielded by the Civil Servants of the Crown.

I trust that these explanations will calm the public mind and restore tranquillity to the national pulse.

I am, my dear Mr. Punch,

Yours very faithfully,

B. D—Y.

DEAR PUNCH,

I CAN guess your thoughts at the present hour when the excitement is growing every moment deeper and more intense. They are not fixed on the Budget, or the Royal Title, or the University of Oxford Bill, but on the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race; and you are yearning to know which University will be victorious on the 8th. I can tell you, for I have seen every race for the last twenty years. I have watched every movement of the two crews since they were at the two Universities. I am on the river-bank all day long, and sleep alternately at Putney and Mortlake. Don't be guided by LORD SALISBURY, or either of the Vice-Chancellors, or even the most knowing of the Heads of Houses, but pin your faith on me, and then you will wear the winning colours next Saturday. Take time by the row-lock, and meet me at once opposite the Soap-Works. I wear a white hat, with a blue ribbon.

Putney, Saturday.

Yours, CORNEY REACH.

MR. PUNCH,

COME and witness my great and unprecedented feat of walking 10,000 miles in 10,000 hours. In the outer Circle, Regent's Park, roped in and kept clear by the Mounted Police, illuminated after dusk, military bands playing all day and night long, fireworks at the expiration of every mile, vocal and instrumental concert at the end of each week. Referees from every nation in the world, umpires in all languages, judges from all the Courts of Law in Europe and America. Admission, One shilling; season-tickets, a Pound.

Hare and Tortoise, N.W., 1 April.

FELIX FOOTIT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It will give us much pleasure if you can act as Interrogator at a grand Spelling Bee which we propose to hold in the Royal Albert Hall in Easter week. There is no one in whom the Committee would feel such absolute confidence. We have engaged six military bands, and the choruses of the two Opera Houses, and we hope to induce the Moore and Burgess Minstrels to give us their invaluable assistance. Our Bee will take a wide range, and settle on many branches of knowledge. Spelling, and Definitions, and Proper Names, will, of course, be included, but, besides, we propose that you should test Candidates in Modern Languages, Chronology, Cookery, Domestic and Political Economy, Physical Geography, Moral Philosophy, and the Higher Mathematics.

Our prizes will be worth the struggle. They will include a furnished house, a carefully selected and handsomely bound library, a complete *trousseau*, and a fine organ—built expressly for the competition by those eminent makers, MESSRS. BELLOWES AND BLOW.

Signed, on behalf of the Committee,

KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BROMPTON, Chairman.

Committee Room, April 1, 1876.

PUNCH, old man, why did you not come on Monday? I particularly wanted you to see, before I sent it in a special van to the Academy, what I fearlessly assert to be the greatest picture of the year. What do you say to a canvas 32 feet by 18? Well filled, too—not an inch of space “to let.” You know the subject. One of the grandest events in the annals of modern civilisation—one of those critical turning-points in the history of peoples and dynasties: “His Highness the KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT in the act of affixing his signature and seal to the transfer of his shares in the Suez Canal to the British Government.” Painted for the new Town-hall at Cairo.

How often have we discussed the treatment! I have made one or two slight changes since our last conversation on the subject. Now the KHEDIVÉ is surrounded by his Ministers, Grand Muftis, Dragomans, Bashi-Bazouks, Pachas, Effendis, Camels, and Foreign Advisers: he is in the act of dipping his pen in a splendid gold standish, and looking, a little anxiously, at the Sphinx. The Pyramids, irradiated by the setting sun, form the background; the Nile, guarded by the Sphinx and Memnon, is in the middle distance; and the Canal itself fills up the foreground. All the figures are life-size; and the buildings, palm-trees, dates, dahabeahs, &c., are done to scale. I hope to see you at the Private View, and show you my picture myself. So I will not dwell upon details, except just to mention that, exercising a pictorial licence, I have introduced one of the zinc cases in which the Share Certificates were transported to this country. I think you will say that the painting of this interesting accessory is life-like.

Ever yours,

Kensington, Saturday.

SEBASTIAN ANDREW DAWBNEY.

[There is one singular circumstance about this Correspondence which we cannot quite fathom. All the letters have the same date, and were received on the same day—Saturday the First.—Ed.]

JUST WHAT'S WANTED.—SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY, in the Parliamentary report of Friday's *Times*, alludes to Shipowners as “Responsible undertakers.” If we could only make them responsible!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N the Royal
Titles Bill
(Lords, Mon-
day, April 3),
LORD SHAFTES-
BURY

MOVED his Resolution praying the Queen to take a Title more in accordance with history and JOHN BULL's feelings than that of Empress—which may fairly be said to have been received by the Nation with the reverse of *Empressment*. In vain LORD SHAFTESBURY—who for party has not given up what was meant for mankind—reurged all that has been urged already against this ill-starred move in a wrong direction. In vain LORDS SELBORNE, SANDHURST, ROSEBURY, HOUGHTON, pressed the reasons against

"That word of fear,
Unpleasing in an English ear,"

that most commend themselves to the legal, lay, military, and literary minds. Ministers have hardened their hearts, and stand upon their majority, such as it is. In the Lords, 137 to 91 is not a very commending division, with 200 Peers standing aloof too. LORD CAIRNS and LORD CARNARVON tried to argue that the dislike to "Empress" is factious and factitious. They know it is neither. The CHANCELLOR thinks the title can be *localised*. He reckons without his JENKINS.

In the meantime let official Conservatism take note that it is unofficial Conservatism which utters protests, "not loud, but deep," against this bartering of a new Crown for an old one, which the soundest sense of England feels is likely to bring no more blessing to QUEEN VICTORIA than yielding to the analogous temptation of "new lamps for old ones" did to QUEEN BADROOT-BADDOOR. Will no QUEEN's friend show HER MAJESTY Mr. Punch's Cartoon? To ALFONSO THE WISE's famous triad of old things that are the best things—"Old Wine, Old Books, Old Friends"—let Punch, ALFONSO's successor in wisdom, add "Old Titles." On our Crowned Head rested the oldest, most honoured, and most honourable Title in Europe. Ill-advisers have marred it by an "addition," which should be called a subtraction. No wonder Republicanism at home sneers, and Republicanism abroad chuckles, over this lowering of the Royal Style.

All this is on the supposition that the QUEEN wishes for, and means to assume, the Empress. But query, does she? What Royal act or word from the beginning of her reign till now, has showed her unable, or unwilling, to read the signs of the times—to recognise and respect the genuine will of her people? Punch has already told her, in his own way, that "the Queen with Two Heads" is not one of the signs of the time; whereas the old "Queen's Head" is a sign for times past, present, and to come; and he can't, for the life of him, believe that QUEEN VICTORIA is not just as well aware of the fact as her most faithful Public and Privy Councillor Punch.

(Commons).—Make way for the Budget! MR. BULL's Bills for the year, "foot up," the imposing total of rather more than £78,000,000! To meet this extremely handsome outlay, the House

Steward hopes to be able to lay his hands on £77,250,000, leaving him nearly £800,000 short. So there is nothing for it but putting his hand into master's pocket for another penny in the pound on the poor old Gentleman's—we beg his pardon—the wealthy, old Gentleman's income, and this will give House Steward NORTHCOPE, some £364,000 more than he wants to make both ends meet! Such is the Budget in brief.

My dear BULL, you must pay for your blessings; and a Conservative Government is not one that can be had for nothing. True, when MR. GLADSTONE, once, in a moment of rash anticipation, promised to get rid of Income-tax altogether, DISRAELI met him by the assertion, that abolition of Income-tax was peculiarly Conservative policy. But SIR STAFFORD explains that only meant if and when the Government could do without it. So far from being able to do without it just now, they want an extra penny. But they will do their best to make the rise easy to the middle-class elector, by raising the limit of exemption from £100 to £150, the amount of deduction from £80 to £120; all incomes up to £400 to have the advantage of the deduction.

In this way the rise will be felt only by those who are too comfortable to complain, or too well-off for their complaints to find sympathy from the masses. All with less than £400 a-year will be better off under the new tariff than under the old one. If this is questionable political economy, it is like enough to be popular policy, and will secure the Government against the opposition of those who turn the scale at Elections.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD INCHQUIN moved the Second Reading of his Bill to limit the further creation of a very useless and unhappy order of beings—Irish Peers, who, where real Lords come, may be best described as neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring—the Irish Bulls of the Peerage. But while prohibiting any further creation of these objectionable abortions of aristocracy, he proposed to add four to their representatives in the House of Lords, to make up for as many Irish Spiritual Peers improved off the face of the Green Isle. Punch doesn't quite see the logic of this. LORD INCHQUIN would also open Irish boroughs to Irish Peers, who may now represent English but not Irish constituencies. Anything to give these poor creatures an enlarged field of usefulness. If an Irish Peer can find an eccentric English borough to elect him, why should we not have that chance, and the borough that pleasure? It seems odd to make any position in the Peerage, however humble, an absolute disqualification for contributing anything, however little, to the Collective Wisdom.

(Commons).—A good deal of bother in arranging for a night for PROFESSOR FAWCETT's Farewell to the Royal Titles Bill. After much pro and con, it seems the House is not to have this treat till after Easter.

The Whiskey War!—

"Irish spirits and Scotch,
In the hot mêlée
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
Ye that mingle may!"

A spirited debate—as was to be expected. The O'SULLIVAN opened, denouncing, in the name of the public health, the pernicious practice, now sanctioned by law, of adulterating Irish Whiskey in Bond with inferior Scotch spirit, under the specious name of "blending," and calling on the Government to become bonded warehousemen on the largest scale, by keeping all spirits and whiskey in bond till it was twelve years' old—had sown its wild oats in the shape of fusel oil, and mellowed to a drink equally wholesome and delicious.

Then ANDERSON arose and raised the slogan of the Scottish Still—that "Still" whence Silent Spirit flows!—the Silent Spirit which does not seem to be the ruling spirit of the House of Commons. He declared "blending" was not adulteration but improvement; that Irish whiskey unmixed was an unmixed evil, "full of headaches to the brim," only to be drunk with impunity by natives—as snake-charmers are said to swallow cobra-poison—but to the world at large only to be made tolerable by a liberal infusion of "Scotch," that pure and healthful blood of JOHN BARLEYCORN, which neither is an enemy in men's mouths, nor a stealer away of their brains, but circulates in the shape of health, and utters itself in words of wisdom!

Then SIR W. LAWSON arose and chaffed impartially both champions, of Scotch and Irish—

"Tros Tyriusque illi nullo discrimine agendus."

The better the whiskey the worse—in SIR WILFRID's eyes—because the more tempting. "More blame was laid on fusel oil than it ought to bear." To SIR WILFRID the "fusel oil" is as the salmon that bears the burden of Greenwich computations—an innocent and much-wronged creature.

MR. SULLIVAN said something like ditto to SIR WILFRID.

SIR W. CUNNINGHAM contributed one wise and weighty saying to the debate:—

"If bad Scotch spirits were prevented from going to Ireland, there would be plenty of bad Irish spirits to take their place."



FAT AND LEAN KINE.

Fat Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINUTES WITHOUT A CHECK! YOU MUST HAVE FOUND YOUR WATERPROOF VERY WARM, MR. WIGGLES?"

Mr. Wiggles. "MY DEAR SIR, THERE IS NOTHING OF ME TO BE WARM!"

In the long run the Government, recognising that it is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, declined to interfere, by 145 to 69; and the imprisoned spirits remain as they are—in bond—but open to blending!

Desultory and ineffectual talk about the Slave Trade and the Peace Preservation Act in Ireland. Even Mr. BUTT seemed ashamed to press for relaxation of the Act, in face of such an agrarian outrage as the attack by an armed and ambushed band on Mr. BRIDGES near Mitchelstown.

Wednesday.—A premature, and, we need hardly add ineffectual attempt of Mr. DIXON, to make Board Schools, and compulsory attendance at them, universal throughout England—as the Scotch have made both throughout Scotland. When the English are as ripe for such a move as the Scotch, Mr. DIXON will not have to urge his views in vain upon a large and variously recruited Majority.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR will not give the House of Commons an opening for new discussion of the Royal Titles Bill. He thinks "Localisation" may be secured by proclamation, without amendment of the Bill.

(*Commons.*)—In answer to LORD HARTINGTON, SIR STAFFORD does not consider it the duty of Her Majesty's Ministers to initiate a financial policy for the KHEDIVE. They have done quite enough in bringing down his Stocks some twenty per cent. in as many days.

MR. HUBBARD on his favourite old hobby—Income-tax—with the usual result—*nil*.

Some progress with Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (Lords).—Royal Titles Bill again. LORD SELBORNE doubts whether,—

"Localisation by Proclamation
In Law may not be bad,"

and JOHN BULL may finish the adaptation,—

"A Queen with Two Heads bothers me,
And 'Empress' drives me mad."

CAIRNS tried to pooh-pooh SELBORNE. But when such Doctors differ, *Punch* will still hope, with LORD DENMAN, that the QUEEN

will still go by the old style, seeing that her subjects can't get over the new one.

(*Commons.*)—Some wretch, not having the fear of the Sergeant-at-Arms before his eyes, has been signing the highly respectable name of NEWDEGATE to some indecorous petitions, insinuating nasty things of convents, and their rules, practices, and inmates.

MR. CALLAN moved the offensive petitions off the table. As their proper destination clearly was the dust-hole, MR. NEWDEGATE was ill-advised in resisting the motion for a moment, though the petition was one against his pet bugbear.

MR. SPEAKER submits to the House a curious question, "Shall a petition from Boulogne (signed by French, as well as English inhabitants, of that hybrid sea-port), that their Consul may not sink to Vice, be received by the House?"

MR. DISRAELI is for receiving it; MR. GLADSTONE, on the whole, for declining to receive. It is not desirable (he thinks) to encourage petitions against what might be a proper use of the Treasury cheese-parers. Besides, to lend an ear to such a prayer, might stimulate Consuls to get up an agitation against their degradation to Vices, or set Vices trying to raise themselves to Consuls. Much as this might seem to tend to morality, a good deal was said, and evidently more remains to be said, on both sides. The point is to be referred to a Committee, as it ought to be.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN aired a matter which much interests the Upper Ten—the grievances of Assistant Public School Masters. BROWNING's case was lengthily discussed.

MR. CROSS interposed his *mitis sapientia* as usual, and doubted if such public washing of their dirty linen benefited either Schools or Masters, parents or pupils. *Punch* shares the doubt. The House did well—he thinks—to decline granting a Select Committee. Oh, for an hour of old KEATE! Fancy the House of Commons offering to interfere with him!

The removal of Woolwich Arsenal and the punching of Mr. PALMER's head were then discussed with much emphasis, though to uncommonly small audiences, and the varied evening's entertainment wound up with the favourite farce of "Votes in Supply!"



UNENCUMBERED.

Policeman. "WHERE D'YER LIVE?" Lost Child. "BOO-OO! 'DON'T KNOW!'"

Policeman. "WHO'S YER FATHER AND MOTHER?"

Lost Child. "AIN'T GOT NONE."

Policeman (perplexed). "ARE YER MARRIED?" Lost Child. "No."

Policeman (relieved). "AH, SHURE, THIN YE'RE ALL RIGHT! AWAY YOU GO!"
[Crowd disperses.]

A NEW BACONIAN ESSAY.

MUCH excitement has been caused by the announcement of an article in a Contemporary, with the startling title, *The Latest Theories about Bacon*. Since the advertisement appeared, the trade in a very favourite and useful article of food has been almost at a standstill, buyers and sellers being equally unwilling to engage in any extensive transactions until they knew whether revelations were likely to be made affecting the character of a commodity of large consumption, and representing a great pecuniary value. Bacon has hitherto, on the whole, stood high in public estimation, although some descriptions have been more fancied than others; but if "Theories" are to be started and publicly discussed, perhaps to its detriment and disparagement, an injury may be inflicted on a most estimable item of domestic consumption, welcome both at the breakfast and dinner-table, and equally relished in the castle of the peer and the cottage of the peasant, from which it may never again be able to rally.

If Sausages had been made the subject of comment and speculation, but scant surprise would have been felt, and the market would probably have shown little or no sympathy with the attack; but to do anything which may shake the credit of Bacon is a very serious proceeding, and one the consequences of which may be felt for years to come, alike by the wealthy Wiltshire farmer and the humblest cottier in the remotest county of Ireland. Since the publication of the *Essay on Irish Bulls*, we can recall no occurrence which has produced a similar sensation. The writers of articles in Reviews and Magazines should be careful what titles they prefix to their lucubrations. In the present instance, a rasher one could hardly have been devised.

THE NEW "IMPERIAL MEASURE."—The Royal Titles Bill.

STORES FOR THIRSTY THOUSANDS.

Two drays, three horses to each dray,
Besides one horse-and-cart, around,
Some sixteen goodly barrels lay,
"X" chalked on each, about the ground.
Nigh which a cellar's open door,
Had just admitted many more;

The cellar of a House of Call
At Barnes, upon the River side,
Whereat the Public, great and small,
With cheering liquors are supplied.
And all those barrels lying near,
Were full of Wandsworth's noted beer.

Another House upon the brink'
Of Thames, a little farther on,
Was choked with hampers holding drink,
Designed to be consumed anon.
The drink, a wayfarer found out,
Was bottled-ale and bottled-stout;

And not one quarter of the stock
Procured, expressly to allay
Enormous thirst of human flock,
The eve but one before the day
Of the great Boat-race 'twixt the Blues—
The Oxford and the Cambridge crews.

And those two taverns were but twain
Of many hundred hostels more,
Which, to supply the looked-for drain,
Provided as abundant store
Of every kind of beer and ale,
And wine and spirits, too, for sale!

Beneath teetotal tyrant rule
What preparation should we see,
The million's heated throats to cool?
Cases of coffee, chests of tea?
And lemonade disposed in pipes,
And tuns of ginger-beer for swipes?

NEMESIS OF HISTORY.

THE Children of Israel, under a PHARAOH, were oppressed with Egyptian Bondage. Now it seems they are in a position to ask the KHEDIVÉ twenty-two per cent. on Egyptian Bonds. "Thus the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges."

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

UNDER the title of "Purple versus Grey" the *Post* publishes a piece of poetry, advocating the cause of "Purple," and signed "Winchilsea." This flight of genius extends to nine verses. Here is the first of them:—

"Good People of England, attend to my lay,
Which treats of the Purple compared with the Grey,
And plainly declares that all facts are a farce
When view'd through the light of a strong party glass."

Thus commences a real, genuine, and original "Song by a Person of Quality." Its originality appears especially remarkable in the notion of consonance exhibited in making "glass" rhyme with "farce." The next time our noble Bard tries his pen at versification he will perhaps remember that "glass" is commonly considered to rhyme with "ass."

Astronomy Royal.

A Correspondent of *Galignani*, having enumerated the illustrious personages, the GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS OF BADEN, the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, PRINCE LOUIS and PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE, and the EMPEROR WILLIAM, expected to be shortly present with the QUEEN at her Continental abode, informs us that—

"There is also a rumour that the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, on her return from England about the same time, may join this galaxy, if but for a day."

He seems to forget that a galaxy, however brilliant, can be visible only at night. Also that the Milky Way is supposed to consist of innumerable myriads of stars, not merely of some half-dozen. Perhaps, when he called six or seven Royal luminaries a galaxy, what he meant to say was a constellation.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Coneth Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She,"
"Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER IV.—*What the Author says.*

H! she has fallen below the sheer cliff, where the merry gulls sing their sweet psalms to the wind-blown, unpunctual, irregular, disappointing, unapologetic sea, and lies, her beautiful head buried kit-cat length downwards, in the muddy sand, her gleaming balmorals appealing for aid with a mighty imploring clicking of the high heels aloft, while with her lavender kid gloves she is

clutching at unhappy molluscs and killing innumerable shrimps and sand-eels in her struggle for life.

DUSOVER at one glance saw the balmorals—they were, alas! the only morals that interested him—and, exclaiming to himself, "By Jove! sand-eels—I mean sand heels," he took the plunge, and was at her side in an instant, raising her gently, and placing her on a bank of sweet, fragrant-scented, long-dry seaweed.

Her gown clings to her limbs like a mask of soft putty, and defines her form.

"Not hurt, only a little shocked," she exclaimed, gaspingly, as she pushes back her flabby hair, and shivers. Then she sings out cheerily—

"And right to the bottom,
All dived up o' mud,
Went the pretty Little Ratcatcher's Daughter.

Do you remember the chorus?"

"Yes."
"Let us sing it together."
"Let's."

And they began—his deep, sonorous, tin-like, minor-canon tone, harmonising, touchingly, with the clear, resonant, treble-bob-major pitch—a pitch that no one could touch without suffering the consequences—of her rich mezzo, as they sang the immortal words of that sublime chorus, composed by one of England's greatest, if least known, bards—

"A doodle dee, a doodle dum,
A dum di doodle day!"

And again—

"Doodle dee, doodle dum,
Dum di doodle day!"

The next moment they were rolling over and over on the dry sand and the seaweed-covered rocks.*

A yellow light plays on his hairy face from the heights above. It comes from the candles held by the old toll-keeper and his family, who are at the several windows of their cottage, surveying the strange scene, aghast at the manners and customs of these visitors to Wollum.

"Get out, you snobs!" shouted DUSOVER, and the casements closed

* *What the Editor says (in correspondence with the Authoress).*—"Rolling over and over." We have some doubt as to the propriety of admitting this line. Our Editing Committee (our Doctor, our Solicitor, and Ourselves with a casting vote) are now sitting on it. We send this note by special messenger, and are anxiously awaiting answer before going to Press. Does the line mean 'rolling over and over together' or 'separately'? You see it makes all the difference. *R.S.V.P. tres pressé.*"—Ed.

What the Authoress says (in reply to the above).—"It's just as well to leave something to the imagination. Each reader will take them to roll separately or together, as best suits his or her fancy. *Hon! soit qui mal y pense, et—vous payez votre argent et vous prenez votre choix.*"—R. D.

on the honest peasants, who returned respectfully to their well-earned slumbers, thinking that what they had seen was but the spectral illusion of a late and heavy supper, troubling their repose in the middle of the remorseful night.

Then he clasped her in his vice-like arms, and kissed her repeatedly.*

"BELLA," he said, hoarsely, as her head nestled close to his big, broad chest.

She looked up into his lurid, hungry eyes with hers, so dew-soft yet spirited, while her blood-red lips, half parted, murmured, "DUSOVER, I will marry you!"

CHAPTER V.—*What Jenny says.*

WE are on the spot, the REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, and myself.

The former, seated on his gradually collapsing concertina, which, sighing out its latest breath, sinks wheezily to earth beneath the light pressure of poor dejected TOMMY, who, rendered momentarily heavier by his weight of woe, is mournfully regarding the entranced couple, happily unconscious of his proximity.

The shrimps are skipping about blithely, the prawns are drowsily humming among the rocks, a lobster is toying with a crab, a cockle is giving them his broad, warm smile; the tremulous whelks are bathing silently in the opaline gulflets, pearly lights shine from the half-open, bad, wicked oysters, and the great, big, strong mussels are straining themselves, in playful gymnastic exercises, on the low sea-bar. All is silent, all is drowsy, and the new moon, appearing among the old blasé stars, smiles with all the bashful timidity of a pale, bright, maiden, at her first ball.

"What on earth are you doing here on the sea-shore?" I ask, stupidly enough.

"We drove here," answers BELLA, briskly, "to call on the tide, and do the civil thing. But when we came we found the tide was out, and isn't expected to be in again for some hours."

Poor TOMMY hears this, and murmurs softly to himself, "She is a dear, good girl, and really fond of parish work."

For a moment DUSOVER has turned away. I am recovering my scattered senses, and BELLA is looking towards the sea. Her head is thrown forward, and the absence of the crumpled white tie, which has tumbled off, displays a white, carved, blue-veined neck, which TOMMY gazes on with passionate, yet painful, admiration. He steals towards her on tiptoe, and she is unconscious of his presence behind her back. He stoops over her, and his lips are so close to her soft, warm hair, how can he help laying them yet closer? Men never resist any temptation as long as there is no one to tell of them, and as long as their pocket is not affected.† This temptation offers peculiar advantages, as I shall shut my eyes—he might be induced to repeat the performance on me, the elder and plainer sister—and she will not object to what gives him a bitter joy.

Having once kissed her, a shame comes over him, he sighs, and, taking up his blue umbrella, he fixes his green spectacles on his moist pink eyes, spreads out his concertina, and singing softly, with a suspicion of tears in his voice,

"I've gone wrong for the sake of SARAH,"

he trudges off along the high road, and disappears into the darkness of the summer night.

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye!" cries BELLA, as the tail of a black shadow catches her eye. Then suddenly seeing me, she jumps up, exclaiming, "You mustn't let the poor little gentleman go without his best suit of black. What can I do?"

"I have brought your dress in a bag," I say, exhibiting my usual good common sense, and then add, authoritatively, "The sooner you change, the better."

"*A la bonne heure!*" she cries, and accompanies me to the toll-keeper's house, where, in an inner chamber, she re-makes her toilette, and I pack up the REV. TOMMY HASSOCK's clothes in the bag. Her masquerading frolic is over.

* *What the Editor says (to our Readers).*—"As there was considerable difference of opinion as to the advisability of permitting this line to remain, and as the employment of the casting vote, in a party of three, only left matters just where they were before, it was decided (there being no time to spare, as the Press was waiting) to use the powers possessed by the Committee of adding to its number, and so we sent a boy, with a cab, from our office, and fetched a Maiden Aunt (the first we could find—between forty-five and fifty), who at once complied with our request, and was accommodated with a seat at the board. She has read the novel with great pleasure, as far as it has yet gone, and has decided on retaining the line in question about 'kissing repeatedly.' She says she thinks it gives local colour to the novel. Perhaps she is right. Our Doctor and our Solicitor are inclined to agree with her; and, if fine, we are all going to dine at Greenwich on furtive, whitebait, and dry champagne. The Committee has still power to add to its number, and, perhaps it would be as well (in the interest of our lady-readers) if the female element in it were to be proportionably increased. We know several very—but the Press is waiting, and so is the Greenwich Train."—Ed.

† *By the Editor.*—The male portion of the Editorial Committee objected strongly to this sentiment. Our Maiden Aunt, however, strenuously opposed any alteration of the text. We think this explanation due to the Public.—Ed.

"JENNY," says BELLA to me, when her toilette is completed, "DUSOVER likes me very much. We shall be married."

"BELLA," I return, reddening with indignation at her insane conduct, "I have heard about this man. He is ugly, irreligious, ill-tempered, fierce, stingy, greedy, dissipated, and a drunkard," I say, with rising exasperation.

"He is!" she replies, with a triumphant smile; "but as I like ugliness, irreligion, ill-temper, ferocity, stinginess, greediness, dissipation, and the bottle—with one who combines all these qualities in himself, my married life must be one of unalloyed happiness."

It is impossible to answer this argument. Even in logic, BELLA invariably gets the better of me.

"But," I say to my wayward sister, "you will return with me to Wollum."

"I am not going back to Wollum," replies BELLA; "at least, not yet."

"Do, there's a dear good child!" I say, coaxingly.

"I will not!" returns the dear good child.

"You want to stop with that scarlet-haired man!" I say, vixenishly.

"He is not scarlet-haired!" cries BELLA, in a fury. "Go away!" she screams, stamping her foot violently.

"Perhaps," I say, giving in—I am the elder sister, and have always been accustomed to give in to BELLA, whenever she screams and stamps—"perhaps I had better run after Mr. Hassock, with his bag: he will want his suit for Sunday," I add, with my usual material view of things.

So I leave her, and walk in the direction which I think the unhappy, little, broken-hearted clergyman has already taken. But I still have the powerful telescope with me, by whose aid I can see, and hear distinctly, what is going on in the dark blue night-time by the grey sea-shore.

CHAP. VI.—What the Author says.

FOR a moment BELLA paused before returning to DUSOVER BELJAMBE. She listened with strained attention. Thud after thud struck the dry, parched, rocky ground, the sound conveying to her mind the notion of some strong, powerful man employed in lifting weights out of a box, and letting them fall on the dull, muffled earth. Unable to resist the temptation, she descended the sheer cliff with the steadiness of a trained creeper, and, peering in between two immense boulders, saw DUSOVER BELJAMBE heaving big, overburdening sighs out of his great, deep chest.

She felt within herself that she too must share his fearful grief, and so, in her new dress, cheerful, deep-faced, metamorphosed, she stands before him.

He rushed to her, and clasped her in his strong embrace.

"My little, pure, white snowdrop!" he exclaimed, bending down his long, brown neck, and gazing, ravenously, on the small face, cavernous full mouth, pouting, ripe lips, and glorious wealth of sun-coloured, autumn-scented hair, which any three mighty sovereigns, of reddest carat-gold, could scarcely have purchased.

DUSOVER felt himself irresistibly drawn towards her by capillary attraction,—to this fair creature, in her plain, uncoquettish, simple attire. An orange-coloured riband snooded over her pin-like head in the innocentest, freshest manner possible, while the crown of nut-brown-sherry hair, turned up in one great bunch which she could twist into form at the rate of twenty knots an hour,—the nuttiest, brownest, goldenest, sherryest, hairiest hair over her alabasterest temple

"That ever you did see,"

formed a rare frame for her liquidest, southernest, innocentest, rosebudest, shyest, translucentest, pinkest-geraniumest face, whose great glow of unutterable gladness revealed a sunrise of enormous Love to the hungry tenderness of his dear, gorging, famished eyes.

She flung herself on to his breast, and then—gently shook his hand."

* What the Editor says (in a letter to the Authoress).—"We (the Committee, including the latest addition to our number) have decided upon omitting the remainder of this paragraph. At one time it was proposed (by the Chair) that the entire passage should be left out, but our Maiden Aunt (who enjoyed the Greenwich dinner yesterday immensely) forcibly argued, from the suggestion (in your latest note to Ourselves, my dear Madam) about 'leaving something to the imagination,' that, while your admirable description is (as the lady in question demonstrated) strictly true to nature, it is just a trifle too garish in colour, and this defect we (the Committee) have therefore remedied, by the substitution of the neutral-tinted line 'and then gently shook his hand,' which, after all, is quite in keeping with the situation, and (with our contract as to the morale of this novel), does artistically leave a considerable amount to the imagination. Should you not be entirely with us in this matter, we are afraid your communication will arrive too late, as the chapter is now going to Press."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"You know the proverb about pearls. Your Aunt (who seems to be a thoroughly sensible person) writes to me privately to say, that, if she could have had her way, the whole passage should have stood

"I will be MRS. CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE," she murmured.

"Will you?" he returned, inquiringly.

Then a deep shade passed over his kind eyes, and his brown face turned white, as a tender, troubled, look arose in his deep-set, cavernous eyes.

"Come nearer, BELLA," he said, "and I will tell you the secret of my life."

(To be continued.)

WHITE MATES IN ONE MOVE.



PARIS has been giving herself up lately to the enjoyment of sensational weddings. The crowning interest has been reached by the marriage of Mlle. BLANC, who was lately pushed across by her father, the celebrated proprietor of the Monaco gaming-tables, to the PRINCE RADZYLL, one of his most constant patrons, for better or worse—in fact to turn out a prize or a blank, as fortune may determine. A few interesting details of the ceremony have not as yet been divulged to the public. *Punch* trusts he is not indiscreet in publishing some additional information. If old BLANC be "Impair" (*un père*), as he has been called by a punter now sunk to a punster of the most reckless description—let us hope that bride and bridegroom are destined to

be a happy pair, though *sac* is not yet twenty and he is between *trente et quarante*. The contrast of the bride's auburn tresses with her lord's raven hair made more than one spectator compare them to the *rouge et noir* of the paternal board of green cloth.

The lady certainly does not bring her bridegroom a zero as a dowry. Though we may not admire the connection, prejudice is no cause for not wishing that their married life may go *comme sur des roulettes*.

It is reported that when the bride arrived, pale with emotion, at the altar, her affectionate father could not resist a last paternal cry of "*Rouge perd et couleur*." This not unnaturally called up a flush on the cheek of the manly bridegroom, but he had the presence of mind to cap the paternal allusion of BLANC Senior to his daughter's paleness with a smile and the half-audible retort—with reference at once to his own blush and the lady's dot—"Couleur gagne!"

Historical Title for Government.

THE present Ministry should be historically remembered—though when once it will not be easy to re—"Member" it—as "The Additional Administration." Their policy has not led them to a Division, but to a continual Addition. Thus, *inter alia*, it has added an hour to the daily period of Drinking: it has added the Suez Canal to the list of English rivers: it has added the *Vanguard* to the total of British wrecks: the Slave Circular to the number of blunders: one penny to the Income-tax: and Empress to Queen. That the Prime Mover of all this should take the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY's house at Addington, is a suggestion which might be acted on by a consistent politician who has also a respect for puns in place.

as I originally wrote it. Was HOGARTH a moral teacher or not? Was RUBENS a great colourist? Put HOGARTH and RUBENS together on to a report of the Admiralty Divorce and Probate Court! *Me comprenez-vous, mon ami?* Do I hold up DUSOVER BELJAMBE as a faultless hero to be imitated? or BELLA as a paragon of frigid respectability, or oyster-like flabby virtue? Do I tell you or anyone to copy him or her? Do you expect a long threnody? No."—R. D.

What the Editor says.—"Dear Madam, don't be angry. We do not expect a 'threnody'—but a three-volumey. You see we are in a good temper. You are begging the question. Read our letter again."—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"Dear Sir, I'm not angry. I do not see the humour of your 'threnody' joke. If I begged the question, you begged the answer, and now you've got it. Haven't time for reading letters—I write."—R. D.



LEAP YEAR.

"I SAY, MOTHER, THAT GIRL HAD THE CHEEK TO ASK ME TO DANCE! FORTUNATELY, I COULD TELL HER MY CARD WAS FULL!"

ASIAN MYSTERIES.

MR. PUNCH,

WE read your wisdom here in Cathay, where we are naturally interested in Asian Mysteries. Let me tell you of one in my own family. My ancestor, ALADDIN, had an old lamp, by rubbing which he could, in a moment, summon to his service the mightiest powers of earth and air to do his bidding, like the Jins at the bidding of SOLOMON (on whom be peace!). But one day, when ALADDIN was out, a venerable Hebrew merchant (he was in truth a magician) appeared, offering new lamps in exchange for old ones; and the court Ladies, and the snobs, sycophants, parasites, and flunkies about ALADDIN's Princess-wife, BADROOL-BADOOR, persuaded her to exchange her Husband's old lamp for the Jew's new one, which looked so much bigger and brighter. But with the lamp departed all those spirits of power; and the Princess, and her palace, and her hall with twenty-four windows, from which she looked on her domains in all quarters of the world, vanished away. And now tidings come from your Land of the Setting Sun that your QUEEN VICTORIA, who, for a thousand years, has worn a Crown more wonderful than even the Lamp of ALADDIN or the Seal of SOLOMON, for its power of calling men and Jins from the East and the West, the North and the South, to do her service by sea and by land, has been persuaded to listen to an old Hebrew magician, who has offered her in exchange for that venerable talisman of sovereignty a new one, made of what your goldsmiths who travel into these regions tell us is of the metal called Brummagem, electro-gilded in Parisian fashion upon German metal. Will not your QUEEN or her advisers take warning before it is too late, that the new Crown has none of the marvellous powers of the old one; and that VICTORIA may find, as BADROOL-BADOOR did, that he who offers her the dazzling gawd is an Asian magician, whose powers lie among the unsubstantial shows of the desert-mirage, rather than over the mighty if evil majesty of the Jins and Afreet, or the more abject red spectres of the nether world. *Salaam aleikum.*

ALADDIN THE YOUNGEST.

SUB ROSÂ REFLECTION.

(*À propos of PALMER'S Case. By a Prig.*)

AS FAKING BILL and me

Was enjoyin' our pots and our pipes,

He 'eaves a sigh, and he sez, sez he—

A takin' a pull at the swipes—

"I've been thinkin', old pal, o' this 'ere—

A thinkin' until I'm dry—

Of them Bobbies as got in the street called Queer,

For hittin' a gent in the eye.

"And I sez to myself, sez I,

What jolly times we'd see,

If prigs was as 'ard to identify

As P'licemen appears to be!"

Words of Command.

CONCERNING certain suggestions for the Private Soldier's comfort, "SERO SED SERIO," in a letter to the *Times*, declares "comfort" an "unsoldierlike word." The divine WILLIAMS, however, makes *Bardolph* avouch "accommodated" to be "a soldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command." Anyhow "comfort" is a thing as excellent, and a word as soldierlike as accommodation which implies it. How can a soldier be said to be "accommodated" in barracks, unless he is comfortable?

A Cabinet Question.

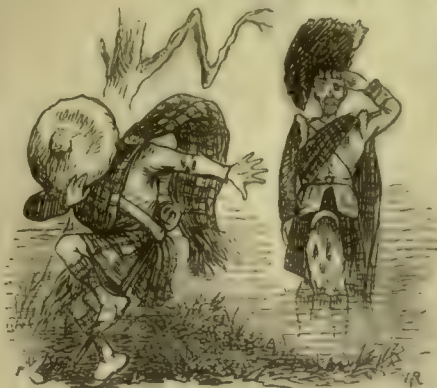
A PARTIAL Tax, now made more partial still,
A brand-new, lackered, Royal Titles Bill,
With mean alloy debasing England's Crown,
Bringing its pure gold to Mosaic down!
Bethink you whither these offences tend.
Are they not the beginning of your end?



“NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!”

(ALADDIN adapted.)

THE WHISKEY WAR.



HEN, a few days since, MR. O'SULLIVAN rose in his place in the House of Commons to ask for a Select Committee to "inquire into the practice of 'blending' foreign spirits in bond with pure Irish Whiskey." Mr. Punch regrets to say that the Third Estate of the Realm was so impregnated with British prejudice that the Committee was refused. He begs to supply the

omission. The following report (which has been furnished by Mr. Punch's own dining-room table) may be relied upon as an accurate account of what would have occurred had the prayer of Mr. O'SULLIVAN been granted:—

First Meeting of the Irish Whiskey Committee.

Present—The MULLIGAN (in the Chair); The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown; SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk); The MACGILLICUDDY of the Peat-Reeks.

The CHAIRMAN said it was entirely unnecessary to call any witnesses. Sure couldn't they be their own witnesses? Was there not an elegant display of spirits on the table? They would test those spirits for themselves. He was delighted to see his fellow Committeemen. He begged to drink their very good healths, and would commence the proceedings by proposing the toast of "Erin go Bragh!"

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown agreed with the Chairman in all but his toast, which he considered offensive. They were duly qualified to test and taste Whiskeys for themselves. To be in order, then, he would propose that they should call up the Silent Spirit of the Highlands at once. It was very good drinking.

The MACGILLICUDDY begged to move an amendment. He would suggest the invocation of Pure Irish Whiskey in lieu of the Silent Spirit of the Highlands. He begged to say that the Pure Irish Whiskey was just the best drink in the whole world.

The CHAIRMAN proposed that both spirits should be tested. The proposal was cordially received. After the empty bottles had been removed,

SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) was understood to say that something was "fery coot."

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown, as the Chieftain of a Clan, begged to ask his friend SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) whether his (SIR DOUGAL'S) remark was intended to apply to the Silent Spirit of the Highlands.

SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) was understood to say that the Silent Spirit of the Highlands was "fery coot."

The MACGILLICUDDY asked with great warmth whether it was the intention of SIR DOUGAL to reflect upon the Pure Irish Whiskey. He (the MACGILLICUDDY) was afraid of no man. He invited SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) to tread upon the tail of his coat.

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown here interposed, and the MACGILLICUDDY consented to withdraw his invitation on the understanding that SIR DOUGAL CREATURE should admit Pure Irish Whiskey to be also "fery coot."

The CHAIRMAN remarked that talking was dry work. He had noticed that, during the last few minutes, several fresh bottles had been uncorked—he would therefore respectfully suggest that the spirit-testing should recommence. The suggestion was adopted with acclamation. After a pause,

The MACGILLICUDDY sang twenty-four verses of an Irish song—assisted by SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk), who held his hand during the ceremony,—and declared his intention of adopting SIR DOUGAL CREATURE (of that ilk) as a brother. He (the MACGILLICUDDY) was afraid of no one. Did the Chairman doubt his word?

The MAC BROWN of Mac Brown interposed between the Chairman and the MACGILLICUDDY, to give a detailed account of his own pedigree. The latter portion of his speech was nearly inaudible and quite unintelligible.

The Chairman, at the conclusion of the speech of the MAC BROWN of Mac Brown, to which he had listened with marked impatience, said that he held the MACGILLICUDDY in contempt. He was a spalpeen. For himself, he never felt better in his life. He had been grossly insulted by the present company. He invited the present company to dine with him that day week, and bring any one they

pleased. He would be proud to see them and their friends. "The more the merrier." After repeating these words several times, first smilingly and then frowningly, he suddenly disappeared.

The Committee then retired (under the table) to consider their report.

JENKINS v. JENKINS.

An Indignant Disavowal.

DEAR PUNCH,

You've heard of me before:
Our race runs back to days of yore.
I'm JENKINS, not the rude M.P.
For that unhappy town, Dundee—
So much I feel constrained to write,
For it would be too awful, quite,
To be confounded with *that* man—
But the more loyal JENKINS, who
Is proud to lick each Royal Shoe.
I quite approve DISRAELI's plan.
Empress! I feel some inches bigger;
Though Rads may shout and Cads may snigger,
I shall be most supremely proud,
If I may only be allowed
To be the first who greets our QUEEN
By the new style, in newest sheen,
Which sheds on *her* effulgence bright,
And upon us a reflex light.
This opposition's most vexatious.
How *can* M.P.'s be so ungracious?
I marvel at their cool effrontery,
But every JENKINS in the country
(Save him, our loyal flock's black sheep
At whose defection I could weep)
Cries shame upon the tongue that sticks
At that sweet word, "*Imperatrix*."
Query the quantity—but Latin
Is not the language I'm most pat in.
Is the "a" long or short?—I falter—
If it's short, leave—if long, please alter.*
Let BENJAMIN on us depend,
For every JENKINS is his friend.
Who says the title's "purely local"?
Not so, while *we* have organs vocal,
And pliant backs and callous knees;
Did Heaven bestow such gifts as these
To rust unused?—The mild Hindoo
Must not monopolise Kotou!
Besides, 'twere very poor requital
To him who blest us with a title,
Which puts us on a par with Prussia,
Makes France look bilious, frightens Russia,
To treat the Imperial style's effulgence
As all too bright for home-indulgence.
No, Mr. Punch. Too much we prize it,
And will do more to naturalise it,
In spite of protests and petitions,
Than any number of editions
Of most prophetic schoolbooks. *Do*,
Drop down on *Gin's Baby*, who
Must have the brass of fifty MENKENS.

Yours proudly,

THE ORIGINAL JENKINS.

* JENKINS is wrong; but does he think *Punch* is going to stoop to correct his false quantities?

Parochial Progress.

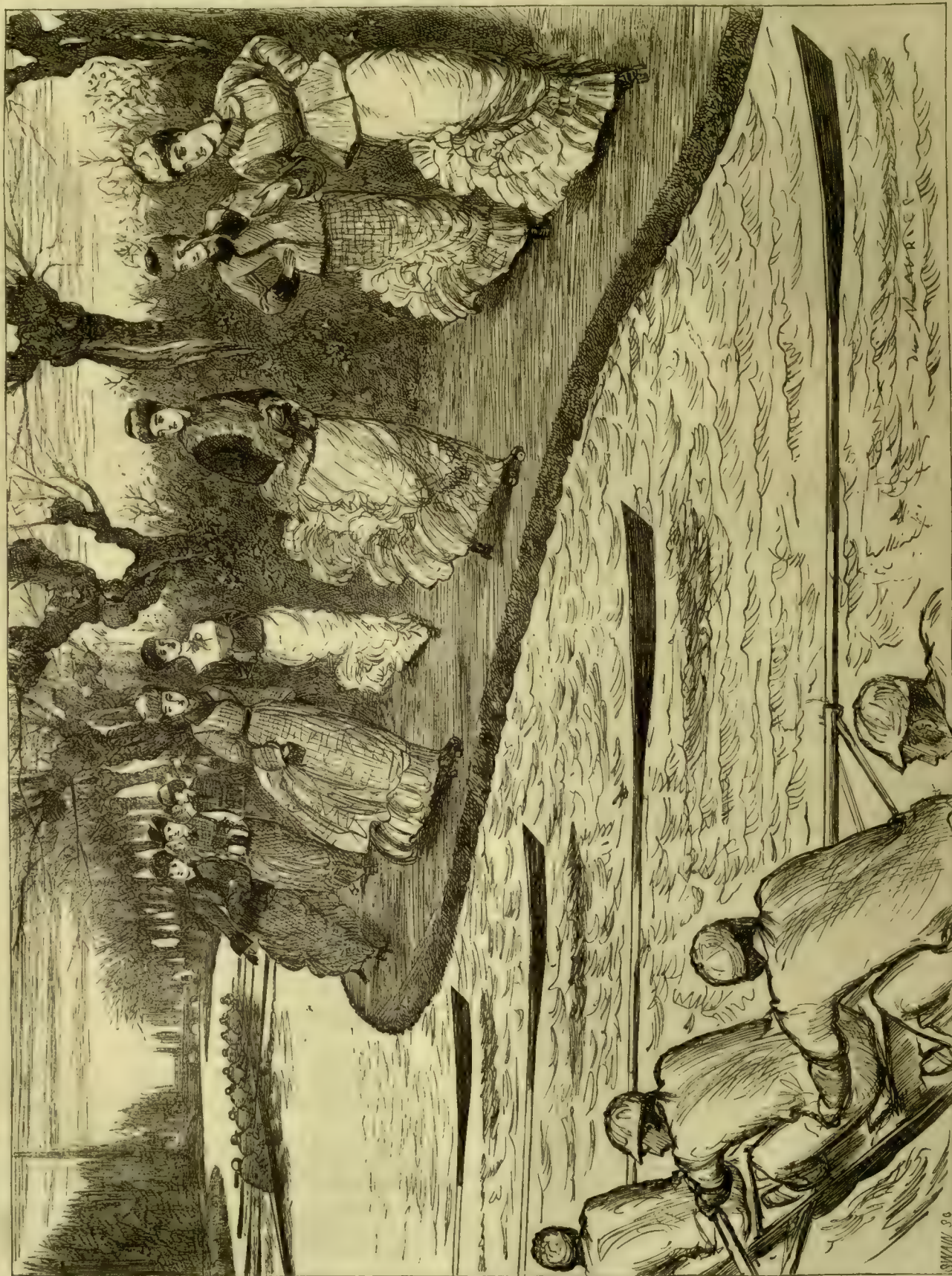
A CONTEMPORARY announces a happy change about to be effected in the—

"CONVERSION OF A CHURCHYARD.—Yesterday morning DR. TRISTRAM, the Chancellor of the Diocese of London, granted the application by the REV. HENRY JONES, the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, and the Churchwardens, for a faculty to convert a part of the churchyard into a flower-garden."

In the sanitary way, as well as the æsthetic, a great improvement. For the accomplishment of so tasteful and salubrious a proceeding as the conversion of a churchyard into a flower-garden, it is gratifying to see the faculties of parochial authorities enlarged.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE KHEWEE'S DOOR-MAT.—*Cave Cavern.*

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 15, 1876.



“WHY SHOULDN'T GIRTON RINK, WHEN CAMBRIDGE ROWS?”



"SCIENCE GOSSIP."

Brown. "TIDY LOT O' RAIN LAST NIGHT! MY GAUGE (SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE—INVENTED IT MYSELF!) REGISTERED A FALL OF FOUR FEET SEVEN INCHES AND THREE-TENTHS!!"

Morning Caller (scientific, too). "WHEW! FOUR FEET! OH! AH! YES! I SEE!!"

[They retire up, boltinging!]

ISMAIL MICAWBER.

"The week was passed most agreeably in a round of festivities. There was a grand banquet at the Abdeen Palace on Monday, the opera and ballet every night, dinners, visits, receptions. There was no appearance of care or of any critical negotiations, harassing telegrams, or serious business."—*Telegram from Alexandria.*

FEASTING and festival give life best zest of all;

'Tis never low-water with Nile's brimming wave.

Cheer is abundant—reflection redundant—

What do I care how my creditors rave?

The Prince is a guest of mine: *his* purse a test of mine:

Bother all care! Clap a seal on that CAVE!

Khedivè are wiser than e'er an adviser!

Who are these dogs that exhort me to save?

Ere deluge churn up, something will turn up,

Betwixt my two stools—of the fool and the knave.

Drink, honoured Shah-Zàdeh! Hang Koràn and Cadi!

While *you* smile on Egypt, I make light of CAVE!

Telegrams harassing! Business embarrassing!

I know how Khedivè and host should behave.

My bonds may be fragile—my ballet is agile;

'Tis Wisdom makes merry, while Folly looks grave.

Bellow, Bulls, and growl, Bears! Tear and toss up—who cares?

Drown in salutes the low growl from a CAVE!

WOMAN AND THE WORKHOUSE.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that two Ladies have come forward as candidates for seats at the St. Pancras Board of Guardians. The Guardianship of the Poor will doubtless be mitigated for them by an admixture of the softer sex with the harder. Boards of Guardians comprising Ladies may be expected to include Guardian Angels.

JOHN TO JONATHAN.

THEY are in a "fix" in America; embarrassed by an unexpected balance from the Geneva award, amounting to about nine million dollars. Much discussion is going on about the appropriation of this nice little sum. The Committee who have to deal with it are divided in opinion, both the majority and minority proposing different schemes for its disposition. The majority favour one set of claimants, the minority another, as the lucky recipients of the balance. If *Mr. Punch* is invited to act as arbiter, he is prepared to step in between the two parties and cut the Gordian knot with his usual unerring stroke. His proposition would be very simple and practical. Remit the balance back to this country. The dollars will arrive just in time to relieve the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER from the painful duty of adding another penny to the Income-tax; and we shall all, both Americans and English, meet at the Centennial Exhibition with increased satisfaction and the best cousinly feeling.

Important to Divers.

AN announcement which may seem to concern philosophers and poets is that of a newly-invented instrument, exhibited the other evening at a *conversazione* of the Royal Society under the name of a "bathometer." But that this is a contrivance for indicating, without plummet, the depth of the sea, it might be imagined a device for gauging either profundity of thought, as exemplified in the speculations of some modern sages, or of imagination as manifested by certain contemporary Bards, in divers plunges displaying their proficiency in Bathos, or the art of sinking.

ROYAL TITLES.

"QUEEN of Great Britain" and "Empress of Ind:." Can these phrases accord with the popular mind? An addition of titles we do not desire: To the prefix of "Mr." we add not "Esquire."

A BRITTLE SEAL.



A SACERDOTALIST Correspondent, hailing from near the London Docks, denies that a "crucifix" was carried in procession at a Ritualistic performance at Southampton, lately commented on by *Mr. Punch*. The description was copied from a local paper. If "crucifix" should have been "cross"—what then?

He also denies that auricular confession is a practice which, as a practice, the Established Church ignores. In witness he quotes one of the Canons of 1603, relative to it as an occasional and optional act,

and forbidding any Minister to reveal and make known "any crime or offence committed to his trust and secrecy (except they be such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life may be called into question for concealing the same) under pain of irregularity."

Mark the exception—and mark the rule. What is there in either to punish the disclosure of a confession, which is not a "crime" or an "offence" in law, but only a "sin"? Talk of a clever lawyer driving a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament! What ecclesiastical advocate could not easily drive a railway-van through such a Canon as that relied on by our sacerdotalist friend? And what machinery is there to enforce that old Canon?

If there are in the laws of the Church by Law Established provisions sufficient to regulate the habitual practice of confession, why did a number of Romanising Anglican divines, the other day, memorialise the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to make such provisions—and in vain?

Let sacerdotalists ask any original *sacerdos*, of the order they ape, what he thinks of the Canon of 1603, concerning confession, and enjoining secrecy—with exceptions. What kind of a seal is such a "seal of confession"? So fragile, as to be very much less like a seal than another thing with which Ritualists are wont to play at Romanism—a wafer!

THE GIRL WHO BEES.

WE know the sylph on "Spillers;" now from rinks the fancy flees,
To the *bas bleu* of the period—the learned girl who "Bees."

She has WEBSTER at her finger-ends, o'er WALKER walks with ease;
Can crack all the nuts in NUTTALL, this portentous girl who Bees.

She can spell "metempsychosis," knows how many *l's* and *c's*
Should be put in "peccadillo"—this alarming girl who Bees.

"Phthisis" has for her no terrors; in "sciatica" she sees
Nothing to cause her trouble—she has had them both at Bees.

Never "harassed" or "embarrassed," she can spell you both of
these;
She can "braz" out MR. LOWE, can this *habituée* of Bees.

Even CORTON, ex-Lord Mayor, admits he can't afford to sneeze
At the sight where he encounters this triumphant Queen of Bees.

Blithely ever is she buzzing. Night by night, snow, blow, or freeze,
Gaily humming "I am coming," as she flits among the Bees.

Once she quailed at MR. D'ORSEY; now she puts the "e" in peace.
She's as good as MR. CASSOWAN, that veteran of Bees.

She browbeats interrogators—"Just explain it, if you please."
"Would you kindly re-pronounce it?" says this champion of Bees.

She's not lost, though she hesitates. She minds her *q's* and *p's*,
"Slow and sure" 's the golden rule that guides the heroine of Bees.

Other girls do High-Art needlework, sing BACH or nigger glees,
But she her glamour casts by spells—the Queen of busy Bees.

Our banks are furnished with them. There is really quite a
squeeze
Of seraphic Curates hiving whole swarms of Ladies' Bees.

Male orthographers are cyphers: they please not, nor displease—
'Tis still the *belle* who bears away the bell at all the Bees.

May she win a prize from Hymen. Soon her fair face may we see
In a hive with blithe brood humming—Spelling changed for Baby
Bee.

CORN IN EGYPT.

(A Dramatic Fancy of the, probably not remote, Future.)

SCENE—A Magnificent Saloon, splendidly furnished. Table spread with a costly banquet. Eastern Potentate discovered in the act of entertaining illustrious English Traveller. Confidential Butler and other Servants, all in gorgeous attire, in attendance.

Eastern Potentate. Your Royal Highness will see that we are quite civilised. I speak English, and know how to order a dinner. *A propos*, I trust the menu has given satisfaction?

Illustrious English Traveller. Nothing could have been better, my dear Khedive. Oysters, soup, fish, entrées, game, everything excellent. You must have a *cordons bleu* in your kitchen.

Eastern Potentate (smiling). Well, I do not mind admitting that I do pay a good round sum to my chef. It surprised poor CAVE, and the man is worth the money. Even OUTREY said he was quite up to the Parisian mark. I am rather proud of my cellar. What do you think of that Château d'Yquem?

Illustrious English Traveller. Excellent—simply excellent; and your dry champagne would do honour to Marlborough House. Now for coffee and *chasse*, and then the mild cigar (with a sigh of anticipation).

Eastern Potentate (to Confidential Butler). You hear, BEN SOLOMON. Coffee, *chasse*, and cigars!

[Confidential Butler bows, and gives the necessary directions to the other Servants. Exit the other Servants.]

Illustrious English Traveller (regarding Confidential Butler with some curiosity). Does that man come from England, your Highness?

Eastern Potentate (confused). Well, not exactly—at least, if he comes from England—he is of Eastern extraction.

Confidential Butler (with confidential whisper). Fact is, your Rile 'Ighness, I'm from Cursitor Street.

Illustrious English Traveller (surprised). Hum! And now as I should be glad of a confidential chat, with your Highness, will you kindly desire this person to retire?

Confidential Butler (smiling and aside). Can't be done, your 'Ighness. Our Governor's acting for the British Bond 'olders. He didn't like puttin' his 'Ighness the Kideevy in the 'ole, as he 'ad to receive your Rile 'Ighness. But it'd be as much as my plashe is worth, if I left his 'Ighness alone with the plate—it would, indeed, your 'Ighness.

Illustrious English Traveller (to Eastern Potentate). Why, who is this fellow?

Eastern Potentate. I regret to say that he is—(hesitates)—what you call—Eh?

Illustrious English Traveller (encouragingly). Yes?

Confidential Butler. Fact is, his 'Ighness ain't up to legal English, your 'Ighness. But, between you and me and the post, I'm the Man in Possession.

(Scene closes in.)

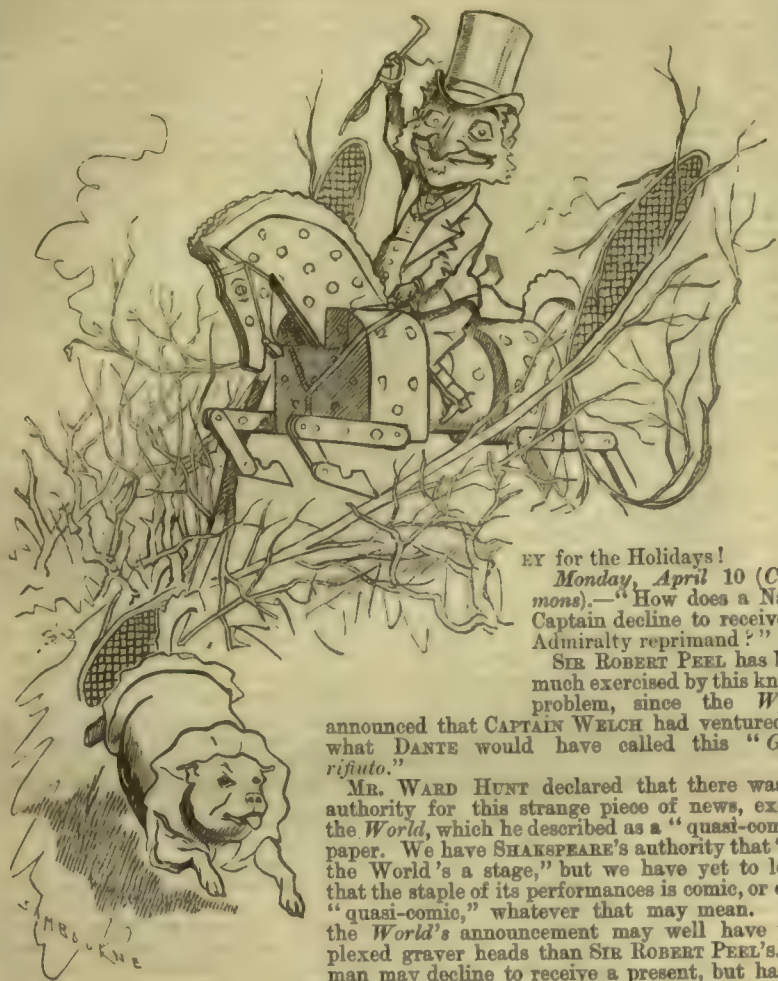
Going too Far.

DID M. JOHN LEMOINNE, in his last Article in the *Débats* on the Royal Titles Bill, really speak of the QUEEN as "the Sovereign of a great country, which desired nothing better than to respect her, almost to embalm her"? If he did, *Mr. Punch* must set him right on one point. This is a great country, and it desires nothing better than to respect its Sovereign; but it certainly has not the slightest wish to embalm her—that being a process which M. LEMOINNE must know requires life to be terminated before it can be performed, and the termination of HER MAJESTY's life is the last thing this country would desire.

An "Alias" Improved.

THE Sovereign dub an Empress, BEN? What for?
A countercheck to Russia's Emperor?
Rather, my BENJAMIN, wouldst make the QUEEN a
Match for the CZAR, entitle her "Czarina."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BY for the Holidays!

Monday, April 10 (Commons).—"How does a Naval Captain decline to receive an Admiralty reprimand?"

SIR ROBERT PEEL has been much exercised by this knotty problem, since the *World* announced that CAPTAIN WELCH had ventured on what DANTE would have called this "*Gran rifiuto*."

MR. WARD HUNT declared that there was no authority for this strange piece of news, except the *World*, which he described as a "quasi-comic" paper. We have SHAKESPEARE's authority that "all the World's a stage," but we have yet to learn that the staple of its performances is comic, or even "quasi-comic," whatever that may mean. But the *World's* announcement may well have perplexed graver heads than SIR ROBERT PEEL'S. A man may decline to receive a present, but hardly a slap in the face or a kick on the opposite extremity of his person. That sort of thing is not usually preceded by the opportunity of such an option as includes the possibility of refusal. A cuff or kick may be returned, but scarcely refused. For a Naval Captain to decline receiving an Admiralty reprimand, would seem to be very like reprimanding the Admiralty: and that, as Mr. WARD HUNT explained, would "in a Captain" be the "flat blasphemy" called insubordination. A Captain, reprimanded, may ask for a court-martial.

"Had CAPTAIN WELCH asked for a court-martial?" asked SIR ROBERT.

"No," said MR. WARD HUNT.

A few minutes after, MR. ANDERSON said he had in his pocket a note written by CAPTAIN WELCH to him, stating that he had asked for a court-martial.

MR. WARD HUNT declared that no such letter had "reached the Admiralty."

Now "Admiralty" is an "amphibologous" term. It means a Building, and it means a Board. It may have "reached" the one, but not yet got as far as the other. At any rate, the contradiction should be explained. It does not look pretty as it stands.

MR. FAWCETT gave notice that on the first day after the Easter recess he will ask MR. DISRAELI whether he will give him a day for discussion of the Address to the Crown, before the issue of the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill.

Her Majesty's faithful Commons have a Constitutional right to audience of HER MAJESTY. *Punch* hopes MR. DISRAELI will not refuse such audience, even to the so-called Minority which wishes to put on record its final protest against the Brummagem title of "Empress." But there is still a fortnight, at least, between us and the Proclamation. Between the Proclamation and the assumption of a title which every day is becoming more and more unacceptable to the sound sense and educated opinion of Great Britain there is the still larger interval, filled by HER MAJESTY'S excellent judgment, and large experience of the strength of feeling that couples Loyalty and Liberty in the hearts of her subjects.

Then MR. ANDERSON opened his battery of heavy guns against the conduct of Government as regards the collision of the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*.

The Andersonian artillery took a wide range-blazing away at everybody concerned in the unfortunate accident—the PRINCE OF LEININGEN, CAPTAIN WELCH, GENERAL PONSONBY (the indiscreet letter-writer to the MARQUIS OF EXETER), the CORONER, Foreman, and most members of the first Jury, BARON BRAMWELL, the ADMIRALTY, and, finally, MR. HEYWOOD, who had had the audacity to declare himself satisfied.

In short, it is clear to MR. ANDERSON that somebody ought to have suffered, besides CAPTAIN WELCH who has been reprimanded, and JOHN BULL who has had to pay the compensations.

It would be impossible for the most hard-mouthed patriot that ever "heckled" a Minister on a case affording a grand opening for cheap clap-trap, to have discharged the duty more disagreeably, or with more apparent relish, than the rasping Member for Glasgow. And it would be impossible for any Minister, directly and offensively attacked, to have received the fire of his bitter and boisterous assailant more meekly, and to have returned it more feebly, than MR. WARD HUNT.

Of course, the Admiralty have bungled. It is their way. But the Queen's yacht will not in future run at fifteen knots an hour through the Solent, or any other waters where small sailing craft lie thick, and ply frequent. Let JOHN BULL put that in his pipe, and smoke it, as his returns from all that has been done, and left undone, said, and left unsaid, in the unfortunate case of the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe*. As for MR. HEYWOOD, who is base enough to be satisfied, and mean-spirited enough to hope that "bye-gones will be bye-gones," we leave him to the scorn of MR. ANDERSON.

MR. S. LLOYD did a good work in calling attention to the grievances of the Marines—those step-children of the services, whose high pride it is always to do their duty, and whose hard fate it is always to fall between the two stools of the Army and Navy, to both of which, and yet neither of which, they seem to belong, if we may judge by the proportion of kicks to halfpence in their allowance.

Everybody who spoke admitted the grievances of this gallant corps; and MR. A. EGERTON, for the Admiralty, declared that the Board was most anxious to put both promotion and retirement in the Marines on a more satisfactory footing, but did not like to apply a merely temporary remedy. Let them only make the remedy as long-lived as the grievance has been, and 'twill serve.

Then the House went into Committee on Naval Estimates, and MR. SHAW LEFEBVRE showed the usual zeal of ex-Officials of the Admiralty in calling attention to desertions in the Navy, the difficulties connected with the training of boys for the Navy, and the urgency of establishing links between the Navy and the Merchant Service.

MR. WARD HUNT was as grateful for MR. SHAW LEFEBVRE'S suggestions as obliged Officials always are to obliging ex-Officials, and pointed out all the difficulties in the way of improvement in the usual cheerful official style.

It is remarkable how much cleverer your ex-Official usually is in seeing and stating difficulties than your Official in removing them.

*Tuesday (Morning Sitting).—*Notices of Motion for after-Easter sittings—post-Paschal eggs, with more or less prospect of hatching.

But SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE decidedly declined to be dragged into the Suez Canal by SIR H. D. WOLFF. Then St. Stephen's School broke up for the Easter holidays, MR. DISRAELI giving notice to his young friends that the business of the School would recommence on Monday, April 24.

We leave boys, Ushers, and Headmaster to their holiday tasks and amusements, with the wish that the coming two-thirds of the Session may be more prolific of good work than the first third has been!

For one who claims such exceptional powers of education as the present Head of the School, *Punch* cannot say that he will carry down to Hughenden the crop of laurels and testimonials which had probably been anticipated by his admirers.

Light Blue for Ever!

THE boat in which Cambridge rowed to Mortlake and victory was built by "SWADDLE AND WINSHIP." To commemorate the success of their craft, the style of the firm should for the future be altered to "SWADDLE AND WINNING SHIP."

BIRDS FOR THE BONNET.



H, MY DEAREST PUNCH,
Do pray hold up to ridicule as severely as ever you can the stupid satirical remarks on a pretty fashion, which I copy from a newspaper that copies them 'out of *Land and Water*—a man's paper I never see, where they appear as an extract from a letter pretended to be written by a *Lady* in Westmoreland, Jamaica, "in deprecation of the cruel fashion of destroying the humming-bird for the sake of decorating Ladies' hats." Speaking of some flowering trees frequented by those birds which look so pretty in the hair, the writer says:—

"I see the humming-birds darting about the branches like sparks of emerald and crimson fire; but unfortunately their number is being rapidly reduced by the womankind of England, who will decorate their silly heads with the lovely little bodies which ought never to be seen except on the wing."

Oh, as if any *Lady* would ever think of calling her own sex woman-kind, and talking about their silly little heads! Of course these are the expressions of some horrid man; but what follows is beyond anything:—

"Unfortunately, too, such is the course of fashion, the Negro women here are adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming-bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time."

The *Negro* women, indeed! As much as to say of course that our fashion of trimming our hats with humming-birds is one which they adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming-bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time."

If they want to stop the destruction of humming-birds, there are plenty ready killed and stuffed in that fusty old place the *British Museum*, where they are of no use, but only to look at, and a great many more than enough, and other birds besides, of the most brilliant colours equally becoming and all well adapted for ornaments to a head-dress, and do pray dear *Punch* exert your great influence with Parliament or whoever it is to order all that are not absolutely wanted to be disposed of for that purpose, and then as a fashion soon changes unless when it is found fault with and abused, and made fun of and caricatured, there would most likely be quite a sufficient supply of humming-birds and others in use for hat and head-dress trimmings to last as long as they are wanted and dispense with the necessity of going on killing any more.

Ever yours affectionately and devotedly attached,

ANGELINA.

P.S.—Better have humming-birds than bees in your bonnet.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER VII.—What the Author says.

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stretched out a strong, gentle arm, and pulled her tenderly towards him. The moon steals up quietly, inaudibly, and, looking down with its own sweet, shy, silent, askant yet benignant gaze on the lovers, dashes some of her night light on his grand, recumbent form and dark, hairy face, forming a sombre ground against her pale, smooth one.

Let no one think that I am holding this pair up for imitation. My opinion is that DUSOVER is an unmitigated scoundrel, and BELLA, to say the least of it, a Slyboots. I warn my readers against falling in love with either of them, though I confess I do write this sort of character *con amore*, and I admit that it is not a labour of

love for me to be obliged to introduce such a namby-pamby, wishy-washy milksop—excellent moral character though he be—as the Rev. THOMAS HASSOCK. If we cannot all be saints, we can all be sinners; if we cannot all be strong, and, what the world calls, vicious, let us be weak, and, what the world calls, virtuous. Am I all my fancy paints others? Am I all that the fancy of others paints me? Do I recommend you all to be DUSOVER BELJAMBE and BELLA ST. JOHN VILLIARSES? Not I. If I write their characters so well, and give novel-reading young ladies and gentlemen such graphic and alluring descriptions of probable, but questionable, situations, as fire your uninventive imaginations, do I thereby offer them a temptation to rush off and imitate my heroes and heroines? If I tell you that DUSOVER, in kissing and hugging little BELLA, and BELLA, in allowing herself to be kissed and hugged, were utterly and entirely in the wrong, that such conduct, though represented as irresistibly nice, was intrinsically naughty, am I not a Great Moral Teacher? And are not such great moral teachers always listened to with the deepest attention? Am I not, in fact, the great moral benefactor of the present generation? Certainly. Then, *Liberavi animam meam*, and, on we go again, worse than ever."

"Perhaps," said DUSOVER, painfully gnawing his heavy black moustache, and looking up searchingly under her green eyes, "when I have told you what I have to tell you—the secret of my life—you will never speak to me again."

She threw her white arms round his neck, and stroked his hairy face.

"DUSOVER," she said, steady and distinct, "if I were to have my head cut off this moment without knowing anything about it, I would not move for your sake."

He gazed on her with his dark, luminous eyes, that seemed aflame with demoniac tenderness in their cavernous ghostly depths. Then, in his deep, bell-like tone he spoke:

"You have noticed my rough-hewn massive features?"

She had; she could not deny it, had she indeed wished to do so. She had scanned his features as often as she had scanned his poetic spondee feet, and so she answered, as in a happy, baleful trance, "Yes, my own, old, wicked, darling DUSOVER! I have!"

He caught her to him, and held her as a strong man on the edge of a precipice might grip a lamp-post that kept him from destruction. Craning his long, sinewy neck over her head, he took one deep, exhausting draught from his great, big, imperial-quarto-brandy flask.

Then his voice came, sounding unsteady, and thick.

"You have observed my great thick moustache?"

"Yes," she answered, with wondrous soothingness.

"You have not forgotten when you first saw me standing before the hotel door at Wollum?"

"Forgotten you!" she exclaimed. "Were it as many years, as it is minutes ago, that I first saw you, I should not have forgotten the moment when you were in your neat, gentlemanly dress, your knickerbockers displaying those two full-rounded calves—"

DUSOVER BELJAMBE stopped her almost savagely.

"Hush!" he said, as his penthouse brows drew together savagely, and he bit his lips morosely. "Tell me, has any one dared to breathe a word against me behind my back?"

"Not a soul," answered BELLA, with a pretty, dimpling laugh, and closing her eyes so as to give DUSOVER scope to gloat over those fringed wonders, while she, nervously, intertwined her pale, pink, warm fingers.

DUSOVER gave a great sigh of relief.

"You must know all," he said, pulling at his grand quarto-flask, under his big, drooping moustache.

"I am not inquisitive," answered BELLA, coldly; "but go ahead, dear boy, and tell me everything about yourself."

Their faces are close together, and she can see the wild, honest anxiety looking through those open windows.

"You have noticed my magnificent, big shoulders?"

"Yes."

"You have observed my tawny, brown hair, and lion-coloured beard?"

"Yes," answered BELLA, looking up wistfully into that haughty face, and those wicked, miserable eyes. "Yes."

"Would you like to see me without these appendages?"

BELLA raised her chestnut-shaped head, and slightly shrinking, as if from a great loathing, said brokenly, "Go on. Don't mind me." He nerved himself to the task, for task it was to him.

* By the Editing Committee.—It is with pleasure that we print the above brilliant apology by the distinguished Authoress, inserted at our request. We were quite sure she meant no harm, and we only wanted her to be explicit upon that point. Our Maiden Aunt wishes to record that, in her opinion, the apology was not in any way necessary, and is entirely useless. She is in the minority.—Ed.

† What the Editor says.—"Dear Madam, do young Ladies talk like this? Go ahead, &c. We can't believe it."—Ed.

What the Authoress says.—"Mine do. I don't follow a fashion, I lead. Am I writing this Novel, or are you?"—R. D.



"TRYING."

Happy Swain (she has "named the day"). "AND NOW, DEAREST EDITH, THAT IS ALL SETTLED. WITH REGARD TO JEWELLERY, MY LOVE; WOULD YOU LIKE A SET IN PLAIN GOLD, OR—"

Edith (economical and courageous, and who suffers a good deal from toothache). "OH, AUGUSTUS, NOW YOU ASK ME—DO YOU KNOW—I—REALLY—BUT—MR. CLINCH TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT HE COULD EXTRACT ALL I HAVE, AND PUT IN A BEAUTIFUL NEW SET FOR ONLY FIFTEEN GUINEAS!!"

"When I *were*"—he said—"I mean—when I *wore* uniform——"

"In the service?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," he replied, hesitatingly, yet with impassioned mournfulness, "when I was—in *service*"—she winced, and he continued, clasping her still more convulsively to his great, magnificent, broad chest, and repeating the words distinctly, and deliberately, as though he were stabbing himself, with each word, as with a dagger—"when I was in service—I wore no beard——"

"It is not permitted in the Army," she interrupted, with a secret misgiving, at her heart, of some great overpowering evil, yet to come upon her.

"Who said 'the Army'?" he exclaimed, fiercely. Then he resumed, with a despairing tenderness, that sent a thrill through her whole body down into her very sole—"No, the service in which I was enlisted did not permit either beard, or moustache; it was necessary to be close shaven."

Her last hope was vanishing fast.

"But," she murmured, "you have smelt powder?"

"Yes," answered DUSOVER, calmly, with a very dreary laugh, that the heart denied all partnership in, as his full lips curved downwards under his heavy, sunset-dyed moustache. "Yes, I have smelt powder, BELLA."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"And," he went on, holding her arms, and turning full on to her his own lustrous orbs, in which the fiery light was flashing and dancing, full on to her odd big green eyes, thinly curtained by her bright sweeping lashes, "I have worn it."

"At Court?" she gasped, her veins throbbing.

"Aye, at Court!" said the rich voice, shaking and quivering under some strong agitation.

"Before the Queen?"

"No; behind the Queen—on the footboard of the royal carriage."

He seized her hands, detaining her with a grip of iron, and hurried on in a hoarse, broken voice, "Just now you spoke of knickerbockers—of calves." He paused, as though contending with a whirlwind of passionate agitation, and conflicting emotions. Then, finding himself uninterrupted, he went on, with reckless, despairing candour, "They were my fortune. Would Heaven they

had never been! I was on the footboard behind—and she—a lady of title—no matter who—sat in the carriage following *hus*—I mean *us*." She sent me a *billy doo*. I was fool enough to accept the tempting bait, and I *hassumed*—I mean *assumed*—the name of DUSOVER BELJAMBE at 'er request—I mean at her request."

"*Her*!" she exclaimed, lighting up an eager and mobile face. "Was she beautiful?"

This is always a woman's first question.

"No."

And this is always the man's answer to it.

BELLA sighed happily, and her heaving breast rose, and fell, in short quick undulations.

"She was rich—*hawful* rich—and *squinted* frightful. But I was vain and poor—and—and—I changed my name in order that she might change *hers*. I went secretly to a night-school to complete my *heducation*"—he stammered slightly, and his swart face was suffused with that dark, brick-dust flush, that stood to him instead of a blush, as he corrected his slip—"I mean my 'education.' And then, she bought me a rank in the Marine Yeomanry Contingent; and then—I called myself CAPTAIN DUSOVER BELJAMBE."

"And," asks BELLA, breathlessly, her great eyes, green as goose-berries, fastened on his face, "before that—you were—I mean your name was——"

He looks grimly down into her upturned glowing face, and answers with a death-like calmness, "I *was*—JOHN TUMMUS JEAMES—the JEAMES of Bukley Square."

He watched her changing, flushing, paling face.

"Have you told me *all*?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

"Nearly," answered DUSOVER BELJAMBE, smiling as bitterly as though he had taken a deep, unwholesome draught of sun-turned, thunder-struck, hop-ful beverage. "We were—*married*!"

Silence—such a silence! how many years of agony were pent up in those few pulse-beats? We shall never know, we shall never learn the answer; had BELLA been asked at this moment, she would have given it up, despairingly.

"*Married*!" she echoed, in a dry, unnatural voice, that jarred on his ear as though it had issued from the metallic mouthpiece of an itinerant Punch showman. "Is that *all*?"

"No," he went on, with a gall-bitter sneer, which, lasting as it did for several minutes, was more painful to sustain than any tears or sneezing—indeed sneezing would have been a glad relief—"I had deceived her. I had obtained her hand under false pretences. She had taken me for my magnificent figure, for my gigantic, *hinormous* hand—I mean *inormous*, and—*unequalled*, calves. A huge hair-pin, thrust in forcibly when I wasn't looking, and causing me not the slightest *hemotion*—*emotion*—betrayed my secret. My art failed me——"

"Your heart or your art?" inquired BELLA, bent on sparing herself no single aspirate.

"Art, not heart," answered DUSOVER, emphatically.

"My heart could have proved true, but my art had played me false. My calves, like the poetry of a magazine, were *mere padding*."

A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Aren't you well?" she inquired, anxiously.

He made no reply, but forcibly clenching his hands, threw himself wildly on the ground, rolled over three times in his utter, hopeless, despairing, writhing misery, then turned his face to the cliff, and groaned.

(To be continued.)

Doctrine and Drink.

IN announcing the decease of a late priest, the *Times* observes that—

"His death was the natural termination of a long illness, brought on by too close attention to theological studies."

Theology is like wine, beer, and spirits, calumniously called intoxicating liquors, because they do not intoxicate unless they are abused or taken in excess; but then they do, and their continued abuse may end in *delirium tremens*. Theology too closely and deeply studied may prove, for the student excessively addicted to it, like brandy-and-water—too much of a good thing.

THE LAST SENSATION.—Too Many Titles. A companion story to No Name.



WHAT WE MAY LOOK FORWARD TO,

NOW THAT THE ARISTOCRACY IS TAKING TO TRADE.

Lord Plantagenet (to fair Customer, who has just given an enormous order for Sugar, Soap, and Pickles). "ANY OTHER ARTICLE TO-DAY, MADAM?"

Fair Customer. "ER—WELL—A—I HEAR YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW, THE DUCHESS OF PENTONVILLE, IS GOING TO GIVE A GARDEN PARTY AT FULHAM. ER—WOULD IT BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I WERE TO BEG OF HER GRACE, THROUGH YOU, THE FAVOUR OF AN INVITATION FOR MYSELF AND MY TWO DAUGHTERS?"

Lord Plantagenet. "IT SHALL BE SEEN TO, MADAM!"

"SILENT SPIRIT."

BOTH PAT and SANDY
At a fight are handy,
Though the Scot be as stolid as his foeman is frisky;
So no wonder the shindy
Waxes warm and windy,
When the combatants are Celts and the *casus belli* Whiskey?
Says PAT, "By japers,
Here's Old Nick at his capers,
Changin' good sperrits to evil, blendin' Scotch stuff wid potheen!
Wid the blessin' o' St. Pathrick,
I'll be stoppin' that thrick.
'Tis not in Oireland's eye you'll find the wearin' of the Green."
Sly SANDY answers "Eh, mon,
Ye ken we find it pay, mon!
Where there's bawbees to be got, where's the foe Scots winna
grapple?
To drink yon Irish toddy
It wad just need a body
Wi' a wame o' whinstane, and airn-linin' to his thrapple."
Says Mr. Punch, "Good spirit
Will assert its merit,
Whether it reek of Scotia's peat or of green Erin's soil;
But 'pure' or 'blended,'
Be no brand befriended
That owes its fire to vitriol, its smack to fusel oil."
'Twixt "Glasgow" and "Dublin"
Punch will not be troublin'
His Rhadamanthine judgment to divide the laurels;

But he's nothing loath,
In a tumbler of both,
To drink health to each honest brand, and speedy truce to
quarrels!
And allow him to say,
In his own friendly way,
There are Members, Scotch and Irish, who, with all their merit,
Would be none the worse—
To put it plain and terse—
For a rather larger "blending" of the "Silent Spirit"!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE Grand National Hunt seem to have had rare sport at their meeting at Bogside (Ayrshire), last week. It is interesting to learn, from the report in the *Scotsman*, that—"The object of the Hunt is the encouragement of the breeding, rearing, and schooling of first-class hunters." And this is how it's done:—

"THE EGLINTON HANDICAP of 12 sovs., each, with 200 sovs., &c. . . There was no change till the plough near the bottom turn, where *Solon* dropped down dead, and *Zero*, heading *Furley*, came on and won in a canter by twenty lengths.

"THE ADAMHILL CUP, value 70 sovs., &c. . . *Student* made play, followed by *Vagrant*, which at the first hurdle came to grief, and threw CAPTAIN MIDDLETON, who had his shoulder dislocated.

"THE GRAND NATIONAL OPEN FARMERS' PLATE of 75 sovs. . . After clearing the last hurdle, *Percy* staggered and fell dead, and *Gamekeeper* finished a bad third."

From which it would appear that the educational curriculum of the hunters is comprehensive enough to embrace within its limits anything "from pitch and toss to manslaughter."



“THE JOLLY ANGLERS.”

(A HOLIDAY IDYLL.)

BENJAMIN (to ST-FF-D N-THC-TE). “AHA! DEAR BOY! THAT’S THE SORT O’ BAIT TO CATCH THE ‘*HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-POUNDERS!*’ WHAT SPORT WE *SHALL* HAVE!!!”

HOMELESS HUSBANDS.



LET us thank a benevolent philanthropist, who proposes to set on foot an institution for the relief of British Husbands, whom the advent of a baby or the arrival of a mother-in-law has exiled for a season from the comforts of a home.

As many a married man becomes by sad experience painfully aware, home ceases to be home to him when once a baby enters it. Nor in six cases out of seven can he call his house his own when he has placed it, so to speak, at the mercy of his mother-in-law. While the latter potentate is cosily installed there, he runs a daily risk of being snubbed by his own servants, and often half-starved at his meals. For a time he is deposed, and must retire into exile;

and King Baby is proclaimed, with Grandmamma for Regent, and Monthly Nurse as Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury, and Minister, *ad interim*, in all the other departments.

At such a time poor husbands, being destitute of all the comforts of a home, are specially in need of shelter and relief. It is proposed therefore to found a Home for their reception, where in cases of emergency they may be admitted, without thereby incurring the stigma which might cling to them, if they ventured upon seeking entertainment at a Club.

For such of them as have no occupation to divert them in the day, the solace of a reading-room will doubtless be provided: and for the general welfare a good plain wholesome dinner will be served at seven o'clock, as a cheerful substitution for a solitary meal. In order to prevent undue conviviality, a pint of sherry, hock, or claret, will be allowed to each guest: nor will this small quantity ever be exceeded, except in the case of invalids provided with a medical certificate, signed by two physicians and a justice of the peace. After this, some quiet sober games, such as spillikins, or draughts, or chess, or possibly long whist, may be permitted for an hour or two; a special prohibition being placed, perhaps, on billiards, as savouring too much of the attractions of a Club. One cigar may be allowed each poor husband while sitting in the play room, and another may be doled out to light him going home; but only on condition of his thoroughly removing all traces of it from his clothes, hair, &c., before he goes to bed.

In accordance with the growing fashion of the day, a rink will be attached by way of outhouse to the Home—being provided as a means of healthy daily exercise for husbands who are used to pastimes such as hunting, which, if they live in London, can only be indulged in at some distance from their residence. Such pleasures they are bound to abandon for a while, in order to pay proper devotion to their family, and especially the little stranger lately welcomed into it. A Rink for Homeless Husbands will doubtless be esteemed of national importance, and a company will probably be started before long to supply what is so clearly a requirement of the age.

RINKOMANIACS.

THE following cases of this very painful malady are reported from Brighton, London, and elsewhere:—

The Persevering Curate.—Skates in blue spectacles and a suit of clerical black. Progresses slowly and meekly. Will carry in his right hand (if permitted so to do) a silk umbrella. Tendency to indulge in mild flirtations with "not pretty but nice" girls of a certain or rather uncertain age.

The Defiant Mamma.—A matron of sixty, who tries vainly to look forty. Progresses slowly, but with much show of stern determination. Tendency to *embourpoint*, and extreme caution.

The Would-be Siren.—A playful but anxious coquette, painfully attempting to stand upon wheels. Unaccustomed as she is to public (or any) skating, she moves with great difficulty. She is very anxious to avail herself of male assistance. Arch, but nervous. Tendency to fall ungracefully.

The Accomplished Cad.—Can manage the outside edge. Knows how to skate "à la teapot." Is accustomed to progressing at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. Thinks it "fun" to upset children and defenceless females. Tendency to receive chastisement from fathers, brothers, and husbands without asking for redress.

The Daring Boarding-School Miss.—Skates well, but bashfully. Thinks skating "Oh so nice!" and seeks assistance from her cousins and their friends. Tendency to get engaged "well—not wisely."

The Youthful-Minded Matron.—Skates slowly, but with much finish. Fond of smiling amiably. Likes to go round with her youngest daughter (aged sixteen—dressed ten), in the hope that beholders may believe that her hair is real, her complexion is genuine, and that she has never purchased her teeth from the dentist. Tendency to look absurd.

The Awkward Adonis.—Skates with ease, but without grace. Seems to have very prominent arms and legs. Tendency to conjure up visions of the comic singers at the music-halls in their less successful "creations."

Mr. Punch.—No, that at least is a calumny; for, spite of the fashion, this clever gentleman is not a Rinkomaniac—yet!

EASTER EGGS A-HATCHING, OR AN-ADDLING.

WHAT are we all doing this Easter? *Mr. Punch* will hazard a few conjectures.

The Prime Minister is settling in his own mind the ceremonial details of the coronation of Her Imperial Majesty, the EMPRESS OF INDIA, at Delhi, on the banks of the Jumna, the next cool season. He is also understood to be preparing another surprise for Parliament, the People, and the Press; but whether he intends still further to enlarge the Peerage, or level the mounds on the borders of the Serpentine, or augment the salaries of the Civil Service, or transport CLEOPATRA'S Needle from the Nile to Northumberland Avenue, or negotiate a Loan with MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD for the immediate construction of the Sub-Channel Tunnel; between England and France, is shrouded in that impenetrable future lying beyond the Easter recess from which Time alone can withdraw the mystic veil.

The Keepers at the Zoological Gardens are speculating as to the habits, tempers, and dispositions of the various Beasts and Birds, now on their way from Hindostan to an honourable captivity in the Regent's Park, and wondering what effect the Royal Titles Bill will have on the Tigers.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are wondering whether they will be baronetted and knighted on the occasion of the Visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the City after his return from India.

Sundry Mayors and Corporations, with the aid of their Town Clerks, are pondering the terms of the Addresses to be presented to His Royal Highness when he sets foot once more on his native shores.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is wondering whether the Americans would remit him the unexpected balance of the Geneva award. (Doesn't he wish he may get it?)

The Talookdars of Oude are meditating a visit to London, to testify their joy at the fulfilment of their passionate longing to have an Empress to rule over them. When they come, they will be presented at a *levée*, see some fireworks (weather permitting), and attend one or more of the great May charity dinners.

MESSRS. BLACK, BROWN, GRAY, GREEN, PINK, and WHITE are wondering whether their landscapes, seascapes, portraits, historical subjects, and touching little domestic pieces, have been accepted by the Royal Academy.

Thousands of excellent persons are longing for the arrival of the month of May, that they may troop to Exeter Hall and other uncommodious buildings, to hear most interesting statements of the operations during the past year of the Society for the Amelioration of the Lazzaroni of Naples, and listen to stirring appeals in support of the Anti-Gregorian Chants and Vestments League.

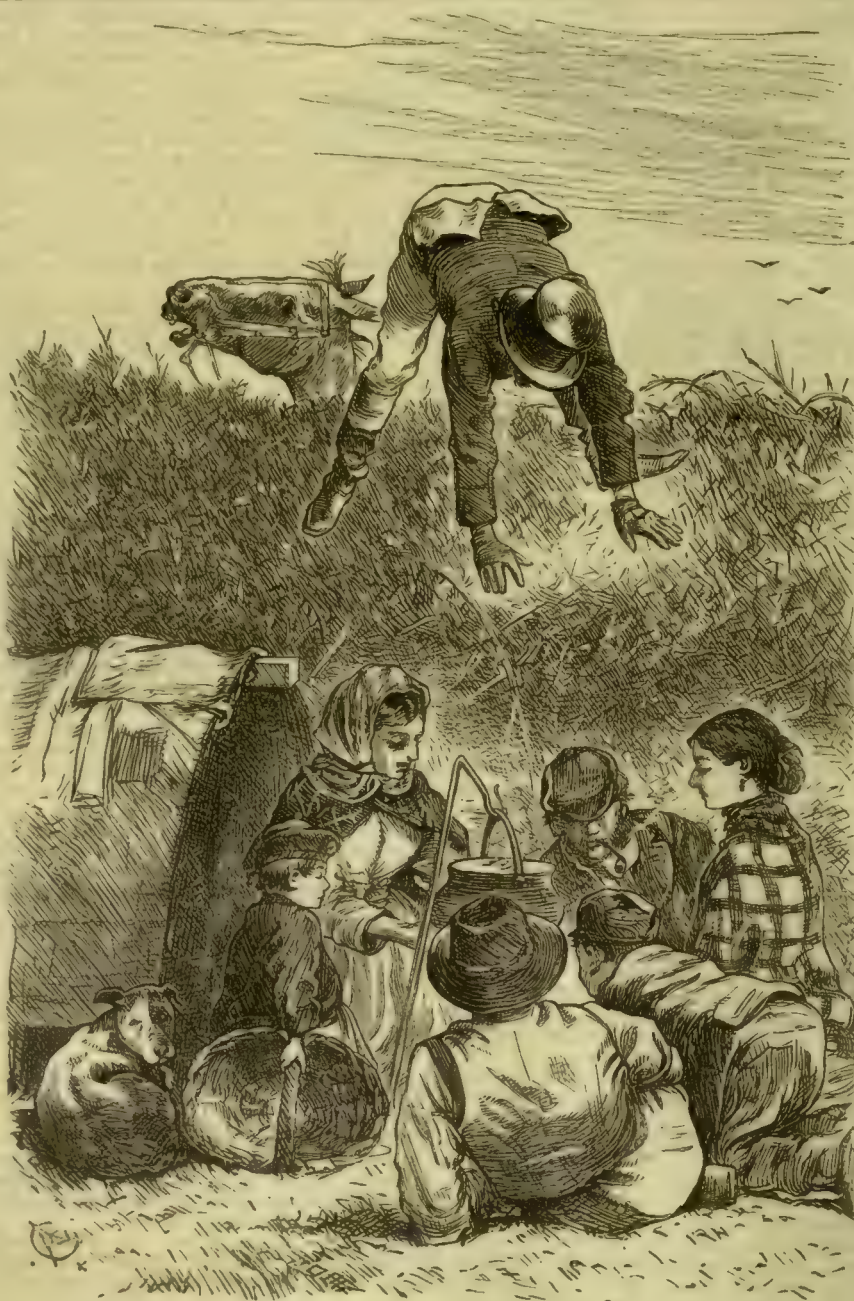
Those peculiar people who spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure and the cultivation of amusement are hoping some new diversion will be devised for them this season.

Some dear children at Sandringham are wondering what presents Papa will bring them from India.

The Weather is the cause of many anxious thoughts and speculations. The betting was in favour of Hyems against Vertumnus. But it has changed within the last few days, almost as suddenly and as decidedly as the betting on the Boat Race.

RITUALISTIC NOVELTY FOR EASTER.

"SERMON with full Orchestral Accompaniment" is the last new thing out at Folkestone. We congratulate the Reverend Caterer for Public Amusement on his happy thought, and trust his lungs will prove as powerful as his brass.



DROPPING IN TO TEA AT A GIPSY PARTY.

CRITICISM AND DEFAMATION.

THE Annual Dinner of the Shopkeepers' Mutual Protection Society, consisting largely of retail dealers resident in South London, took place yesterday at the Hole-in-the-Wall.

The usual facetious and business toasts and sentiments having been drunk by the assembly,

The Chairman (MR. SUNDRIES, Grocer) said he had now a toast to propose which he was sure they would all drink enthusiastic. They were all on their aware 'ow important it was for a tradesman halways for to bear a good name. That required a stringent law for to protect 'is goods from bein' blowed upon, and a upright Judge for to enforce the law. Sitch a lawr was the lawr as lately laid down by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE; and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in layin' of it down showed his self sitch a Judge. He alluded to the case of HERITAGE agin WOOD in the Queen's Bench Division, where his Lordship told the Jury that a man who considered his lawyer had made a blunder in drawin' up a lease, had no right to tell another man that to the lawyer's discredit. Now, they mightn't think that concerned them much, but it did. What was lawr for solicitors was lawr for shopkeepers, too; sauce for goose, sauce for gander. Besides, his Lordship—the *Times* said—went on to say that "a man is not free to go about the world complainin' of the incapacity of a workman whom he has employed, nor may he volunteer a complaint to a friend who has recommended

him." No more right, in course, 'adn't a customer to go about complainin' of the dishonesty of a tradesman for 'avin' supplied 'im with a inferior article. That would be slander, and liable to 'eavy damages—least-ways unless he could prove his words. Now he (MR. SUNDRIES) would dare anybody to go findin' fault with his tea, coffee, mustard, or anythink else 'e sold. The toast he had to propose was the Lawr of Defamation and Libel, with which he would couple the name of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF HENGSLAND. (*Cheers.*)

MR. SNIPKINS, Tailor, was glad to hear that clients would 'ave to keep cautious tongues in their 'eads, and take care in future 'ow they complained of misfits.

MR. VAMP, Bootmaker, would say them was his sentiments too.

MR. WATERS, Dairyman, said his milk had been a good deal cried down for bein' poor. Grumblers had better mind now—without they took care to 'ave the milk tested.

MR. RUBBLE, Builder, would defy any one to say as how he scamped his work.

So would MR. PUTTY, Painter, Plumber and Glazier, and House Decorator.

MR. VINNEY, Cheesemonger, arter wot he had now 'eerd, would dare his customers, any on 'em, to say as his Stilton warn't the cheese.

MR. FRIBBINS, Linendraper, would let people know, if ever he found 'em out sayin' his calicoes wouldn't wash. He would like, however, to know to what extent criticism was in law libellous. He had superior connections. One of them was a hauthor. He wrote for his bread. The newspapers cut up his books. Wasn't that as bad as runnin' down a lawyer, or a workman, or a shopkeeper? ("Oh, oh!") He would appeal to the Chairman. What was the difference between criticising a pound of tea and criticising a novel? (*Groans and hisses.*)

The Chairman would only say it was quite different.

MR. FRIBBINS.—How about a hartis whose pictures is called daubs? Some hartises is said to be pot-unters. Their picters is called pot-bilers. True enough. Their picters is their bread. Couldn't their unfavourable critics, accordin' to the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, be sued for *spilin'* their market? (*Uproar.*)

MR. BUNG, Publican.—But how if so be they be sign-painters? (*Cries of "That's another thing altogether!"*)

MR. BUNG wasn't so sure of that. The Chairman was sartin His Lordship never meant to talk ridiculous. Besides, no British Jury would never consider hauthors and hartises in the same light with the British Tradesman. So now he would give, "The Law of Libel and Defamation, No Privileged Communication, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE! Upstanding, uncovered, with three times three!"

The toast was drunk amid cries of "The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, 'is jolly good 'ealth," followed by the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow, and so say all of us!" Pipes and tobacco were then introduced, and the Society settled down to enjoy their evening.

Per Contra.

MR. PUNCH is pleased to observe that "Homes for Smack Boys" are to be established at Yarmouth and elsewhere. Smacks for home boys having been so long in force throughout the United Kingdom, it seems only right that something should be done on the other hand.



FAMILY LIKENESS.

"MUMMY, DARLING, MAY I GIVE MY BISCUIT TO THE MONKEY?"

"NO, LOVE. COME ALONG!"

"MAY I GIVE IT TO THE MONKEY'S PAPA, MUMMY?"

DIGGINGS IN SPAIN.

ACCORDING to the Paris Correspondent of the *Economist*, a M. MANNEQUIN, at a meeting of the Parisian Political Economy Society, maintained an assertion, which he had previously made to M. JOSEPH GARNIER, "that gold-mines had just been discovered in Spain of such marvellous richness that they might contribute to restore the normal relative value—15½ to 1—between the two metals;" to wit, gold and silver. M. MANNEQUIN added that a Company was now being formed to work the gold-field whose richness he thus described. The foregoing intelligence seems a great deal too good to cheer even the most sanguine of Spain's creditors. Few of them probably will expect the Spanish gold-mines, of which M. MANNEQUIN has announced the discovery, to turn out any more substantial than the celebrated "Castles" peculiar to Spain. By the bye, does not *Mannequin* in French mean what in England is called a dummy or lay-figure? This is surely a suspicious source for such startling information.

Lines Picked Up at the Brixton Rink.

UPON the Rink the Lady sat,
Beside her lay her dainty hat,
All crumpled;
She looked the picture of distress,
So dusty was her pretty dress,
And rumpled!

"I can't get up," in faltering tone,
She said. I thought that, perhaps, alone
She would not.

I picked her up. She was not hurt—
'Twas but the tightness of her skirt—
She could not!

NEW COINAGE.—The Indian Half-crown.

THE PREMIER'S PORTFOLIO.

"No doubt the PREMIER's folio is well-stocked with topics."—*Morning Paper*.

1. A scheme for altering the colours of the Union Jack, so that the flag, when viewed from a distance, may resemble the gold-yellow, white, and black of Austria, Russia, and Germany.
2. A proposal to return Political Refugees to their respective Governments, on application being made to the hotel-keepers of Leicester Square and its neighbourhood.
3. Notes for a "New and Imperial History of England," in which Great Britain will be represented as a part of India.
4. A Treatise upon "The Value of Wasting Time," intended as a handbook for the use of Statesmen occupying the Treasury Bench.
5. *How I Purchased the Right of Way over the Suez Canal for £4,000,000.* A Romance.
6. A Guide-Book to the Court of Bankruptcy, dedicated to His Highness the KHEDIVE.
7. Practical Hints upon Court Tailoring—showing how a Statesman's Coat may be easily converted into a Lackey's Livery.
8. *Bo to a Goose; or the English Bismarck, the Russian Bear, and Imperialism Triumphant.* A Burlesque. By the Author of *Ixion in Heaven*, &c., &c.
9. *The Statesman's Vade-mecum.* Being a collection of Nursery Rhymes, extracts from old Almanacks, cuttings from school-books, &c., &c.
10. *The Schoolmaster Abroad.* A Sequel to *How to Educate a Party*. By the same Author.
11. *Crowning the Edifice.* A Poem, in fragments.
12. A Serial Story, entitled *Benjamin's Mess—an' Every-day Experience*.

PATRIOTIC IF YOU LIKE!—What Mr. Punch wishes the whole of the Royal Family—Many Happy Returns!

DEATH IN THE DOSE.

A NOTABLE case of what a great living poet calls "pestling a poisoned poison" came to light the other day before a Police Magistrate. The *Times* reports that—

"AT GREENWICH, MARY KIRBY, chemist, of Trafalgar Road, Greenwich, was summoned for an offence under the Adulteration Act. The Officer stated that on the 8th ult. he went to the defendant's shop and asked for two ounces of milk of sulphur. On receiving it he told the defendant that it had been bought to be analysed. The defendant said that she had no reason to believe anything was wrong, and that it was what was usually sold as milk of sulphur. The analyst's certificate showed that the article sold contained forty-five per cent. of sulphate of lime. A fine of five shillings and two shillings costs was imposed."

And so the justice of the case was perhaps met, if the defendant, a female chemist and druggist, had done no worse than neglecting to assure herself that her drugs were pure. But then who were the wholesale dealers by whom she was supplied with ostensible "milk of sulphur" nearly one half of it plaster of Paris? The adulteration of this pulverulent sort of milk is rather more prejudicial to health than that of the fluid so-called, otherwise "sky-blue," diluted only with the juice from "the cow with the iron tail." Milk of sulphur is a medicine; but sulphate of lime, if swallowed, can answer no purpose but that of taking neat and elegant casts of the interiors of the digestive organs. These, however accurate and admirable, form obstructions producing such results as to justify the declaration that, if Mrs. KIRBY was sufficiently punished with a penalty of seven shillings, some other dealers in drugs and chemicals ought to be hanged.

GEOLOGY AND THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

WE understand that, in compliment to the Right Honourable Member for Shoreham, speculators for the fall in Egyptian Securities will be known for the future as "Cave Bears."



CHEEK.

(The Regiment is about to "march out" with Twenty Rounds of "blank cartridge.")

Sub-Lieutenant (of Twenty-four hours' Service). "WHEREABOUTS IS THIS PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY OF YOURS COMING OFF, COLONEL!!?"

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"

THE cry is still, They come! We lately published a list of those projected; the prospectuses of several new ones have since reached us. Here are a few of the latest:—

"Munchausen." Members must have been somewhere where nobody else has been, and seen something nobody else has seen. Merely looking into the crater of Etna will not secure election.

"John Bull." For Gentlemen who can pay their way and horse-whip their enemies. No weaklings need apply. Rumpsteak and oyster-sauce the favourite dinner. The finest port wine in the world.

"John Barleycorn." For the Yeomen of England. Amber ale. Breakfasts always ready at five in the morning.

"Bull and Bear." Curiously sumptuous. Entrance fee a thousand guineas. Annual subscription five hundred guineas. No dinner under ten pounds. The Cook receives five thousand a year, all found, with a brougham and pair and a box at the Opera.

"Magna Charta." Entrance fee one shilling. Annual subscription sixpence. All Members must take oath that DR. KENEALY is the greatest of living men. Tripe suppers on Wednesdays.

"Fair Weather." Yes; let it be announced with a flourish of trumpets that there is now in course of organisation a Fair Weather Club. The Clerk of the Weather to be President. Any member to have any weather that he likes, on paying the small sum requisite for the Clerk's deputy's subordinate's servant's fag's expenses—a nominal sum—the price of a pint of beer. There seems to be some doubt as to how the various weathers will work, since different people may like different weathers. However, the experiment will be tried. If a few farmers are found punching each other's heads, let us hope that this will not interfere with a rational meteorological arrangement. One man wants rain, another wants wind: let them settle it between them. They can't make English weather very much worse than it is.

"Mutual Admiration." For information as to this Club, see *Athenæum* and *Academy*. Mr. Punch knows nothing about it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKE.

"*E fumo dare lucem.*"

THE Meerschaum white, or the brown briar-root—
How many phases of life they suit!

Good luck or bad luck, glory or gloom,
All tone to one colour—take one perfume.
If you've just "struck oil," and with pride run mad,
If you haven't a sou, and are bound to the bad—
Good luck may vanish, or bad luck mend:
Put each in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you love a Lady, fair to view,
And she turns with a cold contempt from you,
While at your rival a smile she darts—
Walking in pride on a pathway of hearts,
Wrapt in her softness, dainty and nice,
Fire in her eyes, at her bosom ice—
In search of returns precious time why spend?
Put your love in your pipe and smoke it, friend!

If you climb the ladder of politics, where
Whoso ascends breathes difficult air;
And, being highest of men of the time,
Are slightly elate with your seat sublime,
A little apt at yourself to wonder,
And mistake your own bray for real thunder;
Think how rockets rise and how sticks descend—
Put success in your pipe and smoke it, friend.

If Fame be your foot-ball, any day
A stronger player may kick it away.
Round you to-day Lion-hunters smother;
Next week the Lion's skin goes to another.
From Popularity's box-seat hurled,
Lie still and see your successor purled.
A nine-days' wonder nine days will spend:
So put "vogue" in your pipe and smoke it, friend!



WHAT DID MR. PUNCH DO IN THE EASTER RECESS?

VOLUNTEER REVIEW! NOT A BIT OF IT! HE JUST POPPED OVER, AND HAD A FEW DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL *DOLCE FAR NIENTE* AT VENICE.

A SONG UNDER SENTENCE.

AIR—"Sam Hall."

My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump, Aldgate Pump,
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Aldgate Pump!
My name is Aldgate Pump,
Though a once rewered old trump,
Now I wipes, in doleful dump,
My dear eyes!

In ages long ago,
Long ago, &c.
In ages long ago,
My well-spring, down below,
In a pure and pleasant flow
Used to rise!

And still it sparkles bright,
Sparkles bright, &c.
And still it sparkles bright,
And pleases taste and sight;
But the mixtur' isn't right,
So they cries!

For they say that it contains,
It contains, &c.
They say that it contains
Organical remains,
Which out of graves and drains
Take their rise.

In it salts with earths are blent,
They are blent, &c.
In it salts and earths are blent,
Beyond the due extent
Of solids, five per cent.—
Heap o' lies!

So now the Doctors think,
Now they think, &c.
So now the Doctors think
My well is but a sink
Of slush unfit to drink,
Though you tries.

Daresay they'll pull me down,
Pull me down, &c.
Daresay they'll pull me down,
The pride of London Town,
And on my old renown
Out they cries!

But London's great Lord Mayor,
Great Lord Mayor, &c.
In my downfall if he share,
For his own he may prepare,—
Like assault His Worship's chair
Might surprise.

And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
Cry "boohoo!" &c.
And Gog may cry "boohoo!"
And Magog blubber too:
Such conduct me and you
May well surprise.

And there's poor Temple Bar,
Temple Bar, &c.
There's me and Temple Bar,
Doomed, both of us, we are,
Now Improvement's evil star
Doth arise.

Though I cease to suck the mould,
Suck the mould, &c.
Though I cease to suck the mould,
My place still let me hold,
As a monument of old
In men's eyes!

HOW TO FLOAT THE "VANGUARD."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the Lords of the Admiralty have at last entered into a contract with an eminent French engineer to raise the sunken *Vanguard*, and that the method he proposes adopting is to fill the interior of the vessel with air-bags.

Now, Sir, I am glad to be able to inform their Lordships that the requisite motive power is to be found on the spot, free of all expense.

Let the Primate of the Irish Church summon the General Synod (which is to meet in Dublin next week) to assemble in the hull of

the ship, and there will be wind-bags enough among the members to float the vessel immediately.

MR. DILLON's system, too, of raising the ship would also by this means obtain a fair trial; for the Synod (at which great heat is always generated) would not be long sitting before there would be an explosion that would either raise the hull of the vessel, or else blow it into small pieces, and so get it out of the way.

Hoping that your influential advocacy may be given to this simple, economical, and efficacious method, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ÆOLUS.

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ENGINEER.



A DISTINGUISHED American Engineer has just startled the speculative world with a scheme for decanting the Black Sea into the Caspian. Although at least three hundred miles apart, the distinguished American Engineer assures us that a cutting of less than two hundred miles is all that is wanted to unite the two. Of course the D. A. E. ought to know his business, and, judging by the other transcendental propositions for changing the normal condition of our badly-organised globe which are to be found in the said D. A. E.'s memoranda, there can be no reason to suppose that the scheme will not meet with entire success.

But the D. A. E. has other schemes to follow, hot and hot, like chops at a London eating-house. Here are his Memos. of a few of them:—

Mem. A.—Scheme for converting the Falls of Niagara into a natural bridge. Construction of works for blasting a tunnel beneath the cataract. Consequent counteraction of force and reversal by suction of the Falls themselves. Gradual change of current and solution of problem.

Mem. B.—Establishment and registration of Great Geyser Hot Bath Company (Limited). Conduct of series of iron pipes from principal Geyser Depot in Iceland. Submarine service. Every man to have his own Geyser turned on by proprietary tap.

Mem. C.—Scheme to supply the Serpentine with pure water from Lake Ontario, by cutting a connecting canal beneath the Atlantic Ocean. To be considered.

Mem. D.—The Philanthropic Super-Volcanic Omelette Society. It has been discovered that if, on the principle of the common syphon, the ocean could be poured into the well-known volcanoes Vesuvius, Etna, Hecla, Chimborazo, and others, their active fires might be extinguished, and the thousands of ostrich eggs now wasted every year in Africa—having been collected by the hordes of negro races now ravaged by the slave trade—might be cooked over the smouldering embers to the amount probably of 6,100,800 per diem.

The mode of construction of these syphons, and the necessary works for sinking them in the seas contiguous to the volcanic fires, is as yet the secret of the distinguished American Engineer.

Mem. E.—Cyclopean Dyke Scheme, to cut out the Submarine Channel Companies. Massive Dykes of Cyclopean masonry to be constructed on either side the lines of transit from Dover to Calais, one to the north, the other to the south. The Dykes, once constructed, mere child's play to drain the intermediate space. (Mem., to supply therewith salt water and fish to the Westminster and Margate Aquaria.) To turn the current of the North Sea towards the Baltic, and that of the English Channel round the Bay of Biscay, and there you are—an isthmus of Dover. The rest follows at once. Limited liability.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Authoress of "Cometh Down Like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER. VIII.—What the Author says.

"GOOD-BYE, JEAMES!" BELLA said, after a long silence. "I'm going."

"Call me DUSOVER," he exclaimed to her, in his great despair. "DUSOVER!" she murmured, in the moonlight.

He rose, unsteadily, as the grand Camelopard draws itself up to its towering height, Agamemnon-like, among its fellows; he sprang after her, laid his iron hand on her arm, and said, in a low, hissing whisper,—hissing as though he were disgusted with her present performance—

"Are you a-goin'?"

"I am."

"You give me up?"

"Like a conundrum."

He groaned aloud, and smote his hands together violently; if he had hissed before, this she was fain to accept as a sign of his ap-

plause; and so, smiling, she curtsied gracefully in the strong lime-like moonbeams, as DUSOVER, taking a bouquet from his tail coat-pocket, threw it to her with a bitter, cruel smile.

Once more the soft, white, resolute, bewitching face let fall the rich fringe of its drooping eyelids on the peach-like bloom of her full, round cheek, as she made a deep, classically-bending obeisance. "Where are we now?" he asked, hoarsely, huge pearl-beads of perspiration standing on his wide, bold forehead.

"Here!" she replied, braving him in the moonlight, helpless, powerless, tearless, doubtless, but dauntless: the soft eyes were looking hard at him: the white face showed nothing, now, save black looks: not a bit pretty now: only very pale, very brave, and very perspiring.

"You have kept me here too long," she said. And so saying, she turned—there, on the spot, where she was standing, she turned, as the whitest, purest, mildest milk will turn, when detained too long in a warm corner, as BELLA had been this night.

"Stop a moment!" he said, quite broken-voiced. And he clasped her once more in his strong, rigid, despairing, straining arms.

"My darling!" he went on in a sweet, wavering voice, to which the soft words, uttered through a speaking-trumpet, on the swelling bosom of the silent listening ocean, could be but as the tender sucking-pig's whisper on a warm autumnal eve, "You brave little child! You soft little person! You cheery, sweet, doughy, little apple-dumpling of my eye! You little, cruel, darling!" And the sound of his passionate, murmuring words, pierced into her very soul, as though she were listening to the beating of the muffled drum of her ear, over the grave of her buried hopes. They two, standing on that silent crystal shore, on a sheet of silver sand,—the sea—the great German Ocean, all silver too,—all German silver—booming, and lowering at their feet—its waves "running in" one another like playful police-children about the crowded strand; the bearded oysters on their little beds dreaming of happy months without any letter "r" in them: the unsleeping winkle singing his pleasant song, and not caring one pin for any mortal being; the pulpy, bilious sponge drinking in deep, cooling, saline draughts; and they two, looking strangely, wildly, dreamily into each other's eyes.

It cannot last for ever! They cannot remain thus, hand-in-hand, motionless, fixed, obstructing the traffic for all time.* No: the unloving, constable-like, sentimentless coastguard will pass this way, and bid these two "Move on!" Nay, even the routine-loving, mechanical sea will wash the polish from their patent leather boots in sighing, murmuring protest against the wanton trespass.

Her solemn, tragic eyes, fixed on his plain, burnt face—tanned all over, thickly, like a circus—travel slowly upward from his great, mellow, medlar-coloured beard to his rich, deep-toned, drooping moustache, and, ascending the point of his ugly nose, rest for some seconds, sadly, on that bridge of size. So they remain: a strange sight in the middle of the strand: a tall, ugly man, a fair, bewitching woman; her lovely eyes on his plain face.

"Tell me," he says, with a very whitey-brown look, and a hoarse, nervous laugh, "do you still love me?"

She feels a fiery, searing pain that, but for her bravery, would make her scream in sudden agony, as she has seen—at some vague time she could scarcely recall when—the Clown start, after he had unwittingly placed the red-hot poker in his trousers-pocket, and then had sat on it.

"BELLA!" he cries, impulsively clutching her small, passive hands.

She does not answer. She is listening to a whistling oyster, and a talking fish.

The pale moon is becoming paler with her night watch, tired and tired she grows of this love-making, love-destroying scene, and the first blushing, crimson-red, morning star, slowly shines forth, as though drawing aside the dark blue curtain of night, and holding its small, bright candle to the rising sun-god.

A small buoy, unperceived by them till now, breaks restlessly from its moorings, and seems threatening to float with the stream to Wollum, and tell what he has witnessed of their meeting.

Could she bear exposure? Could he?

He could; strong, hard, jappanned, brown-burnt as he was, he could bear any amount of exposure, as men always can. But for the tender shrinking woman, what of her? Would she be bent and broken, like the timid bulrush, before the searching blast of a sirocco of scandal? No; it would be her death. The buoy knew that, and could make terms.

"We must part," she says, coldly.

"I hate parting," he answers, abruptly.

"So do I," she returns. "But the buoy is waiting; and if you will not part, I must."

She draws from a small purse a shining coin, and tosses it disdainfully to the buoy, whose silence has been, she thinks, thereby purchased.

Once more their hands interlocked, and the fair, broad moon is

* What the Public says.—"We are glad to hear it cannot last for ever."

quailing before the cruel, red stripes of streaky light that stripe-paint the sky, as though it were a gloriously illumined side of breakfast bacon.

"One last kiss!" he cried, husky-voiced, yet holding the prize—which he had so nearly won, and so lately lost—in his iron bondage. "BELLA! my darling! my own! my sweet, soft, scrumpshous little dumpling! Do you know how much I love you?"

"No," replied BELLA, crying pitifully, and her big eyes looking up at him through her tears, like quivering, guttering rushlights, in which the flame of love was dying out, shining through a rushing Niagara of overflowing grief.

It was DUSOVER's sole chance—it had come to the point of "now or never"—he chose "now," and throwing off the last rag of constraint, he let the floodgates of his passion loose, to the utter destruction of his painfully-acquired grammar, and wrapping his long, supple, muscular arms round and round her as she stood, wound her into his coils as the deadly, mesmerie-eyed boa-constrictor hugs the fascinated rabbit, tighter, tighter, bending his head down from its stately height—as the tall giraffe to nibble the lowly buttercup—to cull the fresh, moist, dewy bloom on her pouting lips, nearer, nearer—

"He squeezeth, as, with feverish palms, the boy
Squeezeth the pippin orange, which, when squeeze,
He chucketh down, a shapeless, tattered, rind,
To make the thoughtful slip, the careless fall."

"I loves yer so much," hissed DUSOVER huskily in her ear—the whole JEAMES of Bukley Square breaking out in the burst of unrestrained, furious passion—"I loves yer so hateful much—there—I could bile yer all to nothink, and dine hoff yer, without a relish, as if yer was tripe—a-nonions!"

I confess I am tired of writing about love-making.* When two people have reached the summit, they cannot go any higher, and, it may be, have both to come down again.

In his strong embrace she was almost powerless, but battling with her strong, turbid love, which would not, for worlds, have injured a hair of that dark, crisp, curly head, she whispered in his ear—

"DUSOVER! JEAMES! here's a policeman coming!"

Then he let her go, and dashing her, almost roughly, against the impassive rocks, strode onwards without one lingering glance or grudging sigh, turning his back to the rising sun, as though scornfully refusing the one offer of celestial hope that dawns each morning upon a guilty, foggy world. So he strode onwards, tall, solitary, glaring-eyed, with a canker-worm at his heart, and the small, blue-eyed flower she had given him in his button-hole. So strode he on, and so was lost to view.

Then poor, erring, wayward, loving BELLA, free at last, clomb the sheer cliff, and threw herself down on the warm, soft, mown grass, damp with the dews of night, as with the tears of angels on sweet hay.

"I don't care how wicked he is," she said to herself, while tumbling restlessly among the poppies, and weeping as though she would dry her heart out. "I have lost him! He has gone!—for ever!"

The Lark rose, singing blithely, and was lost in heaven.

"That was a Lark!" she exclaimed, looking upward. "He has disappeared! Are there Larks still going on above the skies?"

Frantic passion, utterly uncurbed, made the girl recklessly wicked. She rolled about all over the field, among the long grass, so that the farmer might as well have had a hurricane over his property, so entirely was the outline of her soft, plump form marked out in the crushed and crumpled herbage.

"I am not one of those little muslin dolls," she cried, in ungoverned frenzy, "with wax heads and china hands, and all the

* *What the Editor says.*—"Love-making!" If this sort of thing is 'love-making,' then the less the manufactured article is patronised the better. We have written—on behalf of three out of four of the Editing Committee—to request that we may have no more of this in the present novel. We are bound, however, by our duty to our readers, to inform them that our Maiden Aunt—who still represents the female interest at our impartial board—is of opinion that there's no actual harm in it, and that in a powerful situation powerful writing is necessary. We, in a calm and dignified letter to the distinguished Authoress, ask, is it necessary to invent situations which demand such 'powerful' writing? Do you not, my dear lady (we say), dwell just a little too much on what might be (according to your own admirably artistic suggestion in a former letter to us) left entirely to imagination. For instance, with respect we advance this—why couldn't your hero say, 'I have deceived you. My calves are false; and I am a married man. Good-bye.' Then, unable to restrain his emotion, they took a touching farewell of one another, and so parted. There you are—in a nutshell. Now, isn't your graphic and—excuse us—rather spin-out description of their embracing, caressing, hugging, &c., both far too much and far too strong?—Ed. (for Self and Partners).

What the Authoress says.—"Too strong!—nonsense! It isn't milk-and-water, of course, but there's not a headache in a hoghead of it. When I offered the story, you jumped at it. Well, now you can skip as much as you don't like. There isn't much more; but what there is is the best thing I've ever written; and as to moral!—ah! moral's not the word. Love to your Aunt—the only sensible fellow in your Committee."—R. D.

rest sawdust. I can feel: *I can*. Ugly, pretty, fat, nice, great, right-sized thing!" she said, pinching her own round, firm arm quite fiercely. "There's not much sawdust in you!"

So she went on, this poor, ungoverned soul, and all the while the little watch was ticking in her pocket, at her left side, as though to remind her of the debt due from poor Humanity.

Suddenly she leapt up. She had told DUSOVER that a policeman was coming. Had she been right? Was that dark form approaching indeed a stern, unbending constable? True, she had not till this moment noticed the writing of the finger of fate on the board in the field, yet it was there, clear and above-board, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

"Hallo, young woman! What the—"

She waited for no more; but, like a hunted deer, she bounded over the hedge, politely stooping her head beneath the interlacing kissing boughs, and sprung into the narrow lane.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.



PROMINENT among the curiosities to be exhibited at the forthcoming World's Show, we have little expectation that there will be found the following:—

Purse manufactured by the Ladies of Philadelphia, wherein the surplus money paid by England in excess of the substantiated Alabama claims will be speedily restored (with interest) to the British Treasury.

Case containing some choice specimens of the work of the Wire-pullers in Congress.

Autograph Letter from the famous MR. BARNUM, offering to organise a starring tour for the KHEDIVI, with a view to the recruitment of his State finances.

Scheme for securing

perfect purity of voting in all future Elections of President.

Cookery-Book containing many useful recipes for the cooking of Municipal Accounts by the servants of the public.

Portrait of a Lady living in New York, who has been induced to travel with less than fifteen trunks and bonnet-boxes.

Code of Rules of the Chase for the place-hunters at Washington.

A Saltspoon discovered at a Continental table-d'hôte. Supposed by British experts to be an unique specimen.

Photograph of a Spanish Bond, with the words "Paid in full" legibly inscribed on it.

A real London Sunbeam, carefully preserved in bottle by a Boston tourist.

Razor belonging to an English Gentleman, who has contrived to shave himself, without a single awkward cut, at a foreign looking-glass.

Forecast of the Weather expected in England during the next twelve months. By one who hardly hopes to survive its eccentricities.

Scheme for a Sinking Fund, for enabling the SULTAN to keep his head above water.

Autograph exhibited by the British Admiralty, to show who was the Author of the famous first Slave Circular.

Working model of a Lavatory for publicly washing the dirty linen of the Government at Washington.

Declaration of Independence by strong-minded Mormon Ladies.

Machine for whitewashing the character of all suspected Civil Servants, to be patented by Congress.

Model Hive for Spelling Bees.

Rough draught of an Act of Congress, prohibiting the Piracy of any English Author's works by any Yankee Publisher.

MRS. GAMP ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"WHICH them Egyptian Bondholders in the City does look werry Khediverous, I must say!"



BUTTONISM.

"I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, SIR, THAT I'M NOT LEAVING BECAUSE I'VE ANY FAULT TO FIND WITH THE PLACE, OR WITH THE OTHER SERVANTS, OR WITH MY MISTRESS OR YOURSELF. FAR FROM THAT—I SHOULD BE MOST HAPPY, AT ANY TIME, SIR, TO GIVE THE PLACE A CHARACTER!"

NOBODY.

(*Dactyls to the Great Indefinite.*)

"Nobody will be surprised to hear that for this lamentable affair, as usual, nobody is to blame."—*The Echo on the Mistletos and Alberta collision.*

HAPPY immaculate nullity! Verily
Things with thy negative essence go merrily.
Puck paradoxical, imp most ubiquitous;
Blamelessly guilty, and safely iniquitous,
Who would not feel half in love with nihility,
Seeing thy range of unbridled ability?
Lord of Misrule, Muddle, Mischief, Mispolicy,
Crassest mismanagement, flagrantest folly see
Under thy regimen famously flourishing!
Nescience thrives through thy negative nourishing;
Noodledom owneth thy sway autocratical—
Men when they mention thee miss the grammatical.
Thou be surprised at whatever men say of thee!
Purely preposterous! 'Tis not the way of thee.
O'er the Impossible Mother of Victorias,
Bland reconciler of blank contradictories!
Helpless, omnipotent, stolid, unshamable,
Who but a duffer would brand thee as blamable?
Yet so perplexed is thy rule paradoxical,
(Thou whom the saw-monger's much-quoted "*Vox*" I call *),
Playest the General Scapegoat. Society
Lays to thy charge every form and variety,
Grade and degree of delinquency. Never a
Lodging-house feline could furnish so clever a
Style of Pillgarlic. 'Tis Nobody (needlessly)
Upsets Utopian apple-carts heedlessly,
Fathers all failures, all blunders initiates,
Ever as Folly's factotum officiates,

* *Vox et praterea nihil.*

Sets silly fashions, compels us to follow them,
Makes nasty nostrums, persuades fools to swallow them,
Shapes the conventions which make life a mockery,
Breaks all our treaties, our windows, and crockery,
Hearts and love-promises (seldom is one stable);
Nobody's near—in the shape of a constable—
When there's a row, and, in after-accounts of it,
Nobody's sure to be named as the fount of it.
Positive-Negative Proteus inscrutable!
Seeing how much to thy power is imputable,
How shouldst thou wonder at what muffs may lay to thee?
Bear all their burdens, 'tis merely child's play to thee!
Big-wigs may bungle, thou bearest the punishment,
Thou art not moved by reproof or admonishment;
Each serene Sump, foolish, luckless, or slow body,
Shifts blame to thee—but that's "nothing to Nobody!"

Candid.

(*Father and Little Boy looking on at KENEALY'S Easter-Monday Demonstration.*)

Little Boy (reading Inscription on one of the Banners). Papa, dear, what do they mean by "those braying asses of St. Stephen's?"

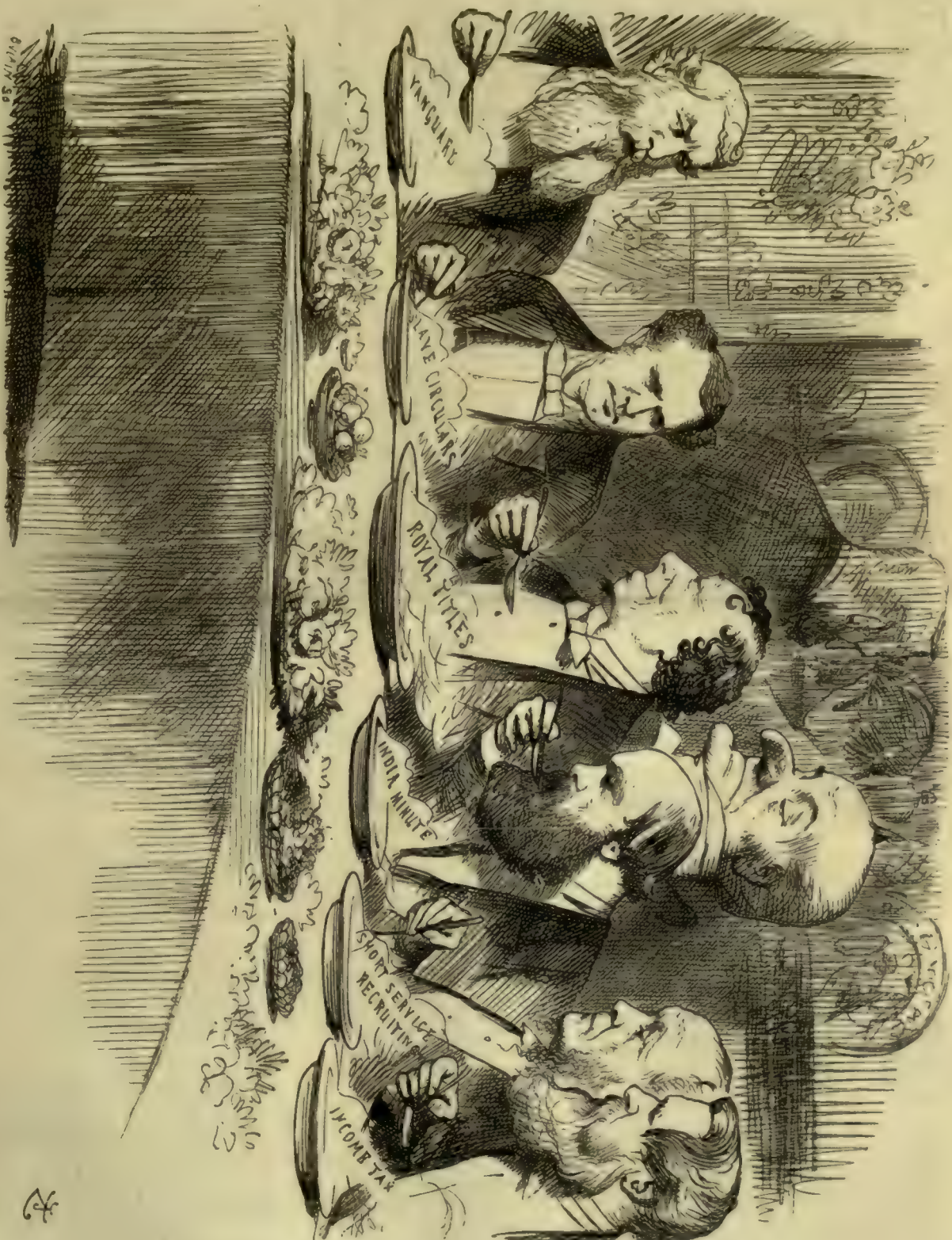
Papa. The Members of Parliament, my dear.

Little Boy. But I thought, Papa, DR. KENEALY was a Member of Parliament—

Papa. So he is, my dear. And there's the joke!

Orpheus and his Loot.

THAT festive *maestro*, JACQUES OFFENBACH, has been tempted to take a trip to America, where he is to conduct concerts at the rate of one thousand dollars a night. On such terms it is more than probable that the author of the *Grande Duchesse* may return season after season, till he is known as MONSIEUR OFTEN-THERE-AND-BACK.



THE MINISTERIAL MESS.

(THE FIRST COURSE—BEFORE EASTER.)

BENJAMIN. "REALLY, IT'S NOT NEARLY SO BAD AS THEY SAY! I RATHER LIKE IT!"

THE NEW BATTLE OF LIMERICK.



CORK bates the world for butter,
Unless Waterford out-out her,
And Dublin, Belfast, Galway has their backers less or more;
But for fish-hooks, gloves, and laces,
And the colleens' pretty faces,
'Tis Limerick bangs all places, that flower of Shannon Shore?

'Twas there that SMITH O'BRIEN,
Of the ould Milesian Line,
Was mobbed at a tay-party, when the windy-blinds they tore;
And now Limerick to her story
Adds a ruiction still more gory,
Resistin' Home-Rule's glory, upon Shannon Shore!

Ye Heroes of the Nation,
Keep your patriot indignation
For thraytors that would sell the pass, as they have done before?
But bad cess to the shillelagh
Of that Fenian, JOHN DALY,
Friends and Home-Rule assailin' upon Shannon Shore!

Oh, iligant the views is
Out of "The George" and "Cruise's,"
Convanient to the Crescent, and the Club first-floor.
And the stone nigh Thomond Bridge is,
Where the Saxon sacrilegious
Broke the treaty, most outrageous, to the shame of Shannon Shore.

The Home-Rulers they invited
ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., delighted,
As sure he a right had to be, upon that score—
Spite of Fenians bent on baulkin'.
That illustrious Q.C.'s talkin',
And the Thrades wid banners walkin' along Shannon Shore.

Wid BUTT there came O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Though not so great a man as he,
To prove Home-Rule the panacy for poor Ould Ireland's sore.
And O'SULLIVAN faced the throng wid him,
That for Limerick sits along wid him,
Who'd have thought things could go wrong wid him upon Shannon Shore!

And the Bishop, wid his Clargy,
He looked and talked so large, he
Thought little of the charge he would see o'er all was o'er;
And the Priests they walked in honour
Of Home-Rule, a blessin' on her,
And the Thrades wid bands and banners delighted Shannon Shore.

To the Crescent they marched gaily,
But 'twas there they found JOHN DALY,
Wid his back agin the railins, and some fifty Fenians more,
Each an alpeen in his flat,
To which he gev' a twist,
Then let fly and never missed the head he meant to score!

'Twas the Fenians that begun
On Home-Rulers ten to one,
Knocked the wind out of their drums, and their thrumpets battered
sore;

Sure 'twas luck that MISTHER SLATTERY
Closed his shutters ere the bathtery,
Or his plate-glass front had suffered, that day, on Shannon Shore.

Both sides "Ould Ireland!" cryin',
Their nate black-thorns was plyin',
Blood was spilt, and boys was kilt, and drums, coats, banners
sthrewed the flure:
Says O'SULLIVAN to O'SHAUGHNESSY,
"Where's BUTT? To talk the man is he;
To put out a flame or fan, as he, who so good on Shannon Shore?"

But eloquence Parliamint'ry
Finds to Irish ears no intry,
While there's shillelaghs going among foes, or friends, still more:
So as long as DALY's boys,
Had hands alpeens to poise,
Sure they'd make BUTT hould his noise on Shannon Shore.

But in spite of phillaloo,
While sticks clashed and brickbats flew,
BUTT's iligant discoorse flowed on serene amidst the roar,
And he said that his reception
Was a triumph that bould Neptune
Had never seen the likes of since his tide kissed Shannon Shore.

Sure the sweetness of his gammon
Would have wiled a Shannon salmon,
While, like Kilkenny cata, the boys they scrimmaged, scratched,
and swore;
And he spoke on widout theyin',
Though the brickbats they was thryin',
And both sides sinseless lyin', along the Shannon Shore.

Oh 'twas sure a lovely sight,
That free and festive fight—
Who dars say Limerick's heart is not Irish to the core?—
Tara's harp, brass band, and fiddle,
Playin' the chune of "Tara-diddle,"
Ruction round, and in the middle, BUTT cometherin' Shannon Shore!

When Young Ireland's House is seen
In full blast on Palace Green,
Will they take votes by alpeen betwixt BUTT's and DALY's corps?
Will hard heads and hard hits sway?
Or will humbug win the day?
For a forecast of that future, go and look on Shannon Shore?

DISAPPOINTED OF DANA.

"TWIXT the cup and the lip we encounter a slip. We anticipated the arrival of a well-known gentleman of high character, culture, and attainments, as Ambassador from the United States—MR. DANA, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. But the Senate—as represented by its Foreign Committee—has refused to confirm PRESIDENT GRANT'S nomination. MR. DANA is rejected on a charge of "literary piracy," preferred by that model of moral and political purity, GENERAL BUTLER. The alleged piracy, if proved, would consist of an insignificant infringement, in editing an edition of *Wheaton's International Law*, of a disputed copyright in certain notes to a previous edition. As MR. DANA denies the piracy, GENERAL BUTLER further charges him with falsehood; and, having denied it on oath, further still with perjury. The piracy would be merely technical if true. And to be sure MR. DANA once stood against GENERAL BUTLER in the Essex district for Congress, and the Democratic section of the Senate had political reasons for voting his rejection. But never let us suppose they were swayed by these. Trust we rather that an extreme and oversensitively nervous horror of "literary piracy" carried them away; that their judgment was perverted by excessive scrupulosity lest the faintest shadow of a shade of a suspicion of literary piracy should sully the fair name of an American Foreign Minister.

This too fastidious moral sense of respect for the rights of authorship has expressed itself in gross injustice and indignity to MR. DANA. We are very sorry for that. But our sorrow cannot but derive some assuagement from a selfish hope. How gratifying to behold the Senate of the United States now at length suddenly awakened to the enormity of "literary piracy," and that piracy, however trifling, represented, however falsely, to have been committed in compiling notes to a treatise on International Law! The new abhorrence of the United States' Senate for that species of theft is doubtless shared by the House of Representatives, and British authors and publishers may now of course expect with perfect confidence that the American Congress and Government will at their very earliest possible convenience unite in enacting a convention with this country for a scheme of International Copyright.



A DREAM OF MAGNIFICENT UGLY MEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the admirable novel, *Gone Wrong*, which is now appearing in your columns, the Hero is described as "a magnificent ugly man," a favourite type with certain lady-writers of the period. Being anxious to obtain work as a book-illustrator, I beg to send you a few specimens of that particular kind of hero; they are all carefully drawn from Nature, as far as the face is concerned, several of my friends having kindly volunteered to sit to me with their features flattened against a window-pane, and otherwise distorted. The torsos and legs have been copied from an anatomical lay-figure, dressed in appropriate costume,—and I owe the hirsute appearance of the neck, hands, &c. (so dear to some lady-novelists), to a stuffed ape in my possession. I have also conscientiously laboured to imbue their physiognomies with as much vice, selfishness, and ferocity, as the size of the drawing will admit, and I think you will own they are not the kind of persons to be trifled with.

Trusting that you will accord me the favour of publicity in your widely circulated journal,

P.S.—I enclose my card.

I remain, your obedient servant,

STICKLEBACK.

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

(A Matter-of-fact Idyll.)

It was a lovely spring day. The sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and the bushes were green with early leaf-buds. It was during the recess, and *Punch* was enjoying his holiday. He was lying on his back near a silvery stream. In his right hand he held a tiny cigarette, and in his left he clasped a newspaper. As he looked up into the cloudless sky, and heard the murmur of the running brook, he could not help contrasting the pleasant peace of the country with the reckless riot of the town. And as he pondered, he heard the sweet voice of the Nightingale.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, charming song-bird!" he whispered. "You are early this year. You seldom make your appearance before May. You are very early."

"Not too early, *Mr. Punch*," replied a gentle voice. "Now don't move!" it continued, as the Sage was about to turn. "You cannot see me. Enough that you hear my words. Not too early, I say; for my voice is needed as an advocate for the sick poor—the sick poor who linger and die in the great city over yonder."

"My dear Madam, I am all attention," *Punch* answered. "I call you 'Madam,' because I know I am talking to a lady."

"Yes, you know me, *Mr. Punch*. Twenty years ago, when they talked about the Guards' Memorial, you sent in a design of which I was the central figure."

"I made a mistake just now, Madam. I gave you a wrong title. In the hospital at Soutari you were called an angel."

"I am satisfied to call myself a Nurse, and as a Nurse—a Nurse of

large experience—I wish to speak to you, to ask you to add your efforts to my own in the cause of the suffering poor. Do you know what illness means when it reaches the homes of the labouring classes?"

"Yes. I have read the newspapers."

"Ah, but you must see the misery yourself to understand the full meaning of the word. When disease enters the poor man's dwelling, what was once a little better than a hovel becomes a pigstye. And it is the District Nurse (whose cause I plead) who must lead the van in the crusade against dirt and fever-nests—the crusade to let light and air and cleanliness into the worst rooms of the worst places of sick London. It is she who must show the poor how to make their rooms clean. She must sweep and dust away, empty and wash out all the appalling dirt and foulness. She must rub the windows, sweep the fireplace, carry out and shake the bits of old sacking and carpet, and lay them down again, fetch fresh water and fill the kettle, and make the bed. And when she has done all this, her real work commences as a sick nurse."

"Never-ending, thankless toil," murmured *Punch*.

"Not so," replied the gentle voice. "It may be never-ending, for it may begin again and again in new room after new room; but it is not thankless. To give the poor a clean home is to bestow as great a benefit as can be conferred upon them. This is the way to depauperise them. When a poor woman's house is once clean, it is her pride to keep it clean. She has been taught by the District Nurse what to do, and the lesson is not thrown away upon her. In one case, where a Nurse had tidied up one of the most loathsome dens imaginable, on the day following the cleansing, the eldest girl, a child of eight, scoured the place, and was found perched on a three-



"FAINT PRAISE."

Little Landscape Painter (gleefully). "GOOD MORNING, SIR. I'M GLAD—I BELIEVE—I'VE HEARD—THE ACADEMY HAVE ACCEPTED MY PICTURE—"

Phumble, R. A. (on the Hanging Committee, with six "Bogies" on the Line). "OH, YES, BROWN, 'RECOLLECT PASSING IT. AND IT CAME UP WITH SUCH A LOT O' RUBBISH, IT LOOKED A PERFECT GEM!!"

legged stool, trying to wash the dirty linen with her poor little thin arms."

"The District Nurse must be the Angel in the House," said *Punch*.

"You shall hear what her duties are before you decide. First, she has to nurse. Secondly, she has to put the room in nursing order; that is, to make the room such as a patient can recover in. Thirdly, to bring such sanitary defects as produce sickness and death to the notice of the Public Officer whom they may concern. Nursing means keeping records of the patient's state, including pulse, temperature, &c., for the doctor, and attending to every want. When the room is in nursing order, the work of the hardest-worked housemaid has been performed. When sanitary defects are pointed out, dust-bins are emptied, water-butts are cleaned, and defective water supply and drainage are examined and remedied."

"Hard work, indeed!" murmured *Punch*.

"So hard," continued the gentle voice, "that when the Nurses return to their homes they must rest. They have other things to do than to cook for and wait upon themselves. And the homes and the Nurses both cost money. Each District Nurse must have, before she is qualified, a month's trial in district work, a year's training in hospital work, and a quarter's training in district nursing under the Superintendent-General."

"And what has been done up to the present time?" asked *Punch*. He had grown accustomed to the voice, and he listened with interest to the answer.

"There is but one District Home with five hospital-trained Nurses, and three Nurse-candidates. To make the scheme a success, with branches extending over the metropolitan area, a capital of £20,000, and an income of £5,000 a-year are needed."

"One more question," said *Punch*. "Where may subscriptions be sent?"

"To the Secretary of the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C."

FASHION'S LAST CONQUEST.

(See Extracts from a Lady's Letter from Jamaica, in "Birds for the Bonnet"—*Punch*, April 22.)

O LADIES of London and Paris,
Whose faces are radiant and fair,
Unimproved by a head-dress that carries
Rich plumage of birds of the air!
In the Boulevards and eke Piccadilly
Will you flutter bright wings without shame,
When Negresses, showy and silly,
Are doing the same?

The birdcatcher (destined to Hades)
Is netting the commons for you.
The elegant ebony ladies
Are eager to decorate too.
Your sisters in sable all cherish
A love for bright colours, and hence
Multitudinous humming-birds perish
To gladden their sense.

Their vanity needed no tutor.
You teach them. Your folly destroys
The robin, untireable fluter,
Inviolable even to boys.
Ere a Lady of fashion can gird her
White brow with appropriate gems,
We must hear of the kingfisher's murder
On Avon or Thames.

Oh let the winged melodists utter
Rich music, delicious to hear;
And let the bright-feathered ones flutter
Their plumage without any fear!
In your bonnets they hardly will figure,
Admiration as like to allure,
When you think of the plume-flaunting Nigger—
Your caricature.

A Flattering Invitation.

WE believe we break no confidence in mentioning the rumour that, inspired by certain pregnant words of the PREMIER of England, the Citizens of San Francisco have resolved upon petitioning the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES to assume forthwith the title of the EMPEROR OF CALIFORNIA, in order to protect that State from Chinese annexation.

And then *Punch* woke; for he had dreamed a dream.

Not quite a dream, for in his hand he held a paper containing a letter signed "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE." He read the last few lines:—

"I ask the public not to add one more charity or relief agency to the many that are already, but to support a charity—truly 'metropolitan' in its scope, and truly 'national' if carried out—which never has been before."

And as he read these words, the nightingale in the sky sang its song.

"You are outdone!" exclaimed *Punch*. "There is a Nightingale still upon the earth who sings a sweeter song than yours—a song that should find its echo in the hearts of the rich, and have for a reward the earnest blessings of the suffering poor."

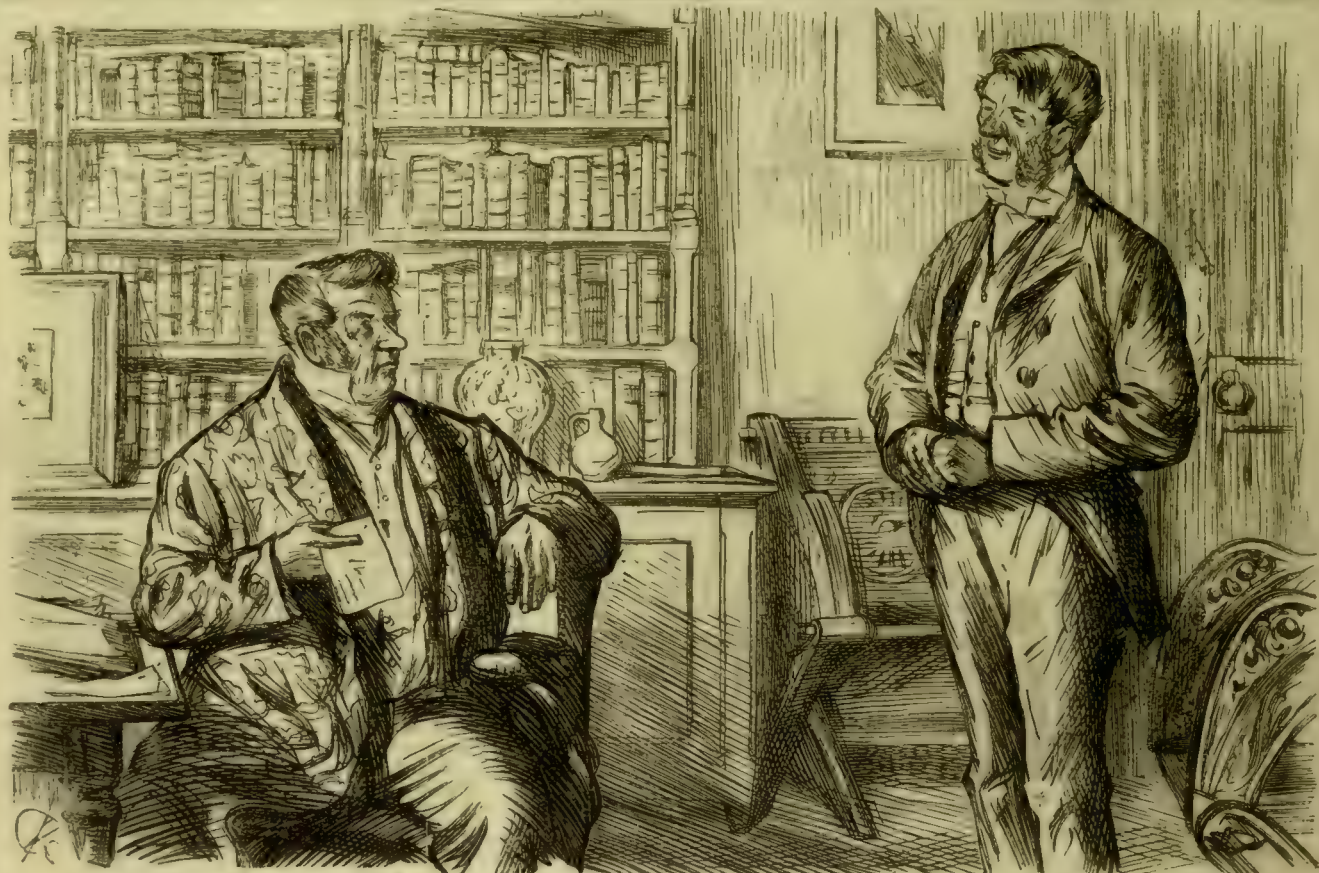
A Wholesome Mixture.

IN a recent number of the *Scotsman* will be found an announcement of a marriage between a scion of the house of JAMESON, of Dublin whiskey-renown, and a ditto of the house of HAIG, of the celebrated Cameron Bridge Scotch distillery. May the mixture lead to nothing but the best spirits on both sides; and may there have been no preliminary refusal-oil to mar the smack of meeting lips, and the blend of loving hearts in the new firm, let us hope never to be shaken, of HAIG, JAMESON & CO.

Apis Orthographica.

"Acri mellis celestia dona."

MOI gran'vather 'ee went zure-ly
To see the Ondustrious Vlea;
But naw the Parson, they tells I,
'As got a Spellin' Bee.



WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT.

Magister Familias (parting with his Butler). "HERE IS THE LETTER, FLANAGAN. I CAN CONSCIENTIOUSLY SAY YOU ARE HONEST AND ATTENTIVE, BUT I SHOULD HAVE TO STRETCH A POINT IF I WERE TO SAY YOU ARE SOBER."

Mr. Flanagan. "THANK YOU, SIR. BUT WHEN YOU ARE AFTEHR STHRITCHIN' A POINT, SIR, WOULDN'T YOU STHRITCH IT A LITTLE FURTHER, AND SAY I'M AFTEN SOBER!!"

THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF HEALTH.

AN illustration of the saying that the shoemaker's wife and children are ever of all people the worst shod, more signal even than that exhibited by the ill-ventilated Royal Institution, the chief seat of Chemistry, presents itself in the ill-drained public offices at Whitehall, the quarters, *inter alia*, of the Local Government Board, successor to the Board of Health. Of these offices, which are among the recent achievements of the contractors under the Board of Works—

"The drainage is so defective that visitors to the building, and those whose unfortunate lot compels them to pass their lives there, are forced to breathe an atmosphere which their sense of smell soon tells them is tainted with sewer gas. The drains pass in some parts under the buildings, the joints are defective, and the buildings have settled, the result being that the basement is in parts flooded. The whole energies of the Board of Works are occupied in effecting little ridiculous economies in articles of office furniture; and unless some champion arise to stir them up, many a poor fellow will suffer from the effects of breathing polluted air, as I understand some already have."

Thus far, in the *Times*, "OMNIA SANITAS." This ought to be the motto of the Board of Works, but at Whitehall we find, on the contrary, *quedam*, and *plurima*—indeed, *insanitas*. Not only are sanitary arrangements conspicuous by their absence, but conditions thence resulting are odoriferous from their presence. The basement of that building is evidently in a most vile state; and the filth, not removed from it by being laid at the door of the Board of Works, may be pointed to as an example of the lowest depth of muddle. Obviously, an outbreak of typhoid fever is imminent at the very centre of sanitary authority. Sanitary Reform, like Charity, should begin at home. Let the Board of Works set some Hercules immediately at work to cleanse its own Augean stable, and not leave it a warning in the nose of all local authorities who come to consult their central oracle, "how *not* to do it."

MOTTO FOR THE ROYAL TITLES BILL.—"*Divide, et Impera.*"

AN EARNEST HINT TO SIGNOR ROSSI.

CARO SIGNORE,

LET me begin by expressing my sincere sympathy with you under your mortifying extinction of voice. But then, why do you give such a handle to our cruel East wind as is presented by lower limbs indifferently protected by tights of black-silk webbing? Do, I implore you, for the sake of appearances, as well as more effectual protection from the "ethereal mildness" of our English spring, add a black-velvet skirt to your black-velvet jerkin. If you could only see yourself as others saw you on Wednesday! You looked, for all the world, like a respectable butler or groom of the chambers who had forgotten to put on a coat over his sleeved waistcoat. But the butler would have spared us the comical effect of a broad baldric of gilt plates worn obliquely over his black tights and portly bow-window. A yard of black velvet will do it all, and make you at once more comely and more comfortable. I repeat, people can't afford to go about in an English April, with their lower limbs cased in black-web tights, *et præterea nihil*.

Yours, with best wishes and kindest regards,

PUNCH.

An Australian Eden.

HERE'S a prospect! Talk of the Recruiting Sergeant and his *couleur de rose*—how about the Emigration Agent? Read the following; cut from a Bristol paper, oh, working-men—and don't believe it!

WANTED, Emigrants for Queensland, the finest and richest country in the world. In ten years a working-man can easily secure a splendid landed estate, and be the owner of minerals, timber, game, &c. Instead of strikes and starvation, he can there sit under his own vine, with plenty in his pantry. No game laws, no class exclusiveness, but liberty and kangaroos. Terms: Farm labourers, free; tradesmen, £5, and £3 for wife; domestic servants free, and train fare to London paid. Next ship, —, from London, May 5.—Apply immediately, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HUT-UP—Lion! What is the use of growling any longer? Time is gone by; majorities are mighty; DISRAELI is determined; the advice will be given; the Proclamation will be issued; the title will be assumed; and VICTORIA, Queen of England, will be henceforth VICTORIA, Empress of India. Such is the position in which the House finds the BENJAMIN'S mess of the Imperial Titles on reassembling after Easter (Monday, April 24). *La Reine le veut. Ainsi soit-il.* England—except that portion of England which would rather berid of a Queen altogether—does not want it. India—in

voice to speak—declares *she* doesn't want it. Who *does* want it? That is the question not to be asked—or, at least, if asked, not to be answered—as MR. ANDERSON found out, when he wanted to know who told MR. LOWE that two Prime Ministers before MR. DISRAELI had been pressed to do this thing, and had respectfully declined. Was it a Privy Councillor let this Court-Cat out of the bag? "That's tellings," as the children say. MR. LOWE isn't a Minister now, and the privilege of being questioned in the favourite Parliamentary game of "cross questions and crooked answers" is confined to Ministers. MR. FAWCETT had asked for a day "to move the House's disapproval of the advice given to HER MAJESTY by Her Majesty's Ministers." But as MR. FAWCETT couldn't get his day before Easter, thanks to MR. KNATCHBULL HUGGESS and MAJOR BEAUMONT, who stopped the way with their perfectly ineffectual brace of motions, and as the Leader of Her Majesty's Government declines to measure swords to support MR. FAWCETT on a motion for a vote of censure, declines, under the circumstances, to move such a vote himself, and so run his head against the stone wall of the Ministerial majority, *cadit questio*. There is a good riddance of bad rubbish. The Opposition must remain content with what it has done in the way of protestation against a blunder which it considers nothing less than deplorable, in common with the overwhelming majority of intelligent and loyal subjects out of doors.

So let England shut her eyes—not open her mouth—and see what the QUEEN will give her.

Who knows? She may have had her Royal eyes opened to the real state of the case at the eleventh hour, and may shrink from the change of title after all! At all events, *Punch* won't believe in "VICTORIA Imperatrix" till he has it under her own Royal hand. (Poor *Punch*! So he wrote some days ago. He has it now. It spoiled his breakfast last Saturday.)

Oh dear, oh dear, those debates in Committee on the Merchant Shipping Bill! with the puzzle-headed but eminently well-meaning PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE on the one side, and the almost as puzzle-headed, and still better meaning, Member for Derby on the other. Between the two, what should be debates sink into wrangles, and neither ever seems quite to know what the other is at. Wrangle No. 1 concerned Grain Cargoes. MR. PLIMSOLL wants to prescribe the means of safety: to regulate by Act of Parliament the shape, size, and thickness of shifting-boards for such cargoes. Those who have framed the Bill have been satisfied to require means for obviating shift of cargoes, without prescribing those means. *Punch* would say, by the light of common sense, that those in charge of the Bill have the best of it.

Wrangle No. 2 was over Deck-loads. Everybody who knows anything of the subject admits winter deck-loads to be one of the most fruitful sources of danger to life at sea.

MR. PLIMSOLL wants absolute prohibitions of such loads, with due exceptions to be fixed by the Board of Trade. All the Board of Trade will concede is, that deck-loads shall pay tonnage-dues. But the knowing ones seem agreed that if MR. PLIMSOLL asks too much, the Government give too little.

Hours were spent in beating about the bush, till SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stepped in to help his lame brother ADDERLEY over the stile, and got MR. PLIMSOLL defeated by 108 to 75.

Is it quite impossible to import a little more clearness of head and distinctness of purpose into the Government conduct of the Bill? SIR CHARLES ought surely to have a foot to put down, considering what a foot he has to put in. Why don't well-meaning men learn to convey their meaning?

Tuesday.—We have already expressed the quintessence of what passed to-night about the Royal Titles Bill between the Heads of Her Majesty's Government, and Her Majesty's Opposition. Besides, now the Proclamation has been issued, why waste more words on what is past praying against?

Wednesday.—PENTHESILEA in arms, under the male mask of the Member for Marylebone. All the old arguments, for and against Female Franchise trotted out in better form than ever. A curious division of the BRIGHTS. JACOB for the Ladies; Brother-in-Law LEATHAM, and Brother JOHN against.

The honest avowal of plain JOHN that he was wrong when he voted with STUART MILL for giving votes to the spinsters and Widows, had a great deal to do in determining the division (239 to 152) against the Member for Marylebone.

MR. SMOLLETT, victim of his name, flung a good deal of the mud which he mistakes for wit into the Ladies' faces (*proh pudor!*), and MR. FAWCETT gave him a well-deserved rap over the knuckles for it. Descended from the Author of *Roderick Random*, let not our MR. S. descend below him. He is old enough to have learnt that his ancestor's high-speed style of humour is too coarse for modern tastes.



AFTER-DINNER CRITICISM.

"For when our veins are filled
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."—SHAKESPEARE: *Coriolanus*.

*Guest (who has had a pleasant evening, will just have a look at his Host's Pictures before he goes). "YESH—(hic)—'LIKE THA' PICTSH'RE !
Fi' LANSHO'PE ! 'LIKE THE TREESH ! 'BRANSHES WAVE 'BOUT S' NASH'RALLY !!!"*

MR. CHAPLIN gave a neat summary of the chief supporters of a Feminine Franchise, as "Masculine women and feminine men." *Punch* himself could not have put it more epigrammatically. Loving, reverencing, and looking up to the sex, as *Mr. Punch* does, he must needs rejoice in the defeat of those who would carry Woman into about the dirtiest field that Man has to work in—Politics.

Thursday.—The Lords reassembled. LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL called attention to the Felsted Scandal, and the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER did not succeed in clearing himself of the discredit of having dismissed a laborious and successful Head-Master without inquiry, on the *ex parte* showing of Trustees, who, not to put too fine an edge on it, had in no way entitled themselves to such confidence in their discretion.

One thing is quite true. After speaking his mind as freely as he had done, the Master of Felsted could clearly not have gone on in his work with advantage to the school under such a Board of Trustees. As the Trustees were fixtures, there was no alternative but for the Master to go. But the question still remains, Who was to blame for bringing matters to this issue ?

LORD HENNIKER tried to shift the saddle off the Trustees and on to the Head-Master. *Punch* agrees with LORD CAMPBELL that the attempt was not successful. For the Bishop—well, least said soonest mended. Only one thing seems clear—the REV. MR. GRIGNON is well rid of Felsted. But we should have felt happier, if, as he went, the Bishop had been seen at his side rather than that of the Trustees. ;

(*Commons*.)—The third bout of the fencing-match between the Leaders, *à propos* of the Royal Titles Bill. See above for its substance. Fresh interlude of the great Merchant Shipping Muddle.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stepped in as *deus ex machina*, and announced, to the great relief of the House, in the teeth of all SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY has been painfully hammering out for the last two nights, that the Government had decided to introduce a clause directly dealing with Deck-loads of Timber-ships in the winter months, and hoped to frame a clause to prevent or punish the improper loading of foreign ships.

SIR W. HARCOURT enjoyed the pleasure of double-thonging the Ministerial management of the Merchant Shipping Bill for about an hour, till the ears of the House were almost as tired as his tongue. But the House dropped back into the original muddle on the great battle-ground of Load-line. Think of discussing for ever so long whether "Billy-boys" should or should not be obliged to mark a disc amidships! "*De minimis non curat lex*," say the lawyers. They never anticipated these debates on the Merchant Shipping Bill.

Friday (Lords).—In reply to LORD BLACHFORD, LORD CARNARVON threw what light he could on the Barbadoes "scare." It seems pretty clear that the Planters' party either actually wild, or pretending to be wild, with fear of the Niggers, is running a-muck at GOVERNOR HENNESSY, in the hope of getting him summarily recalled. Meanwhile, their telegrams, read by the light of one from COLONEL SARGENT commanding the Military at Barbadoes, are clearly chargeable with gross exaggeration.

While reserving judgment till the arrival of more dispassionate accounts of the facts, *Punch* trusts—as he believes the country, and GOVERNOR HENNESSY, and the Planters, and the friends of both, may safely trust—LORD CARNARVON. Thus far there is nothing to show that the Planters have not been more in fault than the Governor.

(*Commons*.)—MR. EUSTACE SMITH asked for a Select Committee to inquire into the mode in which the Bengal Famine was met. MR. SMITH complains of extravagance. SIR G. CAMPBELL vindicated the Indian authorities.

LORD G. HAMILTON deprecated the proposed inquiry.

MR. FAWCETT declared it would do great good.

MR. GRANT DUFF declared it would do enormous mischief.

MR. *Punch* admired Doctors' differences—and wondered which JOHN BULL would have considered the worst extravagance—to lose a few thousands in money, and no life, or to lose a few thousands in lives, and no money.

The Committee was refused by 149 to 46; and *Punch* can't say he is sorry. On this matter he would rather be wrong with SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL than right with MR. EUSTACE SMITH.

MR. PUNCH TO A VERY PRETTY YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.



MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,

HERE is a picture sent in to the Royal Academy by that excellent and humane friend of the Horse and of Mr. Punch—Mr. WILLIAM FLOWER. It is meant to illustrate the *bearing*—in the hope to forward the *for-bearing*—of bearing-reins.

Alas! the Council have rejected MR. FLOWER's picture, like those of many better men! "It would never do," said an influential Member of the Council, "to give such a slap in the face to many of our most distinguished patrons—especially the Ladies, who naturally like to see their horses well bitted up, while waiting for their fair mistresses in the courtyard of the Academy, just as they like to see them glossy of coat and lively of action. And I understand" (added the R.A.) "that nothing keeps horses so lively as a tight bearing-rein." So no doubt, my dear young Lady, in one sense it does—as the fire keeps the eels lively in the frying-pan. But as MR. FLOWER could not exhibit his picture at the Academy, I have had great pleasure in putting at its service a place in my gallery, where it will be seen by quite as numerous, intelligent, and influential a Public as even that which crowds to the spacious halls of Piccadilly.

I hope, my dear young Lady, you will like the picture, and dislike the bearing-rein, and that the next time we meet in Hyde Park, I may have the pleasure of seeing your horses released from this torture, though they may not toss their heads, and champ their bits, and fling the foam about as freely as you have been accustomed to see them. I know your coachman will tell you it is all nonsense; that horses take as pleasantly

to bearing-reins as young ladies to tight-lacing and high-heeled shoes. Don't believe him, my dear, but ask him how he would like to drive in a gag; and if he says he should, *try him*; and then ask him his opinion of the bearing-rein on better acquaintance.

En attendant, believe me, my dear young Lady,

Yours faithfully,

PUNCH.

DISABILITIES OF WOMAN.

(Scheduled by a Fast Young Lady, in anxious preparation for the Act for their Removal.)



1. EXCEPTING on the sly, she is inhumanly debarred from using a cigar-case.

2. She is not allowed to make love, but merely to receive the manufactured article.

3. She may not wear top-boots, not even when out hunting.

4. Unless she can bear a lecture from her feminine next of kin, she must never dream of reading *Bell's Life* or *The Sportsman*.

5. She cannot even play a humble game of Lady's Cricket, without being chaffed unmercifully.

6. Excepting at the risk of being thought unfeminine, she must never row a Match, nor ever ride a Steeplechase.

7. When she bets with any member of the unfair Sex, she rarely has the privilege of paying if she loses.

8. She is unable to go unattended to the Opera.

9. She cannot even dance more than three times in succession with a partner whom she likes, without being suspected of a tendency to flirting.

10. Excepting at great peril to her social reputation, she may not indulge in either Black Pool or Blind Hookey.

11. No matter how put out—say, by her maid or by her milliner—she is not permitted the use of stronger language than "Dear me!" or "How tiresome!"

12. While doomed in perpetuity to play on the piano, she is not allowed an instant to practise on the post-horn.

13. Unless she can submit to being thought a "Blue," she must be ignorant of politics, Latin, Greek, and the Hegelian Philosophy.

14. She may not chaff the waiter at a foreign *table-d'hôte*, although she knows his language perfectly, and longs to use the chance of showing that she knows it.

15. By a masculine assumption, she is deemed unable to play rackets, golf, or football, and is doomed to feeble games like battle-dore and shuttlecock, or croquet with mild curates.

16. Though over head and ears in love, she may never make an offer, except perhaps in Leap Year, and for this it would be hard for her to quote an actual precedent.

17. She is expected to be able to make use of a Needle, and is thus disabled from competing with Men in works of idleness.

18. Her ears are steeped in Slang when her Brothers come from College, yet she is obliged, as far as possible, to keep her lips from using it.

19. Although conscious of a guilty love for the perfume, she may not proclaim her preference for a Smoking Carriage.

20. If there be a Baby in the house where she is visiting, she is presumed to be unable to talk sensibly about it.

21. When her Married Sisters call, she is always pounced upon to entertain their Children.

22. However humorous her temperament may naturally be, she cannot crack a joke or sing a comic song, without being thought eccentric.

23. She must not practise Boxing, excepting as regards the ears of her small brothers.

24. She is not allowed the privilege of a Latch-key.

A Diocese in British Diggings.

At a meeting under the presidency of the EARL OF DEVON, at Newton Abbot the other day, in aid of the fund for forming a new diocese in Cornwall, it was stated that more than half the required fund of £30,000 had been raised. Let us hope the Cornish miners are able—and willing—to raise the rest of the tin.

A SEA-FIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

LETTER I.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 1, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that I sighted the fleet under your command last evening. As in these days of civilisation unnecessary bloodshed is to be deprecated, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that I have reason to believe, from information received through the newspapers, that my fleet is stronger than yours. I have under my command three Iron-clads, each with four feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, and each carrying four 200-ton guns, firing fore, aft, and all round, mounted in turrets, protected by six feet of iron-plating, and with all the loading, aiming and working performed by hydraulic machinery, so that loss of life at the guns is hardly possible on my side.

May I, under these circumstances, request you to surrender without unnecessary delay?

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that the Admiral of the British Fleet has been misinformed. The Fleet under the Enemy's Admiral's command consists of two Iron-clads each with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water-line, each mounting six guns of 300 tons, firing perpendicularly, upwards and downwards, as well as fore, aft, and all round, in three turrets protected by eight feet of steel-plating, and with all the operations of loading, priming, and firing effected by a galvanic battery worked by a single engineer stationed ten feet below the water-line, so that there is as good as no life to lose at the guns on his side.

As the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet entirely reciprocates the humanitarian ideas expressed by the Admiral of the British Fleet, he trusts that the Admiral of the British Fleet will surrender without any unnecessary delay.

LETTER II.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 2, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I regret to say that I am unable to comply with your request. The rules of the Service to which I have the honour to belong do not permit of any surrender of Her Britannic Majesty's ships. I am forced to inform you that unless you surrender before to-morrow morning, it will be my painful duty to do my utmost to blow you, your ships, and the gallant men under your command, from off the face of the waters.

Trusting that, by your speedy surrender, you will avert this unpleasant necessity,

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he is now in a position to surrender, his flag-ship having, during the last six hours, unluckily run into and sunk her consort.

The Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet begs to intimate that had the force at his command been anything like equal to the force of the British Admiral, he (the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet) would have considered it to be his duty to fight the battle out to the bitter end.

LETTER III.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR,

High Seas, June 3, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of yesterday's date.

I feel in honour bound to inform you that, during the night, two of the Iron-clads under my command have sunk each other in the course of manoeuvres, directed with a view to perfect their ramming practice. Under these circumstances, it has occurred to me that perhaps you would prefer fighting to surrender. In ten minutes my flag-ship (the remaining vessel under my command) will have the honour of opening fire.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.



THE STING OF IT.

Sister (in alarm). "GOOD GRACIOUS, GEORGE! HOW DID YOU GET THAT TERRIBLE BLACK EYE!"

George (sullenly). "SPELLIN' BEE!"

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to say that he accepts the Admiral of the British Fleet's very kind invitation. Within the last half hour the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet has received large reinforcements—so that the Fleet now consists of ten Iron-clads, with six feet of iron-plating protecting the water line, and six turrets apiece, with strength and system of guns in each turret as before stated. Under these circumstances, he will have much pleasure in accepting and returning the fire of the Admiral of the British Fleet.

LETTER IV.

From the Admiral of the British Fleet to the Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet.

SIR, High Seas, June 3, 187—.

I HAVE the honour to acknowledge your reply to my letter of this day's date.

I fear however I must disappoint you of the pleasure of a battle. During the last two minutes the *Wasp*, one of our recently-invented invisible floating gun-carriages, carrying one of our newly-invented quadruple-action 500 ton guns, loading itself, and firing automatically at the word of command, with her complement of torpedo-boats, has arrived here unexpectedly. You will see the desirability of at once ordering your Fleet to surrender.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

(Signed) NELSON IRONSIDE, Admiral.

(Enclosure.)—The Admiral of the British Fleet requests the honour of the company of the Admiral and Officers of the Enemy's Fleet to dinner on the evening of the 3rd of June. R. S. V. P.

(Reply.)

THE Admiral of the Enemy's Fleet presents his compliments to the Admiral of the British Fleet, and begs to surrender.

(Enclosure.)—The Admiral and some of the Officers of the Enemy's Fleet will have the honour of dining with the Admiral of the British Fleet this evening.

POETRY AND PRONUNCIATION.

[LORD WINCHILSEA has enclosed to *Punch* the following. He says he doesn't expect *Punch* will publish it. He does *Punch* injustice. *Punch* is always open to original communications, and LORD WINCHILSEA's recipe for "verse" and "curse" strikes *Punch* as one of the most original things he has read for a long time. *Punch* is only sorry he cannot offer LORD WINCHILSEA the engagement he proposes in his "N.B."]

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,

THE criticism upon my verses that appear'd in *Punch*, April 15, 1876, has only just been shown me, or I should have replied earlier. Allow me to tell you—

'Tis the measure and the time,
With thoughts witty or sublime,
Not the jingle of the rhyme,
That make verse!
Just as hatred in the heart,
Not phrases pert and smart,
Or the trickeries of Art,
Makes a curse.

April 24.

N.B.—I am open to an engagement to teach both your critics and your poets a few things to their advantage.

Oh, Horrible!

A RIVAL Composer in New York, in a jealous moment, has imported two hundred barrel-organs into Philadelphia, grinding only the well-known airs of the best operas of JACQUES OFFENBACH. This ruffian in human form is under the impression that this wholesale torture will drive the Parisian *maestro* from the field, as he will thus be made a symbol and synonym for one of the worst forms of suffering. These practical jokes are as infectious as murders. Only fancy a few out of the millions of anti-Wagnerites starting a brigade of organ-grinders playing nothing but the mysteriously monotonous recitatives of *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersänger*; or, perhaps—horror on horror's head!—of *Tristram and Isolt*! But here our paralysed pen declines to be driven further. We hold our ears, and gasp in speechless awe of the phantom we have conjured up!

"AGRIKLER" ON THE BRISTOL CATHEDRAL IMAGES.

THAY be very tidy figgers, as vur as I can zee,
And I think the Dane and chapter med as well a let um be.
Ef thay tries to pliaze aal parties, the upzhot ull bevaal
Like the ould man vi his neddy thay 'll pliaze nubboddy at aal.
It zims tha girt objection wer, one on um is a Poape
As owed his elevation to a pulley and a roape;
And then ta crown tha mischief, it zims the masons put
(Twere only miake-believe in stoane) a bee-hive on hes nut;
Which, whatever the intention, I think the manein's plain,
One man mid carry bees, whar another cars a braain,
And ef about zuch trifles thay makes a girt to do,
I think both Poape and Antipoape med wear a bee-hive too.

Official Communication.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

For some centuries, or at all events for a great number of years, I have been engaged with my respected opponent the Unicorn in fighting for the Crown. If the Bengal Tiger is to have a share in the contest I shall decline to continue it. In the first place, two to one is not fair play, and in the next place if the Tiger and myself got joint possession of the Crown, we should very likely begin fighting for it between ourselves, and so thinks MR. LOWE,

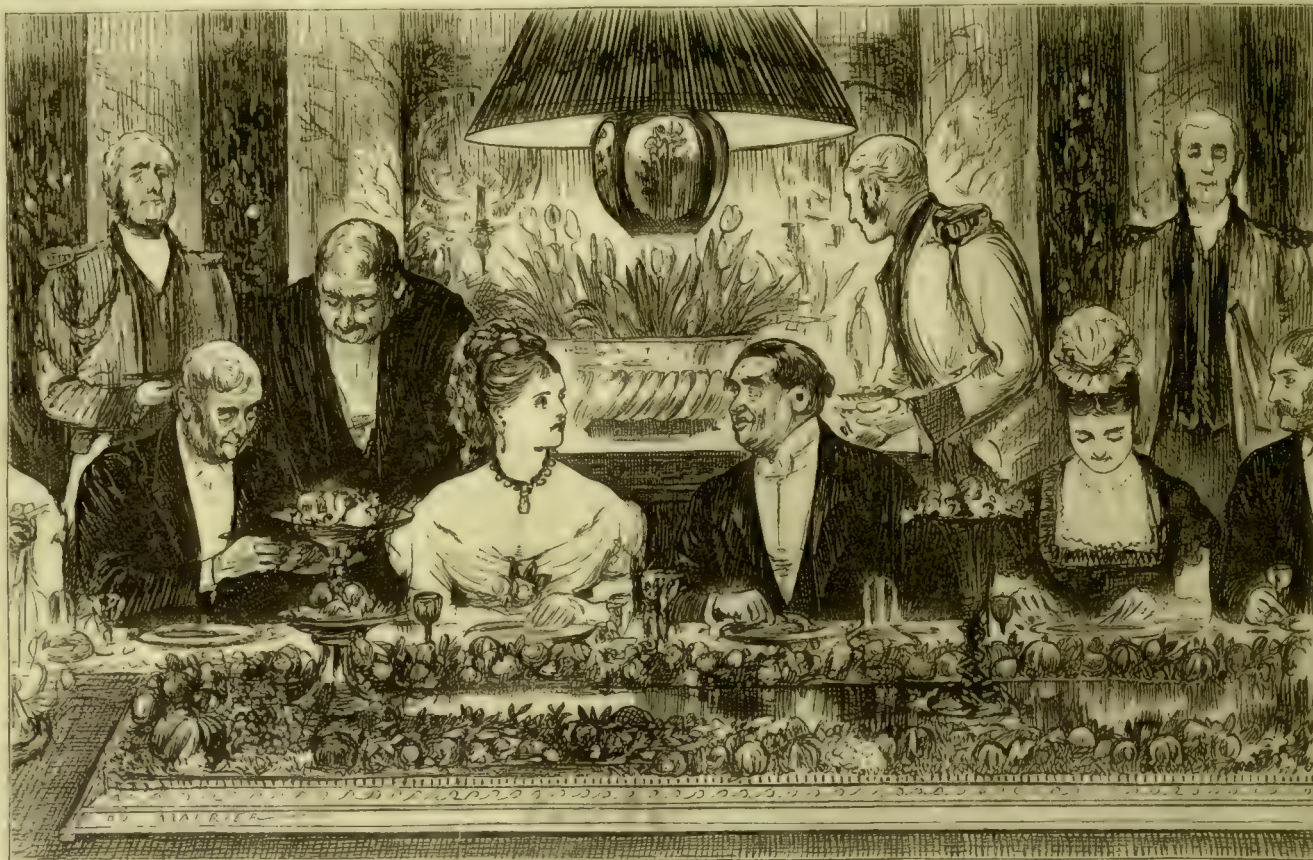
Yours as ever,

LEO BRITANNICUS.

The Queen's Arms.

ANTAGONISM EXTRAORDINARY.

VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE moving the rejection of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill in a Maiden Speech.



THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.

Professor Guzzleton (to Fair Chatterbox). "ARE YOU AWARE THAT OUR HOST HAS A FRENCH COOK?" Fair Chatterbox. "SO I HEAR!"
Professor Guzzleton. "AND THAT THAT FRENCH COOK IS THE BEST IN LONDON?" Fair Chatterbox. "SO I BELIEVE!"
Professor Guzzleton. "THEN DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER DEFER ALL FURTHER CONVERSATION TILL WE MEET AGAIN IN THE DRAWING-ROOM?"

BOB'S PENANCE.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"It gives me the most sincere satisfaction, after the dreary life which I have led for two and a half years, to find myself at last once more in a meeting that is really heartily and unmistakeably Liberal. The penance that we have gone through no words can tell. We have argued, and we have convinced, I believe, upon many occasions; but when it came to the division, there was the same inevitable result. Opinions may have been shaken, scruples may have been raised, difficulties which could not have been answered may have been suggested; but the same inevitable termination came—Beaten by a majority of so many."—MR. LOWE at Retford.

Oh, pity the sorrows of SISTRYPHUS-LOWE!
 Greek fancy, which fashioned the classical Hades,
 Devised a respectable torment or so
 For treacherous Monarchs or murderous Ladies.
 But what was the toil of the Stone or the Sieve,
 Compared with the task of our modern Bob Logic,
 Compelling Boeotian brains to believe,
 Yet reaping no fruits of his pains pedagogic?

To argue, convince, yet not conquer! Alack!
 What, what is the use of cool Reason's authority,
 When brought against brass-fronted BEN, with his back
 Set safe 'gainst the rock of his fine brute Majority?
 Ah! Tantalus-torture were nothing to Lowe's:
 Fancy critical Bob cutting blocks with his razor!
 A spectacle that, Mr. Punch would suppose,
 To soften the heart of the stoniest gazer.

To mark money flying like Danaë's shower,
 To hear premiss coolly divorced from conclusion,
 O'er purse-strings or fallacies void of all power,
 To see Tory muffs worse-confounding confusion!

A penance indeed not unworthy of Tophet,
 Bob his foes may confute, but he cannot compel 'em.
 They from darkness Egyptian contrive to snatch profit,
 While he could not manage "ex luce lucellum"!

Yet 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good;
 Sadness softens the visage most stern and prognathous.
 To see our cool Bob in a right melting mood,
 With a tear in his eye, and his tongue tuned to pathos,
 Is such a sweet sight, and so rich, and so rare,
 That a snatch of fine joy from his gloom we can borrow.
 Cheer up, Bob! BEN's glass is no longer "set fair."
 You to-day wear the sheet; he may don it to-morrow.

A MODEST ADVERTISER.

TO NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.—An accomplished and highly respectable single English gentleman, age 25, who is truly energetic, honest, candid, temperate, moral, staid, of good intellect and address, prepossessing in appearance, of strong and healthy constitution, has travelled in various parts of England, France, and America, can ride, swim, row, shoot, fence, sing, play, &c., and can give unexceptionable references, is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT, &c., &c.

UGHT not this paragon to have headed his advertisement, "To Ladies of Beauty, Rank and Fortune?" Such a combination of all the virtues and accomplishments, with personal beauty in addition, is seldom to be found. Surely he will not be long on the market. He adds, what scarcely was necessary, that he is a "person without conceit." Such persons are rare: but here is evidently a perfect specimen of greatness combined with modesty. Ladies of England, Leap Year is not over, and this admirable CRICHTON is unmarried!

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.—Being served with a glass of Bass when you called for old Edinburgh.



OVER-WEIGHTED.

BRITANNIA. "LOOK HERE, FATHER NEP! I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH LONGER! WHO'S TO 'RULE THE WAVES' IN *THIS* SORT OF THING?"

PUNCH AT PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—Neighbourhood of the newly-launched Iron-clad "Inflexible."

Interlocutors—NEPTUNE, VULCAN, and MR. PUNCH.

Time—April 27, 1876.



Punch. Well, Father Nep,
and you, great Vulcan,
say—

What of our last sea-monster
—launched to-day?

Neptune. All hail the *Inflexible*!—the more the merrier.—

Be it my lot to buoy, and not
to bury, her!

Vulcan. Ten thousand tons!
Seven hundred thousand
pounds!

And twenty-four-inch arm-
our! All that sounds
convincingly colossal. Yet
beware!

You may forge armour past
all strength to bear.

Can those who arm the most,
in safety feel?

Nay, trust your foes to find
Achilles' heel.

Punch. With power on arm-
our-plates old Vulcan
speaks;

And Neptune knows the
worth of silver streaks

Without the means to guard them. Waves environ
Our shores; we've mighty store of gold and iron;
But vain are both without the will—and brain—
To keep our power unshaken on the main,
And more than match for all who chance to come;—
A difficult and ever-shifting sum
Beyond Red-Tapist's reckoning! Yet till JOHN
Can tottle *that*, all reeds he rests upon
Are rotten, though as high their heads they rear
As—

Neptune. Eight-and-seventy million pounds a year?

Punch. Just so! Yet twice that were no penny lost,
Were safety purchased at the monstrous cost.
But muffs waste every farthing that they spend,
While stopping short of that supremest end.
JOHN'S Fleet's his fate!

Neptune. Let him lay that to heart,

Of all his rivals get—and keep—the start;
Kick out the bunglers, quash the squabblers, loose
His purse-strings like a man—not like a goose!—
Make this the rule that, whether Blues or Buffs
Be in, the Navy shan't be left to muffs,
And—well, I'll do what now I'd rather not—
Praise without *arrière pensée* yon huge pot
On which he prides himself, a nine days' wonder
Till some new Behemoth outroars its thunder!

Punch. Your lips drop weighty wisdom!

Vulcan. JOHN should try
To pick it up. Give him the tip! Good-bye!

[*Exit NEPTUNE and VULCAN severally.*]

Punch (*solus, thoughtfully surveying the newly-launched Colossus*).

Sagacious counsel! echo of my own.
Thou dull mechanic monster, over-grown!
A type, to draw the gall of *Punch's* quill,
Of Man's ingenious folly, ill-used skill,
Waste power, and squandered wealth! Still grows the pace
In the great Iron Handicap: a race
Cruel and ruinous, void of grace or credit.
Is one thing sadly certain—must we head it?

[*Exit, to ask the Public that question.*]

Poetry and Prose.

THE electric wire is occasionally poetical. A recent telegram from Madrid, announcing that KING ALFONSO, the PRINCE OF WALES, and the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT had driven, without escort, over the Retiro in a carriage-and-four, added—"The city wore a gay and brilliant aspect." This Court-prose-poet might, as he "struck the wire," have gone on—

"His Majesty and their Imperial Highnesses
The garb of Royal life."

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*,"
"*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell.*"

CHAPTER IX.—*What Jenny says.*

WITH one shrill species of shriek she flew for bare life, as if ten thousand Bulls of Bedlam were behind her, until, completely spent with her violent exertions, she fell down on the floor of the room where I am seated, playing the piano, panting, gasping, convulsive, heaving, while the waves of rich carmine that that mad, wild run has brought into her cheeks, are at ebb-tide now, leaving nothing but the grey, white, solid sand of her marble face blanched with fear as surely as if

"in terror of the Sun-God,
Whose steeds run curbless o'er our Southern France,
The young Asparagus turns yellow-white,
And quits its bed to meet the market-knife."

Or, as the King of ancient Roman poets, and model of so many modern lyricists, has so feelingly said,

"O puer Asparagus! dea migrata ante solit."

I am playing the piano while the others are dancing: being the eldest sister and the plainest, it is my rôle in life to play the piano while others are dancing.

The scene is changed. It is no longer Wollum. We are at our merry widow's sister's house in Sturfordshire, and it is into the drawing-room of her house that BELLA comes and falls down exhausted after her long run.

Only one person, besides myself, notices her as she lies in her rose-coloured dressing-gown prone on the rich yellow carpet, her poor red eyes sparkling, and a quivering tremor about her mouth, as she stretches out her desolate white arms, swimming through a sea of troubles—only one person sees this—it is our Cousin, ORLISS GWYNNIN. He is leaning lazily against a door-post, looking very handsome, with his large, indolent, reproachful, sky-blue eyes, while the gas-light catches his yellow hair: but of this he takes no sort of notice, so sleepy and louny is he, except to explain to me, that "he does not mind any gaslight catching his hair, as he is heavily insured,"—which explanation gives me every possible satisfaction,—and lights up his sunny soft young moustache, so bright, so slight, that it seems more as if he had been sucking some sweet Seville Orange, and had left the strong trace of the rich golden-tinted blood, in its pipful veins, than that flossy, downy hair should be springing up about that handsome mouth, as spring flowers, or drooping, bright-eyed reeds, will grow on the side of a bright, green, sleepy, deep, well-like ditch.

He has been listening to, or rather, enduring, my playing slow jigs, brisk minuets, *valse à quatre temps*, stately *cancans*, courtly boleros, and voluptuous Roger de Coverleys, for three hours, without an interval of refreshment, and I am beginning to feel a little tired. Still there is a chance, even for me—the eldest, plainest, and most utterly uninteresting of the St. JOHN VILLIERS family—as long as our Cousin ORLISS GWYNNIN, the gay, lounging, butterfly bachelor, is willing to sit in the same room with me without actually going to sleep, as is the practice of most English gentlemen when they hear sweet music.

ORLISS is laughing with good-humoured, boyish heartiness at something he has just been saying to himself, when BELLA rushes in as I have described, and falls on the floor.

"Good Heavens!" I exclaim—being the ugly woman of the family, I invariably make use of the plainest expression—"what is the matter? Is it all over?"

"No," she answers (drily) "not all over yet" (looking up suddenly at ORLISS, and laughing violently), "not half begun, I should say" (very indistinctly, and colouring violently, while the blood in ORLISS's face mounts up to his deep, blue-lined temples). "Play, play, PLAY! and"—she adds, gruffly—"if possible play until you leave off. Do you hear?"

I hear, and obey, as I always do. And so JENNY plays on.

ORLISS regards her attentively as he strokes the silky gold of his moustache. Then his broad chest heaves, and his wide, light-blue-Cambridge eyes glisten with a passionate excitement, as, struggling with the strong emotion that the sight of those beautiful appealing eyes has aroused in his innermost being, he bites his lips till they bleed again.

ORLISS is a splendid handsome idiotic man, an innocent cherubic yet stalwart beauty. BELLA felt that even if the old love had left her, here at least might be one good enough to go on with *pro tem.*, and perhaps, at some future time, to go off with, also *pro tem.* But these were lightning flashes of hope in her dark nights of storm, misery, and undying grief.

The young man is trembling with the involuntary vehemence of his own thoughts, as, in a voice sharpened and roughened by the very intensity of his self-restraint, he spoke—



COVERT COMPLIMENTS.

(THE LAST OF THE SEASON.)

Captain Skirter (patronisingly). "HAW, MISS FENCER, SO GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT TO-DAY. SAW YOU GO RATTLING WELL THAT LAST DAY AT EVEHALLOW."

Miss Fencer (promptly). "WE ALWAYS GO WHERE THERE IS GOING. BUT"—(sweetly)—"I DARE SAY YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE US!!"

"Will you marry me to-morrow?" asked ORLISS, violently clenching his hands until the nails disappeared in the palms and came out distinct, firm, and visible at the back, while his teeth closed hard on his upper lip.

She was dreamily thinking of Wollum and the seashore, and is not attending to him.

"Answer me!" he cried, an agony of indignant perspiration breaking out on his clay-white face, and colouring it a rich brown. "We will be married to-morrow morning early, before the break of day, won't we?" he asks, stooping his waved gold head over her and smiling drearly.

"No, we won't!" she answered. Then, as if afraid of having given him too sharp a stab, she added, as if in correction, "At least, not too early. Let us be married after the break of day. Let the break of day be married first."

He takes her to his arms, and strains her to his broad, strong, heaving bosom. Then he seizes her slender wrists, but she breaks away from him, and smiles once more on the floor.

I have ceased to play, but the guests, who had never cared to listen to me, being ignorant of my having quitted my place at the piano, are still dancing in the front room.

"Oh Heaven!" BELLA suddenly exclaimed, flinging out her arms, and then throwing her head down on her knees so recklessly that at any moment she might have let it drop and so lost it. "If I were only certain of not suffering to-morrow, I would eat supper now!"

"What are you talking about?" cries ORLISS, startled and gravely shocked at this unlooked-for outburst.

But she makes no answer.

"We must dance before we sup," says ORLISS, gaily. "Come along!" and he flings his happy arms around her, and looking with fierce beauty into her defiant eyes, as a spasm of joy contracts his radiant face, he feels that for the next ten divine, mad minutes of the quadrille, she is his and his only.

"Come along!" says ORLISS, gaily.

"Don't be a nuisance!" she answers. "Go away! *Va t'en! Allez vous promener! Allez vous en! Accrochez-le!*"

He *accroches* it. Yes, ORLISS, his broad chest heaving, and his

wide blue eyes glittering with passionate excitement, seizes her fiercely by her back hair in an access of sudden and uncontrollable passion; he presses the *souvenir* to his lips, and passes out. So he is gone; dismissed, for awhile. Gradually the music ceased; the guests, hot, weary, flushed, pallid, and straggling, have departed. BELLA lifts her dreamy, wistful eyes up to me, and holds out the advertisement sheet of a newspaper.

"Look," she says to me. "A Lady-Help is required at once by SIR GUY FOCKSDAY, of Focksdays Hall. I am weary of this kind of life. I shall go."

And before I can say a word, she has packed up her things, and gone.

CHAPTER X.—What the Author says.

It was a cold, dreary November when she arrived at the lodge gate of Focksdays Hall, and walked up the noble avenue towards the ancient house. It was SIR GUY'S birthday—the fifth of the month; and the simple-minded, attached peasantry were showing their love for their old Squire by carrying him in a chair round the grounds, while they sang pæans of joy suitable to the occasion.

SIR GUY, whose fine old venerable head, set loosely on his somewhat uneven and stooping shoulders, hung forward on his breast and harmoniously nodded in time with every movement of his bearers. His dress, though a comfortable one for an English Squire, had something of a foreign cut about it, which seemed scarcely in keeping with the surroundings of the place: his coat, which showed evident signs of rough, hard work in all kinds of weathers, was patched, here and there,—with such a variety of unblended colours as would have driven GIORIO wild, and given TINTORETTO fits,—and had been warmly lined for the inclement, cutting winter season with clean, warm, supple, sweet-smelling straw, the ends of which occasionally peeped out, revealing the real interior luxury of this poor-looking old rag of a garment. His nether man was defended in a similar manner from the biting North wind; and his feet, encased in big, easy boots, hung loosely over the chair, so that the toes turning by that mutual attraction to one another which is the peculiarity of a certain class of toes, castanetted an accompaniment to their slow progress along the grounds. Be it remem-



ROSE-LEAF CRUMPLES.

Edith. "OH DEAR! I AM SO TIRED!"

Loving Husband. "WHAT HAS FATIGUED YOU, MY PIPPETYWIPPETY POPPET?"

Edith. "OH! I HAVE HAD TO HOLD UP MY PARASOL ALL THE TIME I WAS IN THE CARRIAGE!"

bered that SIR GUY was now a man well stricken in years, and so it was no wonder that such colour as remained in his white, glazed-looking, hard features was of a peculiar, rosy, fresh geranium tint; that his eyes were hollow and lack-lustre; that his nose was sharp, white, and meaningless; and, as SIR GUY was still a great smoker, it would have been a matter of unfeigned astonishment to his friends had they seen him without the short clay pipe which was now stuck, in a careless fashion, into his bar-split, toothless mouth, whose hard, shrivelled, yet brown-pink lips, held the pipe-stem with a fixed pressure: nor would they have evinced less surprise had they met him without the bunch of wooden matches, or pipe-lights, which he carried, negligently, in one curved, powerless hand, while, in the other—being old-fashioned, and not caring to muddle himself up with new-fangled inventions—he held a lantern, with a lighted candle within. It was this vision of

"A fine Old English Gentleman,
One of the olden time,"

that met BELLA's gaze as she crossed the avenue, and entered the side-path.

"SIR GUY seems beloved—though, no doubt, he is eccentric," she thought to herself; "but I may be happy here."

Seeing a stranger approaching, SIR GUY bade his bearers set him down somewhere away, among the laurel-bushes, or in the tool-shed, or any quiet corner, so that he might be out of the way when the supposed visitor called—as is the fashion with fine old English hospitable gentlemen when they ought to be present to receive a guest. So the good, snub-nosed, Sabbath-clothed peasants, singing

"Please to remember
The Fifth of November,"

A CHANCE FOR "OUIDA."

THE Herzegovinians have had their Amazon, as most guerilla armies have had before them. What a heroine this MADemoiselle MERKUS would make for "OUIDA," or the romantic sisterhood who toil after her in vain through the unwholesome jungles of the improbable and the improper! A Dutch Creole, born at Java, where she possesses immense estates, attached to the staff of the unpronounceable one, L'JUBIBRATICS, equipping an insurgent squadron at her own expense, out of funds supplied from her château and grounds in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem! Lovely, accomplished, raven-haired, wasp-waisted, gazelle-eyed, Diana-limbed, and only twenty-four years of age, she is all a lady-novelist can require for a starting-point! There is your heroine. Stew her down in the stock extracted from a chapter on liqueurs, a discussion about old china and *bric-à-brac*, and the descriptive detail of twenty or thirty dresses by WORTH; pepper the mixture with quotations from the naughtiest French novels and the best known Italian proverbs, with a sprinkling of oaths in as many languages as can be found room for; and, after letting her simmer through the proper number of pages with a Florentine duke, whose limpid eyes dive down to the soles of her "Hessians"—for she wears male Herzegovinian attire—with a Parisian *cocodette* for her rival, dish-up with a garnish of the raciest bits of the last decade's worst literature, and you have a novel which would certainly be in hot demand for three weeks at least among the more reckless subscribers to MUDIE's Library—who, in their hunger for excitement, cannot wait to discriminate the taste of what they swallow, or the effect of it upon the ravenous devourer.

The Genius of the Ring.

AN excitable Lady, who disapproves of the paternal and maternal government of the School-Board, being summoned for not sending her children to school the other day, suddenly took off her wedding-ring, and threw it at the head of the sitting Magistrate. MR. BENSON, the Magistrate at the wicket, dexterously caught the ring (amid cries of "Well fielded!" by the Clerks), and proceeded good-humouredly to ask the irascible mother conundrums which were not calculated to calm her troubled spirit—"Why did you throw your wedding-ring at me?" To which she might have reasonably replied, "Because it is the first step to a Union." But she didn't. We are not informed that MR. BENSON told her that, if she could not take care of her ring, the Court would be obliged to find her a keeper.

turned the chair over in among the laurel-bushes, and walked away, leaving SIR GUY to watch the effect upon the caller when one of his powdered, canary-coloured Colossi should open the hall-door, and say "Not at home!" in answer to the first simple inquiry.

But Fate willed it otherwise; and the visitor was not to inquire at that door yet awhile.

Her curiosity partially aroused by what she had seen, BELLA crossed the garden-walk. Fatigued with her walk, for a moment she sits down on a rough-hewn bench.

I do not believe in coincidences generally; but I believe in this coincidence, because it exactly fits into this present situation, and helps us along.

As she sighed, she heard the roll of wheels upon a gravel-path, and two voices—a man's and a woman's.

The woman's said, lackadaisically—and yet why should she lack-a-daisy where so many grew?—"Carry Floss: she's rheumatic, and the ground is rather too damp."

"Yes, my Lady."

At that man's voice BELLA started so violently that she tilted the seat, backwards, right in among the laurel and rhododendron shrubs, and so—fortunately for her—disappeared from view as there passed, right in front of where she had but the moment before been seated, a Lady in a Bath-chair, wheeled by a tall servant in a splendid livery, carrying a little fat, wheezing, silk-eared dog, that had seen its best days among the snows of St. Bernard in the Isles of Newfoundland.

BELLA, completely concealed by the friendly bushes, was able to concentrate her whole attention on the Lady, while the face of her male attendant was turned away.

(To be continued.)

GREAT MEETING AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



N Good Friday, taking advantage of the closing of the Gardens, a Meeting of the most influential of DR. SCLATER's boarders was convened for the purpose of considering the arrangements to be made for the reception at the Gardens of the animals presented to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES during his Indian progress.

On the motion of the Senior Lion present, seconded by *Chunce*, the Big Elephant, the Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger was called to the Chair.

The Chairman said: No doubt the Meeting was aware of the fact that His Royal Highness had in the course of his Indian tour received more—a good

many more—zoological gifts from the Rajahs, Maharajahs, Ranas, Jams, Guikwars, Peishwas, Nawaubs, and other potentates of India, than he knew what to do with. The synonym for the most embarrassing and unwelcome of gifts that could be made was a "white elephant"—no offence to their most respectable pachydermatous comrade of darker complexion, who, he was sure, would always be a welcome present, under any circumstances. These half-civilised Indian rulers—his family had known something about them in earlier days—were apparently under the impression that there were no tigers, lions, elephants, panthers, cheetahs, or bears in this country—(*derisive howls, roars, grunts, growls, and squeaks from the company*)—but what was the fact? The uncivilised animals which had been shipped on board the *Serapis* and the *Raleigh*—for, literally, the animals had had to come over in two ships, like the famous Monkey in the comic song—were no more to be compared to the animals born, or at least educated, in those Gardens, than the street Arab of the back slums could be compared with the highly cultivated Graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. The question before them was, should this fact be acknowledged and acted upon, or ignored? Should the new-comers be received with the attentions due to distinguished foreigners, the deference that should always be paid to Royal property, or the cool and contemptuous indifference that was the natural demeanour of civilised beings towards mere illiterate and uncultivated—he might say savage—intruders on the happy and highly-trained family-party which he saw around him?

The Indian Elephant, being loudly called upon, trumpeted to the effect that he flattered himself he knew something about Elephants, something about England, and something about India. He must say that he felt as if he never could look an *Illustrated London News* or a *Graphic* in the face again, after the glut of Elephants they had inflicted on the public during the tour of His Royal Highness. If the Prince was as sick of Elephants as the public must be, he feared the popularity of his family had received a blow from which it never would recover. There could be such a thing as even too much Elephant. (*Cries of "No, no!"*) It was now twenty-five years since he had packed up his trunk for his journey to this country. Since then he had led a quiet and happy, though somewhat monotonous, life. It was easier, if less exciting work, carrying a howdah-load of children than a fat Rajah or his harem, or a sporting Sahib with his breech-loaders; and he would rather make the acquaintance of his distinguished friend in the Chair through the bars of the Carnivora-house than at closer quarters on his own flank, or with his (the Elephant's) trunk in his (the Tiger's) claws. He would say nothing of the effects of a diet composed largely of stale buns and questionable gingerbread. Luckily, his digestion was pretty strong. But he knew the British Public. It liked novelty, it liked Lions—no allusion to his feline friends—and it liked Foreigners—if a little savage, so much the better. Look at the way it ran after the SHAH. He was quite prepared to find his friend the B. P. going into raptures over the new-comers, if only because they knew no English and had never tasted a bun in their lives. He did not mean to allow his trunk to be put out of joint by any such ignorant intruders, though they came from the stud of the mighty RAM-JAM JELLYBOY, the original BANDERSNATCH, or the great PANJANDRUM himself. He, for one, would take care that the Superintendent, Fellows, and Visitors knew HIS sentiments on the subject. If these strangers were thrust upon the established

animals, let the public look out, he would not say for squalls, but for trumpets, to a pretty lively tune, and a smash to follow. He did not think his howdah would be the safest place for hopeful boys home for the holidays if the rumoured intention was persisted in.

Jenny, the Ourang-Outan, after apologising for the weak state of her voice, owing to chronic bronchitis—these East winds were really cruel—put it to the Meeting, if this was the sort of weather poor animals ought to expect so near May-Day. She would only remind them, that the attraction of their less civilised brethren would draw more nuts and buns.

The Chairman growled out that he didn't see what nuts and buns had to do with it. If she had said ribs of beef, he could have understood the observation.

The Ourang-Outan apologised, and for the rest of the meeting sat pensively nibbling the Larger Ant-Eater's tail, but said no more.

The Polar Bear quite agreed with his pachydermatous friend (the Elephant). He had no liking for India, which he considered a nasty, hot, disagreeable country, with not an iceberg or a glacier to be had for love or money, without travelling as far as the great Himalayan range. He did not expect to find any of his kith or kin among the new-comers, and had no disposition to admit relationship with the diminutive and vegetable-eating Himalayan Bears who, he understood, would be represented among them.

The Brown Bear of Europe begged to say "ditto" to his Polar cousin. He did not believe in Indian gifts either. He might have his own views about—some might say *upon*—India, but all he would say at that Meeting was that his motto had been, and should always be, "Bear and for-Bear." They had heard of "the Lion's share" long enough. He hoped the time was now coming for the Bear's share to be meted out to him. He did not see what they wanted with more animals, except for the commissariat department. All he could say was, that, if they came, he was willing to do his best to see them taken in and done for.

The Lion remarked that if he had changed his quarters lately, he was still the Old Lion. He had asked his Royal and Imperial friend to take the Chair, to show that he did not envy him his new title. He preferred old names himself, and would remain the original British Lion so long known, and he hoped he might add, so deservedly popular, in those Gardens. He thought the less we had of Indian titles, or of Indian visitors, the better.

The Royal and Imperial Bengal Tiger wished to know if the British Lion had any intention of reflecting on him, or his family or title, by that remark?

The British Lion declined to explain.

The Tiger on this began to growl, and the Meeting was much agitated for some moments, when, luckily, the Keepers coming up, got the animals coaxed to their respective dens, and the bars were secured on the Carnivora without mischief, though without any distinct expression of the feeling of the Meeting.

(POSSIBLE) MAY MEETINGS, 1876.

MR. DISRAELI may meet with a good reason for his newly-acquired Imperialism—better at least than those furnished by his favourite almanack and little girl.

MR. GLADSTONE may meet with something fresh to disestablish—with MR. DISRAELI's assistance.

DR. KENEALY may meet with some one who believes him the heir of all the Plantagenets, a greater orator than DEMOSTHENES, and a juster man than ARISTIDES.

MR. WHALLEY may meet with a simpler victim of delusion than himself.

MR. NEWDEGATE may meet with a nunnery that will receive him with open arms.

THE SULTAN and the KHEDIVE may meet with some one able to show them a new way to pay old debts.

THE ARMIES of the EMPEROR of RUSSIA may meet with the word "EMPRESS" chalked on a board somewhere in Asia, and retreat into Europe with precipitation.

THE two giant Iron-clads *Aéronaut* and *Diving Belle* may meet, and prove MR. WARD HUNT's prevision in christening them.

MR. SWINBURNE may meet with a poet equal to himself—even in his own opinion.

THE Home-Rulers and Nationalists may meet, without having to be parted by the Police.

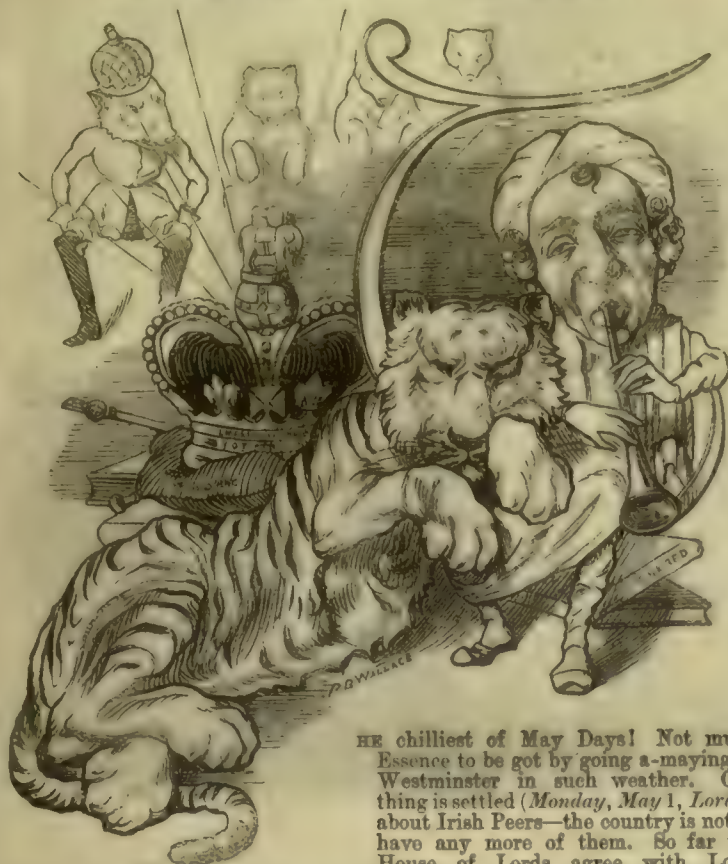
CHRISTIANS of different denominations may meet without cursing each other.

THE House of Commons may meet with the serious intention of doing useful work.

MR. PUNCH may meet with an Upper Ten and a Lower Ten Million, none of whom deserve his satiric lash.

PAINTERS, whose Pictures have been sent back for want of room, must be pleased to learn that the Royal Academy has had a STOREY added to it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HE chilliest of May Days! Not much Essence to be got by going a-maying in Westminster in such weather. One thing is settled (*Monday, May 1, Lords*), about Irish Peers—the country is not to have any more of them. So far the House of Lords agree with LORD INCHQUIN. The rest of the Bill—as

far as *Punch* can understand—has gone to the dogs. No. Irish boroughs may yet have the chance given them of being represented by Irish Peers. Who dares say England never does anything for Ireland?

(*Commons*).—Merchant Shipping again. Government Clause carried to prohibit deck-loads of heavy timber, or of light timber above three feet high, between October and March. MR. PLIMSOLL was within eight of getting timber deck-loads prohibited altogether. Bravo, PLIMSOLL! This shows the good of “pegging away,” even in the teeth of a stonewall; nay, against what is worse than any number of stonewalls, such a feather-bed fender as ADDERLEY’S puzzle-pate stuffed with good intentions.

Tuesday (Lords).—First cry over spilt milk—of which we are promised more to come. LORD SELBORNE stated, elaborately and emphatically, his grounds for contending that Ministers, after promising to “localise” the QUEEN’S Imperial Title, by their Proclamation, have kept the word of “honour to the ear, and broken it to the sense,” by localising the title of Queen in England, and giving the title of Empress everywhere else in the British dominions.

“No,” says the LORD CHANCELLOR. “The Proclamation applies only to cases where the QUEEN’S full title has to be used. It provides that the new title shall not be used in those cases, where they relate to England only. That is what I undertook we would do, and that is what we have done.”

LORD HATHERLEY (ex-Lord Chancellor) compactly puts the question, as between LORD SELBORNE and LORD CAIRNS—which will next week be the question between MR. DISRAELI and SIR H. JAMES, between Her Majesty’s Government and Her Majesty’s Opposition, between the Majority and the Minority:—“Did the promise to localise the title mean spreading it over every part of the Empire except England?”

Now our readers know exactly the point at issue. It could not have been better put than by LORD SELBORNE, or more clearly, and weakly, met than by LORD CAIRNS. Between them we know the best that can be said for, and the worst that can be said against, Government. And bad is the best.

(Meanwhile, it is a comfort to know that if Municipalities *Kotow*, it will be because they like it. SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster King-at-Arms, told the Corporation of Dublin that in their Address to the QUEEN on the return of the PRINCE OF WALES, they must approach her by the new style. “Nothing of the kind!” says the HOLKER, in his off-hand way. “Bother SIR BERNARD!” So BURKE is Burked! The Ulster King-at-Arms may put the HOLKER’S flat contradiction in his pipe—if Kings-at-Arms have such low things—and smoke it—if Kings-at-Arms do such low things.)

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI explained to SIR H. JAMES that of course in

Commissions the new title must be used, as they operated all over the world—in India as elsewhere.

“Investigation of Titles” has always been the *rauc* of our Land-Transfer law. It promises soon to be as awkward, and as sore a point in the Legislation, as in the Law, of the land. What a crop of questions must be growing out of the Proclamation for the Law Officers, from the LORD CHANCELLOR down!

The Government grants SIR H. HAVELOCK a Select Committee to inquire how berths in the Civil Service can be found for meritorious members of the Military and Naval dittoes, after discharge. But MR. HARDY declines to turn the War-Office into a Registration-Office.

PETER TAYLOR, that *Don Quixote* of doubtful cases and desperate causes, laid bare for the second time the backs of the two small boys whom MR. WILBERFORCE, taking the law and the stick into his own hands, thrashed, *vices parentis*, and has thereby earned, and got, a lecture from the LORD CHANCELLOR on the danger of Magistrates allowing their Eton experience of flogging and its blessed effects to carry them too far. MR. TAYLOR, after a statement of the case, in that peculiarly strong language which anything that he views as oppression always provokes him to,—so much must be said to the credit of his heart, if not his head—asked to have MR. WILBERFORCE dismissed from the Bench.

The House agreed with SIR W. BARTLETT that the Magistrate’s error of judgment had been sufficiently punished, and that “wiggling” might fairly be set against “whipping”—particularly as MR. W. had had to pay £15 damages, at which rate the indignant parent would probably be delighted to have his rabbit-hunting offspring flogged every week in the year.

MR. C. LEWIS called the RIGHT HON. R. LOWE over the coals for his after-dinner story at Retford, that two Ministers, to whom the QUEEN had made the proposal, had declined to bring in a Bill empowering her to add to her title.

MR. LOWE having first answered MR. LEWIS’S letter, giving notice of his intention to ask the question, as he used to answer deputations, by a snub including a sneer, tried to repeat the process in his speech, and so laid himself open to such a double-thonging from MR. DISRAELI, as the House has not had the pleasure of seeing administered for many a long day, followed by a denial of MR. LOWE’S statement on the part of HER MAJESTY—a real Queen’s Message. The House received the message with respect, the castigation with relish. On no back could the lash have been laid so entirely to the House’s satisfaction. BEN thrashing BOB, BOB having richly deserved it, is only less delightful than it will be to see BOB return the compliment to BEN when he gets the chance.

Arcades ambo,

Scarficare pares, et pay-back-are parati.

Wednesday.—Bill to assimilate Irish Registration to English. Ireland being so like England in all other respects, why should it not be like her also in this? Strange the House can’t see the absurdity, but persists in throwing out the Bill by 205 to 118.

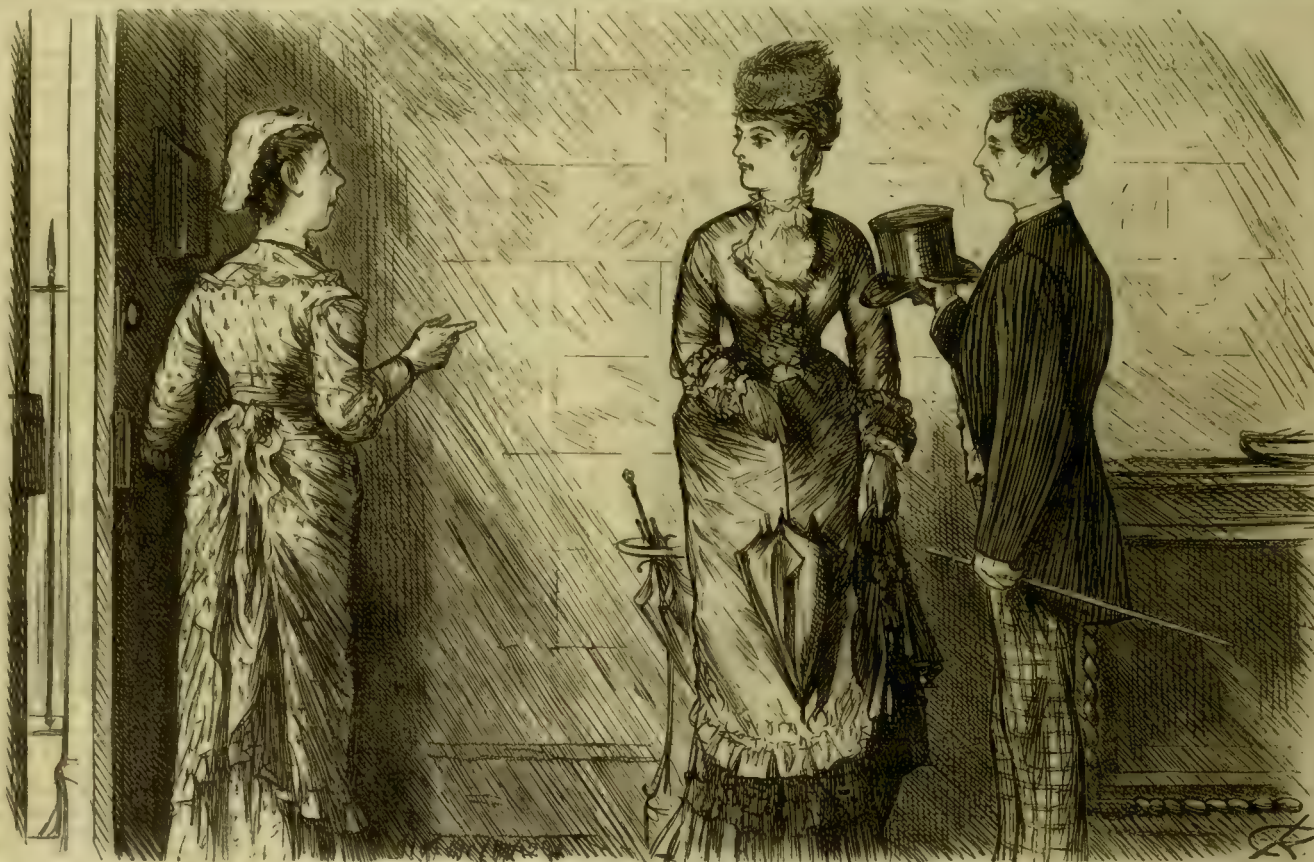
Thursday (Commons).—MR. LOWE, having taken council of his pillow, and his friends—he has friends—apologised humbly and fully for his Retford *lèse-majesté*. It would have been inexcusable in him to repeat the story if false; still more inexcusable, if true. The QUEEN’S name should not be dragged into debate, for the QUEEN is the only person in England who cannot open her mouth in her own defence.

After MR. LOWE had administered the discipline to himself with a heavy hand, MR. LEWIS got up to improve the occasion, but the House was not of a humour for MR. LEWIS’S “improvement,” and shut him up sharply. MR. LEWIS had better be warned by the fate of MR. LOWE.

SIR HENRY JAMES gave notice of his intention to move a Resolution that the Proclamation under the Royal Titles Bill does not make adequate provision for localising the title of Empress.

MR. DISRAELI, accepting the motion as at once a vote of no confidence and censure, put that day week at SIR HENRY’S service. So on Thursday the 11th, the Crown will again be thrown up for a kick off, a “rooge,” and a “bully,” though there can be no doubt, considering the strength of the sides, which will carry the goal. But was the Crown meant for a foot-ball?

Merchant Shipping. Delightful as usual. Scurvy,



SECRETS.

Intelligent Housemaid. "OH, PLEASE, MISS, THERE WAS A YOUNG GENTLEMAN CALLED WHEN YOU WAS OUT. HE DIDN'T LEAVE NO CARD, MISS; BUT I CAN SHOW YOU WHO HE IS, 'CAUSE THERE'S THREE OF HIS PHOTOGRAPHS IN YOUR ALBUM."

ships'-boats, and advance-notes in hand.' The President of the Board of Trade threw a new light on the dangers and disadvantages of ships'-boats.

"Suppose a ship wrecked in the middle of the Atlantic, with all the life-boats and deck rafts proposed by the clause on board, and that all the passengers were lowered safely; what would become of them? They would simply be starved, and die by inches, instead of being drowned in the ship."

Of boats, said MAJOR BERESFORD (as of wounds in the old play, according to the well-known JOE MILLER),

"The danger's great, because they are so small."

SIR CHARLES retorts (as smartly as the Wag in the gallery),—

"It would be far less, were there none at all."

Ought not the new Shipping Bill to contain a provision that no ship carry boats, as a precaution against lingering death in cases of ship-wreck? On Scurvy we are glad to hear that a Committee is sitting. We wish it a close and searching inquiry, and to MR. BATES, and all the other owners of scurvy-smitten ships, a good deliverance. Poor MR. BATES! With all the ship-owning virtues under the sun, he is so unlucky as to be under the necessity—which must be painful to a truly modest mind like his—of perpetually blowing his own trumpet. What is MR. BATES to do if the sailors aboard his ships *won't* eat preserved vegetables, and *will* eat "slush?" Then again, MR. BATES believes Advance-notes to be essential to the well-being of the British Seaman; but perverse Committees, both of Ship-owners and the House of Commons, *will* report against them as demoralising to the Seaman, and of service only to the crimp and the class of owners whose trust is in crimps. BATES in the character of *Antagonistes* again!

Friday (Lords).—LORD DE LA WARR uttered a wail *à propos* of the wicked School Boards, which are dragging us into the slough of despond, of a purely, or impurely, Secular Education! He wants to have the burning question of Primary Education handled in the Lords before going to the Commons, who are sure to scorch their fingers over it. The DUKE OF RICHMOND did not see his way to this. Educators must put their hands into the public pocket, and that was a privilege reserved for the Commons.

Oxford University Bill read a Third Time.

(*Commons.*)—Last night the House was loud on the Seaman's Advance-note in our seaports. To-night it is as hot over the Russian Advance-note in Central Asia.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE dragged the double-headed eagle on the *tapis*. We ought to look on the Russian advance towards Merv as the rise of a tide on our Indian frontier.

(Has MR. COCHRANE ever heard of CANUTE and his courtiers? Tides rise by laws of nature. Are Russians in Central Asia advancing so? Better drop the tide metaphor.)

MR. FORSYTH admits that the Bear is swallowing the Khanates; but all the better for the Khanates. The Bear is a blessing—in disguise, perhaps, but still a blessing. Central Asians can only be civilised by absorption. There is no danger to our frontier from the side of Khokand and Kashgar. Our street-doors are the Khyber Pass (*viâ* Cabul) and the Bholan Pass (*viâ* Kandahar). Herat is the key of both. So long as we can keep Afghanistan between us and Russia we are all right. Let us stick to SHERIFF ALI, and stand no nonsense in the way of any stretching of the Bear's paws towards Merv—for Merv is only 240 miles from Herat, and when the Russ takes Herat, he may say "*Erat*" of the Anglo-Indian Empire—"There was one once." ("*Fuit*" would be better Latin, but what would become of the pun?)

SIR G. CAMPBELL agreed in the main with MR. FORSYTH. Russia *might* become a dangerous neighbour. She was not so yet. Our best wisdom was to keep our eyes open and our powder dry—not trust her an inch further than we can see her, but not irritate her by perpetual expressions of distrust.

SIR H. HAVELOCK was of opinion that the Indian deluge would be upon us in five years; and that our Ark, the Anglo-Indian Army, was rotten.

MR. DISRAELI had no faith in understandings. (He has educated too many.) He saw no reason why Russia should not follow her natural law of development, provided England gave her clearly to understand that we were determined to strengthen our Indian Empire materially and morally, and always to claim our legitimate influence in the East. Frankness was better than "silent sus-



END OF HUNTING SEASON 1876.

(WITH THE QUEEN'S)

INSTEAD OF DUST, PRIMROSES, AND HARD GROUND WE HAD DELIGHTFULLY OPEN WEATHER! BRILLIANT FINISH WITH THE STAG—WHICH JONES HAD ALL TO HIMSELF!

picion." Human nature was much influenced by titles. "Empress" would be found great medicine, and operate wonderfully.

LORD G. HAMILTON contradicted SIR H. HAVELOCK on the state of the Indian Army. Recent surveys had reported the timbers of our Ark as anything but rotten.

Talk on Barbadoes. Upshot. Better suspend your judgment in re POPE-HENNESSY v. Planters till we know something certain.

SOMETHING LIKE INVENTIONS.

MR. PUNCH is much surprised to find that the following novelties are not to be included in the Exhibition of Inventions just opened to the Public:—

1. Statement of Startling Facts in an After-dinner Speech. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.)

2. Handsome Apology for ditto. By ditto. (Unique. Must be seen to be believed.)

3. Joke made in the House of Commons, not to be found in *Joe Miller*. (Exhibited by SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)

4. Plot discovered in England, not got up by the Jesuits. (Exhibited by MR. WHALLEY.)

5. A Specimen of elegant English Oratory presented to the Ladies of England with the Author's compliments. (Exhibited by MR. SMOLLETT.)

6. The "Empress Frontier-Guard"—a new invention for preventing Invasions of India. (Exhibited by the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.)

7. Women's Rights—warranted genuine. (Exhibited by JACOB BRIGHT.)

8. Real Irish Grievances. (Exhibited by MR. BUTT.)

9. Plan for reconciling West-End Profits with the working principle of the Civil Service Stores. (Exhibited by SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS.)

10. Guide-Book to Official Duties, by one who thoroughly knows his own. (Exhibited by SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY.)

11. The Perfect Lawyer: being a Collection of valuable Judgments delivered in the House of Commons by the present ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (Exhibited by SIR JOHN HOLKER.)

12. Useful Hints upon Army Reform. (Exhibited by MR. JOHN HOLMS.)

13. Things not Words: being a Collection of Beneficial Measures passed by the Government during the last two years. (Exhibited by MR. DISRAELI's Cabinet.)

LITERARY FELICITY.

"The question arises . . . whether those who write so much are really much happier."—LORD CARNARVON, at the Royal Literary Fund.

WHY in the world should the question arise?

Is the flight that bright-winged Pegasus flies

To be measured by means mechanic?

There's a power and passion that urge to write,

And the energy fills with strong delight,

That moves the natural easy might

Of a genius Titanic.

As the war-horse neighs in the battle-hour,

So the spirit of fire, the wielder of power,

Works on, and in strength rejoices.

Better his visions than fortune or fame;

To spend himself is his glorious aim;

He can wait for Posterity's sure acclaim,

If grudging the multitude's voices.

The fickle taste of the thoughtless town

May wrongly assign the laurel crown:

Why should that spoil life's flavour?

Destiny works on a curious plan,

And is often kind to the charlatan;

But the man who has power is the happy man,

Whoever has Fortune's favour.

ATALANTA IN ENGLAND.



BEFORE MR. POYNTER'S superb picture Mr. Punch moralises—

A HAPPY loss! And not the only race
In which the fair sex fairly wins by losing.
Fleetness 'gainst force! The nymph should have the pace
Over a pleasant course of her own choosing.
But in a pounding, long cross-country spin,
When way and weather make it heavy going,
Who'd back those flying rosy feet to win?
I'd rather see them flowing
Through a waltz-measure, than besplashed with mire
On that rude course where e'en male roadsters tire.

Meilandon has it! "Yes, by sleight, not speed,"
Grumbles in *Punch's* ear a phantom BECKER.
Could woman e'er run straight? Doubtful indeed!
That golden globe you see has power to check her
Midway a winning race. Dame Venus knew
More of her mind than MILL. That fruit's a symbol
Of things no woman, blaze she bright in blue,
Or meekly ply a thimble,
Could e'er be trusted to resist. While partial
To the marital, she enjoys the martial.

Fight? Yes, like *Tomyris*! But fight they fair,
Who war 'gainst nature, feeling, and affection?—
Given a tribe of BECKERS, trained with care,
By natural, or unnatural, selection,
For ages to judicial poise, the last
Who crowned your model species could no more
Resist love's lure in judgment's race-course cast,
Than she who ran of yore
For Woman's Rights in Ancient Greece could grapple
With the temptation of that golden apple.

Alas, dear LYDIA! It is all too late
To change the gentler sex in soul or stature.
With sheer unfitness—worse than extra weight—
Woman, thank Heaven, is handicapped by Nature.
Enter *her* for the great Political Stakes,
A race in which few men 'scape slip or stumble!
Sweet LYDIA, 'tis the maddest of mistakes.
No surer way to humble
Thy justest pride of sex. Before beginning,
Pray calculate what she might lose by winning!

"Mere selfish sentiment"? No spouter, *Punch*,
Of pinchbeck chivalry as poor and hollow
As SMOLLETT's satyr-satire. By his hunch,
Lay Woman's weal that way, he'd lead—not follow—
The New Crusade! But say she wins the race,
Our Atalanta—not the Arcadian, surely,
But latter-day *Beotian*—place and grace
Which now she holds securely
As a non-combatant, are hers no longer,
Whom only weakness e'er can make the stronger.

Trust *Punch*, though maidens may be ne'er so fast,
Life's race-course is not woman's road to glory.
CLYMENTE's fleet-foot daughter failed at last,
And, when she won, her trophies were all gory.
Pardon the word, *c'est mâle*, and most unpleasant
Like others masculine and militant:
How shape them to your sex's lips? At present
Punch must confess he can't!
Gain's loss, when sex with sex for mastery grapples;
Best waive the race, and share the golden apples!

ACADEMY ECHOES.

"How do? So glad to see you." "Umbrellas and sticks to be left here." "What a nuisance this catalogue is; why can't they put the names on the pictures?" "Oh! I beg your pardon, I hope I have not torn your dress. (*sotto voce*) What a bore these long trains are!" "What, you here?" "Yas; hate pictures, you know, but always come—duty to society, and all that sort of thing." "What is the picture of the year—that's all I want to see?" "I say, JACK, see how these brutes have hung my picture, one wants a ladder to see it." "Look here at my picture, it is hung on the ground, Sir." "Poor show, very. No, no, I have not exhibited this year. In fact, the public taste is not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate my—" "Oh, here's a guy of a portrait, Mamma!" "Hush, CHARLIE, you shouldn't talk like that." "But isn't he ugly?" "Yes, he is certainly very plain." (*Original of portrait, who was contemplating his features with natural pride, departs angrily.*) "Atalanta's Race. Ah! who was he?" "Look at the girl stealing that apple!" "Oh! never mind *Atalanta*; what will you do about *Petrarch*?" "He is putting it on, ain't he? guess he'd beat WESTON pretty smart." "I beg your pardon." "How clumsy men are, when they see a girl has a couple of yards of train on the floor: they ought to be careful." "MILLCENT—if I may call you MILLCENT—if you would only let—" "Oh, here's Mamma! Oh, Mamma! we have been looking everywhere for you!" "Oh! ain't there a doosid crowd 'ere; but a poor-looking lot: bless you, a poor-looking lot!" "What have you bought?" "Well, I don't know exactly; about ten thousand pounds' worth, I should think. Not a bad lot to take back to Liverpool." "I've ordered fifteen thousand pounds' worth. Manchester ought to encourage art; these artists ain't bad chaps: but they've got no money. Now we've got money. It's all right: fair exchange in the open market." "The *Daphnephoria*. Oh, how grand, how superb, how it recalls the classic! Oh, that beautiful life of fair, fair Greece!" "Looks more like an old drop-scene than anything else." "How admirably managed the singing girls are!" "Don't they look as if they were catching flies?" "What are all those women yawning at?" "Who was the *Daphnephoria*?" "Oh, ah, she was a goddess." "A goddess of what?" "Well, of—of several things, but why don't you read your catalogue?" "The *Widower*. What do you think of it?" "A rather good Faed, gone big." "Squalid, isn't it?" "Yes, but the loaf on the table is not what a working-man would eat; that would cost twopence more than he would give." (*Several people overhear this remark, and pass it off as their own at different periods of the day.*)

"Hullo! what's this No. 153?" "Bravo, HART, the worst picture in the room." "R. A.'s ain't up to much this year, eh?" "Oh, wretched! Look at this, it's a miserable daub. If I had painted it, it would have been rejected, instead of being hung on the line." "Here's a thing! Really, some of these old buffers ought to resign." (*The old buffer referred to glares savagely round.*) "I have been looking everywhere for Miss THOMPSON's picture. Where is it?" "Oh, not here at all. The lady is above exhibiting here." "Selecting Pictures, that must be interesting to you." "Interesting! If they had called it *Rejecting Pictures* it would have hit me more." "That's MILLAIS, with the white hat." "No, no, that's CALDERON." "That's FRITH, I tell you." "It's not—that's the President." "I would like to murder them all. Why wasn't I made an Associate?"

"What's this called? Just look it up." "King Lear disinheriting Cordelia." "Rubbish. Why, it's a duck with a frog in its mouth." "I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake; that's 'A Stern Chase is a Long Chase.'" "I have found the best picture here." "Which is it?" "The Refreshment Bar; let's have a little soda, with something in it." "Ah, the deuce! Oh my corns, my corns!" (*The foregoing observation is called forth by a bath-chair being wheeled rapidly over the speaker's feet.*) "There are the JONESES, Papa, look the other way. Oh, they have seen us. How do you do, Miss JONES? So delighted to see you." "How charming that 'Cinderella' is!" "Lovely." "Isn't that girl's face painted?" "No, not a bit." "I mean on the canvas. Sold again!" "I am very tired of this." "So am I." "I am going." "I am off." "I must get away." "Best Exhibition for years." "Never saw a worse show—never!" "Lovely!" "Miserable!"

A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

So many lies have been told about the victualling of a certain Herzegovinian fortress by the Turkish Army, that the only thing one can believe about it is the name, "Nik-sic," which in *Lingua Franca* would mean, "Not-so."

A PRINCIPLE FOR THE PRESS.—It behoves no British Journalist to be wiser than the British Public. (N.B. except *Punch*.)



"HIGH" LIFE BELOW STAIRS!"

Master (sniffing). "THERE'S A MOST EXTRAORDINARY SMELL, JAMES. I'VE NOTICED IT SEVERAL—"

Hall Porter. "I DON'T WONDER AT IT, SIR. I'VE SPOKE ABOUT IT DOWN-STAIRS. THE BUTLER, SIR, YOU SEE IS 'IGH CHURCH,' WHICH HE 'AS FIT UP A HORATORY IN THE PANTRY, AND BURNS HINCENSE. WE COULD STAND THAT; BUT THE COOK IS THE 'LOW CHURCH' PERSUASION, AND SHE BURNS BROWN PAPER TO HOBVIATE THE HINCENSE. IT'S PERFECTLY HAWFUL ON SAINTS' DAYS, SIR!!!"

TIGHT FISH.

PERHAPS the audience at the Royal Institution the other Friday evening included SIR WILFRID LAWSON. If so, a portion at least of a lecture delivered by MR. G. J. ROMANES, on the "Physiology of the Nervous System of the Medusæ," must have captivated him. It is reported as follows. On those animals—

"Many experiments were tried to test the effect of poisons, or what are poisons to most vertebrates. The actions were almost identical. Alcohol produced all the successive stages of intoxication, from irregularity of swimming to hilarity of motion and final comatose sleep, which was always recovered by a night's rest. The lecturer regretted he had not tried the restorative effects of soda-water"—

And perhaps of pick-me-up. A man addicted to liquor is sometimes said to drink like a fish, which is just what such persons do not, though the compulsory Teetotallers do their best to make them. From the foregoing account, however, it appears probable that fishes in common with most vertebrates can be affected by poisons, including alcohol, and that jelly-fishes, though not vertebrate, were actually intoxicated with it. Salt water is, of course, the strongest beverage of

"Fishes that tippie in the deep."

They "know no such liberty" as that of which SIR WILFRID and his associates seek to deprive their neighbours. It is only by scientific experiment that philosophers can ascertain how fishes, usually water-drinkers, behave under the influence of spirits and water. They prove, it appears, unable to swim straight, they roll and tumble about, and finally become senseless. In this condition it might puzzle a Policeman, taking up a fish, to discern if it were drunk or dying. The "Talking Fish" some time ago exhibited was if not a fish still a "vertebrate." If a talking fish were made tipsy, how would it talk? As inarticulately, no doubt, as a Lord of the Creation, not to say a Christian in like case. In short, it seems that fishes behave exactly as human beings do when half-seas-over. In that state they might, like the Spartan Helots, be utilised as ridiculous examples. But really, is not experimenting on animals with intoxicating liquors as shocking as vivisection?

A MONDAY NIGHT'S DREAM.

A Fantasia. Composed and dedicated to his friend MR. ARTHUR. S. CHAPPELL, by his ever grateful friend, Mr. Punch.

(THERE is no evident reason why this very original and most fascinating composition should be styled "Fantasia" any more than the other grand compositions of the same Master. That it is constructed in a wholly independent manner, and that each movement shows a certain fantastic character, is true. To analyse the so-called "Fantasia" in detail would occupy more space than can be afforded; but a brief quotation from each of the principal themes will suffice to call attention to the character and plan of each successive movement.—Our Own Analytical Programmist.)

Introduzione—Allegretto.

A winter evening, and a spacious room,
A creeping fog, and a mysterious gloom—
No sight or sound that hints the picturesque—
A brass-bound piano, and a fiddler's desk.

Ladies sitting at their knitting,
Or chatting o'er their tatting;
The vast amphitheatre filling,
Modest votaries of the shilling,
And the tardy stalls, up-driving,
Just in nick of time arriving.

Now the gas bursts into brightness
And each heart leaps up in lightness,
While a fiddle's distant flourish warns each wayward
sound to stop.

Do you ask me what's to-night meant
By this flutter of excitement?

'Tis the Hall of Great St. James's. We are at a Monday
Pop.

Andante Cantabile.

When the soul with sorrow laden
Finds no answer to its moan
In the jocund voice of HAYDN,
Or MOZART's pellucid tone;

When our SCHUBERT's cunning lyre
Fails to draw us at its will,
And the deeps of our desire
E'en BEETHOVEN cannot still;

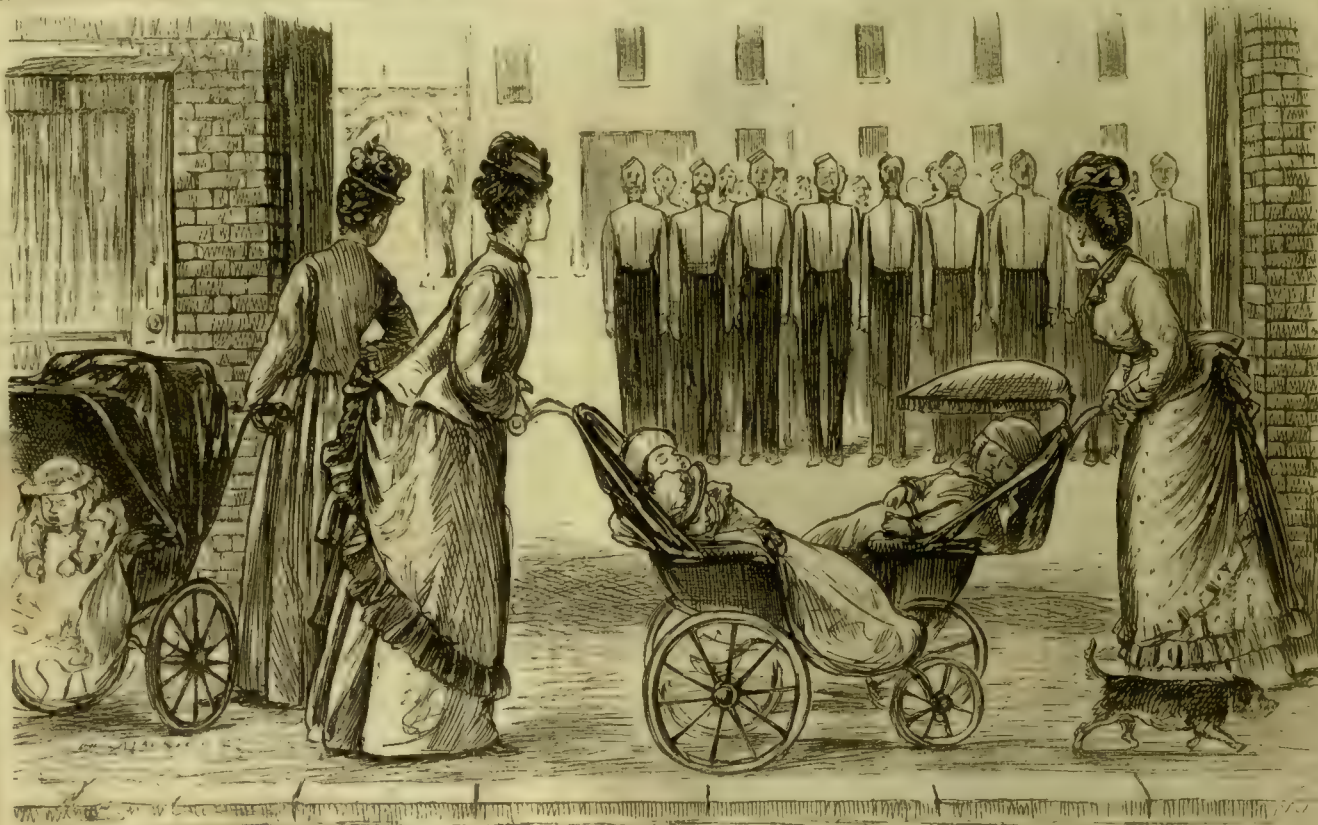
When the mists that bound things human
We have sought to pierce in vain,
Then we turn to thee, O SCHUMANN,
Bid thee sing to us our pain.

Scherzo e trio.

Quartett in A minor—
Sure nothing is finer,
And no one e'er heard a performance diviner:
For strength and for neatness,
For purity, sweetness,
And all that is blent in the joy of completeness.

Finale. Presto agitato con brio.

Now with all the speed they can,
All four playing like one man:
And a rapture half-divine
Steeps the senses, as in wine!
JOACHIM, ZERRINI, STRAUSS—
Steadfast pillars of the house;
JOACHIM, PIATTI, RIES—
Where are players like to these?
And SIR JULIUS, their chief,
With his laurel, green of leaf.
To your sovereign long be loyal,
Children of the CHAPPELL-Royal.
Should you fail us but for one day,
"Transit gloria" of that "Monday."
Let them cry from every steeple
We're no music-loving people—
While we're drawn from every part
By the magic of MOZART;
While two thousand souls are cloven
By the beauty of BEETHOVEN—
They may call us what they will;
We will come and listen still!



SELF-DENIAL.

SARAH-MARIA, BETSY-JANE, AND JEMIMER-ANN GO EVER SO MUCH OUT OF THE WAY EVERY MORNING TO PASS BY THE BARRACKS,
 "AS IT DO AMUSE THE CHILDREN SO TO SEE THE SOLDIERS HEXEROISIN'!"

WHEN THE PRINCE COMES HOME.

SOMEBODY will compose a triumphal March called "*The Hero of India*."

SOMEBODY will indite a Song of Welcome, with *horn obligato*, beginning "The Royal Hunter is once more at home."

SOMEBODY who has a small volume of *Travels in the East*, will ask permission to dedicate the same to His Royal Highness.

SOMEBODY connected with a "great educational and national undertaking" will organise a grand *fête* and display of fireworks.

SOMEBODY (in many parts of the Empire) will want to present an Address.

SOMEBODY will invent a new condiment, and will call it "The Prince's Indian Pickle."

SOMEBODY will do a great deal of loyal addressing, wound up by a great deal of loyal eating and drinking, in honour of His Royal Highness's safe return.

SOMEBODY will expect a Knighthood.

SOMEBODY will send as subject for a Cartoon for *Punch*, BRITANNIA seated on a lion, saying, "How-dah do?" to His Royal Highness mounted on an elephant.

SOMEBODY will have a lifelong grievance against *Punch* if the above excellent suggestion is not acted upon immediately.

SOMEBODY (equally well known as "nobody") will consider it his duty to attend the *levée* of His Royal Highness.

SOMEBODY will mob the Prince the first time His Royal Highness appears in public.

SOMEBODY will begin holding balls now that the Prince's return has given the signal for the real commencement of the Season.

SOMEBODY (owning a sewing-machine) will set to work with a lighter heart now that there is a prospect of brisk employment.

And, lastly, everybody bearing the English name and speaking the English tongue will be delighted to welcome the Prince back to his own again. *Vivant Regina et Princeps!*

FOR THE COUNCIL OF THE R.A.—"Give a dog a bad name—and don't hang him."

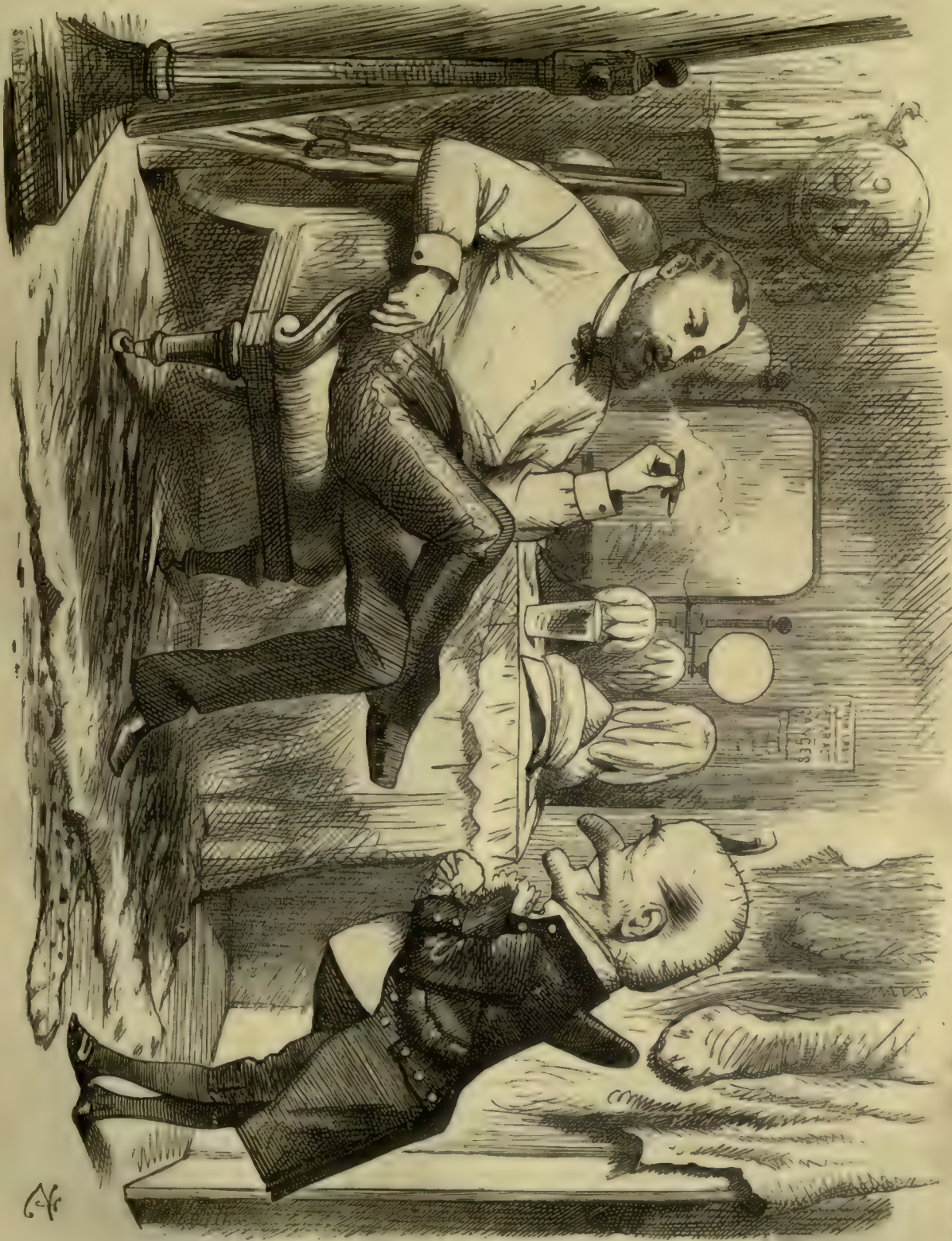
ELEGY ON A LATELY DECEASED WHISTLING OYSTER.

DEAR native! He measured six inches across,
 And he whistled in answer to me.
 Where'er shall I find, to make up for his loss,
 So unselfish a shell-fish as he!
 Spite of dredgers destructive he clung to the bed
 Whereof from the spat he was reared,
 And a true native lived, though he still, it was said,
 Like a foreigner breathed through his beard.
 How he sang, my brave bivalve! Molluscons of throat,
 He could run up his scales clean to C,
 A true Oyster-Patti—he reached as high note,
 Though not quite as high *L. S. D.*
 But one day my sweet native was torn from his bed,
 A bran-new Aquarium to grace,
 Where being the first to arrive, the red-lead
 Of the glaziers' work settled his case!
 My mollusc, he died in a week, sad to tell,
 Leaving me, his best friend, to repine;
 And FRANK BUCKLAND's kind hand closed him up in his shell,
 And embalmed him in spirits of wine!

Shorthand Notes on the Easter Pieces.

STRUCK Oil. So it has all who have seen it—as good.
The Great Divorce Case. Decree excellent.
Jo. Hence these weeps!
Miss Gwilt. Pork chops and Welsh rarebit for supper.
Queen Mary. Quite contrary.
Wrinkles. "Time writes no wrinkles," nor can MR. H. J. BYRON.
The Sultan of Mocha. Not only promises, but performs better than another Sultan.
Stem to Stern. Wants inspection by MR. PLIMSOLL.
A Lesson in Love. Take one.

TOPICS LAST WEEK.—"*Atalanta's Race*" and the Two Thousand Guineas.



THE "STAR" OF INDIA.

H.R.H., "AN UP-HILL PART, OLD BOY, AND PRECIOUS HOT WORK, I CAN TELL YOU!"
MR. P. "YES, SIR; BUT I AM HAPPY TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON A 'BIG SUCCESS.'"



A CRUEL CLAUSE.

"All the Ladies 'twixt forty and sixty
Said, 'Oh, what a sweet pretty plan!'"

Medicinal Hymn.



SWEET MR. PUNCH,

I AM a girl
'twixt "sixteen
and forty." I
have always
fondly loved the
Clergy of my
native Isle, and
my highest am-
bition has been
to wed one of
those dear
Bishops, who
wear such loves
of long frocks
and little darling
aprons. Judge
then of my just
indignation on
hearing that the
Synod of Ireland
have actually
obliged us to
carry weight for
age in the race

for the Matrimonial Sweep-stakes, and have gone in for the Old Trots.

"CHURCH OF IRELAND GENERAL SYNOD.

"The House assembled at one o'clock yesterday. The BISHOP OF DOWN presiding. The House proceeded to the orders of the day.

"MR. NUNN moved the House go into Committee on his Bill to establish a plan for making provision for Widows and Orphans of Clergy.

"The following clauses were considered:—

"1. The Widow of every Clergyman, at the time of his death in the service of the Church of Ireland, or if he shall have been permitted to retire, shall receive an annuity of £33 a year, to cease absolutely on re-marriage, subject to the following conditions:—

"(a) The husband at the time of his first appointment to a benefice or curacy in the Church of Ireland, being under forty years of age and unmarried, or a widower without family.

"(b) At time of marriage being under sixty years of age.

"(c) Not more than twenty-five years older than his wife."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours always,

SWEET SEVENTEEN.

P.S.—Do abuse these naughty men, there's a dear old love.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON,

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She,"
"Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XI.—What the Author says.

A TALL woman, silk-and-velvet skirted, with serpentine-trailing garments sweeping amply round her; a woman not old, not young, not middle-aged; neither all here nor all there; a mistress of arts and graces. Diana being taken to her morning bathe in her bath chair, wheeled by a knee-plush-ultra Titan, could not have been more bewitchingly, more deadlily attractive than this lissom, undulating empress, whose every movement was a poem—unnatural if you like, but a triumph of Art over Time, who, bald, ruthless, envious though he is, has not yet straightened the curving outline of that Grecian bend—

"Time writes no wriggle on thy aure bow."

And the man? Aye—one with a dark, ugly face; beardless, but with a deep-toned picturesque, blue, southern shade mantling over his upper lip and chin—the warm, Mediterranean blue, that was the glory of FRA ANGELICO'S art—the blue that TITIAN revelled in, and Giotto loved to paint; a man you would infallibly turn to look back at in the street, if he had struck you in passing. One who approached more nearly in physical conformation the glorious beauty of the Hydeparkian Achilles, than do most men, whom one sees, and pities, now-a-days. With sinewy veins for streamlets, and swelling muscles for rivers, with an incurving canal between two chains of

Pyrenean mountains of shoulders, he was mapped out Atlas-like from Northern pole—where the white powder lay like a glory of arctic snow—to Southern, where there was a wealth of sunny, golden plush; and, as her eyes fell on him, she felt that never, except one, had she seen a human form so like the deathless dying athlete of antiquity, the Gladiator of the Forum, fitted with faultless taste by some noted West-End tailor, proud of his mission to clothe so magnificent a being—this Diskobolos of a man, this Agamemnon in livery, this *Enceladus ad vitulos*!

Yes, it was he, after all, thought the girl, as she cowered and shook among the laurels. There are not many like him.

Surely she could not have been mistaken?

A piano sounded within the house. The Bath-chair stopped. The splendid, god-like, statuesque creature in livery ceased to impel it along the path, and the Lady, with a wave of her hand, dismissed this canary-clad Colossus of roads.

A window on the ground-floor was suddenly opened, and a pair of legs appeared over the window-sill, whereat the Lady in the chair—the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, niece of SIR GUY FOCKSDAY raised her fan, and a faint peach-coloured blush passed upward over her marble-veined throat and smooth, pearl-powdered cheek.

"Were dat you a playing the piano?" she asked, with an air of cold surprise, and the frigid dignity of a Christy Minstrel.

"It were," laughingly replied her cousin, the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, sliding on to the ground. "I was playing *A Major*, and so you didn't expect to see A Captain?"

Her pink-tipped ears went back, and a zebra-like expression came into the LADY VIRGINIA'S face, as, quitting the chair, she gave a little kick out behind with her high heels, and replied, with a little, factitious cough,

"No; knowing it was you, PERCY, I expected to see A Flat."

"Thank you; you are as amiable as usual."

"And you are duller than usual," retorts the hard, cold beauty, with ladylike exasperation. "But what does it matter? We are going to be married very soon!" and pointing two long, shapely, white fingers, she thrusts them sharply, and with a knowledge of anatomy, scarcely to be expected of her, beneath her cousin's fifth rib, then withdraws them as suddenly.

PERCY SHORTWYND winces as he gasps out, drily, "We are; but do not do that again."

VIRGINIA smiles, and the bright brooch, and chain of exquisite Lowther Arcade workmanship, rise and fall in a soft, even, mechanical modulation on her Tussaud-like waxen breast.

While they are standing here—a colourless, marble, clean-cut, immovable, expressionless-featured woman, and a full-toned, undersized, short-cut, importable, wide-whiskered man—a loud voice from the hall breaks upon their silence.

"Here! hi! you! Confound you all! Hang it! dash it! blow it! Why the doose—where are those blooming idiots?"

It is old SIR GUY who speaks. He is a real, high-bred, old country gentleman, and, it being past four o'clock, he is calling VIRGINIA to give him his brandy-and-water hot, as all high-bred old English gentlemen invariably do. On leaving the bushes where he had been hiding, he had passed into the hall.

"Come!" she said to PERCY, who replied to her cold, chaste smile by placing his hand on his heart, with all the courtliness of the old school—he resembled his father, SIR GUY, in this respect—bending his head nearly down to his toes, and elevating his coat-tails.

The LADY VIRGINIA passed into the house, and disappeared. PERCY, preparing to follow, caught sight of BELLA as she hastily quitted the laurels. One of her glances gave him an odd sensation about the midriff, and, not feeling quite well, he staggered into the house.

"Can I love him?" asked BELLA, of herself, as she stood before the front door; "and can he love me?" She smiles to herself, as she places her small hand on the bell-pull, and prepares to make her first call in her new character of a lady-help in an old English gentleman's family.

* What the Editor says.—"Nothing we love so much as classical allusions, and we feel the greatest possible gratification to witness so much culture in one of the most talented of the softer sex. But—we own our ignorance on this particular point, and neither SMITH nor LEMPIERE has been able to throw any light on it—what is the allusion in '*Enceladus ad vitulos*'? Of course we know all about '*Enceladus*,' but '*ad vitulos*'—eh?"—ED.

What the Authoress says.—"About *Enceladus* you know all. *Soit*. What is the Latin for a calf? What for calves? Wasn't my hero a Footman—or, rather, not un *valet de pied*, but un *homme aux vœux et un vaurien*? *Comprenez-vous*?"—R. D.

† From all the Editorial Committee to Miss R. D.—"We cannot allow your picture of an old English gentleman to appear without protest. The Committee, after reading your description, went purposely, all over England, paying visits everywhere, and were most cordially received. In not one single instance did the fine old English gentleman dodge behind bushes on our arrival, or use bad language all over the place, or call for hot brandy and water in the afternoon. Where do you find your type?"

Miss R. D. to the above.—"Where do I find my type? Why the printer finds it for me. Do not ask idle questions."—R. D.

Trembling she approaches the door, and her feeble fingers were at the handle, when the portal was flung open, and the same Antinous-like creature, in all the sunlike glory of bright canary-coloured plush and silken tags, burst fully on her dazed and misty view.

His foot is on the first step before he perceives her. Then an electric shock of recognition seems to shoot through him, convulsing his herculean frame with overpowering force, and he jumps clean out of his shining shoes—out of his splendid livery—out of his skin!

"BELLA!!!"

walk into the town, and, having a free admission to the Museum, would stand before the glass case—exhibiting such concaves and convexes as would have driven most men wild—where the figure of DUSOVER was fixed upright, a splendid and lasting specimen of a magnificent Ugly Man (No. 967 in the Catalogue), and, as her hands lay idle in her lap, her eyes would fall on the number with his name in the book, and she would say to herself, sighing happily, "Ah DUSOVER! my poor, wicked old boy! It's quite a providence you've gone, as I should never have been able to keep my present situation had you been about the place!"

"I have lived and loved: and it is plain
That while I live I'll love again."

As she murmured this to herself, the skylight above was opened, and the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, who seemed to possess the peculiarity of never entering by a door, looked in.

"I see you!" said the HON. PERCY SHORTWYND, laughing. He looked pleasant when he laughed.

"And I you," replied BELLA, throwing up her little, sparkling, provoking, petulant green eyes, which PERCY SHORTWYND catches, and then throws back a tender regard.

BELLA sings out—

"The Captain with the whiskers
Takes a sly glance at me!"

Again the HON. PERCY laughs, and slides down a rope which suspends a crocodile from the ceiling. He is not a professional acrobat, and the exertion tells upon his robust frame. He is not handsome—not a fairy prince in pink tights, and a blue feather in a muffin-cap, certainly; neither is he a charity-boy of twelve years of age, in a brown jacket, coarse corduroy knee-breeches, and blue stockings; he is not a lily-handed, curled, woman's darling, but he has a beautifully rounded, shapely waist, small, thick, columnar-like legs, dimpled, fat hands, a great, broad chest, a complexion like gingerbread, and dark, crisp hair, forming an astrachan-like fringe to what might have been, but for his perruquier, one of the clearest heads in the world. He has kind, grey, eager eyes, a rich, brown-gravy complexion, and a calm, dispassionate nose, standing up against his hot, red cheeks like a mellow-green fig on an old sun-dried, fruit wall.

As he reaches the floor, he looks confusedly conscious of having been seen descending very awkwardly.

The clear moonlight is streaming in, on these two, through the skylight above; for, the solitary custodian of the Museum has forgotten the unwonted presence of a visitor—a greater curiosity than the curiosities themselves—and, having looked up the building for the night, has discharged himself of his official duties, and has gone home to bed. BELLA has stayed beyond the regular hour of closing, and the HONOURABLE PERCY SHORTWYND has followed, and sought her out in this strange fashion.

"If you do not wish me to stay here," says PERCY, in a calm, respectful voice, "I will go." And he lays one hand on the rope, as if about to ascend by the same way as he had made his descent.

"No! no!" she cries, with all a woman's mad unreason, "Don't go! You must not! I won't let you! You're too heavy!—I mean the rope is too slight! You'll be killed!"

And so, gasping, she stretches out her white arms towards him, and, as a cloud passes over the moon—thus leaving them in total darkness—she falls insensible into his embrace.

(To be continued.)

Seeing and Hearing

At a late High Art Musical Function.

As pensive I sat in a row at the rear

Of crowded St. James's Ha',

Not only a Mass of BACH did I hear,

But a mass of backs I saw!



CHAPTER XII.—What Anyone says.*

It was DUSOVER's last word: her name on his lips. His beautiful brown skin was picked up, stuffed, and presented (with the livery, which SIR GUY sold at a fair price), to the Museum of the neighbouring town. It was labelled and numbered in the Catalogue, and more than once during her stay at Fooksday Hall BELLA would

* What the Editorial Committee says.—"We think by this heading you must be getting on towards the finish. *Facta non verba.*"

What the dissentient Maiden Aunt, member of above Committee, says.—"My dear young Lady, do not hurry. Give plenty of description: I do not skip when I read."



IN HIS EASTER TRIP TO VENICE

MR. PUNCH TRIES ON AN ITALIAN UNIFORM, AND OH! WOULDN'T HE LIKE TO WEAR IT FOR TWELVE MONTHS!

MARTIAL IN LONDON.

"Dic, Musa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus?"

Vis scire, quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet."
Epigram. iii. 20.

OH merry Muse of whim and wit,
Whom I delight in wooing,
Just tell me, ere this rhyme is writ,
What is DISRAELI doing?

Does he bemoan the Suez loan
Twixt Bulls and Bears be-chaffed?
Does he with pity hear the groan
Of over-worked SIR STAFFORD?

Has he a fancy in his brain
With something new to play tricks,
Now Russian dangers have been slain
By dubbing *Imperatrix*?

Will he reverse the tide of Stock,
And end the worry we're amid,
Pulling old Egypt into dock
By purchasing a Pyramid?

Is he, while puzzling Bull and Bear
From Pekin to Ontario,
Planning a sequel to *Lothair*—
Its hero turned Lothario?

Where'er his devious steps may wend,
Whoever he is chaffing,
At Whig and Tory, foe and friend,
Most, at himself—he's laughing.

WHITETHORN WINTER.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year;
So methinks the first of May,
Coming thus with cold severe,
Seems another Christmas Day.
Stormy sleet, and rain, and hail,
Pelt the plains with frequent showers;
East and north-east winds prevail;
Sear the leaves, and bite the flowers.
Mid the crinkled foliage green,
Bright still glows the scarlet berry.
Merry Christmas though we've seen,
Can't we make May likewise merry?
Whilst the sky is full of snow,
Deck the wall with sprigs of holly,
Hang on high the mistletoe,
And indulge in rampant folly.
Drink until we've had enough,
And continue drinking after.
Hunt the slipper and blind-man's-buff
Play with merry peals of laughter.
As at Yule, to keep our souls
In our bodies warm,—poor fellows!—
Let us stir the blazing coals;
Sing "*Old Rose and burn the bellows!*"
Merry Christmas folk so name,
Since 'tis made a festive season;
Merry May should have the same,
If it is to have a reason.
May, too, if but once a year
It comes with Polar blasts and breezes,
Surely ought to bring good cheer,
As it blows and snows and freezes.

A Happy Couple.

WE believe we break no confidence in stating that arrangements are being made in Baker Street for the speedy introduction of a historical group, comprising the EARL OF WARWICK, otherwise called the King-maker, and the RIGHT HON. DISRAELI, otherwise called the Empress-maker.

RECREATION FOR THE INSANE.*—Modern Burlesque.
(Punch perfectly agrees.)

* See recent account of performances at the Leavesden Lunatic Asylum.

THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE FUTURE.

(A Possibility.)

SCENE—The Barrack Square. PRESENT—Captain (Commanding Detachment) and Colour Sergeant.

Captain. Well, Sergeant?

Sergeant (saluting). All present, Sir.

Captain. Dear me. Very small muster. Give me the roll.

Sergeant (saluting). Here, Sir.

Captain (reading). Hem! CORPORAL SNOOKS.

Sergeant. Employed on special duty at the Admiralty, Sir.

Captain. LANCE CORPORAL JONES.

Sergeant. Temporarily transferred to the India Office, Sir.

Captain. Privates SMITH, SNOOKS, SINGER, SONGER, and THOMP-KINS. Where are they? I see you have bracketed them together.

Sergeant. Yes, Sir, they are doing duty at the Audit Office.

Captain. Good gracious! Then where are the rest of the company?

Sergeant. Military Clerks at the War Office, if you please, Sir. That is to say, Sir, with the exception of PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS, Sir.

Captain. And where is PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS?

Sergeant. In the Guard Room, Sir. Prisoner, if you please, Sir.

Captain. You can dismiss the parade, Sergeant.

Sergeant (saluting). Yes, Sir.

Scene closes in.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

THEY call England the Mother Country of the United States. How can that be, when it is to the United States that England owes her Beeing?

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

LIKE foliage men perish,
Old HOMER declares,
So why should we cherish
Life's torments and cares?
Why grumble at Eurys,
Poor KINGSLEY'S pet blast?
Nor trust Epicurus,
East winds cannot last.
Most troubles will surely
Have reached the past tense,—
Whate'er else may happen,—
A hundred years hence.

Who'll sing for his sack-butt
As Laureate then?
A great gun or mere hack-but,
Unworthy "Rare BEN?"
In a blaze of bravadoes,
Regardless of mulls,
Who'll be making Mikados,
Or minting Moguls?
I really don't want
To give any offence,
But *shall* we be wiser
A hundred years hence?

Will there still be the clamour
Of Bees and of Rinks,
For the girl without grammar—
The romp-loving minx?
What pastime portentous,
Undreamed of as yet,
Will the Yankees have sent us
Our sharpness to whet?
But who knows in Fate's Bee
To spell future tense?
In what state will the States be
A hundred years hence?

Will the militant parson,
'Gainst peace and good-will,
The Puseyite farce on
Be carrying still?
Will the roar of Strife's organ
Still Love-notes efface,
As if Demogorgon
Were playing the bass?
Or may we imagine
To hate less propense
The Church of the future—
A hundred years hence?

Will winters grow shorter,
Springs breed fewer chills?
Will the end of the quarter
Be less big with bills?
Will a less crop of swindles
Swell news of the day?
Will HUXLEYS and TYNDALLS
Have true things to say?
Shall we see a revival
Of plain common sense,
In that blessed millennium,
A hundred years hence?

'Tis useless to palter
With fantasies strange:
'Tis only dates alter,—
Our stock cannot change.
While down their steep gradient
The centuries fly,
Mr. Punch will be radiant—
For wit cannot die.
So if you survive,
And can muster threepence,
Buy *Punch*, and be thankful,
A hundred years hence!

LADIES ON THEIR LEGS.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
FOREMOST among the many disabilities of Women, which all lovers of the sex must wish to see removed, I place her inability to speak at public dinners. It is a scandal and a shame that men should quite monopolise the right of public speaking, considering what good use Ladies can make of their tongues when they get the chance of using them. Even when the toast of "The Ladies" is proposed, a man jumps up, and claims the honour of responding, which he does with a vast deal of stammering and stuttering, and stupid commonplace remarks about the charms of the fair sex. Why should not Ladies have the privilege of answering for themselves, and of proposing, if they please, the health of "The Gentlemen"? This would at least form some variety from the usual vapid course of after-dinner oratory.

MR. DISRAELI says the charm of English art is its originality; and if Ladies were invited to dine at the Academy, and permitted to make speeches, I think the yearly banquet would be vastly enlivened, and our R.A.'s might now and then have an original idea to be proud of. I have waded through the flood of words poured forth the other day at this masculine assembly, and have wondered how men could possibly talk such solemn, common-place, empty, no-meaning, and stale bunkum! Instead of this monotony conceive what varied themes a clever Chairwoman might find for a post-prandial discourse. The subject of the Army she might smilingly dismiss by warbling a few words of "*Ah, que j'aime le Militaire!*" while that of the Navy might evoke a sadly humorous description of her suffering when invited to a cruise with the First Lady of the Admiralty, to inspect the Channel Fleet. The step from Iron-clads to crinolines would be obviously short; and the topic of the fashions being thus artfully led up to, what a flow of eloquence would be forthwith let loose! From bonnets to baby-linen, and thence to ball-dresses, bouquets, and dinner decorations, would be the easiest transitions in a feminine harangue; and so the way would be made clear to remarks on parties generally, picnics, croquet, drums, and so forth, with the latest rinking news, and the spiciest scraps of scandal in high life.

Thus, if Ladies were allowed to speak at public dinners, a marked

change would be made in post-prandial discourses, which readers of the newspapers now wade through with fatigue. Variety is charming; and, as no Lady would content herself with sticking to the subject on which she rose to speak, the audience would be spared that tedious monotony which is acknowledged to be the bane of after-dinner utterances.

Yours, Mr. Punch, admiringly,
Chatterton Cottage, May Day. GEORGINA GABBLEWELL.

NOVEL SENSATIONS FOR THE BLASÉ.

(Suggested by our Used-up Contributor.)

GETTING up before eleven in the morning.
Going to bed before twelve at night.
Visiting the Tower of London with a number of Country Cousins.
Lounging in the Zoo on a week-day.
Patronising a cheap Tailor.
Waiting for the "playing out" Farce at the Theatre.
Riding down Piccadilly on the knifeboard of an Omnibus.
Going to Scarborough for a week in May.
Dining with a Teetotaler and a Vegetarian at a favourite Club.
Finding a long-lost Umbrella in one's own rooms.
Proposing to an elderly Maiden Lady minus means and *plus* a temper.
And lastly (most novel sensation of all), marrying for love and not regretting it afterwards.

A FLATTERING TALE.

FOR once in a way, the papers contain a cheering announcement relative to the Budget.

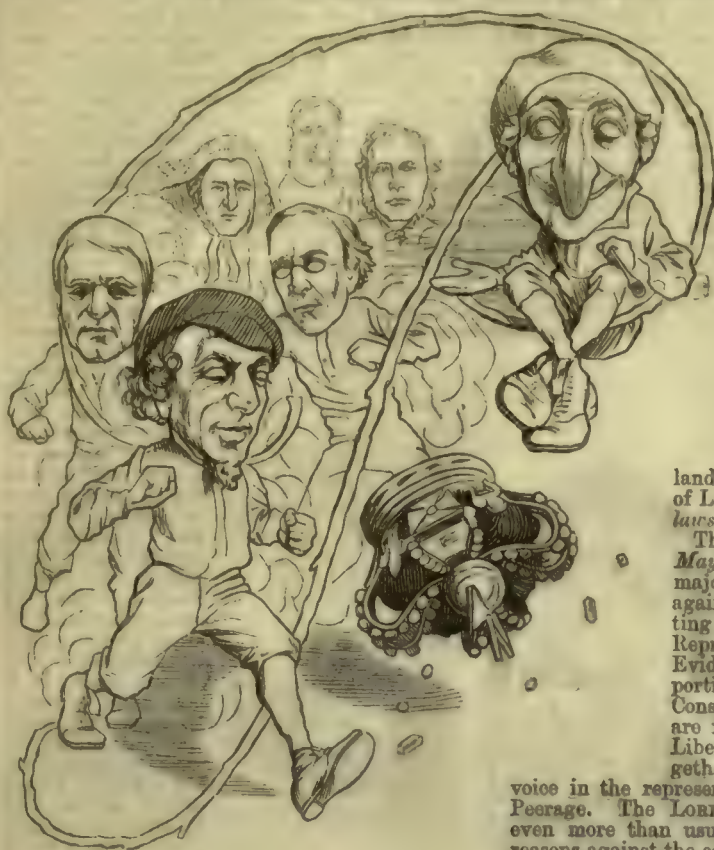
"In the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill there is a clause as to the restriction of male servants in the 19th section of 32 & 33 Viet. c. 14. It is not to include a person who has been *bonâ fide* engaged to serve his employer for a portion only of each day, and does not reside in his employer's house."

Give the Government their due, and that will be thanks for the relief of poor householders from a vexatious restriction by which the revenue really gained nothing, whilst boys and old men were kept out of employment. Mr. Punch is pleased to find that Ministers mind what they have been told, and hopes that this good intention may not be put down, as so many good intentions are, to pave the way of the new Bill through Parliament.

University Intelligence.

A RUMOUR is current that one of our Colleges has it in contemplation to establish a new and special department for Students who may desire to qualify themselves for those Public competitive examinations in Spelling, Definitions, Music, &c., which have lately been introduced into this country from America, and are now in full activity all over England. The College pointed to is St. Bees.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RITHEE, my LORD MARQUIS OF HUNTLY, what if the Scotch Agricultural Holdings Bill should prove a dead letter? Punch would ask, Has not the English Agricultural Holdings Bill proved the same? Why should a Conservative Government's Land-Law for Scotland be livelier than that for Eng-

land? Their line is that of Land-lords, not Land-laws.

The Lords (Monday, May 8), by a narrow majority of 12, decided against cumulative voting in elections for Irish Representative Peers. Evidently a large proportion even of their Conservative Lordships are fairly ashamed that Liberals should be altogether excluded from a

voice in the representation of the Irish Peerage. The LORD CHANCELLOR was even more than usually reckless in his reasons against the concession.

(Commons).—The Financial Secretary of the Treasury explained a curious distinction between the expenses of hanging in Scotland and England. In the former the Royal Boroughs have to pay the cost of their own gallows, halter, and hangman; in the latter, the Sheriff is allowed £10 per hanging, because, if he can't find a hangman, he is bound to do the hanging himself. Was it supposed, by those who made such a distinction, that there never would be a Scotchman to be hung but you would be able to find a Scotchman to string him up "for a consideration;" just as it has been said, "there never was an Irishman to be roasted, but you can find another Irishman to turn the spit," "Divil a bit o' like in it," says an indignant Milesian, "the Irishman turns the spit for love; the Scotchman would tie the noose for money."

The Merchant Shipping Mull once more, happily for the last time of its appearance. MR. PLIMSOLL made a gallant, though ineffectual, attempt to enforce an official survey of disclashed ships.

SIR C. ADDERLEY contended that such a requirement would be to reverse the present practice as to surveys, which, no doubt, is the reason why MR. PLIMSOLL wants it. MR. GORST moving Amendments on the Disciplinary Clauses, SIR CHARLES' manner of resisting provoked such a feeling in the House, that MR. CROSS had to promise a Bill dealing with the subject next Session. A pleasant prospect, if it is to be entrusted to the present President of the Board of Trade! The rest of the Amendments being got rid of, SIR CHARLES was enabled to enjoy his little crow in proclaiming the Bill through Committee, amidst the cheers of the much-relieved House. No wonder they cheered!

"Weary twelve nights, close confined,
Have they lingered, yawned, and dined;
Though the Bill could not be lost,
Yet it could be Plimsoll-tormented."

It has, indeed, been a perilous passage through a *mauvais pas*. SIR CHARLES boasted that he had really, after his twelve nights' gestation, produced a Virgin Bill—meaning one untouched by the rude hands of its would-be un-doers, or rather over-doers. Punch is reminded of MARTIAL (*Epig.* i., 67):—

"Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus virginis pater chartæ."

Or, if we may English it for SIR CHARLES's behoof,—

"What consultations with BENTINCK and STANHOPE,
What carking cares, as high or low ran hope
Of pinning pestilent Plimsoll amendments,
And making clear Adderleian intendments,
Are his who Board of Trade's Chair doth fill,
To shape into life a Virgin Bill!"

SIR W. HARCOURT irreverently observed that SIR CHARLES's *virgo intacta* had at all events

been delivered of two bouncing twins—the deck-load clause, and the clause bringing foreign ships within the Act.

On going into Committee on Naval Estimates, MR. BRASSEY moved for a Royal Commission to review the "Ship-building Policy" of the Government.

MR. GOSCHEN begged MR. WARD HUNT to produce such policy.

MR. WARD HUNT defied any man to say that any Government could have any such policy—and then proceeded to describe the policy of the present Government, and then agreed to the appointment not of a Commission but a Committee to consider whether such policy could be improved.

At first Punch thought the only upshot of the discussion would be to show that the British Fleet of the future was to be like the Spanish Fleet of the past—a thing we—

"Cannot see, because
It is not yet in sight."

But MR. WARD HUNT carried us clear of this fear by his bold reversal of his engines.

Tuesday (Lords).—A cheerful night. LORD GREY laid a Burials Bill on the table, and the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY carried Second Reading of a Bill to punish farm-servants for administering arsenic to animals to make their coats shine.

"Il faut souffrir pour être beau," is an old proverb. But these ill-informed, if well-meaning rustics, ride the proverb literally to "death."

(Commons).—SIR CHARLES DILKE tried to move the House to move the Royal Academy, because it had not moved, of itself, in the right direction. SIR CHARLES spoke a long indictment against the Forty—charging them, in effect, as a band of forty thieves with having stolen privileges and prestige, honour, house-room, and hard cash, in the shape of the splendid shillings of the public, on a condition they have not complied with, of teaching, cultivating, and promoting the arts of design in England. Or if not forty thieves, contended SIR CHARLES, they are, at best, forty shop-keepers; and their Exhibition, which they at first apologised for not opening free to all, has now become a receipt of custom, and the be-all and end-all of their existence, the source of their shillings, the scene of their Annual Dinner, by help of which they keep a firm anchorage among the official and aristocratic classes, the stage on which they parade their superiority over wretched "outsiders," whether when they sit upon their pictures, or cold-shoulder them off "the Line."

Perhaps no count in SIR CHARLES's long and heavy indictment against the Academy might not be supported by evidence that would go far to win a verdict of guilty from an unprejudiced jury. But such a jury SIR CHARLES did not address in the House of Commons, least of all a House with a crushing Conservative Majority. If the hard-headed and hard-hitting Chelsea Baronet drew the indictment against the Academy anything but mild, MR. CARTWRIGHT, MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE, and MR. COWPER-TEMPLE went quite as far in their more agreeable and amiable task of whitewashing—if we should not rather say "sweetening"—and megilping, framing, and glazing their portraits of the Forty, and hanging them in the most favourable and flattering of lights. Even MR. BERESFORD HOPE, though he had his grievance as a student of architecture, contended, like MR. COWPER-TEMPLE and other speakers, including MR. GLADSTONE, that the House had no jurisdiction, as the

Academy had in effect carried out the recommendations of the Committee of 1863. (*Mr. Punch* has been studying those recommendations, and can't, for the life of him, make that out.)

MR. GLADSTONE stepped in as *deus ex machinâ*, with grave and weighty reasons for the withdrawal both of SIR CHARLES DILKE's Motion—which was one of censure, not corresponding to the notice given of it—and of MR. CARTWRIGHT's Amendment—which called upon the House to acquit the Academy, while contending that the House had no jurisdiction in the case. Now the House, urges MR. GLADSTONE, very decidedly, *has jurisdiction* in the case. (That admission, at least, is a substantial result of SIR CHARLES's Motion.) There is a good deal to be said, with reason, against the Academy; a good deal to be said, also with reason, in its favour. But whatever remark, *pro* or *con.*, the Academy might be fairly open to, it had committed no sin—either of omission or commission—to warrant the House in coming down upon it with the heavy hand of censure.

On the whole, LORD JOHN MANNERS thought the best course would be to withdraw both the Motion and Amendment, and to

grant the Motion for papers "showing the attitude of the State towards the Fine Arts in the different countries of Europe."

(What a charming subject, by the way, for a set of allegorical designs, to be contributed by the most historically-minded of the Academicians:—

The STATE—rampant, couchant, dormant, defiant, aidant, reveillant, burkant, as the case may be, according to its relation to the Fine Arts.

And the FINE ARTS—resistant, crouching, snorant, hittant, deprecant, mendicant, kickant, as the case may be, according to their relation to the State.)

So, finally, DILKE, in compliance with the advice of MANNERS, muzzled and drew off his Motion; whereupon CARTWRIGHT, also consenting, whipped off his Amendment. The Motion for papers was granted—and the Forty breathed again.

"But till that night's debate was done,
There were Forty, funking like one."

(*Mr. Punch* has his own views on the subject of this night's discussion, but he cannot admit that even the Collective Wisdom is wise enough to be his mouthpiece on the relations of the Royal Academy to the Fine Arts, and the Fine Artists—being outsiders. Has he not his own trumpet to talk through? And will he not talk, when he sees fit?

Wednesday.—MR. NORWOOD, Member for Hull, and shipowner, moved Second Reading of a Bill to make fees to Barristers recoverable by Counsel, and damages against Barristers recoverable by Clients. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" As *Dundreary* would say, "What have shipowners to do with barrister's fees?" Or was it that no lawyer could be found to lead such an attack—hawks loyally objecting to "pike out hawks' e'en." This change, say the barristers, would infallibly destroy the independence, and lower the character, of the Bar. The barristers won't have it at any price, and the public don't want it at that price. The barrister's calling is a trying and a ticklish one. It needs brains even more than brass, and presence of mind quite as much as absence of scruples. Counsel must be allowed a latitude in dealing with the case on his brief proportioned to the longitude to which roguish clients and unscrupulous attorneys together will go in setting

that case forth. Think how wondrously facts may be transfigured after double-distillation through the wits of a roguish suitor and a rascally lawyer. Are we to hold counsel bound by such a brief, and to make him answerable in damages for understating his case as it appears thereon? Besides, as things stand, it is the best lawyer who comes to the front. If more clients seek his services than he can serve, at all events the fees stop his mouth, and neither party is the better, if neither is the worse for him—a result well worth paying for. At the same time, we should say, the fee in such a case ought to be a payment by both sides. There was a simultaneous howl against the Bill from all the barristers in the House. "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful"—and MR. NORWOOD was defeated by 237 to 130. It is written that the shipowner should stick to his ship. Let MR. NORWOOD go, in future, to sea in his own bottoms, and paddle his own canoe.

Thursday.—Now dawned the day "Big with the fate of Titles' Bill and Ben!"—no, no, nobody felt that; but the day when SIR HENRY JAMES had been magnanimously defied to *combat à outrance*

by the Prime Minister, with his majority of a hundred behind him. A safe challenge to try a foregone conclusion! *Punch*, as he has said, sees no use in crying over spilt milk. He hates the Proclamation, and the Royal Titles Bill, and the Title of Empress, like all sensible people of his acquaintance. But there they are. *Que voulez-vous?* It is our duty, to make the best—that is, the least, rather than the most—of them. Feeling this, *Punch* almost regrets that the Opposition should have given a night to putting over again the case so overwhelmingly put against the Government by LORD SELBORNE, to prove that the Proclamation does not carry out the Government understanding, not because the Government meant not to redeem their pledge, but because their pledge was irredeemable. Of SIR HENRY JAMES, it may fairly be said,—

"That twice he routed all his foes,
And twice he slew the slain!"

His proof of the contradiction between the Proclamation and the Government undertaking to localise the title of "Empress," would have been crushing, but that LORD SELBORNE had put the matter through the crushing-machine already. That being so, why dwell on a debate of which the most conspicuous incident was the honour conferred upon the Government by the support of DR. KENEALY?

MR. DISRAELI wound up with a perjuriant Pean, supported by a majority that will warrant any amount of Peans—of 108. Meanwhile, the B. P. of the Metropolis—Upper Ten and Lower Ten hundreds of thousands alike—had been hurraing itself hoarse in welcome of the PRINCE OF WALES, as if to show that whatever the Royal Titles Bill may do to sap, or unsap, the roots of loyalty, it still flourishes as durable and deep-rooted in the British heart as our native oak in the British soil.

Friday (Lords).—Glad to find their Lordships and the Foreign Office not quite disposed to take too coolly the cruel ill-treatment of the Coolies in certain plantations in the Mauritius. LORD CARNAVON has his eye on the offenders.

(Commons).—Exciting Debate, still more exciting Division. MR. R. SMYTH moved a Resolution for shutting the Shebeens on Sunday throughout Ireland. *Punch* "Saw with M. BEACH five





NOT BAD JUDGMENT EITHER.

Mr. Snobbington Hardcash (offering his Hand and Heart to his fair Companion). "No, NOW W-W-WEALLY, MISS MAWY, DON'T BE SURPRISED. 'PON MY W-W-WORD I MEAN IT!—I DO, INDEED!"

Miss May (a sad puss). "No, REALLY, MR. HARDCASH, I COULDN'T THINK OF ACCEPTING SO MUCH. I WOULDN'T MIND JUST HAVING YOUR MARE, SIMPLY FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE, YOU KNOW!"

poor exiles of Erin"—MURPHY, O'GORMAN, CALLAN, and M. BROOKS—arrayed in a quintette against the Resolution in the teeth of a strange consensus of Irish Members in its favour.

MR. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE brought up their 81-ton guns in support of the Irish Brigade, and, thanks to their aid, the Government, resisting the Resolution, was defeated by 224 to 167! First blood for the Home-Rulers! *Mr. Punch* distrusts even sobriety on compulsion. Is it due to public conviction, or priestly influence, that so good a case has been got up for contending that opinion in Ireland is in favour of shutting up the whiskey-shops one day in seven? The Major was absolutely pathetic on the unalienable right of every man "to drink as much as he can carry." That right, dear Major, implies its correlative duty—"to carry as much as you can drink." 'Tis few can drink or carry as much good liquor as the Major, or what a prospect would the enforcement of this right open to the Irish distillers!

The Prince of Wales's Feathers.

To Mr. Punch.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,

At a time when changes are taking place in the Insignia of Royalty, might not an additional feather be voted to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, viz., one to be worn in his cap, in celebration of His Royal Highness's plucky and truly Royal progress in India?

Yours, with great regard,

NOM DE PLUME.

The Feathers Tavern, May 12, 1876.

P.S.—"Facile Princeps" might be added as a motto.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

It is whispered on the Stock Exchange that the Turkish Dividends will henceforward be paid on the Greek Calends.

MAY À LA MODE.

A Remonstrance from a Frozen-out Muse.

O MONTH once so famous in song and in story
For sunshine, and sweetness, and song-birds, and flowers,
Must we rededicate you to COCK'BELL or CORY?

Do you think that a muse who still shiv'ringly cowers
Above a coal fire, while the May-buds are bursting,
Is like to invoke you in jubilant ode?

What city, great poet, would ever go thirsting
For May à la Mode?

Bedight with green leaves? Nay, an Ulster were fitter,
Poor half-frozen nymph, those blue limbs to enwrap;
For never North-Easter more biting and bitter
Attended December, that chilly old chap.

No rose that now blows is so red as your nose is,
You can't smell your buds, you've so awfud a Code!
You've suffered some hideous metempsychosis,
Poor May à la Mode!

Say, have you been flirting with March, or coquetting

With saucy Jack Frost just a trifle too long?

The kisses of Phœbus are cold. Is he getting

A little bit jealous? Come! Tip us a song,

Like the song of old days! It may soften Apollo;

Send sunbeams and blossoms; North-Easters be blowed!

For of all weather sells there is no sell so hollow

As May à la Mode!

AN ECCLESIASTICAL ARTICLE.

DURING the sittings of Convocation, the Lower House ever and anon sends up to the Upper House an *articulus cleri*. Of course this is no addition to the Thirty-Nine Articles; and they are to be held anathema who suggest that it is any article pertaining to an Articled Clerk.

AFTER THE ACADEMY—DREAMING ALL NIGHT LONG.



—PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN—

LITTLE Bopeep was Calling the Sheep to Fold from Sheep-washing near the Pyramids in the Water Meadows, at The Day's Decline, on Saturday Night, in Wonderland.

Those Moorland Rovers, the Prince of Wales, Lord Lawrence, Lord Lytton, and Captain Richard Burton, after An Audience at Agrippa's, Darning-Day, August 1875, were Over the Hills and Far Away from Les Montagnes de Hampstead, Angling on A Spring Morning, with Violet, Our Boys, and A Convalescent Getting Better, in A Certain Trout Stream In the Austrian Tyrol, Miles from Home; Forging a Tidal Creek After a Spate, on The Eve of Liberty in Breezy June; Colt Hunting in the New Forest with Skye Terriers and Her Majesty's Buckhounds; Shearing Wraick in the Sound of Har- ris, in Summer, with A Lincolnshire Gang; Ploughing in

Lower Egypt in An Oasis in the Desert, near The Ruins of Kom-ombo, with The Crofter's Team, Valour and Cowardice; Woodcock Shooting on A November Evening in Red Autumn, with Pallas Athene and The Herdsman's Dogs in The Rustling Leaves; and, in conjunction with The Great Scalper, Dr. Priestley, and The Apothecary, Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition with Watchful Eyes in A Life Boat in A Storm at Sea in The Month of March.

The Lord Chancellor in Chancery, Sir Henry James with A Bill of Sale and Notice to Quit, spending A Lonely Christmas in A Cairo Bazaar (Confiscated), Baron Amphlett After the Sitting Outside a Prison in Italy, and Justice Grove in Newgate!

The Bishop of London, The New Curate, Cardinal Manning, The Earl of Shaftesbury, Bishop Ullathorne, Richard Baxter, Alderman Phillips, His Reverence Monsignor Capel, The Boulonnaises, and The Widower, all in The Squire's Pew in The Temple of Diana at Zaghounan, repeating "My Duty towards my Neighbour" and The Last Bit of Scandal.

The Rivals, The Duchess of Westminster, Marchioness of Ormonde, Countess of Dudley, Countess of Ilchester, Viscountess Enfield, Viscountess Hood, Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger, Cleopatra, and My Lady Belle were Preparing to Summon the Commons Across the Common to A Kettledrum After the Dance in Sir Thomas's Tower; The Village Lawyer and Sir C. S. Readimoney were Looking out for A Safe Investment; Admiral Milne was attending the Sailor's Wedding in A Little Blue Bay with some Seaside Ducks; and Pallas and Achilles [stood] Shouting from the Trenches to The Old Soldier The late Duke of Wellington—He Never Came.

"The Birds" in The Hollow Tree—Three Magpies, Three Ravens, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Goosey, Goosey, Gander, The Ugly Duckling, The Flight of the Wild Fowl, and the Ducks in A Stern Chase—now made such a noise that these dreams came to an abrupt termination, but not before they disclosed Alfred Tennyson, Bishop Harold Browne, Edward Pleydell Bouverie, The Dean of St. Paul's, Professor Beesly, and Sir Henry Cole, Spellbound in front of The Daphnephoria and Atalanta's Race.

Philadelphia and Fraternity.

PHILADELPHIA is certainly a happy name for the site of an International Exhibition which seems calculated to promote brotherly love. At any rate, let us hope the American "World's Fair" will not be followed by tremendous wars like those which fulfilled the predictions of the prophets who foretold that our Hyde-Park Exhibition would be the beginning of the reign of universal brotherhood.

FINANCIAL CHEMISTRY.

THE KHEDIVE has issued a decree for the consolidation of the Egyptian Debt. His Highness's creditors would much prefer an order for its liquidation.

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME HOME.

"O! quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto."
CATULLUS.

WHILE over the Atlantic the young Giant of a hundred Holds wide his arms in welcome to the nations old and grey, Proclaiming fellowship in Arts of those by oceans sundered, Crowning the Old-World-shows with this that greets his natal day.

While the eagles, clawed and beaked, round the Moslem sick-bed gather,
And Europe watches, breathless, for their swoop through troubled air,
Not knowing but fierce rivalries may turn to rending rather
Those that struggle for the carrion than the carcase they should share.

While France toils slowly to rebuild her greatness shrunk and shattered,
Of King's friends and Republic's patching truce that time may bide,
While Spain, as proud a pauper as e'er draped his mantle tattered
Like a robe royal, draws his rags the bleeding sores to hide.

Lo, happier England, busy in awaiting and adorning
The way for one she welcomes as mother welcomes son,
Whose coming-home from far-off lands her evening turns to morning,
And age's load makes light to bear for love's work to be done.

Where athwart fields green with Spring-time the iron-ways run grimly,
Holiday crowds are gathered, flags wave and flowers are fair;
Where through the smoke suburban the festal trim shows dimly,
Like sights and sounds of welcome glad the eye and fill the air.

'Tis the Prince, the King of England that is to be hereafter,
Comes back to his own England from his travel, bronzed and brown,
To the wife of his and England's love, to their babes' happy laughter,
To mother's love, that even wife's and children's love doth crown.

And as the heart of England was stirred with a great sorrow
When he lay sick, it seemed, to death, and love could naught but pray,
Now from the wife's joy at his side all hearts a gladness gather,
That God hath brought him home again, who held him on his way.

'Tis no mere flourish of paid pen, no phrase of courtier's tongue,
Proclaims us loyal to our line of law-abiding kings;
'Tis for a son in more than name that England's heart is strung
To this high note of welcome that through the welkin rings.

'Twas no base flunkey fellowship that followed, day by day,
His doings and his dangers, parades, and pomps and shows;
The wild work of the jungle, the spoiling of the prey,
The staunchness that no toil could tire, the strength with need that rose.

More we loved him, that in wild-wood as in durbar or divan,
He bore him manly, princely, as an English Prince should do;
That he took the rubs and roughings of travel like a man,
And, if he won new friends in crowds, to the old friends still was true.

He is kindly, gay, and gracious—he is manly, bold, and brave:
'Tis grace and manhood that rule hearts since first the world began.
And he that will wear England's Crown must no allowance crave—
Had need be every inch a Prince, and every inch a Man.

We hold our QUEEN so dear we would brook no change of name,
No addition to the style we have used and loved so long:
The music of "God save the QUEEN," to Empress ill would frame,
And we stick to the old title as we stick to the old song.

But all our quarrel is for love and loyalty beside:
Let who doubts look how England takes her Prince back to her breast,
With a benison on that sweet face she welcomed as a bride,
Welcomes still more as a mother with lusty children blest.



A PUZZLE.

SCENE—Village Inn, Hampshire.

Languid Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?'"

Barmaid. "'BEG PARD'N, SIR!'"

Swell. "'STHAWA WIFL'CAW HEAW?'"

Barmaid. "DON'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, SIR!"

Swell. "HAW!" (*Exit.*)

(He is supposed to have meant, "IS THERE A RIFLE CORPS HERE?")

A MEDICAL PARTNER.

SPEAKING in the Theatre of the University of London the other day, that of the presentation of diplomas and medals to successful candidates, LORD GRANVILLE, the Chancellor, took occasion to advocate the admission of women to medical degrees. MR. LOWE followed on the same side of a question on which it is disgraceful to the members of a liberal profession that there are two sides. Not so much because this is owing to a mean Trades-unionism, but rather in that, if, as the Unionists allege, women are naturally unfitted for the practice of medicine, the fear of competition with them is grossly stupid. It was well remarked by MR. LOWE that "Woman was never more in her place than by the sick bed." If she were duly qualified to occupy that place, she would not only be exempt from the necessity of marrying to subsist, but would be in possession of knowledge which, in the event of her marriage from choice, would especially befit her for the part of a wife and a mother. It would also materially help to render her an unmixed blessing, by preventing her from being, in one particular, a heavy burden to her husband. A woman who knows how to take her place by the sick bed, knows how to keep herself out of it. Even if she have no patients, therefore, a medical woman is in a condition to avoid becoming a patient herself. She also knows better than to let her daughters injure their health by tight lacing, late dancing, and other unwholesome follies. If she herself fetch her partner no fees, she at least saves him doctors' bills, and undertakers' also, besides continual alarm and anxiety. The girl who has well earned a doctor's degree, is one whom a young man, even in these sumptuous times, could almost venture to think of marrying on two or three thousand a year.

Moral Freedom in Spain.

THE question of liberty of conscience has lately been a good deal discussed in the Spanish Cortes. In Spain there appears to be quite a national feeling in favour of an unbounded liberty of conscience. This, however, is something other than freedom of theological opinion. The liberty of conscience prized by true Spaniards is the exemption of the national conscience from all such trammels as pecuniary obligations of the nature of Bonds.

MORE HONOURS!

A WELL-KNOWN Tobacconist has decided upon calling a very fine class of Tobacco he has in stock, "Prince's Returns." How gratified His Royal Highness will be!

LAW UNDER THE REJECTED ACT.

"He could not avoid always seeing his children in his brief,"—*Speech of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL upon the Barristers and Advocates Fees Bill.*

JONES *versus* SNOOKS.—June 18th, 187—?

THIS, the first case held under MR. NORWOOD's recently-passed Act, was chiefly remarkable for the conduct of the Counsel engaged in the trial.

The Plaintiff was represented by MESSRS. COKE, Q.C., and BLACKSTONE. MR. SERJEANT DOE and MR. RICHARD ROE appeared for the Defendant.

MR. COKE, Q.C. (who was evidently suffering from violent emotion) said that this was a matter of the last importance. If possible, he would give an account of the facts of the case. He really must implore the indulgence of the Court.

His Lordship. Really, you seem to be very unwell.

Mr. COKE, Q.C. (*bursting into tears*). I am, my Lord—indeed I am. I feel that should I make one false step, should I be guilty of the least indiscretion, my Client may recover damages against me, and then my dear children—my poor little ones—oh, it is too painful! I must retire. I throw up my brief, and retire. (*Sensation.*)

MR. COKE, Q.C., then left the Court.

His Lordship. This is really excessively painful. MR. BLACKSTONE, will you kindly continue your leader's argument?

Mr. BLACKSTONE. Oh, my Lord, would that I could! But no! although I am but a Junior (I have been called a promising Junior) of some three-and-fifty summers, I too have a heart. It has been my boast for thirty years to support an aged grandmother. (*Sensation.*) This secret I have kept until now, and only now do I reveal

it to a heartless world. (*Cries in Court of "No, no!"*) I repeat a heartless world, to account for conduct that otherwise might appear strange and unnatural. Yes, my Lord, in my brief I trace the features of my granddam's mournful face. If I misconduct the case, her hairs, already as white as snow, will sink in obscurity to a pauper's grave. (*Murmurs.*) I cannot bear the picture. I love my grandmother. I repudiate my brief, and I retire. (*Profound sensation.*)

MR. BLACKSTONE then left the Court.

His Lordship. BROTHER DOE, I think you are for the other side?

Mr. Serjeant DOE (*gloomily*). I was, my Lord, until now. But now I retire. In my brief I see a young Bride's face (my own dear Wife's) praying me to withdraw. The responsibility is too great. I must throw up my brief, and leave the matter in the hands of my learned friend, MR. RICHARD ROE, who is with me in this case.

MR. SERJEANT DOE then left the Court.

His Lordship. We are all attention, MR. ROE.

Mr. ROE. My Lord, I wish to make a short statement. Since the passing of the new Act my nerves have become terribly agitated. In every brief I see the grim faces of my ancestors, telling me to "beware!" I feel so excessively nervous, that I do not feel I can do justice to my Client's case. At this moment, I confess, I feel strongly inclined to plead "guilty" on his behalf, and—

At this point, the Solicitors for the Defendant interfered, and MR. ROE abruptly left the Court.

The case was then adjourned to secure (if possible) the services of fresh Counsel.

(MISS) THOMPSON'S SEASON.—The Balaklava Charge—One Shilling.



SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!

(Dialogue between a Fashionable Lady and an Ordinary Being of the Male Sex.)

"GOOD HEAVENS, MRS. BROWN, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE ONE MEETS HERE! DO TELL ME, WHO'S THAT WONDERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN MRS. LYON-HUNTER IS GREETING SO CORDIALLY?"

"THAT'S BELLAMY NUPKINS!" "BELLAMY!" "NUPKINS!" WHO'S HE?"

"WHY, BELLAMY NUPKINS, THE FAMOUS AUTHOR!"

"DEAR ME! NEVER HEARD OF HIM IN MY LIFE! IS THERE A MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"THERE WAS! BELLAMY NUPKINS IS A WIDOWER." "AND WHO WAS MRS. BELLAMY NUPKINS?"

"OH, SHE WAS A MISS WILHELMINA WILLOUGHBY DE RIGBY—DIGBY, OR SOMETHING."

"WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN A SECOND COUSIN OF THE LATE LORD TOLINGTON'S?" "I BELIEVE SO."

"AH! TO BE SURE! YES, YES! NOW I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHO BELLAMY NUPKINS IS—OR RATHER WAS!"

NO REST FOR THE ROYAL.

The Study of an Illustrious Personage. Illustrious Personage seated in an easy-chair. Private Secretary in attendance.

Illustrious Personage. Well, it really is very pleasant to be at home again. All that ceremonial in foreign parts was terribly exhausting. I shall be very glad of a rest. *A propos*, is there anything to do to-morrow?

Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Deputation at twelve, Council at two, Foundation Stone at four, and two Balls and the Opera in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! How about Tuesday?

Private Secretary. Review in the morning, Sir, at Aldershot, Levée in the afternoon at Buckingham Palace, a Flower-Show, and a City Dinner.

Illustrious Personage. Hem! Is Wednesday free?

Private Secretary. Well, no, Sir. Launch of an Iron-clad at Portsmouth in the morning, Sir. Reception in Town in the afternoon, Sir. Your Royal Highness talked about one of the Theatres for the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Ah, to be sure—so I did. What have I to do on Thursday?

Private Secretary. Opening of a new wing at a Hospital, Sir, in the morning. Lunch with the Life Guards. Polo in the afternoon, and a Fancy Dress Ball in the evening, Sir.

Illustrious Personage. How about Friday?

Private Secretary. Distribution of prizes. Inauguration of a new College. A Court, Sir; and four balls in the evening.

Illustrious Personage. Saturday filled up, I suppose?

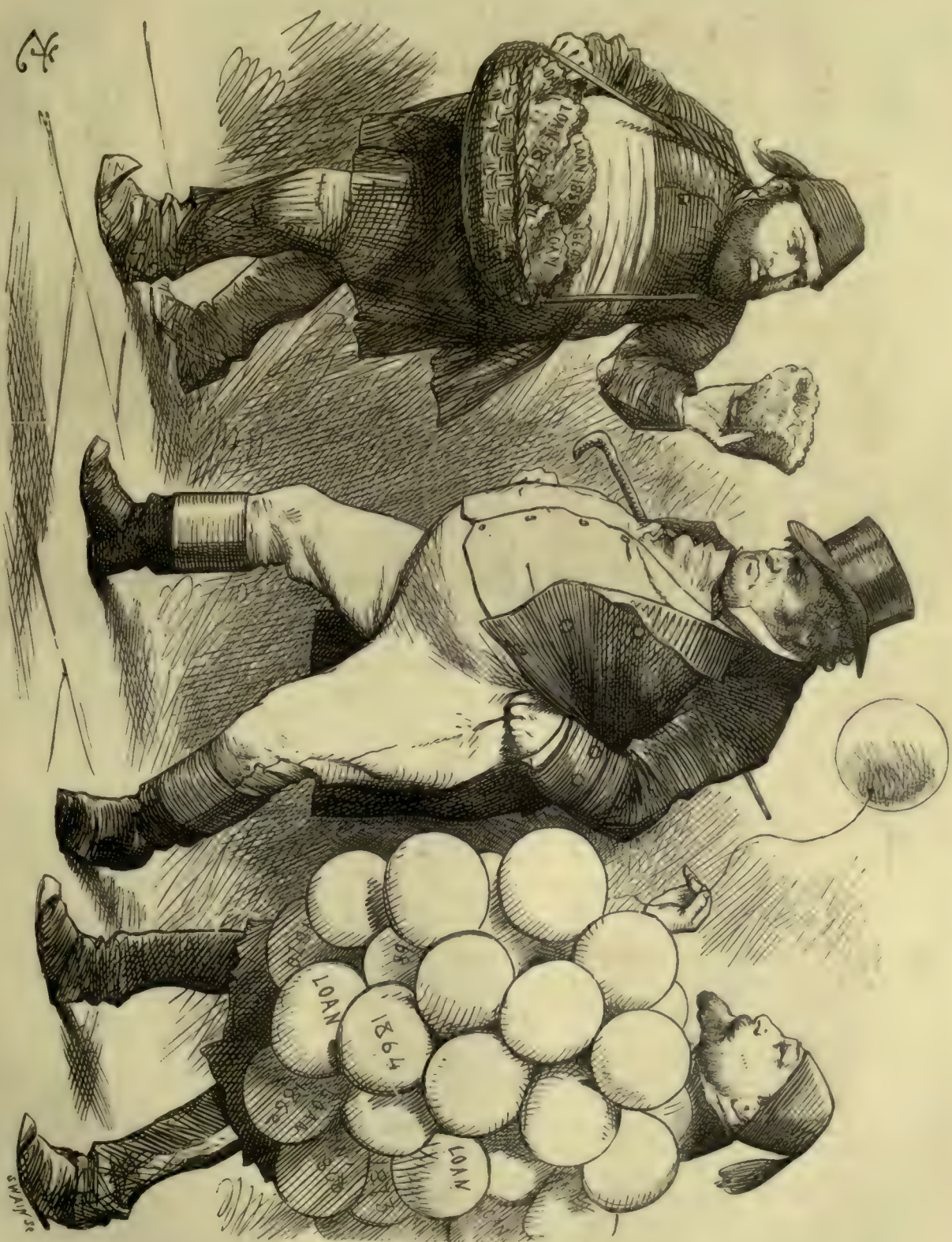
Private Secretary. Yes, Sir. Rather a heavy day, your Royal Highness. Three Foundation Stones, a Review, a Concert, a Council Meeting, two Deputations, and Fireworks at Sydenham. I think you said, Sir, that your Royal Highness wished also to be present at the Royal Italian Opera.

Illustrious Personage (smiling). I am afraid my rest will have to be deferred for the rest of the season. [Scene closes in.]

"LORD, SEND US A GUID CONCEIT O' OURSELS."

SUCH was the too modest Scotchman's well-known prayer. Judging by some characteristics of our American Cousins, the same petition no doubt has often been offered up in the United States. It has been answered, apparently, with a return in full measure of the gift prayed for, in the cheerful town of Newark, Mass., from one of whose local papers a correspondent sends us the following advertisement by a modest specimen of "Young America."

WANTED.—SITUATION, by strong, active American Youth of seventeen, with plenty of muscle, vim, and health. Not afraid to knuckle down to hard work of any kind; is well educated and has good knowledge of Latin. Ambition highly developed, and brains to back it. Penetration sharp as the business end of a hornet, and cheek bigger than either. Lawyer's office preferred. Highest and best of city references. Any one in search of such a bonanza will strike oil—a regular spouting well—by addressing "Scamander," D.A. Office.



GREAT EASTERNS. "DOWN"!

MR. HILL (to SUITAN). "NO, NO! I'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR SPONGES, THANK YOU." (To KHEMITE.) "AND I DON'T WANT ANY BALLOONS!"



MAY MEETINGS.



both caught a dreadful cold which rendered them "perfect sights" for at least a fortnight.

Success did not attend the meeting of two vehicles in Wych Street, when neither would give way, and both were summoned by the Police, and duly fined for obstructing the traffic.

There was not much glory either about a *rencontre* between DE TOMPKINS and MISS GWENDOLINE DE COURCY, when the former, who had been neglecting the latter, observed playfully, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" and when the Lady immediately rejoined, "Not a bit of it; unless you give me the seal-skin jacket and the diamond ring you promised me so often."

There was also another meeting which was not altogether of an unhequered character. Two individuals "met, 'twas in a crowd." One of the individuals missed a valuable gold repeater on getting out of the crowd.

It is no use multiplying these cases. Life has many phases, and the most pleasant meeting Mr. Punch has heard of is where two old friends, having had a disagreement, met one another half way, and made it up.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Author of "Cometh Down Like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Stilly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XIII.—What Somebody says.

WHAT can PERCY SHORTWYND do in such a situation, with this round, warm, firm, unconscious beauty in his arms?

She is, it is true, little more than an acquaintance. But then she is an acquaintance. He cannot drop her suddenly on that account.

But a few days ago, after he had first seen her, he felt that he could not do without her: now he does not know what to do with her.

Shall he break open one of the butterfly cases in the Museum, and leave her there for the night? Her warm soft hair caresses his cheeks, and mingles, sympathetically, with his weeping whiskers; and it is no wonder that, in this intoxicating moment, he loses his own head, and finds hers on his shoulders. Two heads are better than one; but where is his own? He looks down the passage! The blackness is illumined from the Aquarium Department, where a stream of light is always kept burning—a sort of floating beacon in case any of the fish should be taken ill in the night.

Here he lays her down at full length, reclining in an arm-chair; heavily on the outline of her knees lie her blue-veined hands, and ivory-carved wrists. What can he do? He caresses her gently with a small wire hand-broom, which he fortunately picks up close at hand; then he pulls a live, wriggling, twisting, agonising eel out of its tank, and lets it wind itself playfully about her face, until, with a deep-drawn sigh, the soul comes back to its own place, and, pale and clear, her eyes' dark glories shine forth once more beneath the upturned, curling lashes. Then he withdrew the cold, refreshing fish from her face, and restored it to its tank.

"What was it tickling me?" she asked, in a low, frightened voice.

"Only a fish," answers PERCY, with a reassuring smile. "You looked ill, and I thought I could eel you. So I did." Then he added, softly, very softly, "You're in the Aquarium."

"You're a Fellow," she replied.

"You're not another."

Then she recalls their relative positions: she, a nameless dependant, a lady-help in the house of a fine, old-established, English gentleman, whose titled son now stands entranced by her side.

"Go away!" she says, faintly.

"Never!" he replies, impulsively shaking his short brown locks, more curly than a bull's forehead. The next moment he has strained her to his heart.

"BELLA!" he cries, "I will marry you, even if my father cut me off with a shilling."

"What could we do?" she asks, feebly.

"Do!" he cries. "We could keep a *bon-bon* shop."

"Yes," she answered, lifting up her great green eyes towards him, and speaking with a mouth like a ripe cleft cherry, "we could keep a *bon-bon* shop, and make money by letting out *seats*—"

"Seats of apartments, and taking in a flat or two," he cries, finishing her sentence for her, and then laying his lips upon the blossom of her sweet red mouth, he thinks that no *bon-bon* in all the imaginary *magasin* will be equal to this.

Suddenly a pang of jealous suspicion shoots across him, and he starts as if with pain.

"Tell me," he asks, "have you ever loved any one before this?"

Now is her opportunity. Is she to speak truth, or to lie? What matters it to him, as long as *he* is happy?

"Never!" she replies, with unhesitating vehemence.

Has she forgotten that figure of DISCOVER in the glass case? No, but she will not think of it; she rejects it as being no longer a case in point.

Then she stoops down, bending herself to her square-set, broad-shouldered, sturdy lover, and whispering in his ear, "I love you to subtraction!" she places two burning lips on the back of his head.

Enraptured, overjoyed, amazed at his own ecstatic, blissful happiness, PERCY catches her to his heart with both arms, and whistling a popular melody, *galop* time, he flies round the Museum with her in frenzied haste.

Then, panting and palpitating, they dance in the middle of the room, silent, careering, inexpressibly happy.

The old clock in the town strikes two, as, to relieve their overburdened feelings, they commence playing Dumb Crambo. PERCY is to leave the room, and BELLA is to tell him what the word rhymes with. He opens the door to go out into the passage, when in walks, pale, dignified, statuesque, and classical, LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER.

"So!" she says, in a hissing voice. "This is what you call Dumb Crambo!"

BELLA sinks on the ground trembling, with a world of horror and surprise in her great, innocent eyes; while PERCY, who at the first start had jumped backwards into the Octopus Tank, now rises from thence, calm, dignified, serene, and confronts his cousin, as she stands, with her pink ears back, and that zebra-like look in her countenance, the very picture of a resolute, and cruelly-chiselled statue, in the grey moonlight.

CHAPTER XIV.—What the Author says.

"WELL!" says PERCY SHORTWYND, turning towards the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER, his face growing white and fierce. "Do you not believe me?"

The zebra-like look comes into her face, as she replies, with freezing calm. "I do not believe you, my boy. I find you and Miss BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS in the Aquarium Department of the Museum at four o'clock in the morning, and I do not believe that your sole object in coming here was to play Dumb Crambo. I may be behind my age—and I wish I were more so by several years—but I have yet to learn that Dumb Crambo, in an Aquarium, between two people, is not contrary to all preconceived notions of propriety and deportment. Therefore you will allow me to deliver my message, and then to take you, MR. PERCY SHORTWYND, away with me."

These last words she says haughtily, and with terrible effect. What is her message? That, at least, she can let BELLA know, and at once.

"It is a telegram," replied LADY VIRGINIA, elevating her cold, classic head, and extending upward her long, white, Parian marble neck.

"A telegram!" exclaims BELLA, stung into swift anger with this

• "On the back of his head." The italics are ours (the Editing Committee's—with one dissentient, our much-respected Maiden Aunt), as we really could not stand any more of this sort of thing; and so, with the public good in view, we chose this description of the heroine's action as being entirely unobjectionable. We omit three pages of "love-making," and are quite certain that the talented Authoress will not mind, as the matter can easily come in, anywhere else, in her next new book.—ED. COM.



"FAIR PLAY."

Young Mistress. "It's YOUR 'SUNDAY OUT' NEXT WEEK, JANE; ISN'T IT!"

Jane. "LOR', MUM! WHY YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! IT'S YOURS!!"

frozen, Gunter-iced woman, and feeling her own face burning hotter than a furnace. "Give it me!"

"I could give it you with pleasure," returned VIRGINIA, with a curve of her suave lips, expressing the intense bitterness of a bland, unforgetting, unforgiving nature; "but I prefer simply handing you the telegram, which, as you may see, I have already opened and read."

"And it says?" the poor young girl asks nervously.

"It says," answers LADY VIRGINIA, glancing at PERCY, with a cold, impassive smile—"From the REV. THOMAS HASOCK to MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS. Come. I am very ill. All U. P. There is money in it."

"And who is THOMAS HASOCK?" asked PERCY, his face distorted with passion, as he pulls at, and bites, his long whiskers.

LADY VIRGINIA unbuttons her great eyes, and hooks her nose with even more frigid, aristocratical haughtiness than usual, as she replies, "THOMAS HASOCK is the lover of MISS BELLA ST. JOHN VILLARS."

PERCY SHORTWYND jumps up three times in a bitter, surging wrath that for a few moments quite carries him away. But as they waited there for him, expecting him back every moment, he returned at last, and speaks with a quickening, deepening emotion in every word.

"You have deceived me!" he says, turning a blank back upon her sternly.

LADY VIRGINIA stands hard by—hard as the iron nails in the planks of the floor,—fanning herself blandly, with the zebra expression so strong on her face now, that even the upturned, speaking eye of the passionately admiring Octopus, as he glloats on her marble, Clyté-like charms, from a recess of his deep, cold tank, is for a moment dimmed, and silenced, by a great, overpowering awe.

"I have deceived you," she answers, with whitened lips, whence proceeds a grievous, touching sound,—a something resembling the recently cut grass in summer, inasmuch as it is a fresh moan; "good bye!"

"Good bye!" he answers, shortly,—very shortly even for him,

who is scarcely five feet six in the longest day. "I shall never see you again nor speak another word to you."*

She flings herself upon his breast, her arms cling around his thick, brown throat, and her wealth of hair falls all over his broad, strong back and shoulders, as he pants and gasps in her embrace, heaving his short, heavy, columnar legs up in the air one after the other, in vain attempts to free himself from this fair, full, soft, tepid, light-headed, heavy-bodied, caressing burden. She clings frantically, with ivy-growth tenacity, around his broad, open throat.

VIRGINIA, classic though she be, must be colder than iced marble if she can stand by and witness this calmly. Reddening for once in her life, and with some show of resentful animation, she stoops majestically, and, with her white, long, harsh, handsome hands, seizes PERCY firmly and determinedly by the ankles. He is between the two. BELLA has him by the head-locks, VIRGINIA by the fetlocks. The latter will not release him, holding him as by a strong chain that cannot be broken.

To and fro they swing him, these two glorious, brave, loving women—with the violent flooding of a long pent-up passion. Their hearts and pulses begin to beat madly, frantically fast, as though rivers of flame instead of blood were coursing through their veins. Their heads swim round the Aquarium, and, such is the boiling, burning heat, that, were the Thames there, it would be set on fire; but, being as it is, only the fish are fried to cinders in their transparent, cool tanks, now turned into very hot-houses, rather for orchids, than octopuses.

A man is not easily pulled into little bits, but at one or other woman's feet he must fall, scarred by the fierce, unequal contest. The paroxysm is short. One big, sharp, short snap, and PERCY,

* *What the Editor says.*—"As after this follow five pages of dialogue between PERCY and BELLA, we have thought it more consistent to omit them, and make PERCY stick to his original text."—ED.

What the Authoress says (to the Editor).—"You think you know human nature! Your Aunt, who is the only one on the Editing Committee whose opinion is worth anything, writes privately to say that she thinks you've omitted the most natural and most characteristic portion of the novel. So do I. I shall consult my Solicitor, and your Aunt will be a witness."—ED.



"FAT, FAIR, AND FORTY."

Mamma. "A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, ETHEL!"

Ethel. "OH, I WAS THINKING ABOUT WHAT THE CLERGYMAN SAID ABOUT OUR ALL BEING WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE, YOU KNOW, AND—AND——"

Mamma. "AND WHAT, LOVE?"

Ethel. "WELL—THAT YOU AND PAPA WOULDN'T BE FOUND WANTING!"

following the hold of VIRGINIA, falls through the open door, while BELLA lies helpless and gasping, with the brown, crisp, curly, pomaded locks in her hand, which had but now glistened on the head of her lover, PERCY SHORTWYND.

VIRGINIA lays her cold, white hand on his shining head, and bending down her white neck in a despondent attitude, strokes it with mournful reproachfulness. She is sad, even in the moment of her great victory, she is sad. Was it for this she had played, and won?

"I can soon get a new one," he murmurs, biting his lips.

"Come," says VIRGINIA, drawing herself up to her stately height, and taking PERCY SHORTWYND with her. BELLA followed him with her large, mournful eyes, as he was thus taken up by his affianced bride, until he disappeared.

"Oh my wig!" she heard him utter, faintly, as he was lost to her view. Then, with a great cry, and with the very little wool that had so lately come from the HONOURABLE PERCY'S head, she threw herself despairingly into a tank; and the Fishkeeper, one hour later, entering, found her wailing in the Aquarium.

"Promise me," she said, piteously, falling upon and kissing his broad shoulder, "promise me that I shall not catch it, and I will hook it."

The Fishkeeper had a light figure, and a small, questioning, retroussé face.

"I'm a married man, Miss," he said, drawing himself up to his full height with an appearance of calmness, "with a family; but," he added, relenting a little, as her white, plump, blue-veined hand unexpectedly strikes his first blue, then black eye, "I will see you to the railway station?"

"Will you not see me further first?" she asked, imploringly.

THE REAL THING AT LAST!

"An Extraordinary Sea Monster, resembling the sea-serpent, was encountered by the P. and O. steamer *Hydaspes* on her voyage from Bombay to Aden. The creature was discovered early one morning to be following the vessel, and was seen, says a correspondent of the *Bombay Gazette*, by every one on board except the captain. It was composed of a dark mass looking like tangled seaweed, 20 or 30 feet long, and 10 feet wide, crowned by a huge black head, with a flat top, like a toad, a thick fringe of reddish hair over the mouth, and bright copper-hued scintillating eyes. The monster followed peaceably enough till aroused by the cries of some children, when it raised itself out of the water, gave a hideous bellow, and aimed three blows at the mainmast. The last touched the mast, making the ship away violently, and the monster immediately disappeared, leaving not even a ripple on the water. The correspondent declares the creature could not have been a serpent, and gives his name as a warrant of good faith."—*News of the Day*.

SIR,—No doubt, owing to your having taken a deep interest in the last sea-serpent, you will be overwhelmed with letters, speculating upon the nature of the one alleged to have been seen by the passengers of the P. and O. steamship *Hydaspes* in last March. I take leave to anticipate futile conjecture, by pointing out that the "thing" so eloquently described by the REV. MR. STRONG in his letter to the *Bombay Gazette*, can be no other than the *Jabberwock*, whose name and habits are now so familiar to us all.

No doubt the unwillingness of the Captain of the ship to face the hideous monster, may be accounted for by the fact that he couldn't find a "vorpel blade" on the spur of the moment.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

THOMAS LONGBOW.

A Big Fish.

A TELEGRAM from Rome announces that the POPE has received SIR SALAR JUNG, though only as Prime Minister of Hyderabad, not as a convert. It does not appear that the Fisherman has as yet had the happiness of hooking this considerable Indian *Salmo Salar*.

"I will," he answered; and so they passed out into the quiet street, and onward to the sleeping station, where, true to his promise, he not only took her ticket, but accompanied her up to the house of the REV. THOMAS HASSECK, where, lifting his hat stiffly and politely, he bade her farewell, and returned by the next train.

Then she went up-stairs, to where poor THOMAS HASSECK was lying, and entered his room.

"You telegraphed for me?" she said.

But poor, wan, wasted TOMMY did not hear her; he was lying in bed and playing the concertina under the bedclothes.

As she approached the bedside, she heard his muffled voice from under the blanket gently singing these words,—

"Here 's another good man gone wrong."

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he may have water on the brain; and, if so, a tap on the head will relieve him."

So communing with herself, she seizes the boot-jack, and, as TOMMY raises himself from his ambush, she lets it fall sharply on his pretty, silk, light-brown hair, the one thing commendable about his outward man.

"So," he exclaimed, with a golden smile on his calm, passionless face, "you have come at last." He felt that he loved her—as he had always done, madly. So he lay back on his pillow, and, gazing wistfully into her moist, full eyes, murmured, "BELLA!"

She stooped over him, and listened greedily.

(To be continued.)

A TIGHT FIT.—A state of coma, which Bobbies are too apt to confound with apoplexy.

THE WIND AND THE WOOL.



'TIS an ill wind that blows
nobody good:

Such a wind in the East for
the last month has stood.
To no men, at least, can it
profit have blown,
Except Undertakers and
Doctors alone.

Long faces are pulled by the
pastoral swains
Whose fleecy live stock crop
the verdurous plains,
And the dales, and the downs,
o'er the spacious extent
Of the counties of Sussex and
Surrey and Kent.

Those sheep-farmers, ever
before till to-day,
Began their sheep-shearing
the first week of May,
But are forced to postpone
it a fortnight this year,
Now the East wind has blown
them a May so severe.

To the shorn lamb 'tis said
Heaven tempers the wind,
When the hand of the shearer
has left it bare-skinned;

But what swain in his senses that saying would trust,
When East winds like these in his eyes blow the dust?

Behold for a month, too, the local wool sales
Put off by the blast of those ill-blowing gales!
What matter if they, whilst the sheep-farmers weep,
A respite from shearing meanwhile blow the sheep?

Not only have husbandmen cause to complain
Of the wind that blows ill to their herbage and grain,
To the sheep-farmer's farming it blows a dead stop;
For sheep-shearing deferred is a check to his crop.

March winds blew of old, and then came April showers,
And our sires used to say that they brought forth May flowers.
May it not be June blight that these May winds will bring,
Which have blown all this while in the teeth of the Spring?

O Clerk of the Weather, how long will it last,
This villanous, ill-blowing, easterly blast?
Send a Zephyr to chase agriculturist's fears,
And let the wool-harvest be reaped with the shears?

AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

What a Papa says. Really, my dears, if you don't come down at once we shall be late. The carriage has been here for a couple of hours. John tells me that when he passed through the Park there was a double row in the Mall. Surely you have had enough time for your finishing touches.

What a Mamma says. Mind, dears, I don't like this at all—as a rule. But really one does look so very well in Court Dress. Only a suspicion of colour, you know. AMY, dear, some of it has got on to your nose. Never mind, dear, I will wipe it off for you.

What an Eldest Son says. Dear me, how my Militia tunic has shrunk since the last Training! The sword-belt, too, seems to be smaller. Very strange—I can't make it out.

What an Eldest Daughter says. Yes, I like the contrast very much indeed. So pretty—isn't it?—cream-colour and rose-pink. Satin, too, is so much better than silk.

What an Admiring Friend says. My dears, I think your dresses simply quite too lovely. I could not let you go without giving you a look in. Charming—charming! Perfectly sweet!

What a Younger Daughter says. I knew there wouldn't be room for all of us in the carriage. FRED, my dear, don't you think you could take a Hansom, and meet us there? Papa, you really must get up for a minute—your sword is tearing my train.

What a Rude Boy says. Oh! look 'ere, Bill. 'Ere's a carriage full for yer! Ain't they a stunning lot! Call ANNA MARIA and SAIREY JANE, and let's 'ave a good look at 'em! Now, then, for a shove!

What a Policeman says. Come, now, you must move on. I can't have you blocking up the pavement looking into the carriages. Come, now, I say—just move on!

What a Bridegroom says. My darling, as I knew we should have to wait a couple of hours at the very least in the carriage, I told MORTIMER to put up a pint of Champagne and some chicken sandwiches. Now do, darling—do let me tempt you. I am sure they will do you good.

What a Bride says. Oh! but really it is so very dreadful! Champagne in the morning! Oh! I don't think I ought to—really I don't. Well, if you insist, dearest, I suppose I must. Are you not my husband? But you will be careful, dear, won't you, not to spill any of the Champagne on my train? And don't you think you had better pull down the blind, dear? The sun is shining so brightly, and I think, dear, I can see the DE ROSHERVILLES in the distance.

What the Father of a Family says. I tell you what it is, JANE. It is simply disgraceful. You forget everything. You know the last time we came to this—this—well, whatever you like to call it—we were half starved, and here we are again without a single biscuit. I have half a mind to leave you, and go off to the Club.

What the Mother of a Family says. You will do nothing of the sort—you will stay here. You are always thinking of eating and drinking. Surely, you could have ordered something yourself. But no! I have to do everything—yes, absolutely everything. However, it will be soon over. You may not have noticed it, but I am rapidly sinking into my grave. Now that you have challenged me, you shall hear what I think about you. You are heartless, unfeeling, selfish. Nonsense! leave the door-handle alone. Do stay, dear! I didn't mean what I said—I didn't, really. How am I to get the carriage without you? You really must stay. There now, I won't say another word.

What an Elderly Page says. One of the cards is left here, Madam: the other you will give to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

What a Lady of Quality says. I really must request you to be more careful. Your arm is hurting my back.

What an Alderman says. I am very sorry, Ma'am, but it ain't my fault. The pushing is something awful. Now, then, LADY G., keep 'old of me when they go into the next room.

What a Devoted Husband says. I am sure you will be tired to death with this waiting. I do so wish I could find you a chair.

What a Grateful Wife says. Never mind, dear. We shan't have to wait more than half-an-hour longer. It will soon be over.

What a Gentleman-at-Arms says. You must get into single file, please.

What a Great Court Dignitary says. The DUCHESS OF DULBOROUGH, LADY SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS SNOOKS, Presentation—MISS ANGELINA SNOOKS. MRS. BROWN, MRS. JONES, LADY ROBINSON.

What a Kind-Hearted Personage (in point of fact, Mr. Punch) says. There, my dears, after weeks of preparation and hours of waiting it is all over, and I hope you are satisfied, and not tired.

What John the Footman says to his Mistress (respectfully touching his hat). Yes, my Lady. (To Coachman, as he swings up on the box, anything but respectfully.) Shortest way 'ome—old 'ooman's orders.

What the Coachman says. That's the best bit o' news I've 'eard to-day.

What Everybody says. So tired; but it is quite the proper thing to do!

ELEVENTH COMMANDMENTS.

"Thou shalt not be found out" has turned the Decalogue into an Undecalogue from time immemorial. Mr. Punch holds the opinion that for each individual there is what may be called an Eleventh Commandment, suited to his idiosyncrasy. Thus—

Thou shalt not reveal the secrets of the prison-house. (MR. COPE, R.A.)

Thou shalt not spread scandal and retract it. (The Editor of the World.)

Thou shalt not invite Publishers to meet Poets. (The LORD MAYOR of London.)

Thou shalt not make Greek heroines of white porcelain. (MR. POYNTER.)

Thou shalt not smooth away sex, or turn womanhood to wax. (MR. LEIGHTON.)

Thou shalt not flirt with detrimentals. (The Belle of the Season.)

Thou shalt not speak evil of dignities. (MR. LOWE.)

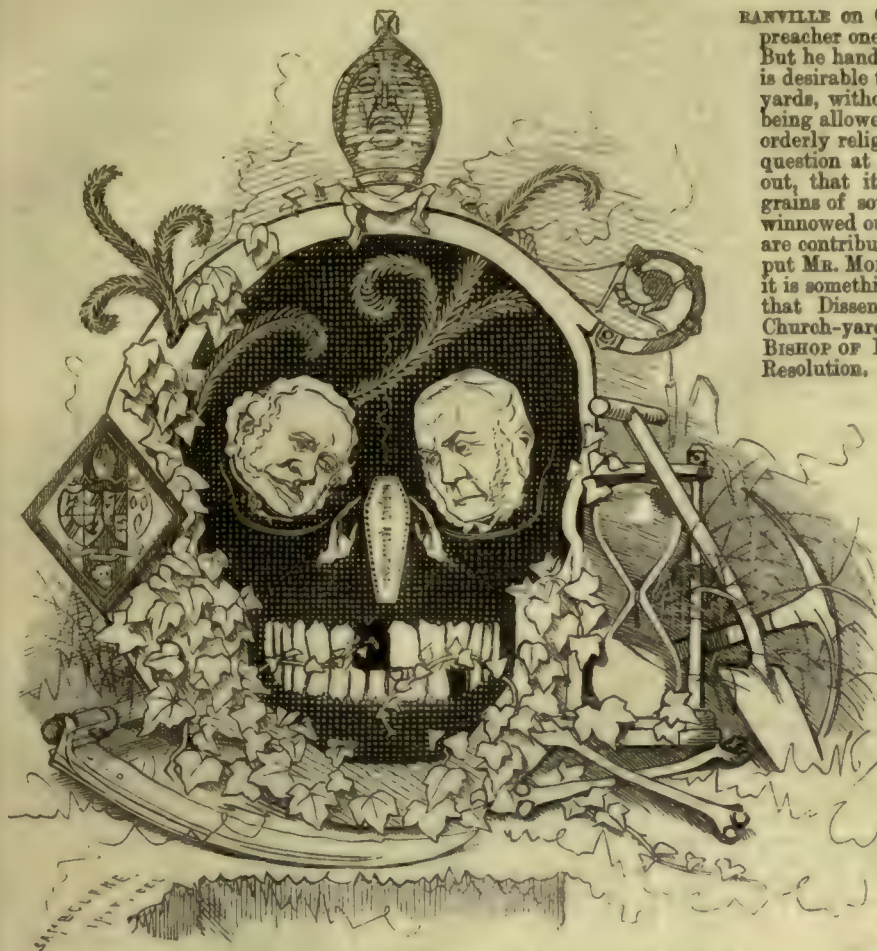
Thou shalt not contrive more mysteries and surprises. (The PREMIER.)

Thou shalt not condescend to be Imperial. (The PRINCE OF WALES.)

A MAD MONTH, MY MASTERS!

WHAT mean these East winds, that so chill and parch?
Merely that May has on us stolen a March.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



GRANVILLE on Grave-yards (*Monday, May 15*). Scarcely the preacher one would look to for the handling of such a text. But he handled it well, in support of his Resolution, that it is desirable to give facilities for interment in parish church-yards, without the Church Service,—friends and relatives being allowed to conduct the funeral with such Christian and orderly religious observances as they shall think fit. The question at issue has been, indeed, so completely threshed out, that it is needless to add any of *Punch's* chaff to the grains of sound sense and Christian charity which may be winnowed out of the Lords' speeches. Most of these, indeed, are contributed by **LORDS GRANVILLE** and **SELBORNE**, who put **MR. MORGAN's** strong case even more strongly. But it is something to hear a brace of Archbishops admitting that Dissenters have a grievance, and that opening the Church-yard does not mean shutting-up the Church. The **BISHOP of EXETER**, too, not only spoke, but voted for the Resolution. Of course Archbishops could not be expected to rush in where Bishops feared to tread, so we must not be surprised if, on the division, **BISHOP TEMPLE** was left in a minority of one, by his chiefs and brethren of the Episcopal Bench. Still the speeches of my Lords of **CANTERBURY** and **YORK** told rather for, than against, the Resolution.

The **BISHOP of LINCOLN**, that highest and driest of prelates, can almost boast that he has found a higher and drier than himself in **LORD SALISBURY**, who drenched Dissent with a *douche* of mingled wrath and contempt that must have been as a holy oil to **BISHOP WORDSWORTH**. On the whole, however, both the weight of argument and the feeling of the House went with the Resolution.

It is plain enough now, if it was doubtful before Monday's discussion, that the opening of Parish Church-yards to all decent and orderly religious services is one of those foregone conclusions for which we may wait with

"Faith in time,
And that which shapes it to a rational end."

LORD GRANVILLE's Resolution only awaits a little more spiritual and temporal resolution in the Lords. Till then, let all who fail to see

that the burial of Dissenters in the Church-yard with their own services is the death-blow of the Church possess their souls in peace.

LORD CARNARVON brought in a sensible Bill, putting such checks on Vivisection as reason and science may join in approving. (*Commons*).—**RYLANDS** up on his hobby, "Economy," got by **MR. HUME's** *Example* out of *Self-Conceit*. If Rylands-Resolutions could reduce Estimates, how cheaply we should be governed! But there is a kind of cheap Government not to be described except by, the addition of a dissyllabic epithet meaning the reverse of nice; and some may think this is the kind of Government Statesmen of the Rylands order would be most likely to land us in. Flying **CHILDERS** made the running for **MR. RYLANDS' Hobby**, and galloped through the financial history of the last few years, having everything his own way, and showing to his own satisfaction that we were spending five and a half millions more than when last blessed by a Liberal cheese-paring Administration.

MR. WARD HUNT defended the Admiralty administration from the charge of waste. This, says **MR. HUNT**, is the way of it. The Liberals come in, pledged to save; so, to show a reduction in totals, they sell stores, starve establishments, let down stocks, and postpone orders till, when the Conservatives climb into office over their ruins, they have to spend heavily the first few years to repair the waste of Liberal savings. In short, your "Economist," says **MR. HUNT**, pares the cheese till the rind isn't thick enough to keep out the rats and the blue-mould; and so Penny-wisdom brings in his yoke-fellow, Pound-foolishness, and both together work their will on **JOHN BULL's** establishments—Civil, Naval, and Military.

Suppose *Punch* puts into nursery-rhymes an unpractical night's playing at figures, fitter for children than grown men?—

AIR—"Robin and Richard."

REILLY and **RICHARD** were long-winded men,
They talked the House empty till close upon ten,
When up jumps **BAXTER**, "The sum's far too high
That to Army and Navy we vote in Supply:
Here's **HARDY** takes fifteen millions of swag,
And **WARD HUNT** comes after, not much less to bag."

AIR—"Mother Hubbard."

But kind **MR. HUBBARD**
Pulled out of his cupboard
A book of accounts of his own;
Which proved, he would swear,
Fleet and Army went bare,
And that waste there was really none.

AIR—"Taffy was a Welshman."

SAM was a financier, of calculators chief,
He pitched into **RYLANDS**, and chawed him up like beef.
Proved of all the nations, whoso'er you roam,
Least taxed and cheapest governed is **JOHN BULL** at home.

AIR—"Mistress Mary, quite contrary."

MISTER HARDY played the card he
Well to play should know—
Of hitches and sells, and changes tells
That cost on War-Office throw.
And **FAWCETT** whacks into Income-tax,
That to catch big fish spares little;
To which **NORTHCOTE** tacks calculations lax,
That prove his own case to a tittle!

Tuesday (Lords).—In answer to **LORD COTTESLOE**, **LORD CARNARVON** told the tale of the **KING of DAHOMEY's** insolence to **COMMODORE HEWITT**; how that King had struck a British merchant, **MR. TURNBULL**; and how the Commodore, in retaliation, had struck—oil—five hundred puncheons, in the shape of a fine—which the King refused to pay, offering powder and bullets instead; and how it might become really necessary, if the blockade of Whydah did not bring his sable Majesty to reason, to march on Abomey, his capital, the scene of the most hideous abominations of the Abomey-nation, in the shape of bloody fetish rites, torture of slaves, and human sacrifices, put them down, and rase it to the ground. The sooner the better. Or, suppose **COMMODORE HEWITT** were to take Whydah instead of blockading

it, and if the King should ask, "Why da'?" answer him in the dialect of the Christy minstrel, "Cause dat JOHN BULL's plan of bringin' naughty nigger to him senses."

(*Commons.*)—By a natural law of association, LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE, raising the question of Egyptian Finance (on which no light could be got out of CAVE, beyond the general caution "cave"), led up to SIR J. M'KENNA on Financial Panics, which he thinks—dear simple soul, he is so innocent—may be prevented by putting all sorts of checks and stoppers on bank deposits!

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined to interpose between fools and their money. The parting of the two might be painful, but Parliament could not prevent it.

MR. BRASSEY, the Cassandra of the Merchant Service, spoke a weighty word of warning on the lack of sufficient training among Second-class Merchant Captains. He would like to see voluntary examinations in Modern Languages and Commercial Law (suppose we add Rudimental Surgery and Medicine, while we are about it?) with inducements to Merchant Officers to study at the Naval College (suppose we insisted on a University Degree at once?)

The much badgered President of the Board of Trade said he found it quite difficult enough to get Merchant Captains through the Board of Trade examinations as they are, and altogether declined to aggravate the difficulties of the passage.

MR. BUTT moved to empty benches for leave to bring in a Bill for coupling the lean, young Catholic University, and fat old Trinity College into an Irish National University, Religion and Morality to be under a Board of Roman Catholic Bishops, and any extra Endowment that might be wanted to be drawn from the Irish Church Surplus! The proposition suits the weather, being more cool than seasonable.

Not a Liberal was visible above the gangway to hear MR. BUTT. The Irish Tub was left, *this time*, to stand on its own bottom.

MR. WALPOLE brought in the Cambridge Reform Bill. It is built on the same lines as the Oxford Bill of the Government, and is as good as a Government Measure. This Bill, too, contemplates a process of transfusion—to bleed fat Colleges for the benefit of a lean University. The scheme is to be worked by a Commission manned by four Senior Wranglers, a Bishop, a Lord Chief Justice, and a Professor of Divinity, with the mild wisdom of MR. BOUVERIE as Coxswain. Something like a University Crew!

Wednesday.—MR. COWEN wants the Licensing business turned over from the Magistrates to a Representative Board, elected by the rate-payers. SIR W. LAWSON supports him. He sees in MR. COWEN'S Bill a step to his own Permissive Bill for shutting up Publics by *plébiscite*. Perhaps he thinks such Licensing Boards will make public-houses so intolerable a nuisance that people will sacrifice even their free agency to get rid of them, rather than maintain them at the cost of a corruption to which Municipal and Parliamentary corruption will be as snow to soot.

So argue SIR W. HARCOURT, SIR W. BARTHELOT, and MR. HENLEY. The change is asked in the name of the Representative principle. Better the J. P.'s than the L. V.'s with their hands on the tap; and that is what, in too many cases, it would come to, in all probability, with a popularly-elected Board to decide the question, "Licence or no Licence?" A great deal too much licence, we should fear, would follow the adoption of the change advocated by MR. COWEN, but rejected by the sound sense of the House, in a non-party division of 274 to 100.

Thursday (Lords).—LORD DERBY told the House about as much as the telegrams have told us already on the murder of the Consuls at Salonica, and the panic of the Christians at Constantinople. The agitation is allayed, and LORD DERBY hopes there is no danger. As to that, *Punch* can only say that LORD DERBY is constitutionally cool, and that London is a long way off Constantinople.

LORD POWERSCOURT asked a question about Knightsbridge Barracks.

EARL CADOGAN said they would be built according to the plans in the Tea-room of the House of Commons. Government had not yet taken tenders, but they meant to be tough in resisting the remonstrances of objectors, or suggestions of alteration.

(*Commons.*)—LORD H. LENNOX means to keep the Clock Tower-dial illuminated all night, whether the House is sitting or no, that early birds of artisans may know what o'clock it is, on turning out to their work. This is a very little bid for popularity of LORD HENRY. Considering how the face of Parliament itself beams upon "the working-man" (especially about election time), the face of the Parliamentary Time-keeper, outside the House, should look bright for him through the dark. "*Ex luce lucetum*" might be the motto under the clock.

England will be glad to know that MR. CROSS does not mean to allow the startling misfeasance, or mistake, of the Coroner at a late inquest into a mysterious death at Balham, to pass without remedy.

LORD SANDON laid the Government Elementary Education Bill on the table. Enough for the night is the Bill thereof. *Punch* reserves his opinion of the "blessed baby" till he and the Lower House

have had time to sit upon it. Meantime, he fears the babe looks *rather* rickety.

It used to be a question among the Schoolmen, how many angels could dance on the point of a needle? The House amused itself to-night with trying how many Economists could argue on the point of an Income-tax exemption—whether its limit should be £80 or £100—or whether the deduction should be £80 or £130 from incomes up to £300 or £400.

It is hard to see how, if the one of these alternatives be statesmanship, the other can be Socialism, Communism, or any other awful form of "ism." The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been ingenious enough to ease the screw on four out of five thousand contributors, while tightening it on the upper one-thousand, who have less weight in elections and make less noise about paying taxes.

Friday.—No House, nowhere—except at the Guildhall, and there a great house, with a greater crowd of guests, however, than it could well hold—old Guildhall and appurtenances, and new extemporary ball-room together—for the City's welcome home of the PRINCE OF WALES.

TEMPERANCE IRISH MELODY.



ND is't the
foul fetters
of British
coercion
That the
free sons
of Ireland
must brook
all their
days?

No! Let's spurn the base bonds, with indignant aversion,
For the specious compulsion to do as we please.

'Tis ourselves that's determined to be our own masters,
And resolved to control one another alone,
By the holy decrees of our Priests and our Pastors,
For our neighbours' correction as well as our own.

Ah, mane is the slave that from Whiskey on Sunday
Is content with the lave for himself to abstain!
To shut all Shebeens in all faces that one day
From our tyrants to wrest the proud freedom we mane.

'Tis not the base Saxon this time that proposes
To quench wid could water the thirst of the free:
If it was, by the Piper that played before Moses,
What a hullabaloo the oppressor would see!

Wid a trumpet-like voice if the Saxon refuse us
Our demand to be ruled like gossons at a school,
We'll denounce the black villains like bondsmen that use us;
The thieves of the world that deny us Home-Rule!

TITLE FOR THE PRINCE—OLD STYLE (*By a Loyal Stammerer*).—
Indo-per-errator!

THE QUIETEST OF RUBBERS (*with Punch's regards and respects to*
MR. MANKELYN).—Two Psychos playing double dummy.



SAFE.

Sub-Lieutenant Bantling (in gasps). "AWFULLY—SLIPPERY—TAKE—CARE!"
Muscular Belle. "DON'T BE AFRAID! I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!"

"WANTED—A PRESIDENT."

It having become known that the Office of President of the Supreme Council to His Highness the KHEDIVE may be filled by a foreigner, the following Letters have recently been received in Egypt:—

(LETTER No. I. Marked "Important.")

Seven Dials (near Belgravia, South Kensington, and Eaton Square), London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

PERMIT me very respectfully to offer myself as a Candidate for the post of President to your Council. For the last forty years I have had the greatest possible experience in borrowing, in all its branches—from a shilling up to £500,000. The latter sum was to have been paid to me in fully paid-up Shares; but (from circumstances beyond my control), as a matter of fact, neither money nor shares reached my hands.

Should you think well of my application, be kind enough to forward me £1,000 by return of post, to defray preliminary expenses. Failing this, I shall be happy to receive the sum of at least five shillings in postage-stamps.

I have the honour to remain,

Your Highness's most obedient, humble Servant,

(Signed)

JEREMIAH DIDDLER.

P.S.—Pardon me for leaving the postage of this letter unpaid. The paper and envelope, too, might have been better had I not been forced to borrow them (with the pen and ink) from a waiter to whom I happen to be under obligations of a pecuniary character.

(LETTER No. II. Marked "At Once.")

Lower Tooting.

MISS ROBERTHA HENRIETTA MANTRAP presents her compliments to the KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, and begs to say that she will be glad to accept the post of President to His Highness's Supreme Council. As the KHEDIVE says nothing about the sex of the holder of the office, MISS MANTRAP imagines that the fact that she has the honour to be a woman will not prevent her from holding the position she covets.

MISS MANTRAP considers herself well suited for the office in question, as she has a ready flow of language—a most important qualification, she believes, in dealing with Egyptian accounts. She points with pride (in support of her

assertion) to a meeting held recently at St. George's Hall, where Ladies proved, to the satisfaction of all present, that the art of talking is by no means confined to the soft sex.

MISS MANTRAP also believes that she will give satisfaction to the KHEDIVE, as she shares with His Highness a strong taste for what some people are pleased to term—useless finery. Under these circumstances she asks for the post she solicits with confidence, urgency, and determination.

(LETTER No. III. Marked "Confidential.")

Houndsditch, E., and St. James's Street, S.W., London.

YOUR HIGHNESS,

WE shall be happy to accommodate you with any amount up to £500 (at our usual rate of interest—from five to 1500 per cent. according to circumstances) on your simple note of hand, on condition that you make our senior partner President of your Supreme Council, and the other members of our firm Barons of the Egyptian Empire.

We are, Your Highness,

Yours very obediently,

(Signed) MOSES AARON BROWN,
LEVI JONAS JONES, and
REUBEN ISAAC ROBINSON.

P.S.—Old Masters and cases of Champagne exchanged for all sorts of Foreign Decorations.

(LETTER No. IV. Marked "Immediate.")

Old Hoss, Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

IF you mean business, wire back. Make me President of your Supreme Council and I will guarantee to work Egypt from small potatoes into big pumpkins. Say "yes Sirree," and expect me to liquor with you by return mail.

Yours ready to do it,

(Signed) SAMUEL S. SLICKAWAY.

(LETTER No. V. Marked, "to be opened by nobody.")

YOUR HIGHNESS,

Hanwell.

ALL hail. In you I recognise the greatest financier in the world. I wish to invest all my property in your loans. But stop. I must break off now as the keeper is coming through the ward.

Yours in the moon and stars,

Over the hills and far away,

(Signed) THE COUNT DE LUNA TICCO.

(LETTER No. VI. Marked, "to be opened by anybody.")

London, England.

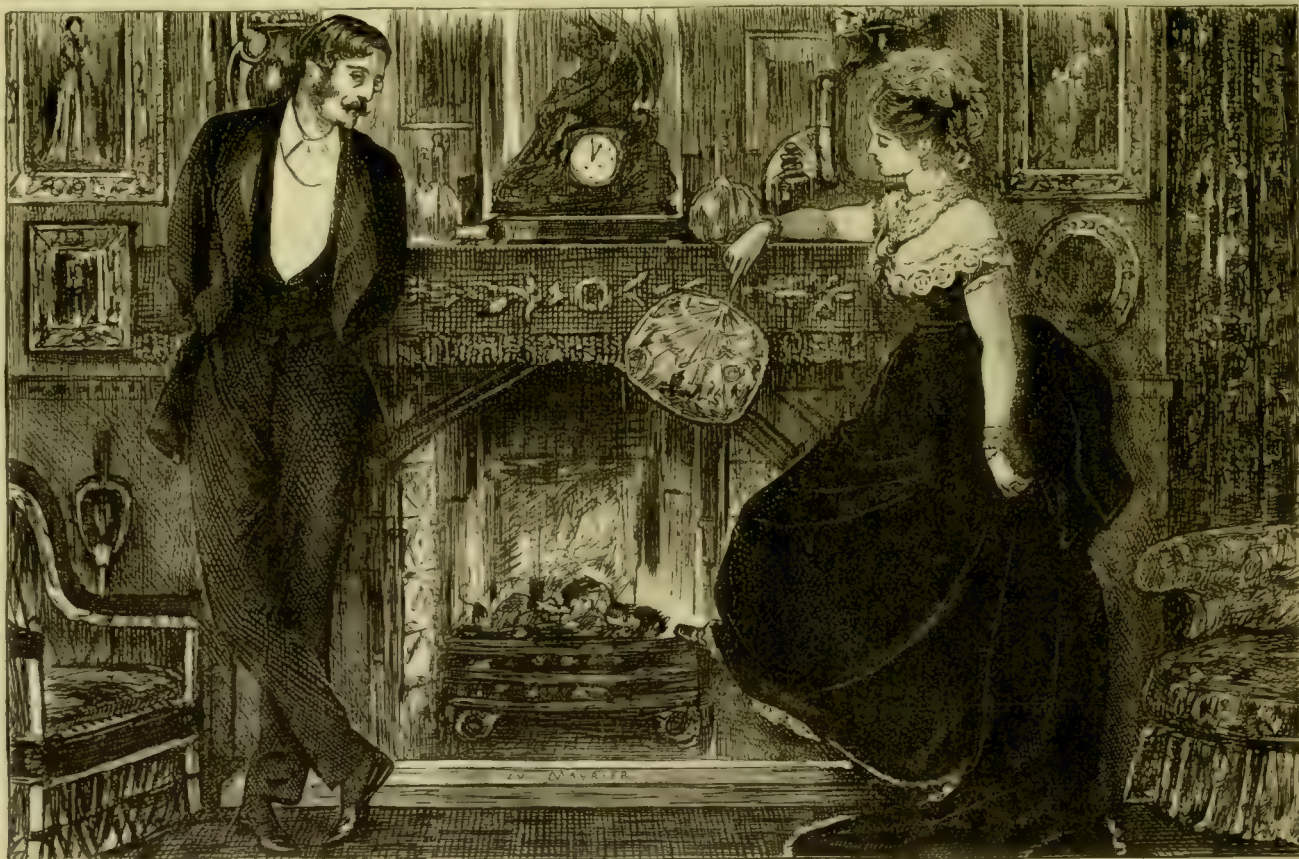
MR. JOHN BULL presents his compliments to the KHEDIVE, and begs to refer His Highness to his friend Mr. Punch's Cartoon of last week. MR. JOHN BULL considers Egyptian Balloons very dangerous play-things. Verbum sap.

THE SKIPPER'S SONG.

(AIR—Obvious.)

A DEATH on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 For the Skipper whose owners save
 On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap!
 I've French, Dutch, Turk, and Greek,
 Swede, Fin, and Portugee—
 And all the lingoos they speak
 Are heathen Greek to me!
 So a death on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 When I'm knived or knocked on the head,
 Some night, when no watch I keep.

For they all of 'em wear long knives,
 And some have got pistols too,
 And mine and my mates' dear lives
 Aren't worth a tobaccy-screw!
 They will take us unawares,
 Like stuck pigs we shall die,
 With no time to say our prayers,
 And no chance to exchange "Good-bye."
 For a death on the Ocean Wave,
 And a grave in the rolling deep,
 Is the Skipper's whose owners save
 On a foreign crew, dirt-cheap!



DE GUSTIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM.

(AT LEAST NOT BY BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE OF EITHER SEX.)

Adonis (after his Guests have departed). "BY JOVE, MARIA, WHAT A HANDSOME WOMAN MRS. JONES IS! SHE LOOKS BETTER THAN EVER!"

His Wife. "AH! WELL, IT MAY BE MY BAD TASTE, BUT I OWN I HAVE HITHERTO FAILED TO DETECT THE BEAUTY OF MRS. JONES. NOW, MR. JONES IS GOOD-LOOKING, IF YOU LIKE!"

Adonis. "JONES GOOD-LOOKING! COME—HANG IT, MARIA, JONES IS A VERY GOOD FELLOW, AND ALL THAT; BUT I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER PERCEIVED HIS GOOD LOOKS!" &c. &c.

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Authoress of "Cometh Down like a Shower," "Red in the Nose is She," "Good! Buy Sweet Tart!" "Not Silly, But don't Tell."

CHAPTER XV.—*What the Author says.*

THE REVEREND THOMAS HASBROCK was, apparently, as far that is as human sight could pierce, at well-nigh his last gasp.

"Oh, TOMMY!" BELLA wailed, "you're not going, are you? Oh! what shall I do here all alone by myself? Who will play the concertina to me when you are gone? And when nobody else will have me, there will be a strong likelihood of my remaining an old maid, if you are not at hand to marry me. Do not go, TOMMY, do not go! or at least stay here until it is perfectly certain you won't be wanted any more, when, as you might be rather in the way than otherwise, you can go to—wherever you like, and no one will care less than I! But at present, TOMMY, as there is no necessity for you to withdraw in order to make room for your Uncle,* I ask you, I implore you, I conjure you, to stay where you are!"

* "To make room for your Uncle." *What the Editor said in a Letter to the Authoress.*—"A propos of this 'Uncle,' so suddenly brought in; we have never before heard of him in the story, and being afraid that it might either be a mere slip of the pen, or, which would be more grave, the sudden introduction of a fresh series of characters that might prolong the romance *ad infinitum*, we have written to ask you for information. Who is the Uncle? If necessary to the plot, why has he not been mentioned before? If unnecessary, why complicate matters now by bringing him in at, what we really thought was, the last moment?"

What the Authoress says to the Editor.—"Is it not permissible to introduce an allusion to a popular modern lyric, and so crystallise what would otherwise be evanescent, and give immortality to what of itself is perishable,

Her excessive grief seemed slightly to annoy him—him who was already so far beyond all annoyance—for he raised himself with difficulty on the bed, and, with hands growing disobedient, grasped about darkly for his bolster: when he found what he sought, he lifted it as it were a great weight to him, and let it fall three times heavily on her bended, chestnut head. Then, as he sank back on his pillow, a smile of happy memories passed across his countenance—the recollection of the days when as a schoolboy he had excelled in bolstering matches in the dormitory.

Touched inexpressibly—forcibly touched—by this supreme effort,

without being obliged to develop the subject further? Do you understand me? Probably not. But you will take care not to alter a single line of this or any other remaining chapter. *I have seen my Solicitor on the subject. Prenez garde! If any one comes across my path, mind, it is war à l'outrance.*"

R. D.

What the Editor says in reply.—"Excuses. Not à l'outrance, as we have found in one or two of your admirable works, in which there is a refreshing peppering, a slight but relishing seasoning of Boulogne and its environs, but à l'outrance. This may be useful to you in future. As to the Uncle, let him pass, only don't let us hear of him again. Go on, and finish your admirable work."—Ed.

P.S. (from Same to Same).—"As it was too late for you to make any alteration now, we have taken it into our own hands. You, dear MISS DENDRON, placed the REV. THOMAS in bed; after much deliberation, the Committee, including our Doctor and Solicitor—*unâ voce dissidente*, i.e. our Aunt—has decided upon retaining your third hero (you have three heroes to one heroine) in bed, but—to avoid all unpleasantness, and not to cut ourselves off from the drawing-tables of our most respectable subscribers, and the dining-tables of our influential friends—we have thought it better to perform one of the noblest works of charity—*vestire nuditatem*—and to keep your excellent reverend hero in bed (as you have placed him for effect), but with his clothes on. There was not time to communicate with you, and we had no doubt you would have no objection to the course taken when you should see it in print. Accept our compliments."—Ed.



THE (HOME-) "RULER OF THE SPIRITS!"

BEDDY MALONEY. "AND IS IT SMOYTH, THE SPALPEEN! AS, 'UD BE AFTHUR SHUTTIN' UP THE SHEBEENS O' SUNDAYS? SHURE, THIN, IF THAT'S. TO BE THE GAME, THE LESS WE HAVE O' HOME-RULE THE BETTER!"

BELLA fell prone on the floor, her small, plump hands raised imploringly above her head, and moaned painfully.

His eyes wandered from her face to where in a corner the sun was going down, golden red as a glorious carrot.

"I'm like him," said TOMMY, with a gleam of the happiness of former days when conundrums were his greatest joy, "because I'm going down."

"Oh no!" exclaimed BELLA, blushing, "you must mean 'up,' not 'down.'"

He seemed a little worried by her not at once comprehending his meaning, and mildly corrected her.

"The sun is sinking—so am I. That is why I am like the sun. Do you see?"

Yes, she *did* see; and, stooping, she covered his hand with warm, passionate kisses, while, unseen by her, a smile stole over his placid face, and his right eye slowly closed and opened, re-closed and reopened twice with an intense profundity of meaning.

"TOMMY," she sighed, "tell me you are happy!"

Then the calm, gentle voice, interrupted by slight pantings, came to her ear again.

"I am: very happy, very, very happy," and once more he closed and opened his eye with slight exertion, and, as she bent over him, she caught these words, murmured indistinctly,

"I've—gone—wrong—
For—the—sake—of—SARAH!"

the words of the tune he had last learnt on his concertina. Then he gave her a sweet smile—so sweet, it might have been lollipops for unorganised cherubs. She did not want that smile, and so she returned it. Like a Frenchwoman she had been "*coquette*," then "*prude*," now she was to show herself "*dévoite*."

"Good bye, TOMMY!" she cried. "Dear old boy, good bye. You are going to Heaven, of course?"

"Of course, naturally," was the humble reply of this meek, dying saint. "I'm a very good person. There never was a better person: in fact, I am quite one of the best persons of my acquaintance. But," he added, always unselfish, "I shan't *really* enjoy myself anywhere till *you* are there. Of course out of politeness I shan't say so, but I shall scarcely know a soul in the place till you come, so don't disappoint me, will you? In fact, I don't think I shall go to regions of Fairy Bliss, unless you come too." Then he put his arms about her neck, and whispered, "I leave you—"

She listened eagerly. She knew he possessed a little property in the Venetian Asphalte Paving Company.

"I leave you—" he said, slowly, and with difficulty.

"What?" she asked, in a soft, anxious whisper.

The reply came in the same gentle tone.

"Alone. As I have always left you. As you have always asked me to leave you."

"But not now," she murmured.

"Not now?"

"No, dearest, truest TOMMY, my first, my best, my onliest, lovingest, and most lovedest love, I have been young and wayward, but I am so no longer. DUSOVER deceived me; ORLISS is gone; PERCY SHORTWYND has married VIRGINIA CREEPER. I would not have had either of them at the best of my time—for my heart was always true to *you*." Again his right eye closed, and opened, like a wild rose, with tender significance, as he pressed her closer to his bosom, and stroked the soft, luxuriant mass of warm, sweet-scented hair. "And I do not ask you any longer to leave me alone. Take me, oh take me, TOMMY, I am yours!"

A convulsive tremor passed through his slight, patient body, as he took her to his heart.

"Kiss me, BELLA, kiss me!" murmured this poor, fast-sinking, saint-like creature.

Without a word he gathers her up in handfuls, as it were, and for one heavenly moment they are bathed in the wild, tumultuous, throbbing, fierce, religious silence of an everlasting farewell.

Her sister JENNY enters the room, suddenly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "Like a Frenchwoman '*Coquette*, *prude*, *dévoite*.'" What the Editor says.—"Excusez encore. A Frenchwoman might be coquette, also *prude*, but she never could be '*dévoite*'—for the plain reason that there is no such word in the French language. She can be '*dévoite*,' as a gentleman can be '*dévoit*,' and '*dévoite*,' she can be, but '*dévoite*' never. We think it just as well to mention this, there being so much French scattered loosely about in your charming works, and as you yourself would of course be the first to wish us to correct, or expose, what you might possibly set down to an error on the part of the printer."

Miss R. D. to Editor.—"Vous n'avez pas l'habitude de parler. In conversational French—and talking it, every day, abroad—as I used to do—the word '*dévoite*' was far from uncommon; as also were several words and phrases, which you would not have recognised on paper. C'est une chose à dire, c'est bien une autre à écrire. Allez!"—R. D.

EAST INDIA "COMPANY."—At the Guildhall, Friday, May 19.

SAYINGS FOR THE SEASON.

(Dedicated to SIR JAMES HANNEN.)



A LOVER in the hand is worth two Husbands in the bush. You may take an Adoror to the Conservatory, but you cannot make him propose.

When you are in Society you must do what Society does.

What is "Sauce" to the Husband is not considered "Sauce" by the Wife.

You cannot make a Lover out of an ugly Husband with money.

A Waltz is scarcely as good as a Supper.

One Flirtation makes many.

A Cup of Tea in time saves nine.

While the *Chaperone* is away the *Débutantes* will play.

It is a long Waltz that has no head turning.

Every Marriage should have a silver lining.

A Married Woman who Flirts has a Fool for her Lover.

Amongst Husbands the Bachelor is King.

A Wink is as good as a Nod to a Blind Husband.

From the Frying-pan of Engagement into the Fire of Matrimony.

What is one Man's Food is another Woman's Poison.

When the Milliner comes in at the door the Cheque-Book flies out at the window.

A Kiss is as good as a Smile, if not worse.

Matrons the Gods wish to render absurd begin to dance.

All is not diamond that glitters.

Skate before you Rink.

Half a Heart is better than no Head.

A Widowed Wife dreads the Divorce Court.

All crooked Roads lead away from Home.

Call "passion" by another name and you had better hang yourself.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

SHALL I be asked to the Ball at Buckingham Palace?

Can I afford to go to MADAME FRANGIPANE for a new ball-dress?

If I have a new one, what colour shall it be?

Must I go in my Court dress, altered?

Shall it be lower than last year?

Can it be tighter?

Will those odious SHODDY girls be asked?

Will CHARLIE or the Major be there?

Won't Mamma send our dresses to the *Morning Post*?

Will Papa grumble about the expense?

Must ANNE do our hair, or may we have LEOPOLD?

Will the *coiffeur* be in time?

Don't I want a little more hair in plaits?

Would a little colour be possible?

If I try just a *soupeçon*, shall I be found out?

Shall I look my very best?

Will any one be jealous?

And, finally, it is possible that His Royal Highness will ask me to dance?

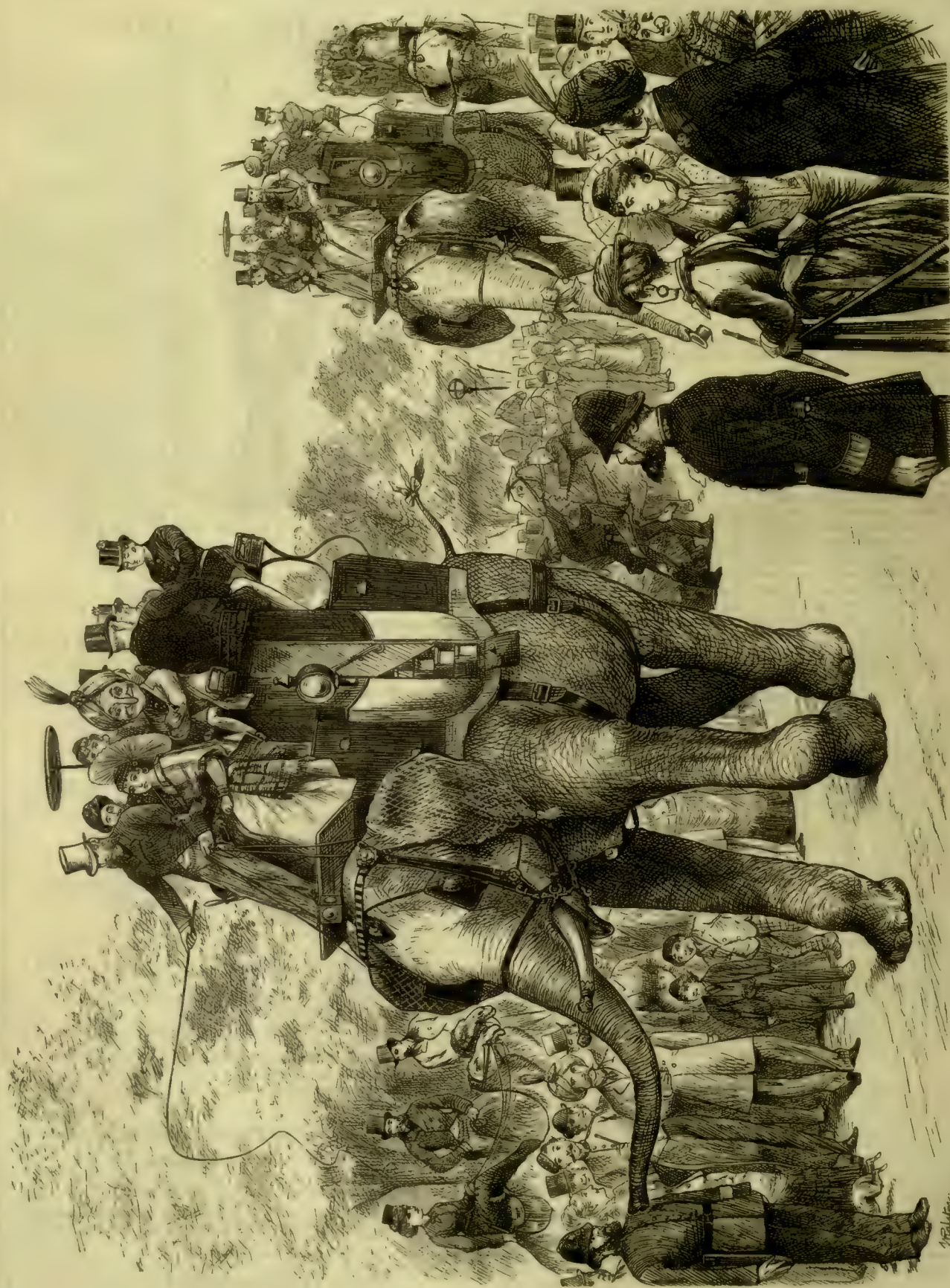
FROM LEGAL TO CULINARY (A TRANSLATION).

"COMMUNIS error facit jus." "*Potage aux erreurs vulgaires*." (Or you may, with the same material, make a hash of it, a broil, or a stew.)

OPPOSITES FROM THE SAME DIRECTION.

WELCOME arrival from the East—the Prince.

Unwelcome ditto from ditto—the Wind.



THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB CUT OUT BY THE ONE-IN-HAND CLUB (ON THE SATURDAY BEFORE THE DERBY).

WHAT MUST COME OF THE LATE PLETHORA OF PACHYDERMS IN THE ILLUSTRATED PAPERS, IF *ELEPHANTIASIS* IS CATCHING.



A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

The new Cook (on receiving "short" notice to leave, with a hint that she has given a false Character). "AN' IS IT ME FALSE CHARACTER YE'RE AFTHIR CASTING IN ME TEETH! AS IF I'D BE BRINGING ME THURIE CHARACTER WID ME, TO LOSE IT IN YOUR DIRTY SERVICE!"

MRS. PARTINGTON PROTESTS.

"It is an honest grievance to our Nonconformist fellow Christians."—LORD GRANVILLE on the Law of Burial.

WELL, that's a good 'un! Does he mean as Methody turn-and-twistians, Including Shakers and Quakers, should be called "our feller Christians"? They'll bust the Church up, as sure as sparks flies upards from the anvil, If they go follering the lead of dodgers like this 'ere GRANVILLE!

"Feller Christians," indeed! What next? I'm surprised at his impudence wentering To rank genteel Church-folks like us with low people that goes Dissentering: A mixing things up like that in a way to shock any decent Sexton! Why make arrangements in *this* world as must be changed in the next 'un?

Oh, surely wengeance is waiting LORD G. and his like to wisit; Wich in course there's only one Church, and in course the Church of England is it. Don't talk to me of patterns set by Turks, Chinamen, or 'Ungarians; We're bound to stand on our rights, and not knook under to sich barbarians!

But if we must look abroad for 'ints, *my* pattern would be the Spanish— (What d'ye say? I'm the werry party they'd be fast to burn or banish? Any way, you know where you has 'em—they speak out firm and manly: Better a straightfor'ard Don, I say, than an Anythingarian STANLEY.

There ain't no proper Church, only us. Them as steals our name is trying To steal our Church-yards too. All their lives they keep railin', and, after dying, They wants to git over *our* railings, for which all sorts o' dodges they wenter. "Feller Christians" ain't no name for 'em—a rubbishing lot of Dissenters!

Grievance indeed! A pretty start! Pickpockets will next be feeling The arm o' the law a grievance, when it comes down on 'em for stealing. Which what I says is *let 'em* grieve—it's all their aggerawation. Leave 'em to me and SALISBURY, and both 'Ouses o' Convocation!

Them Bishops is too mealy-mouthed by 'alf. As to GRANVILLE, why his organ Just plays the werry same old tune we've 'eard from MIALl and MORGAN. The Church's Ark is bound to fall in the hands of the Philistians, If chaps like them, and maybe wuss, is to call themselves "feller Christians"!

ALL AFLOAT!

At the second of the late Scientific Conferences at South Kensington the President, DR. C. WILLIAM SIEMENS, announced an astounding exploit performed by M. TRESCA, Sous-Directeur of the Paris Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, who had read the meeting an account of his researches into "the flow of solids." In proposing a vote of thanks to M. TRESCA, DR. SIEMENS said that "by his investigations he had thrown down the barrier between solids and liquids." A scientific achievement of overwhelming immensity; but what a confusion it must create in the nature of things!

ENGLAND VERSUS GREECE.

Just now the Painter and the Bard
Are caught with this caprice—
That England's prosy, dreary, hard,
While beauty dwells in Greece.

Hence six-foot Atalanta's Race
'Gainst odds, and apples, heavy:
Hence laurelled Theban maidens pace,
And sing, a wax-doll bevy.

While Art seeks Greek ideals cold,
Mock-antique Bards indite,
And tales in LEMPRIERE's prose o'er-told,
In puling verse recite.

At nobler fruits high souls might seize,
Than those we're like to swallow
From BROWNING-ARISTOPHANES,
Or SWINBURNE-sham-APOLLO.

Far fairer were more native growth,
And pleasanter 'twould be
If Poetry and Painting both
Would work on what they see.

High in a place of power we stand
In an heroic time,
When there are doings in our land
For picture meet, or rhyme.

Greece painted Greece, and sang of Greece,
And out Greek youth in marble,
And so won fame that shall not cease,
And glory none can garble.

England has sung of England too:
There's SHAKESPEARE, rivals scorning,
And glorious CHAUCER, tender, true,
Minstrel of England's morning.

REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH keep in life
The Great Men and the Graces,
That guided England's public strife,
And wore sweet English faces.

HOGARTH on England's social sores
Used pencil scalpel-keen,
Whose vivisection to the cores
Of vice cut clear and clean.

Poet and Bard, use eye and brain
Like them on life around;
If true the picture, strong the strain,
You, like them, will be crowned.

If statelier theme be not at hand,
With humbler themes begin:
Try lyric of the Four-in-Hand,
Or idyl of an Inn.

Try English landscapes, women, men,
Till *Punch* shall thunder, "Cease!"
Too poor for England, Brush and Pen,
Your weakness waste on Greece!"

HINTS TO IMBECILES.

(Calls, Dinners, and Dances.)

SAY that you are glad the Prince is back. If you have got cheek enough, say that he asked you to accompany him. Say that you think he is looking better for his trip. Be very particular about his personal appearance, as it will induce people, who don't know you, to imagine that you know him. Say how glad the Princess is, as nobody will be rude enough to ask who told you; if anybody does, by the bye, say it is only to be expected that she would be delighted at the return of her husband.

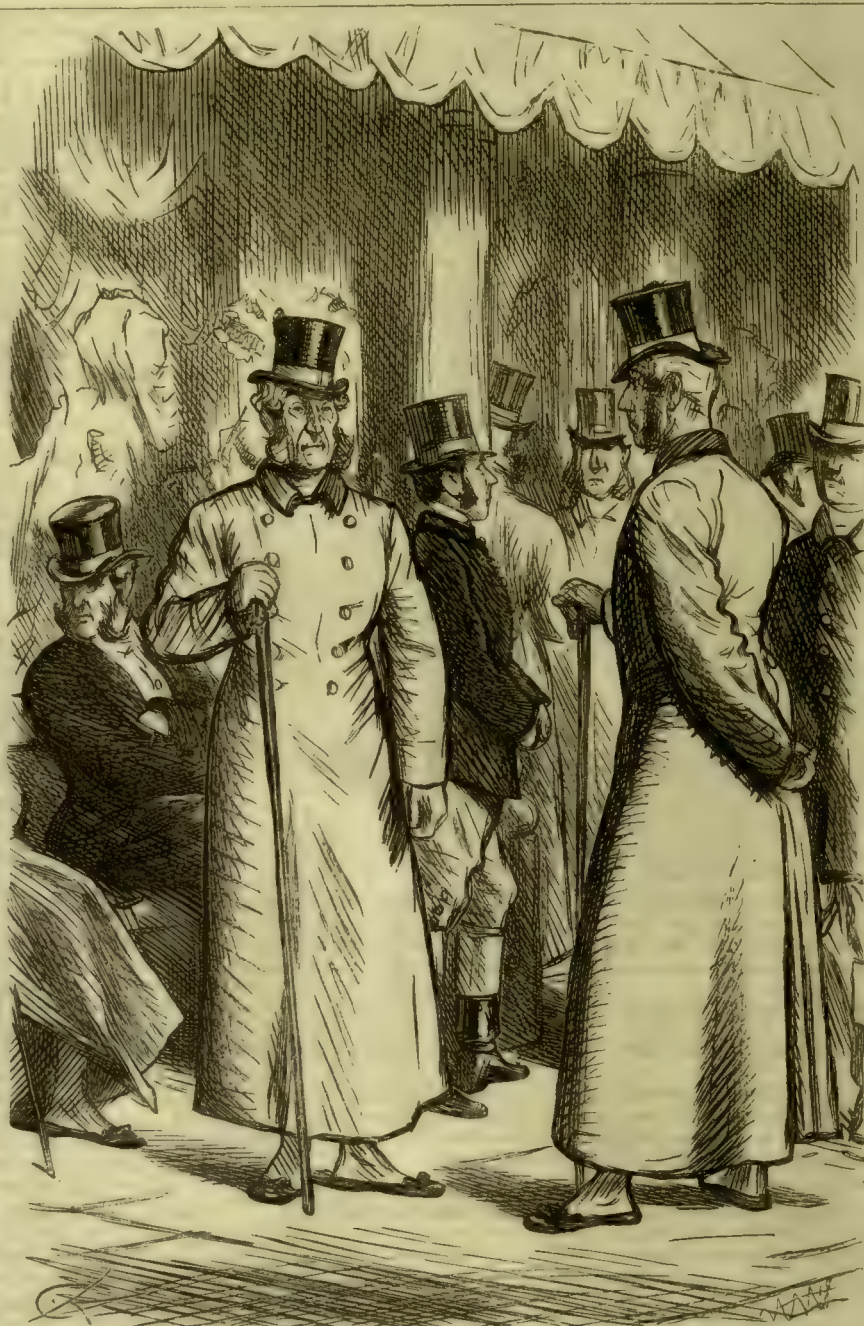
Leave this subject at once, and, before any one else has an opening, say, with the air of a RUSKIN or a Revelation, that you have been to the Academy. Every one will brighten up at this, and want to discuss the pictures. *Don't let them.* You can keep the game in your hands now, and gain fame as a holder of original views. Your friends will want to distil the criticism which they have obtained from the papers. They will rave over the "*The Daphne-phoria*," and go mad over "*Atalanta's Race*;" they will extol "*The Widower*," and adore "*Over the Hills and Far Away*." Well, so can anybody. But you will abuse these works; you will call their painters names, and say they ought to be hung with their pictures. Previously, however, learn the names of two or three very small "skied" pictures, by obscure artists, and say loudly and dogmatically that those are the gems of the Exhibition. If any one says they are not, shrug your shoulders. If any critic present disagrees with you, call him a hireling.

During the excitement caused by these latter remarks, you will have time to explain the plot of *Tannhäuser*. Say you heard it in Germany, and it was far finer than in England. If any one asks you in what town you heard it, call it quickly Cryptichonchoidsyphonostomata. Say Rossi is *Hamlet* from the Hanwell-padded-ward point of view. He is not, but people don't know. Give the pronun-

ciation of JANAUŠCHEK—your own, nobody will know better. Say that "dear SALVINI" is back, and if your friends will stand it, give imitations of him.

Say that you have got to go. You may be sure that you won't be asked to stay. Having departed, you can repeat your entertainment

at another house, with the assurance that you will be looked upon in the light of an agreeable rattle.



SURSUM CORDA.

First Footman. "UNCOMMON DULL SEASON, MR. CHAWLES!"

Second Ditto. "HAWFUL! BUT NOW 'WALES' IS BACK, I DO 'OPE THINGS 'LL LOOK UP A LITTLE!"

WANTED.

SUCCESSORS to the following Officers of State, and other Dignitaries:—

The Grand Pandrum. He has lost the little round button at top, and the gunpowder has run out at the heels of his boots. No Joblollies need apply.

The Clerk of the Weather. His conduct of public affairs is becoming monotonous. Even the few people who are fond of the East wind begin to exclaim, "*Toujours perdriz!*"

Mumbo Jumbo. The present wearer of triple tiara, weary of GLADSTONE'S tantararara, though rather too old to take a wife, would fain retire into private life.

The Green-Eyed Monster. Thoroughly worn out by Divorce Court proceedings, and by the rapid succession of sensational *Othellos*, English and Italian, this charming creature proposes to take retired lodgings in the Zoological Gardens.

The Last Man. Fatigued by waiting for the Last Woman, this important personage wishes to pair off with somebody else, and is willing to sell at a moderate price his unique ticket for admission to a private view of the End of the World.

Suspicious.

WE read in a provincial journal—

FOURTEEN Gallons of MILK to DISPOSE OF daily. No objection to make it twenty if required. Can commence next Wednesday morning. Apply, &c.

"*Allonger la soupe*," is a French phrase for increasing the quantity at the expense of the quality. Is this a proposal to lengthen the milk on the same principle?



MR. CAPEL COURT AT THE DERBY.

Gipsy. "SHALL I TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN?"

Mr. Capel Court. "I WISH YOU WOULD. I DON'T SEE IT, AS THINGS ARE GOING!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



USSIA, Prussia, Austria, v. England, in re Turkey.

Since the Lords had Vivisection in hand (*Monday, May 22nd*), it was not from the question in LORD GRANVILLE to ask LORD DERBY as to the interesting, if painful, experiments in the Vivisection of

Turkey now in progress, at the hands of the Northern Doctors. LORD DERBY was able to say that England had declined to join in them. (Everybody sees that the Sick Man can't get better; but we don't like to take part in killing him under pretence of curing. One thing seems clear. What between his diseases and his doctors, he can't recover where he is. The climate of Europe doesn't agree with him. Why not try change of air? Get him over to Asia, and come to a fair and open understanding between England, France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, how the estate is to be managed for the good of the tenants, and not of the executors. That was what NICHOLAS proposed to SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, before the Crimean War, and we fought rather than entertain the proposal. And, after all, is not this about the best that it is coming to?)

Then came the smaller Vivisection question—on Second Reading of LORD CARNARVON's Bill, putting scientific curiosity into humanitarian handcuffs. *Toby*, on behalf of the canine creation—and the feline race in whom he is not above recognising a domestic poor-relationship—begs to thank the Government for exempting dogs and cats from the knife. *Anæsthetics* are all very well, but doctors differ in the importance they attach to them; and your Kleins and Schiffs evidently hold suffering dog-and-cat-cheap, in comparison with discovery. (By the bye, what do the frogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and monkeys, on whom the burden of Vivisection now falls heaviest, say on the chapter of Exemptions?)

LORD SHAFTESBURY spoke warmly for the Bill, like a kind soul as he is, and the Costermonger's Donkey at St. Giles's would have brayed approval could he have heard him. The DUKE OF SOMERSET tried a little chaff, in his own style of cold-blooded common sense, but it did not take. Their Lordships are sportsmen; they are *not* physicians or physiologists, and though they don't mind sending away a bird with an ounce of lead in it to a lingering death, they hate cutting up anything alive. Vermin is one thing, and Game is another. Gentlemen must have their hunting and shooting: so field-sports must be respected, though, as savage amusements, they are beyond regulation. The laboratory is within the pale of Civilisation.

(*Punch* rejoices to know that henceforth the ardour of Science is to move in the leading-strings of common humanity, and that the knife is not to be put into the hand of every learner, to slash his way to knowledge through the nerves of the lower animals. If beneficial discoveries can only be made by sounding the well of life, let wise and reverent hands have the handling of the plummet. But *Punch* had always understood that England, even without law, had set an example of humanity to France and Germany in the conduct of physiological and pathological experiments on living things. How if the chief effect of this new law should be to drive our students to the French and German schools, where, with their physiology, they may learn other things not quite so desirable?)

(*Commons*).—MR. DISRAELI gave a full and considered answer to MR. M. BROOKS, stating *seriatim* the cases of the Fenian prisoners still in confinement, and the reasons why it would be a lie in the teeth of justice and policy, as well as reason,

to remit their punishments. This raised a storm of scurrility from MR. BIGGAR, whose offensive personalities provoked MR. BROOKS, for himself and the other Irish Members, to repudiate MR. BIGGAR! Altogether, if anything could open MR. BIGGAR's eyes to his own enormities, one would fancy this might. But no—he will be BIGGAR—the biggest of big—something, to the last.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER insisted on the petition for release of the Fenian prisoners, signed by 138 Members of Parliament. But MR. ANDERSON said it would not have been so numerously signed, at least among English Members, but for the understanding that no murderers were to be included in its prayer.

* MR. PARNELL and MR. CALLAN denied the alleged misunderstanding, and MR. BUTT tried by special pleading to prove that murderers in law might not be murderers in fact, till the matter dropped in rather a confused hubbub of antagonistic Irish and English protest.

On report of Merchant Shipping Bill Amendments, several of the old battles were fought over again; and MR. PLIMSOLL scored one important win, carrying the absolute prohibition of winter timber deck-loading, against Government, by 162 to 143! Whereon *Punch* shakes hands with PLIMSOLL—SIR CHARLES a good deal "bustled" as usual.

One is glad to think that he sees the end of his Plimsoll purgatory at last. The Bill is to be read a Third Time on Thursday.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD GREY moved Second Reading of his Burials Bill, for easing existing difficulties by making new ones. LORD GREY proposes not to release the Clergyman from the obligation to perform the service when he feels a conscientious objection, but, on the other hand, he would not allow him to prevent somebody else from performing service. Just one of those sage compromises which please nobody. So it seemed, for nobody, not even its parent, objected to its being shouldered out, without a word or a division.

Several of their Lordships asked questions about the Continuous Brake experiments on the Railways.

LORD ABERDEEN said the Report wasn't ready yet. How should it be, with the break experiments still going on on so many lines, if not quite continuous, all but. Can't their Lordships wait for their brake until the Companies have done with their smashes?

A talk about Dover Harbour, which, it seems, is still under consideration. Their Lordships have a natural sympathy with piers in difficulties.

(*Commons*).—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, questioned by MR. CARTWRIGHT, said MR. RIVERS WILSON would have no objection to take a year's financial engagement under the KHEDIVE, if his place at home could be kept open for it. But it can't. So it is supposed RIVERS will flow back to native sources—of income. The Nile is all very well, but Egypt still wants RIVERS to carry out her financial irrigation scheme.

MR. JAMES (of Gateshead) called the City Companies over the coals, moved for a great many returns connected with them, and suggested that it was time they gave an account of their administration of their £500,000 of annual income in the City, lest a worse thing come upon them, in the shape of the heavy hand of Parliament.

The LORD MAYOR presented himself as a buffer between MR. JAMES's fire and the Companies. Nothing like a Cotton-bag to stop shot. His Lordship spoke up to his brief. The Guilds were private associations; their property private property. They accounted for their trust funds to the Charity Commissioners; and nobody had a right to call them to account for more. They spent £200,000 a year in charity, and the rest in the best possible manner. (Suppose a good deal went in dinners. Why not? Were they not good dinners? And did not the good Companies command good company?)

SIR G. BOWYER shot beyond the LORD MAYOR. Parliament had no right to ask for such information. If the Guilds were wise, they would refuse to give it. The demand was unconstitutional, and *pessimi exempli*. If there is still a Bowyers' Company, they are bound to make SIR GEORGE free of it; for truly he draws a good bow for the Guilds.

MR. GLADSTONE was down on COTTON, and out the string and blunted the shaft of BOWYER. It might not be wise to press for the information just now, when the Com-



DILETTANTISM.

TO THE TRUE CRITIC OF VOCAL MUSIC, ART IS EVERYTHING, AND VOICE IS ONLY A SECONDARY CONSIDERATION. IN FACT, HE WOULD AS SOON DISPENSE WITH THE LATTER ALTOGETHER, AS THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A BEAUTIFUL ORGAN OFTEN CONSTITUTES A MATERIAL IMPEDIMENT TO THE SUBTLER AND MORE SPIRITUAL AESTHETIC SIGNIFICANCE OF REFINED EMOTIONAL INTERPRETATION—WHATEVER ALL THAT MAY BE.

panies were unwilling to give it, and Parliament not anxious to get it. But a time would come when Parliament might be determined to know, and then the Companies would find they had no choice but to tell. They would not always be able to put CORRON in the ears of either Parliament or the Public.

GOLDNEY and NEWDEGATE opposed the Motion. SIR. C. DILKE supported it.

MR. CROSS was cautious. If any move was to be made in the matter, it was for Government to make it. MR. JAMES had not made out any case of mal-administration. Government did not mean to bring in a Bill, and had no power to insist on the information, so the matter had better be let drop. So it was let drop—for the present.

But *Koompanee-Bahadoor* had better set his house in order.

Wednesday.—MR. MACDONALD moved Second Reading of a Bill to make Employers liable for injuries to Workmen, even when caused by Managers' negligence.

All mining accidents are due to the neglect of Owners (say MACDONALD & Co.). All mining accidents are due to the carelessness of Workmen (say KNOWLES & Co.). Both contentions are false—the truth lies between them. MR. MACDONALD's Bill does not hit it.

CROSS, as *deus ex machina*, admitted the law was not what it ought to be. But MR. MACDONALD's Bill would only make a new injustice. The matter should be referred to a Select Committee, and the Government should undertake the framing of the Bill on their Report.

Thursday.—The battle of the Income-tax, fought out the other day, was all fought over again, under the conduct of MR. KIRKMAN HODGSON.

MR. FAWCETT struck a good stroke for the Commons, and against the Commons Bill. It does not protect the interests of the labourers, or provide against illegal enclosures. It leaves too much in the hands of the Enclosure Commissioners. In short, it ought to be called the Short Commons Bill; so little does it make adequate provision for protecting the rights of the millions in the uncultivated land of England. MR. SANDFORD, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, MR. COWPER-

TEMPLE, and MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, followed on the same side; MR. GOLDNEY and MR. KNIGHT against.

MR. CROSS maintained that the Bill took the right ground between the two, and that, under it, no enclosure could henceforth take place without sanction of Parliament.

On going into Committee a fierce fight over a motion to report progress, which lasted, rough-and-tumble fashion, till past two, when progress, having been impeded all this time, was reported!

M. OFFENBACH IN AMERICA.

(From Our Own Accompanist or Accompanist.)

SIR,

IN haste. The great Master of *Bouffes* has arrived at last. We had a rough time of it *en voyage*, and the eminent composer was unable to avail himself of my lessons in English, with the result of which he had (bless him!) intended to astonish Messieurs *Les Américains* t'other side of the water. He wishes me, however, to write at once to you, and express his sentiments of esteem the most profound—and all that sort of thing, you know. "*Le voyage était jusqu'à maintenant le diable lui-même*," says my Moosical Mossoo. We began (he wishes me to tell you) with the overture to *The Tempest*, and finished with *The Tempest* itself, which had an unprecedented run of eight days, with such a moving spectacle of a ship in motion as would have made the fortune of *L'Africaine* or the Master's own Robangsong Crusoe, that is, *en Anglais*, *Robinson Crusoe*. We were accompanied by the wind instruments in full force all the way, and the rôle of the vessel was most fatiguing. (I tried to explain this *jeu de mot* to the *maître* when he was at his worst, and I looked in at the berth, and thought at first that I was in at the death. He didn't laugh, he didn't smile: all sense of appreciation of humour had quitted him. But to proceed.)

As for the passage, taken as a whole, M. OFFENBACH says, "I have never written a passage so difficult—*Jamais de ma vie*. From



DERBY COSTUME À LA CHRISTY MINSTREL.

(A VERY SLIGHT ADDITION TO ONE OF MR. WORTH'S LATEST PARISIAN NOVELTIES.)

the first bar (which we crossed on leaving) to the last, it was the worst thing I have ever come across. In fact, he never knew what a *Sea in all* was till now.

"I am not myself at all," said the Maître to me one evening, as the Steward was bringing him a nice basin of hot soup (but he couldn't stand the association of ideas, and so I ate it myself). "I'm not myself at all," says he; "and often wish I were back again."

I wouldn't lose the chance of an English *jeu de mot*, and gave it him at once.

"Ah!" says I; "you don't feel yourself; and you wish you were *often back* again."

I explained it to him, and he smiled. I am with him for the double purpose of writing an English or American Libretto, and teaching him English jokes, so that he may grasp *our* idea of Burlesque. When he *does* grasp it, he'll be a wiser and a better man, or a bitter man.

Poor Composer! He had hardly a note of music about him last week, though he took several composing draughts, without effect. In spite of the stormy sea the boats, manned by Musicians, came out to meet us.

Up they went! Such a pitch! Trombones flying, ophicleide up in the air, the players holding on for their life to the boats, and OFFENBACH bending over the side of the ship—bowing, as they thought. It was a picture of the "*Heart bowed down*." The musicians tried to serenade him, but it wouldn't be serene, and they would soon have been beyond all aid; so they went back, and awaited his arrival, which would be his first appearance on any American Landing-stage. How glad he was to touch *terra firma*! How he enjoyed the change of air, even though the air was Yankee Doodle. But for a while, after quitting the ship, he was a wreck; and though I sang him three of his own songs, I couldn't cheer him up. So when the people with flags, and lights, and music came to serenade him at the hotel (they're always serenading people with lights—I don't know how they treat people without lights—but that's neither here nor there), I just slipped on a false nose, and a pair

of *pince-nez*, and stepped out on the balcony. In a broken English voice I said, "*Sir, I thank you*," which was received with shouts and cries of "*Chantez, Mossoo! Chantez quelque chose*, out of your own darned works! *Allez, you cuss! Go it!*"

Then I gave it them. My rendering of "*Je suis, moi, le Général Boum!*" was magnificent. I heard poor OFFENBACH calling me to come in, but the people wanted me to come out.

However, in view of the future, I thought it better to bow and retire. OFFENBACH thanked me sincerely, and then went to bed. He is going to dine at the Lotos Club, and is learning from me "*porter et répondre aux toasts*."

Interested as you must be in everything musical, I am sure you will be delighted to hear of the *Compositeur's* doings *en Amérique*. When anything further turns up, I will write. I don't suppose much will turn up—except himself when he returns.

JACQUES O. sends you "*ses meilleures poignées de main*," as also do I, and am,

Yours ever,

MISTER L'ACCOMPANISTA DI PIANISTA.

P.S.—What boat ought OFFENBACH to voyage on? A P an' O boat. *Comprenez?*

GONE WRONG!

A NEW NOVEL. BY MISS RHODY DENDRON.

Author of "*Cometh Down like a Shower*," "*Red in the Nose is She*," "*Good! Buy Sweet Tart!*" "*Not Silly, But don't Tell*."

CHAPTER THE LAST.—*What Jenny says.*

"My dear BELLA," I say, after we have left TOMMY's room—she first, and myself a quarter of an hour after—"he has given me a promise of marriage."

"To you, for me?" inquires BELLA, anxiously, with a tender trouble in the shady depths of her cool, green eyes.

"To me, for myself!" I reply, with quiet triumph, and giving an instance of the great common sense for which I have always been so justly celebrated. Then I add, "In two days' time we shall be married. Had he refused, I should have written to his Bishop, and exposed him."

"And what am I to do?" asks BELLA, with a mutinous pout.

"Good Heavens!" I reply; "send to ORLISS, or PERCY, or DUSOVER, or"—I add, cynically—"some new fellow."

She pauses for a moment; then, sitting down at the table, she sends a telegram to ORLISS GWYNNIN.

In less than an hour ORLISS is at her side. He has come from the Antipodes, and travelled post-haste. The difference of time allows of his arrival here exactly two days and a half before the letter was written to which his coming is the answer. This, at another time, might have caused a muddle; it does not do so now. He is welcome.

The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK, dressed in white goloshes, and peering, happily, with little pink eyes through pale green spectacles, takes me, JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, to wife, marrying me himself, to save the fees. Then he puts on his surplice, and performs the ceremony for PERCY SHORTWYND, who has presented himself in the full uniform—now as seldom seen as the Archbishop's coronation robes on the very stateliest of state occasions, and then solely and only when occurring on the first of May—of one of "My Lords;" while the LADY VIRGINIA CREEPER is a triumph of red and white flowers, of glorious gold and silver apangles, with a long bright lade in her hand (presented to her as a wedding present by SIR GUY FOCKSDAY), in which to collect the offerings of the devoted peasantry. ORLISS GWYNNIN is the best man, and makes himself very amusing, appearing in his yeomanry costume (of white with red spots and stripes) of the Drollshire Merrimen, the motto on the cap being, in old Norman French, "*Nous voyons ongor!*"—while BELLA is the chief bridesmaid. Then BELLA is married to ORLISS, and my husband, TOMMY HASSOCK, acting upon my common-sense suggestion, takes the fees for this also; and, during the intervals and pauses, he plays appropriate tunes on the concertina, thus dispensing with the services of the organist, (to whose *honorarium* my husband became thereby entitled), while I, with great care, officiate as clerk, make the necessary responses, and pocket the gratuities. The REV. THOMAS HASSOCK will bless the day when he married so experienced, so steady, so sensible a person as MISS JENNY ST. JOHN VILLARS, elder sister of BELLA, and hitherto a sort of Cinderella in the family. Sometimes I catch him in corners sighing, and then I make him give me a kiss on my sweet, soft, shy lips.

As (for BELLA I believe she is getting on happily enough with ORLISS GWYNNIN; but, since our marriage, as my husband is very much taken up with parish work and visiting, and as I never allow him to go anywhere without me, we have been compelled to be "out" to the GWYNNINS whenever they have called. I don't think ORLISS is well off, and BELLA hasn't a farthing. They profess to

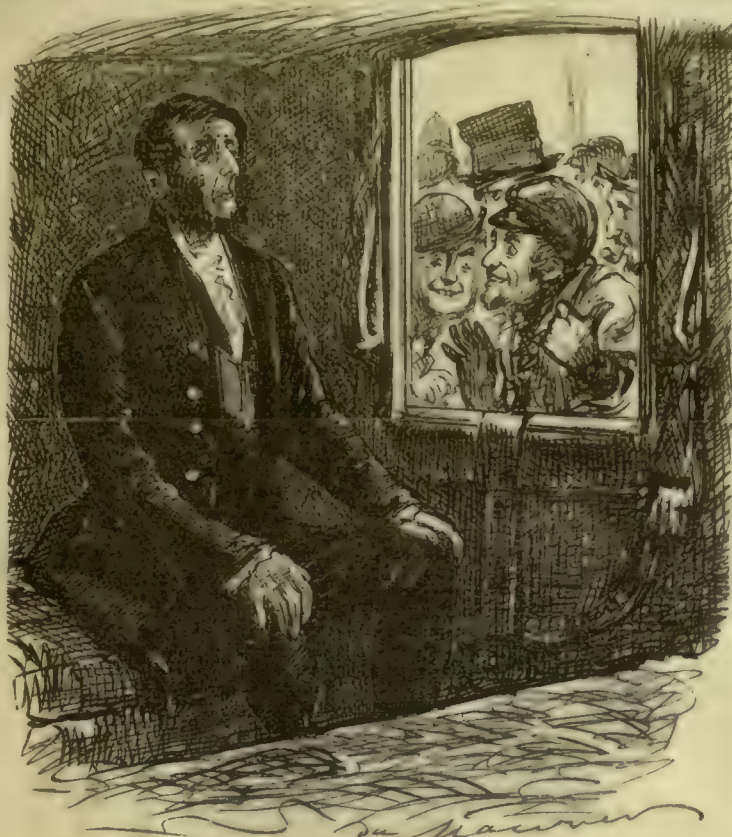


ANCE on *Republic.*

TURKEY on *Mismanagement.*

EGYPT on *Speculation.*

ED LONG AGO!!”



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

(A Reminiscence of the Great Ball at the Guildhall.)

Impudence (to Dignity). "YE'D BETTER LOOK SHARP, MY LORD, IF YER WANTS TO BE IN TIME FOR SUPPER! WHY, THE TRIPE-AND-ONIONS IS ALL GONE, AND SO'S THE LIVER-AND-BACON; AND BLEST IF THEY HAIN'T SENDIN' ROUND THE CORNER FOR ALL THE FRIED FISH AS THEY CAN LAY 'OLD ON!'"

live upon love, which seems to be a good investment, as I hear of her parties, her opera-box, her brougham, her victoria, her ponies. ORLINS is as cherubic and boyish as ever, and, being very fond of out-of-door sports, is, I am informed, constantly on the turf. I am glad to hear also, for my sister's sake, that he has obtained a lucrative situation at Monaco.

And so we settle down, somehow, comfortably, we the remains of the ST. JOHN'S WOOD VILLARS family—and are heard of no more. *Voilà tout.*

L'ENVOI.

What the Editor says—What the Committee say—What the Public says—What Everyone says.

AT last we breathe again, freely. The novel is over. It was risky. But, guided by the eminent Committee, to whom the thanks of the *Redacteur-en-chef*, and of all interested in the work, are due, it has, at length, "*per varios casus et tot discrimina rerum*," come safely, undamaged and undamaging, into the most respectable haven of Matrimony. But before we have another novel from the same eminent hand, we do earnestly request her to *couper* the unnecessary descriptions, to give us all round, young and old, experienced and inexperienced—*les jeunes gens et les ingénues surtout*—the opportunity of deriving a new pleasure from a fresh exercise of her undoubted power, a pleasure which shall leave us no unpleasant aftertaste, which shall not necessitate an extra lock and key, and which shall not have, so to speak, a blush in a whole hog-head of it.

A *propos* of "hoghead." Our Authoress has the wand of an enchantress, but is it good to use it as Circe employed her power? If the pearls are there to be thrown, will they, afterwards, be appreciated by readers so transformed? With these remarks, we consign to the Public the last instalment—and so the complete whole of one of the most powerful romances of modern days, which, under our paternal supervision, has appeared in these pages under the title of

"GONE WRONG."

THE RAIN AND THE RACES.

COLD, keen East winds o'er all the country blowing,
Set horses coughing, and prolonged a drought,
When, with delight, the weathercock, nigh crowing,
Into the soft South-West faced right about.

Then floated up the rain-clouds fat and cozy,
From o'er the bosom of the Atlantic main,
And shed their liquor until Earth got boozy,
As Earth could get, upon so mild a drain.

Ere hushed, the cuckoo set the groves all ringing
Once more; up trilled again the nightingale.
The blackbird warbled, glad, the wet was bringing
Out of their holes the savoury slug and snail.

The swain surveyed reviving crops delighted;
The fungus-fancier hailed the verdant ring,
Where, in the woodland glades, with hope excited,
He seeks the toothsome toadstool of the spring.

But O dear friends, and O beloved brothers,
Besides the fungi, fields, and crops, and flowers,
Behold the Downs, whose interests dwarf all others,
Are drenched in time with seasonable showers!

Not only might their verdure have been blasted—
The Turf had been for Sporting made unmeet,
If until now the lack of rain had lasted,
And hardened Epsom Course to Horses' feet.

Having had rain enough to lay the dust,
Those, not a few, who Road prefer to Rail,
Will not be forced from the grit-gathering gust
To guard their peepers with the azure veil.

Because it rains, it is not bound to pour,
For all that Sages and Divines may say:
Oh, may we find we've had enough—no more;
Enough, but not a drop too much, to-day!

Horrible Extravagance.

SIR,

I HAVE been much distressed to hear that to get to the Guildhall Ball, the other day, thousands went through the Bankruptcy Court. To what lengths will not ambition and extravagance lead the votaries of pleasure in the thin disguise of loyalty!

Yours,

CENSOR.

DERBY AND JOAN.

DEAREST PUNCH,

As a woman of very, very few words, I don't ask to occupy a great deal of your valuable space, but do, please, just let me offer you a seasonable suggestion, that's a good fellow. You have always stuck up like a trump for the Rights of Woman in the hunting-field, by representing them on horseback as fully equal and sometimes superior to men. Give us the same lift, old man, on the Turf. Advocate our claims to compete with mankind on the Racecourse. Stick up for the side-saddle. What reason is there why we should be excluded from employment as Jockeys? As it is, horses are often ridden by boys. Why not by girls as well? I'll lay you anything many of us would prove more than a match for the heavier sex. My cob with me outside him carries 6 st. 8 lb. I should like going in to win cups and plates. Now the utmost I can do is to make a book, not of any literary pretensions, but only of a sort that entitles me to sign my name,

Ever yours,

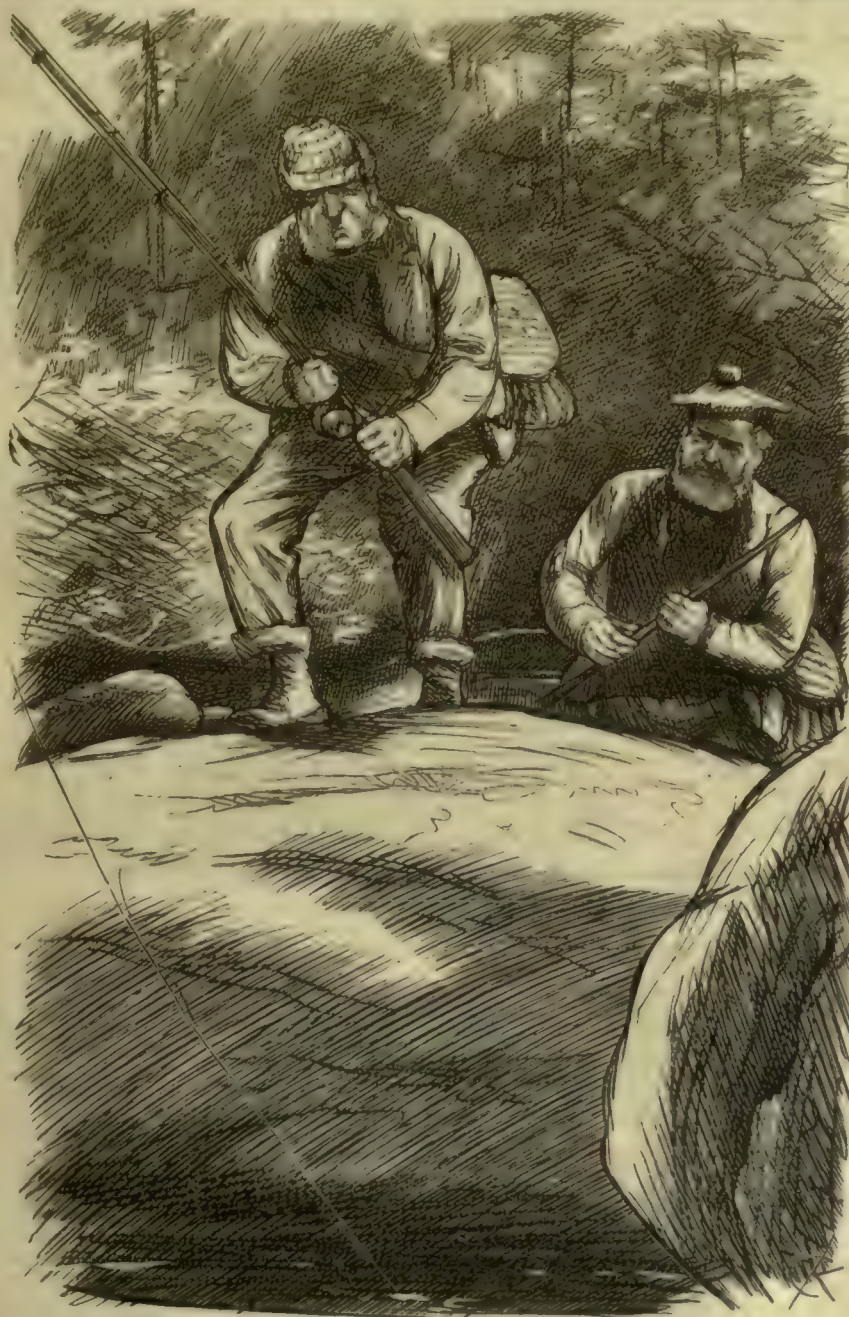
BETTINA.

Credit for Cannon.

ACCORDING to the *Politische Correspondenz* of Vienna, the Porte has just given a fresh and considerable order for cast-steel guns to MESSRS. KRUPP of Essen. Will this order for great guns be executed? The Porte is notoriously unable to pay its shot.

La Guerre des Femmes.

MR. PUNCH is informed that great satisfaction reigns among the Members of the Women's Rights Associations throughout the country, in consequence of the information received of a revolution having been effected at Constantinople by the "Softa" portion of the community!



PAYING TOO DEAR FOR HIS WHISTLE.

Donald. "E—H, SIR, YON'S A GRAN' FESH YE'VE GOTTEN A HAUD O'!"

The Laird. "OO, AYE, A GRAN' FESH ENOO, BUT I'D BE GAY AN' GLAD IF I SAW MY 'TWA-AND-SAXPENNY FLEE WHEEL OOT O' HIS MOOTH!"

the world will be there, and you will disappoint the people in its millions if you do not smile upon them, even as the sun in its azure blue smiles upon the feathered songsters of the grove."

"Toby," replied *Punch*, severely, "you have been reading a leading article written by a word-painter." The Dog blushed. "And now what do you want?"

"It's the Derby Day, Master, and you ought to go to Epsom."

"I can't," said *Punch*. "I have declared I won't go."

"Which is the very reason why you *will* go. Come, Sir, it is the way of the world. Derby promises are made, like treaties—only to be broken."

"Oh, but I have done the thing so often," urged *Punch*. "I know what I shall see."

"No you don't," replied *Toby*, firmly, but respectfully. "I have everything ready, and I promise you that you shall enjoy a novel sensation. I am perfectly unselfish in the matter. I shall certainly turn my back upon the race while it's being run. I only care for the Dog's Derby—need I say that I allude to the Waterloo Cup? Come, Sir, you shall go."

Thus urged, the Sage arose, and having adopted a suitable costume, sallied forth.

"Where's the drag?" he asked, when he found himself in the road.

"Here, Master," replied *Toby*, pointing to a large hamper. "The lunch is the real Derby Drag—especially next morning."

Before *Punch* could reply, two charming young ladies seated themselves in the novel conveyance. One was a delightful brunette, with a pure Italian skin, and shining, hazel eyes; the other a handsome blonde.

"My dear girls," exclaimed *Punch*, "I really don't think the Derby is quite the place for—"

"For us!" interrupted the Brunette. "My dear Sir, don't you know that the highest Ladies in the land patronise the race now-a-days?"

"And you forget Woman's Rights," put in the Blonde. "Surely, after the meeting at St. George's Hall, you *must* be convinced that Ladies having claimed the deference paid to weakness, ought to enjoy the privilege, until now yielded to strength and power?"

Punch would have argued this point, had not his attention been attracted to the strange "steeds" that were being harnessed to his hamper. Four large lobsters composed the team.

"Dear me!" cried the Sage; "where did you get these from?"

"Not from the Westminster Aquarium," replied *Toby*, promptly. "After the race you know, Master, a raw lobster very often carries you back to Epsom."

"Yes!" murmured *Punch*. "But surely night-mares should be kept for the Oaks."

"And if lobsters take you to Epsom after the race, why shouldn't they hurry you there before it?"

And then the strange conveyance started. *Toby* had promised his Master a new view of the road; and the Dog of Dogs kept his word. Instead of the thousand carts and carriages that usually appear on the Queen's highway on the Derby Day, scarcely a vehicle was visible. *Punch* noticed there were a very large number of foreigners making their way to Epsom. A swarthy Gentleman, wearing a cap, strongly reminding him of a Tam o' Shanter bonnet, plus a tassel, particularly attracted his notice. This swarthy Gentleman had two silent companions in attendance upon him.

"Ah, *Punch*," said he, "here we are safe and sound in England! Better off than the peasants I left under the turf in Spain, eh? My staff—Oh, don't be frightened; they won't hurt you: at least, they didn't hurt *me*! Allow me to introduce *Monarchy* and *Fatherland*."

"Impostors!" exclaimed *Punch*, as he left the would-be regal Spaniard and his companions in the distance, "*Monarchy* and *Fatherland*, indeed! He should have said, *Self* and *Treason*."

And now a very tall man indeed neared *Punch's* conveyance. The very tall man had a long moustache, and looked like the Cousin-German of an Irishman.

"Surprised to see me at the Derby, *Mr. Punch*?" he said, with a smile. "Why should you be? You and I are the wisest men in the world; and *you* are here. Besides, you must remember that I am ubiquitous. I should have been here last year, hadn't that fellow ARNIM kept me tied to Germany."

"What PRINCE VON BIS —"

"Silence, my friend! I wish to preserve my *incognito*."

"Well, your Excellency, what are the odds?"

"About five to one against the Ex-

PEROR's Aggression—gone up very much lately; one hundred to one against the KAISER's Diplomacy; and any price about the SULTAN's Mismanagement, and the KHEVIVE's Bankruptcy coupled."

"And you go in for?"

"Oh, the old horse, I suppose—*Blood and Iron*. I may declare to win with another animal, *Civilisation*, but the other's the best of the two. *Entre nous*, what do you think of DERBY's Caution?"

"That it's safe enough, if it can only stay!"

And now *Punch* found himself on the course. Certainly it was a novel sight, and yet there was nothing new. As he looked from his hamper he noticed that there were a number of horse-leeches in his neighbourhood. *Toby* shouted to him the latest odds.

"Why, what are these, *Toby*?" asked *Punch*.

"Why, Betting-men, to be sure, Master," replied the Dog of Dogs.

"You know, Sir, that I like to call things by their right names. I caught up the habit from you. But you see, Sir, that they do not always pluck the pigeons they attempt to ensnare."

And then *Punch* observed that, thanks to COLONEL HENDERSON, those worst of horse-flies, who throng the turf whereon races are held, the London Roughs, were kept well in check by those most useful of Blue-bottles, the Police of the Metropolis, and he noticed that the tips of the sporting papers were easily recognised as the dirtiest of bubbles, and he saw that the delights of the Derby were the most toothsome of food and the drier of champagne, and he would doubtless have seen a great deal more had there not been a cry of "They're off!"

Down rushed the horses in a little cloud of colour. For a moment they were seen and then they disappeared. But they came again, and amidst most tremendous excitement and cheering, the judge announced the number of the winner!

"Who has won?" cried *Punch*, eagerly.

"Why, I will tell you," replied *Toby*. "The winner is——"

And at this point the Sage of Fleet Street awoke—*Punch's* dream of the Derby was over!

STRAIGHT-TIP FROM THE STARS.



Coltness an abstract Horse appears;
Wild Tommy ne'er a Tamer fears.
Thus speak the Planets in their courses!
Now lay your wagers on the Horses.

PETRARCH's laurel crown will shine:
Mineral Colt of wealth be mine:
All Heart beat, while Skylark soars,
Forerunner runs upon all fours.
Great Tom his peal of triumph sounds;
Hardrada no hard road confounds;
To Julius Caesar what approacher?
Bruconner's a noted poacher.
On Ambergris the scent lies strong;
Bay Wyndham—wind him. Nothing wrong!

A PLEA FOR EGYPTIAN INSOLVENCY.—"Ex Nilo nihil fit."

THE WINNING CARD.



A charger on the battle-field,
A courser o'er the plain,
In chase the Hunter beareth he;
The Warrior in campaign.

'Tis a sight to see the generous Nag,
As he flies in full career,
Or to watch the team that whirls the Drag
Of the lofty charioteer.

But a downier view the Sporting Man
Of the Noble Creature takes;
Though no Hippophagist, his eye
Is still on Horses' stakes.

With a view of the furthest point whereto
In the betting he's like to go,
The odds on a Horse are all he cares
About that Horse to know.

He scans the Steed with no vain regard
To his form, his leaps, and bounds,
But values him as a playing card
For a prize of sterling pounds.

Then sing hey for the Noble Animal!
And the Noble Sportsman also!
And for milking, pulling, and hoccussing,
And all plants on the Turf that grow!

Anatomy of the Turf.

THE Egyptians adored the Bull, and multitudes of us English are devoted to the Horse. A thinking young man remarked that the Derby is the great annual Festival of Horse Worship. His companion, a Medical Student, said that Horse Worshipers commonly spoke with veneration of "that 'ere oss." The object of their worship seemed to be the *os sacrum*.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Is the *Mineral Colt* a descendant of the "Iron Horse?"

WHAT TO DO ON THE DERBY DAY.

"I think I shall go down to Hampton Court and play tennis. As it is the Derby, nobody will be there."—*Sybil*, by B. DISRAELI.

SURELY the Premier's suggestion is worth a thought. Quiet is hard to find in this world, but it may be discovered on the Derby Day. It is the very time to do a little useful business. *Exempli gratia*—

You may call on LORD DERBY at the Foreign Office, and find him ready to listen to your views about the Herzegovina.

You may, in like manner, enlighten SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the difficult question of Egyptian Finance.

You may look in at the Stock Exchange, and show its Chairman the immense importance of reforming that influential establishment.

You may have a quiet day of study at the Reading-room of the British Museum, with that polite Gentleman, the Principal Librarian, in constant attendance upon you.

You may pass a happy hour at the Academy in front of Mr. POYNTER's picture, calculating how long it will take MILANTON to fall on his nose.

You may climb to the gallery of Saint Paul's, and look down upon a deserted City.

You may have a river steamer all to yourself from London Bridge to Richmond, and dine in delightful isolation at the "Star and Garter."

You may travel by Rail without the least fear of being in a carriage with an unprotected and aggressive female.

You may walk along Pall Mall, and not see a human being you know.

You may drop in upon MR. DISRAELI with a dodge; and he will reply, *τίς γλαῦκ' Ἀθήνας ἤγαγε*:—"There be coals at Wallsend."

You may bring radiant Epigrams to Mr. *Punch*. *Toby* will be found at home, and in a fierce temper, because he does not go to the Derby. *Cave canem*!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UMPH! Nothing to yield a drop of Essence in the Lords on Monday, May 29.

(Commons.)—MR. CALLAN means to move for a Select Committee to subject Bubble Companies to the same pricking as Foreign Loans have gone through. Emma Mines, Lisbon Tramways, and similar swindles, promise a rich crop of revelation under the operation of JAMES'S POWDERS. But one hardly dares to hope there can be any legal punishment for "financial enterprise" that has robbed to the tune of millions.

The writ for Norwich is to be suspended, till that borough has repented in its native crape—if not in sackcloth and ashes. The same Bill will disfranchise the scheduled voters for Boston.

MR. MITCHELL-HENRY moved a Resolution declaring that no financial arrangements can be satisfactory which do not relieve Ireland from a burden of taxation, beyond her ability to pay, as compared with Great Britain. As the taxes levied in the Green Isle and the rest of the United Kingdom are the same—except the Assessed Taxes, from which Ireland is exempt—it is not easy to say where the injustice lies. But PADDY is at liberty to fit the burden to his own back. Let him drink less whiskey, and he will contribute so much less to the Imperial Exchequer.

MR. HENRY did not venture on a division.

In Committee on the Commons Bill. As the law stands, if a Lord of the Manor and the Commoners agree, a Common can be enclosed without sanction of Parliament. This leaves out of sight the public interest in the enjoyment of Commons, which does not constitute a legal right.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE tried in vain to press an enactment that henceforth no enclosure of a common, town or village green, shall be legal, except under the statute. "Propputty, propputty!" was trotted out against him by MR. CROSS.

(Happily Commoners are growing more wide-awake than of old, and there is less prospect of the lord being allowed to have his own way with the waste than there used to be. The great point is to give us Enclosure Commissioners who understand the importance of protecting open spaces

wherever they are wanted for public enjoyment, health, and recreation. That the Bill, with all its shortcomings, will forward. It might be better, but it is good as far as it goes.)

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD DONOUGHMORE moved Resolutions for the amendment of the Irish Grand Jury system. The DUKE OF RICHMOND had little to say against them but that they must be embodied in a Bill which must originate in the House of Commons. The LORD CHANCELLOR admitted that the discussion had shown the need of an amendment of the law: so the Resolutions, though withdrawn, were not moved to no purpose.

A conversation about Foreign Titles conferred on English subjects elicited from LORD DERBY the rather startling admission that there is no legal penalty for the assumption of a title to which a man has no right. (Punch never assumes his Foreign Titles in this country, much as Judy has pined to be presented as LA MARCHESA DE POLINCINELLO, and recommends his friends of the Upper House to follow his example.) His Lordship confirmed the startling news of the deposition of the SULTAN. (ABDUL AZIZ—as some hundreds of his indefatigable correspondents have already taken care to inform Mr. Punch—is now ABDUL as was. The Softas have settled the revolution in the softest style. MOURAD THE FIFTH is now Commander of the Faithful. May the elevation not invest him with another title, already familiar to Eastern story—MOURAD THE UNLUCKY. We are informed that he passed the four weeks previous to his accession in a cellar. He may yet regret even that calm and secluded retreat. On the time-honoured principle that "When things are at their worst they'll mend," the change must be an improvement; which, no doubt, accounts for the jump up of Turkish Stock from nine to fourteen on receipt of the telegram, and the general rejoicing which seems to have hailed the news, at Constantinople and elsewhere.)

(Commons.)—After this stirring news had been confirmed by MR. BOURKE, the House was recalled from its excitement by MR. DISRAELI's curt Motion for adjournment over the Derby Day, on which SIR WILFRID had his usual innings. He scored his first laugh by claiming the Motion for a Party one—"supported by the party of sentiment and opposed by the party of sense." He must have meant the Amendment. He denied that he had been seen at the Derby in a scarlet coat and a green tie. He quoted from the Daily Telegraph a summary description of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, as "the grandest assemblage of blackguardism on the face of the earth," with the comical comment, a few lines further on, that "the sight is one of the prettiest in the world." He asked for votes against "a proceeding which was somewhat inconvenient, slightly mischievous, altogether childish, and thoroughly contemptible."

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT said he had gone to the Derby for twenty years, and meant to go to-morrow. The Derby was a general holiday, and he did not see why Members should not have the chance of enjoying it. When he was at Hyde Park Corner, in the evening of last Derby Day, he saw a carriage pass with a gentleman in it, rather dusty, and apparently very cheerful, bearing a most remarkable resemblance to the Honourable Member, and carrying a doll in his hat.

MR. ASSHETON deprecated jocularly. He denied that the custom of adjourning over the Derby Day was either good or old. He believed the time would come when people would wonder that so late as 1876 the House of Commons in its busiest time adjourned its proceedings for a whole day to see a horse race. (Punch hasn't a doubt of it, by the time when cakes and ale are things of the past.)

MR. BRIGHT followed MR. ASSHETON's grave lead, and gave the House a weighty lecture on the evils of horse-racing. He believed that the character of the House would stand higher in the country, and wherever their debates were read, if they abandoned the custom the Right Honourable Gentleman proposed they should follow now. (So does Punch, with one qualification, however—that the sense and morality of the country shall have grown *pari-passu* with that of the House. In the meantime, Punch fears that a taste



POPULAR HYMNOLOGY.

Mistress (with a Ritualistic turn). "AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE FESTIVAL SERVICE, MARTHA?"

Martha (from the Country). "LOR', MUM, IT WERE BEAUTIFUL! THERE WAS A LOT O' MEN AND BOYS A-MARCHIN' ROUND AND ROUND THE CHURCH WITH FLAGS, AND A-SINGIN' 'ONWARD, CHRISTY MINSTRELS!'"

THE APPEAL OF THE PIOUS FOUNDER.

'Twas the Ghost of a Pious Founder stood
By CORROX's couch, in the night-watch dim,
Above his brow it seemed to brood,
Then thus did make appeal to him:—
"Oh sturdy champion of civic right,
Yet a little let reason give thee pause,
Provoke not a more than doubtful fight,
Nor valour waste in a hopeless cause!"

"We built, you inherit; and all our aim
Was within the ring of the Public Weal.
Time changes. You seekers of civic fame
Have with other duties and days to deal.
Make not our names mere snares to trip
The feet whose progress we sought to speed,
And let not Prerogative's jealous grip
Minister only to pride and greed!"

With wrath CORROX's hair stood up, but—"Nay,"
Quoth the mild Shade, "pray, be not wroth!
You're all of you hon'rab'le, I dare say,
But why to the proof of the fact so loth?
'Tis clear public purpose bars private right,
Of that truth though you and BOWYER are scornors;
Be wise; up windows and let in the light,
Cobwebs may lurk in some odd corners!"

"Where Craft, Commerce, Charity, Culture you aid,
What need for striving inquiry to muzzle?
But are you quite sure no duties unpaid
Are given to the joys of glare and guzzle?
I've heard of feeds—but *verbum sat*,
Do you plead a *per contra*? You've done your best?
Then put it to proof. No escape from that.
The public trust waits the public test.

"Better meet the friends you call foes half way,
Ere the cry you gird at waxes louder.
Gird loins for the duties of to-day,
Proud as you are, you may then be prouder.
Great GRESHAM & Co., to whom you'd appeal,
Send the word, 'Still forward!' across the border:—
Guide you, as they guided, the City's weal,
Light ne'er comes amiss to a house in order.

STREET SONG, AS AMENDED FOR CONSTANTINOPLE.—
"Uncle, make room for your Tommy."

for the Derby will continue one of the many points in which the House of Commons represents the lower propensities of the country.)

MR. POWER declared that if any Irish Member dared to oppose the adjournment, he would cut him—an awful contingency!—and that if Ireland had her native Parliament, on Palace Green, it would adjourn over every Derby Day in the year.

Finally, the House declared it did want to go to the Derby by 118 to 207. SIR WILFRID's minority is on the rise.

A long discussion on the case of a Sub-Inspector of Irish Constabulary dismissed in 1867. SIR M. H. BEACH promised to look into the case. There is some "justice for Ireland," after all.

MR. TREVELYAN, in a House of not much over a dozen, moved two Resolutions: one for Equalisation of the Borough and County Franchise; the other for Redistribution, with a view to more complete representation of the electoral body. His reasons for, were better than MR. LOWE's against; and MR. BRIGHT backed him up in the best speech he has made this Session.

MR. DISRAELI rode off on Redistribution, and the House (which had filled for division and to hear BRIGHT) followed him, throwing out the first Resolution by 264 to 165, and the mover withdrawing the second. *Quid plura?* Time will be: Time is not now.

Thursday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR introduced his Bankruptcy Bill. The old Act, in handing over arrangements in Bankruptcy to creditors, had too often handed over bankrupt estates to the trustees. The new Bill will empower creditors to appoint committees of inspection, who will nominate the trustee and look after him; and estates won't be allowed more than two years for liquidation. After that they must be handed over to the Court. As it is, they are left in trustees' hands till they get liquidated in the original sense of melting away altogether.

(Commons.)—On Commons. CROSS held his own against all amenders.

CROSS introduced his Prisons Bill—to put our gaols on a more uniform footing as regards diet, discipline, and cost; and to that

end empowering Government to take into its own hands the whole cost, control, and management of prisoners from the date of their committals. This, it was calculated, would save £392,000 to Local Rates, if it added £285,000 to Imperial expenditure. A balance of some hundred thousand to the good; to say nothing of the improvement in prison discipline and administration. Bravo, CROSS! Another point scored to your credit.

Oxford Soothing Syrup.

(For Quieting noisy 'Varsity Babies. From the New University Receipt Book.)

To every score of noisy Undergraduates add half a dozen prettily-behaved young Ladies—should be well dressed. Mix well together, and serve at next Commemoration.

Those Evening Belles.

"THE Bells have grown old," MR. IRVING repined.
"Don't 'ring in' with their old drawing force."
"Then the Belles," said MISS BATEMAN, "must, after their kind,
Have to Stratagem speedy recourse."

Right Again!

KISBER won the Derby. Thus prophesied *Punch*:—

"Mineral Colt, of wealth be mine."

Explanation is unnecessary for those who know, and on those who don't would be thrown away.

THE HOSPITAL FOR LADY-STUDENTS TO ENTER AT.—The Middle-sex.



AT THE HORSE-SHOW.

Ethel (to Papa, who has been to Luncheon). "You've not missed much, PAPA. THERE HAS ONLY BEEN ONE MAN IN THE BROOK, AND TWO TUMBLES AT THE HURDLES!"

DERBY STAND-POINTS.

It is perhaps needless to remark that *Mr. Punch* has received an enormous number of descriptions of last Wednesday's race. From the great mass of such contributions *Mr. Punch* has selected two, which he presents to the public, that they may strike an average between them:—

SIR,

June 1, 1876.

NEVER again! I have now seen the race several times, and on every occasion I have vowed it should be for the last time. Yet this year, on Wednesday last, I found myself in a hansom with *WALLIS—WILLIAM WALLIS*—and a hamper. Never go to the Derby in a hansom! In the first place, you have no room for your legs; in the second place, if you ride (as we did) four miles behind a van, your cab will become a receptacle for a sufficient amount of peas to provide soup for the whole British Army; and, thirdly, it is ten to one that your companion will (as mine did) want to smoke strong cigars the whole way down and back. I need hardly say that *WILLIAM* felt thirsty at an early period of the day, and insisted upon opening the hamper, when we of course discovered we had no corkscrew. A blow from the Cabman's whip soon got over this difficulty, though if the incident had taken place anywhere except in front of my partner's villa at Clapham, I should have been better pleased. The Press gentlemen, who are paid for it, always rave about the beauties of the road. I have never seen anything except scrubby hedges, Cockney villas, and an unconscionable amount of dust. Also the spectacle of several thousand ramshackle vehicles with their more disgusting occupants, is not one to raise the mind to good and noble thoughts.

We got to the Downs, had some lunch, and left the hamper in care of the cabman. I soon lost my friend, and had to wander about by myself. Good heavens, Sir! what does a man go to the Derby for? If he enjoys having his coat brushed against his will; being pestered by tawdry women thrusting decayed vegetables in his face that may once have been roses; hearing the inanities of minstrels whose natural dirt one would think would have rendered burnt cork superfluous; being invited to spot the king or to point out the little pea; being sworn at for getting in the way of those idiots who are shying at coconuts; being grilled alive by a fiery sun, and narrowly escaping being run over by the drags of a bloated aristocracy—if, Sir, he enjoys all this, he is fool enough for anything; and if he doesn't enjoy it, he is ten times bigger fool for not being comfortably at home. Just before the race, I started to run down the hill. In my haste I dodged under a carriage. "That's him! Stop thief! hold him tight!" were what I heard; and then next moment I was seized by two policemen, and accused of having stolen a bracelet! In vain I protested; I had been seen to do it; and if it had not been for the arrival of another policeman with the real offender and the bracelet, it would have gone hard for me. As soon as I was released I heard a yell, and, on turning round, saw the number "7"!

What! The Race over! I had not seen it; and *Kisber* first!

On the drive home I will not dilate. *BILL* was, as he put it, "on," the Cabman (as he put it) had "copped the brewer"; both of them as I put it) were in a hopeless state of intoxication. The usual amenities of the road took place. Suffice it to say, that as, at half-

past eight, we drove up Grosvenor Place, my companions only capable of being used as illustrations to a lecture on the Ghastly Results of Intemperance, and I with my clothes covered with flour, my face a mass of soot, and my hat bashed in with a coconut, I saw on a balcony a lady to whom, during a sat-out dance on Monday, I had, in my most *blusé* manner, declared the Derby only fit for boys. *She saw me!* The Cabman asked more than the appointed fare, and, on my refusal to pay, did, at *BILL's* instigation, hit me in the eye.

Sir, in conclusion, the Derby Day is a humbug! the House of Commons, for adjourning, is a humbug! and you, Sir, are the greatest humbug of all for encouraging in Cartoon, prose, and verse, an effete and exploded idioecy.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO BACKED *PETRARCH*.

BELOVED PUNCH,

June 1, 1876.

WHAT a days you are having! Oh the Darby! I drove there in one "drag" with twelve of my countrymen. Such larks! My wife in Hungary. The school Misses—I could have married them all by the dozen. The country superb. The finest horses and carts I ever saw in the whole of life. Some had four horses, some one donkey. We sang "*Tommie, make rooms for my Uncle*" the whole possible way there. We had a fine place, and saw the race noble. When my country's horse won, I throw my hat (white) in the air, and never saw it again. After lunch we had larks. I got a jolly blow on my head from a man playing Aunt Silly. A Swoll throw lobster-salad over me. I talked to several *grandes dames* in carriages, who gave me champagne. It was not good, but the English nobles are not so high exclusive as peoples say. We had great fun back with squirts and pea-shooters. I took my coat off and fought a man, and was knocked down stunning. Hurrah for the Darby. I shall always go. Next year, with my wife—in Hungary of course. I saw twice so many carriages go home that went down. You "tipped" the Winner. I drink your very good healths.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO BACKED *KISBER*.

TO JUNE.

EGAD, 'tis a good derivation,

With beauty and power, if not truth,

For the East wind is forced to cessation,

And the year's in its lusty hot youth.

We are gay, and our sons and our daughters

Delight in the calm plenilune,

And wander on Whitsuntide waters

'Mid glory of June.

Comes music from many a villa,

Where they dance on the tree-shaded grass:

The swan leads his cygnet-flotilla,

And hisses at boats as they pass:

Save Hesperus, twilight is starless

In the light of a fast-growing moon,

As we loiter awhile, not oarless,

In silence of June.

Let politics, business, annoyance,

Away to the Zephyrs be flung:

Accept the fair season's soft joyance;

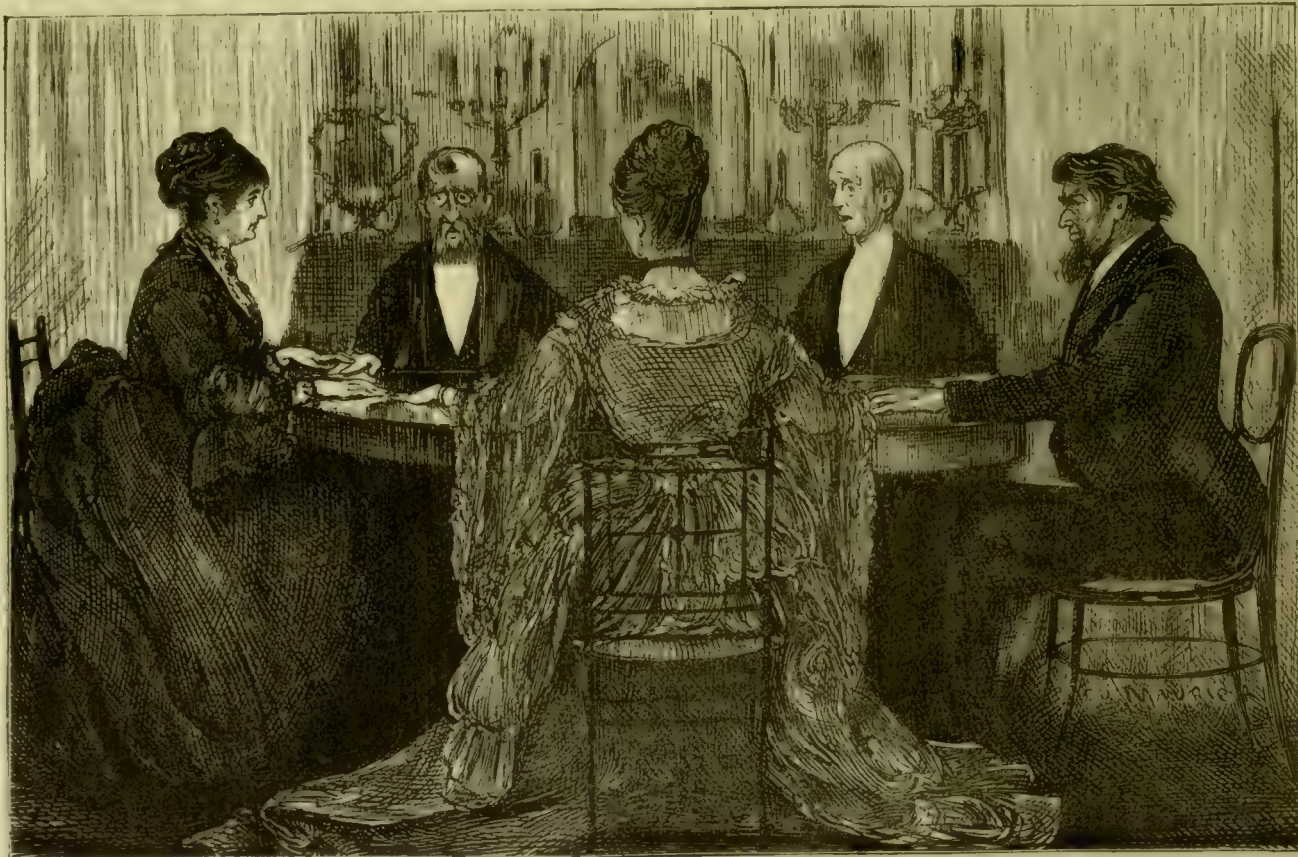
In the breath of the youth-month grow young.

The call of inflexible Duty

Will break up our holiday soon,

So enjoy, as you laze amid beauty,

This fragment of June.



LAST NEWS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

Medium. "THE SPIRIT OF THE LATE MR. JONES IS PRESENT."

Jones's Widow (with emotion). "I HOPE YOU ARE HAPPY, JONES!"

Jones (raps out). "FAR HAPPIER THAN I EVER WAS ON EARTH!"

Jones's Widow. "OH, JONES! THEN YOU MUST BE IN HEAVEN!"

Jones. "ON THE CONTRARY!"

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE following Notes are extracted from a Catalogue found by the Police in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, now open at South Kensington. There is no name in the Catalogue—"Puffing Billy" scribbled on the title-page appears to refer to a venerable steam-engine—but the owner was evidently a man of an independent and original mind, disposed to view the instruments in the Collection in novel aspects, and not tied and bound to any preconceived scientific theories, or overridden by narrow intellectual assumptions. Certain of those who have had the privilege of examining this Catalogue and its marginal Notes, seem to think that some at least of them may have been made without the writer seeing the objects they refer to—a question of considerable importance, on which we should be glad to receive the opinions of learned bodies and distinguished men of science both at home and abroad.

Notes.

"Slide Rule." As this instrument may be applied (among other purposes) "to find areas," no Policeman, who has a proper regard for his own comfort and happiness, ought to be without one.

"Napier Bones." Mysterious, dismal, chilly. To which of the many celebrated NAPIERS did these bones belong, and how is it that they are not in their natural resting-place?

"Instruments of Precision." Invaluable to those innumerable vague persons of both sexes, who are totally unable to detail what they hear, read, or see, in any accurate, clear, or intelligible manner. But can they be taught how to use these instruments?

"Plotting Scales." Harmless enough here, but likely to arouse suspicion in countries fertile in conspiracies, secret societies, and revolutions.

"The Wealemfina." What can this be? A new patent medicine, or hair-dye, or a strange wild animal from India, would clearly be out of place in a Collection of this character. Perhaps it is another sewing machine.

"Measures of Capacity." What a boon to constituencies choosing

new Members, masters and mistresses engaging fresh servants youthful persons of both sexes selecting partners for life, and parents determining on the future career of their progeny!

"Delicate pressure Gauge." By the aid of this ingenious instrument, a diffident man will be able to estimate exactly the amount of encouragement he may derive from the "delicate pressure" of his hand by the beautiful being who is the source of all his thoughts, dreams, schemes, hopes, fears, and palpitations.

"VON JOLLY'S Spring-balance." The mere title puts one in spirits for the whole of the day. We forget the lateness of the season, and the North-East wind, and the Eastern Question, and everything else that is uncomfortable and depressing.

"A 12-mile Protractor." Consult PAYSON WESTON, or some other eminent pedestrian, as to the uses and advantages of this instrument, before going into training.

"A. GRAVESANDE'S Apparatus to demonstrate the Theory of the Wedge." There is something irresistibly fascinating and provoking to the curiosity about that initial "s." Does the Theory of the Wedge apply to the whole, or only the thin end of it?

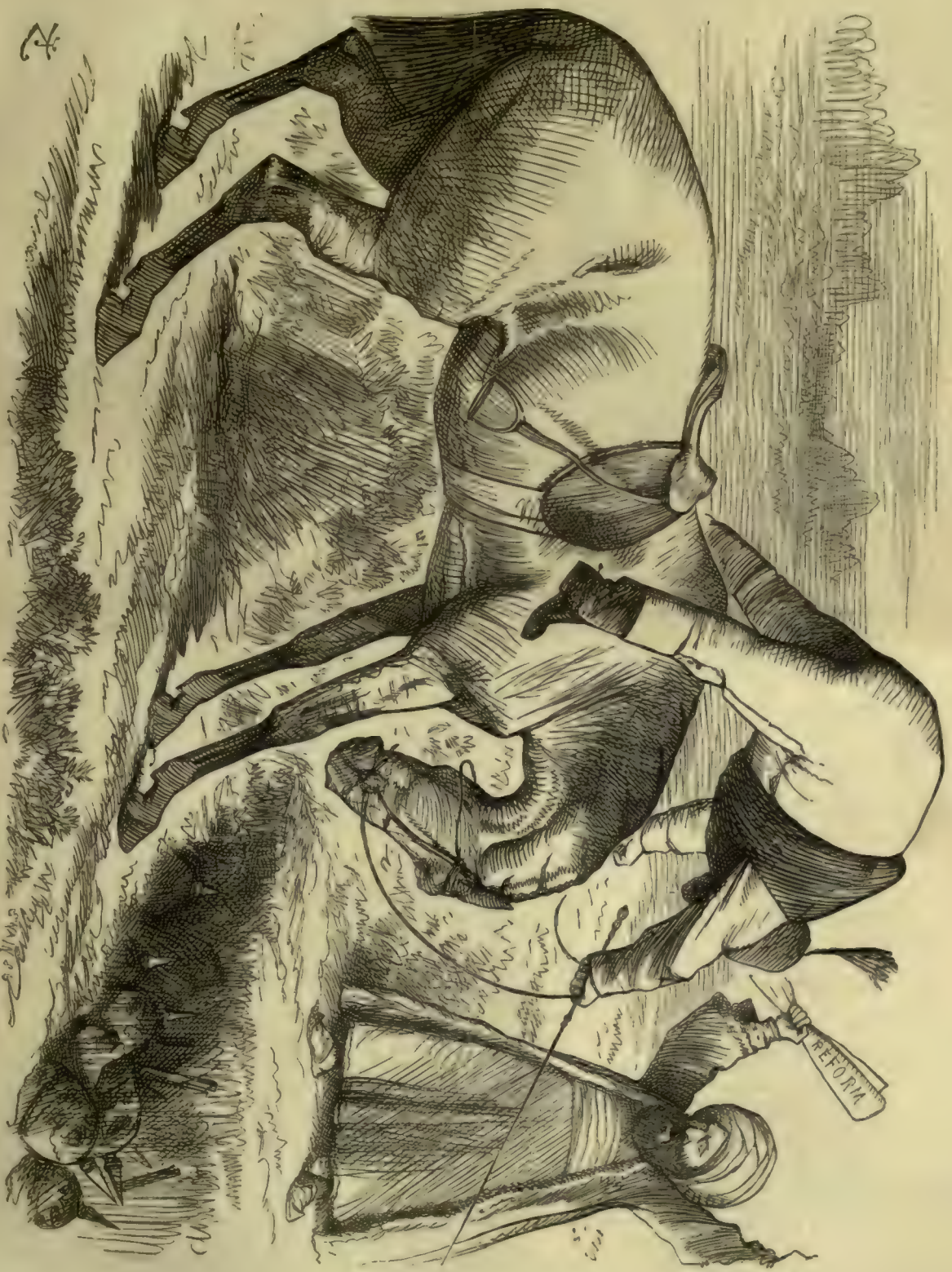
"Soldier Experiment." Strongly recommended to the notice of the Horse Guards and War Office.

"Revolution Indicator." Must be of the greatest possible service in countries, where Revolutions occur with a frequency to make some sure warning of their approach invaluable to those inhabitants who are wise enough to sell out of the Funds and change their residence.

"Whistles for producing Shriil Notes." Any one who has the misfortune to live near a railway will condemn these as a superfluous and terrible invention.

"Set of Vowel Forks." The attendant, on being asked why this set was incomplete—there being no Consonant Knives—was mute.

"Siren," and "Double Siren" (see HOMER'S *Odyssey*). Sure to draw enormous crowds. Except, perhaps, a Mermaid, the originators of the exhibition could not have sought and obtained a greater attraction. (They are perfectly harmless.) With the ample material at their disposal, the Committee might arrange a most telling concert. The Sirens, of course, would be the principal vocalists, the



AN "AWFUL CROPPER"!

prime donne (soprano and contralto), with the accompaniment in certain pieces of the "Tube for Singing Flames." The instrumental part of the performance would be a safe success with the "Fog Horns," "Patent Double Trumpet," "Marimba or Balafo," "Enharmonic Harmonium," and "Revolving Drum."

"Powerful Spectroscope." For SEEKING GHOSTS!
"Jellett's Saccharometer." Sounds nice and sweet. Will also recall to visitors in Ascut week a once noted racehorse. (N.B. Persons interested in horses, especially intending purchasers, should not fail carefully to examine the "Pony Sounder.")

Are you a person of weak or highly sensitive nerves? If so, approach with due caution, or perhaps better still, avoid altogether the "Wild Polarising Trobometer." Beware also of the "Thunder House" and "Thunder Pump."

"Photometer, for ascertaining amount of daylight." There are days in the year, in London for example, when this instrument might be called into active requisition.

"Optical Bank." The wonderful Catalogue, generally full enough, is here obviously deficient. It does not say whether the Bank is on the Limited Liability principle; it mentions no names of Directors; it is silent as to the amount of the shares; and it gives no address. Without some further explanation, we shall keep our money in the "London and Westminster."

"Interference Apparatus." Almost the only blot on the Exhibition. Surely, surely, there is enough interference already going on in the world without Science being called in to lend its aid to foment and increase it! We are sure the authorities will see this matter in the proper light, and at once withdraw the Apparatus from the Collection.

"Apparatus for demonstrating the Glory on bedewed Meadows." Suggestive of poetry, and recollections of early rising.

"Model of Circular red-hot Copper Railway." This is too dreadful! Are there not perils enough in our Railway System? Where is this "red hot Copper Railway" to be found? What part of the kingdom does it traverse? Has it much passenger traffic? Does it pay any dividend?

Here, for the present, we must pause in our extracts from these Notes; first recommending pages 20-22, 76-86, and 332-342 of the Catalogue as light and pleasant reading for leisure moments.

BOOKS AND BRAIN-WORK.

A WONDERFUL instrument, said to have been invented by DR. MOSSO, of Turin, was described the other day by DR. GASKELL, at a Conference connected with the "Biology" section of the Loan Collection of Scientific Instruments at South Kensington. It appears to be a register chiefly for measuring the fulness of the limbs—hence named the *Plethysmograph*. According to a summary of its description:—

"The whole of the fore-arm is immersed in water in a glass vessel, and the cover of india-rubber grasps the arm with a water-tight grip. Every enlargement or contraction of the arm by the inflow of additional blood, or the withdrawal of the usual amount, causes a difference in the bulk of the arm, which affects the pressure on the water. This is connected by a pipe with a recorder."

Cui bono?—the present reader will not inquire, for the reader of *Punch* never asks a shallow question. If it were asked, however, the following reply, as far as it goes, may be deemed more—or less—satisfactory.

"If a demand is made for blood in the brain by unusual brain action, it is necessarily withdrawn from the extremities; hence it is claimed that this apparatus can be used for testing the intensity of brain action. It is stated that a classical scholar tested with a Latin and Greek book showed more blood needed for brain-work to read Greek than Latin."

A picture of the classical scholar as he appeared sitting with his arm in a *Plethysmograph*, and being tested thereby, might be executed with effect by a humorous artist. It would represent an experiment of literary and scientific value, which could no doubt be estimated by a sufficient scholar and competent philosopher laying their heads together. But, perhaps, before drawing any conclusions from the indications of the *Plethysmograph* of the comparative quantity of blood needed by the brain for brain-work performed in reading, severally, a Latin book and a Greek book, they would like to know what books the Greek book and the Latin book respectively were. Even a school-boy in a low form could inform a philosopher who knew not, or did not consider, that some Latin books are harder work to read than some Greek books, as well as *vice versa*. Reading the former, therefore, would, according to the theory of the *Plethysmograph*, cause the brain to attract to itself the greater quantity of blood, as recorded by that ingenious contrivance. If the *Plethysmograph* can be trusted, its application to the works of contemporary writers would be interesting. A stupid book, however, may be harder work to read than a clever one. On the other hand, if thought is brain-work, the study of some very popular writings would not perhaps be found attended with any extraordinary determination of blood to the brain.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS.

(For the use of those who go to Fancy Dress Balls.)



QUESTION. What does tradition say about the early Norman Kings?

Answer. That they wore costumes wonderfully adapted for the concealment of an ungainly figure.

Q. Who was RICHARD THE FIRST?

A. A man with a saucepan (minus a handle) upon his head, and a calico shirt (plus a cross) upon his back. This person also was much given to wearing stockings and gloves made of steel netting.

Q. What is known about the PLANTAGENETS?

A. That they must have put down their battle-axes before they began to waltz.

Q. Who was JOAN OF ARC?

A. A young Lady partial to spangles and back hair.

Q. What were the peculiarities of a Page—time of the Battles of the Roses?

A. To wear silk tights, a velvet doublet, a small dagger, and a feathered

hat, and to take off his false moustache after supper.

Q. What does History know about HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. That he was a portly man of a certain age who did not shrink from exhibiting his legs.

Q. Who was ELIZABETH?

A. A red-haired Lady, in a long-waisted dress trimmed with pearls and decorated with a pantomime ruff.

Q. Tell me all you know about WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A. He had a bald head, and wore black velvet tempered with shirt collar.

Q. What do you believe about CHARLES THE FIRST?

A. That his habitual melancholy must have been partly caused by the heaviness of his wig.

Q. What were the characteristics of CHARLES THE SECOND.

A. To wear big boots and a corked moustache, and to tumble over his sword in the third figure of the Lanciers.

Q. What is known about MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, MARGUERITE OF ANJOU, ANNE BOLEYN, CHARLOTTE CORDAY, CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, and MARIE ANTOINETTE?

A. That they all used rouge and *blanc de perle*.

Q. What was the *spécialité* of GENERAL MONK?

A. His large development of boots.

Q. Give the chief result of the First French Revolution?

A. The introduction of tricolor scarves, leathers, and red woollen night-caps.

Q. Who was NAPOLEON BONAPARTE?

A. A clean-shaved person, who wore boots up to his knees to conceal the thinness of his legs.

Q. Give the names of French Historical Personages generally recognised in England.

A. FRANCIS THE FIRST, HENRY THE FOURTH, and a mysterious individual (wearing from time to time costumes of various centuries) vaguely known as "the Regent."

Q. Has Germany ever produced a remarkable man?

A. Yes, once. FREDERICK THE GREAT; celebrated for his boots.

Q. From what classes of people are the armies of the Continent supposed to receive their most numerous recruits?

A. From bashful Black Brunswickers and apologetic Vivandières.

Q. And lastly, what is known about all Historical Personages?

A. That they would have found their costumes exceedingly uncomfortable and inconvenient in a modern ball-room.

See-Saw Song.

(For fast young Stock-Jobbers and Financial Agents.)

HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down;
And here we go into the Bankruptcy Court,
And then we get round, round, round.

CLUBS! CLUBS!



"In the name of the Prophet, Figs!"
When the Caireen higgler cried,
'Twas from sublime to ridiculous
Rebuked as a sudden stride.

But our cry is now, through all classes and
crafts,

From senators to subs,
Tory swells to Radical working-men,
"In the name of the profit, Clubs!"

Such virtue in Co-operation is,
Such advantage in prime cost,
Invest upon Club principles,
And your money can't be lost.

From London's dung-hill cryptogamous
Club-moss may be said to grow:

We have streets of Clubs, and squares of
Clubs,
Big and little, high and low.

Like mushrooms, they want little root;
Strange food they seem to swallow:
At the game of the day you must follow suit,
And "Clubs" is the suit to follow.

Are you a Swell? You must have your
Club;

That you're not a Snob to tell.
Are you a Snob? You must have your
Club;

To show that you are a Swell.

And in this universal suit,
In spite of snubs and rubs,

You'll find each thinks the Club he
holds
The highest card in Clubs.

Till one may say, that High or Low,
Jack, Game, all round the ring,
Each, if asked to give his Club a name,
Of Clubs would call it King.

And if the Ladies had their rights,
And petticoat-Clubs were seen,
The Ladies all would be pulling caps,
Each of Clubs to prove hers the Queen.

There's only one court-card in Clubs
That I fancy all would waive;
So suppose we started *that*, and called
Our Club of Clubs the Knave!



AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

"OH, UNCLE GEORGE! DO THEY KILL THEM BEFORE THEY STUFF THEM?"

IMPORTANT OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT'S insinuation that SIR WILFRID LAWSON visited the Derby last year, and returned "somewhat dusty, very cheerful, and with a doll in his hat," induced *Mr. Punch* to institute an inquiry as to whether the Honourable Baronet went to the Derby this year. The following is an abstract of the evidence taken:—

A Gentleman could almost be positive that the Honourable Baronet sat opposite to him in a train going to Epsom, but his face was partly concealed by a newspaper, *The Morning Advertiser*, which he was intently perusing. Could not swear that it was SIR WILFRID.

A Purveyor of Refreshments said that a Gentleman answering to the description of the Member for Carlisle called for a bottle of Champagne, and drank it all himself. He observed it was a great shame that Champagne-bottles did not hold an imperial quart. After he left, some one said it was SIR WILFRID LAWSON, or SIR WILLIAM DAWSON: could not be sure which.

A Gipsy Fortune-Teller said she fancied she knew the "pretty gentleman." He crossed her hand with silver, and was very funny. She asked the first letter of his first name, and he said "W." She then told him that if he would be serious, and there was nobody else in the world, he might some day become a great man. This seemed to affect him greatly. Hardly thought sixpence enough for such information. Perhaps some other pretty gentleman would cross her hand. She thought she saw a gent in the chair who liked to "kiss a pretty girl in a corner." (*Ordered out of the room.*)

A Chemist of Epsom gave evidence that a Gentleman came into his shop on the afternoon of the Derby Day, and asked for something to cure the "hiccups," which he said were the result of imprudently drinking some cold water. The Gentleman could stand quite steady by holding on to a chair. Thought it might have been the Honourable Baronet, because he fancied, while he was mixing the draught, he heard something like "WILFRID, my boy (*hic*), this is very (*hic*) bad form."

A Hansom-Cab Driver deposed to having driven a Gentleman answering the description from Epsom, and on arriving in town he was told to drive to the House of Commons. The House was closed, and the Gentleman, who seemed pretty comfortable, said, "Of course, yes; I forgot. Never mind; better luck next year." He was discharged at Westminster Hall. The next day he found a pocket corkscrew, with the initials "W. L.," in his cab.

Finally, a person gave evidence that the Honourable Baronet, or some one very like him,

wound up his watch in St. James's Park the next day after the race, and set it by the Horse Guards' clock.

Mr. Punch does not consider the above evidence sufficient for him to come to a decision upon, but must ask the public to form their own conclusions on this most important matter.

PROPERTY AND COMMONS.

NEVER mind scenery,
Foliage and greenery.
Plants with machinery
Raise in their lieu.
All but utility
Deem imbecility,
Dotage, anility,
Scorn and eschew.

Commons, what use on 'em,
Save to the goose on 'em?
Cattle run loose on 'em,
Vagrants abound.
Village brats play on 'em,
Jackasses bray on 'em,
Going astray on 'em,
Clapped in the Pound.

Sweep gorse and heather, all,
Off them together, all,
Break them up, whether all
Good land, or no.
Build over wild and waste;
Once flowery paths effaced,
With smart new streets replaced,
Terrace and row.

Our Regulation Bill,
Scarce Conservation Bill—
—Slight Limitation Bill,
E'en let it pass,
And not at least impede,
If not enclosure speed,
Soon may no Common feed
Or goose, or ass.

Not common lands would we
Keep, as Conservators, free,
But claims of Property
'Gainst them uphold.
Let sentimental swains
Weep for their silent plains,
Lone glades, and glens, and lanes,
Woodland and wold.

Let the tall chimneys rise,
Let them begrime the skies,
While they regale our eyes.
Old England may
Grow, as her face they blur,
So hard and fools aver,
Richer and uglier
Every day.

Nothing Like Lucidity.

THE subjoined piece of excellent advice is extracted from the *Belfast Newsletter* of May 25:—

"BOTTLED CLARETS OF 1874 VINTAGE.—This Vintage is so superior it is worthy the attention of all large consumers. Any gentleman buying now and laying past him will find he has a Wine that could not be purchased a year hence except at nearly two-thirds of what he can do so now. Be careful in buying nothing only classed Vintage Wines."

MRS. MALAPROP ON FISH CULTURE.

MRS. MALAPROP presents her compliments to Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, and begs to know if any of the big sea-monsters in his Fish Museum have been captured by the claws of the Habeas Porpoise Act.



UNANIMOUS ALL ROUND.

Kind-hearted Parson. "DEAR ME! TAKE CARE! SUPPOSE—I HOPE HE WON'T HIT YOUR FINGERS!"
Gigantic Navy. "SO DO HE TOO, SIR! YOU MAY DEFEND"—(with meaning)—"HE'D BETTER!!"

PRAISE FROM THE POPE.

"The English is a highly religious nation, and, as far as the Reformation permits, a religious nation. . . . The Anabaptists were burnt alive by QUEEN ELIZABETH . . . The Arians were burnt under EDWARD THE SIXTH, and the writ *De Hæretico Comburendo* lasted a long time . . . Religious indifference was never tolerated."—See *L'Osservatore Romano*.

IN the City Eternal the POPE's own journal
 Strange praise of England soundeth;
 That it once was a place of Christian grace,
 Which, in some things, still aboundeth.
 Once we prisoned and fined to enlighten the mind
 Of Dissent, just as Orthodox men do:
 And conformitè enforced with a *De*
Hæretico Comburendo!

ELIZABETH, so history saith,
 Was of heresy pupil aptest;
 But even in her good deeds occur,
 For she roasted the Anabaptist:
 And though EDWARD THE SIXTH was graceless, he
 Did what Rome would fain again do—
 Made the Arians see the meaning of *De*
Hæretico Comburendo.

Let us swallow the praise; for in these dull days
 Though none are with thumb-screws tortured,
 Or burnt at the stake for Piety's sake
 With wood from the nearest orchard,
 Church Suits there be—and when folk see
 The strange things that saintly men do,
 They feel there should be a new writ, *De*
Lunatico Inquirendo.

A SELLING RACE (dedicated to the Supporters of Petrarch).—The Derby!

FESTIVE ECONOMY.

THE "Centenary of ADAM SMITH" was celebrated on Thursday last week, being the Hundredth Anniversary of the publication of SMITH's *Wealth of Nations*, by a dinner at the Pall Mall Restaurant, Waterloo Place, MR. GLADSTONE in the Chair, presiding over a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, politicians, statesmen, and philosophers, additionally regaled after their banquet with a doubtless genial address by MR. LOWE. This dinner was given by the Political Economy Club. Some curiosity, therefore, may be felt as to its menu. In connection with the wealth of nations illustrating the wealth of individuals, that, of course, was not limited to work-house fare, but might it not, on principle, have included *Skulligolée à la Mélite* and *Potage à la Gardien des Pauvres*, otherwise *Soupe Maigre à la Maison d'Industrie*? These delicacies may have been untasted, but there is no accounting for tastes; and some enthusiastic political economists may possibly, all the rather if personally economical as well, prefer the lighter soups abovementioned to turtle, either thick or clear, and even for themselves.

A Contradiction in Terms.

IN his Seraglio prison
 ABDUL-AZIZ sighed, too late,
 "The Softa is my downfall,
 The harder is my fate."

CRUELTY TO OUR KIND.

IN case the new Vivisection Bill becomes law, will it protect the higher as well as the lower animals? Does it contain any clause forbidding people to cut their friends, or restraining literary gentlemen from cutting up one another!

MOTTO FOR THE DETHRONED SULTAN.—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

SONNETS FOR THE SEX.



WE idolise the Ladies. Are they fairies,
Who make delicious this slow world of ours—
Or from Olympian hotbeds happy flowers—
Or choice cream-cheeses from celestial dairies?
No matter: sweet are they, and their vagaries
Charm care away, and give us joyous hours,
And multiply our pleasures and our powers,
Provided that they don't turn missionaries.

PARISH RELIEF.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

SURELY SIR THOMAS BROWNE, had he lived in these days, would have included amongst "Vulgar Errors" the common idea of the duties of a "Relieving Officer." This mistake, dear Sir, you may observe made in a communication from "A COUNTRY PARSON" to the *Daily News*. It is one which Clergymen in general, as a class, mostly labour under—a peculiarly clerical error. The "COUNTRY PARSON" airs his fallacy in the following anecdote:—

"A case lately occurred in my parish that bears out what I say. A poor man was suffering from an abscess in his neck, and the Doctor 'ordered,' or rather 'recommended,' a certain quantity of mutton and ale every day, which, the Doctor told me, 'he ought to have.' The Relieving Officer, however, did not think so; but gave only what he thought proper: awaiting leave from the Board, that met ten days later, to give the full amount of relief recommended by the Doctor. I remonstrated with the Board, telling them in truth that a sick horse or a sick cow would fare better in like circumstances, but to no purpose; they would screen their officer from all blame."

He then wrote to the Local Government Board, but the Local Government Board screened the Board of Guardians. The Board above upheld the Board below. Of course. He invoked the aid of an influential Peer who shared his misconception of a Relieving Officer's functions—but in vain. The noble Lord was too busy to attempt an unwise interference.

The "COUNTRY PARSON" prefaces his case, as above stated, with a perfectly true remark:—

"It is needless to say that . . . when a sick man has to wait nearly a fortnight ere leave from the Board can be obtained for the administration of relief ordered by the Doctor, the poor sufferer has time to wait and to die without it."

Certainly. There is not the slightest need for saying what is obvious. Equally unnecessary are the "COUNTRY PARSON'S" subsequent comments on the misery and suffering which the circumstance that "the Relieving Officer is not allowed to obey the Doctor's orders as regards relief to the sick, without leave from the Board of Guardians," entails on "the sick poor." Of course, a system essentially penal entails misery and suffering—if it works as it should.

The "COUNTRY PARSON," and most other parsons—and persons—imagine that the Relieving Officer's duty is to relieve the poor. His

We like the lady who rides, rows, or rinks,
But not the lady who makes pious fuss,
Or she-philosopher who thinks she thinks,
And studies Sanskrit or the Calculus,
Or hunts 'mid *Polypi* for missing links.
When these appear, we ask why this is thus?

O MISTER DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI!
O MISTER ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE! *Punch*,
Having now ended a poetic lunch
With two fair girls both perilously pretty,
Swears your *Faustine*, *Dolores*, *Jenny*, *Hetty*,
Are just lay figures with no bones to crunch,
And he, the giant of the comic hunch,
Greatly prefers a bouncing Devonshire BETTY.
He knows, which you, it clearly seems, do not,
Where, in the maddening whirl of this wild planet,
With statesmen solid, sonnet-scribblers shady,
How to discover men who know what's what,
How to detect the gem amid the granite,
How to find Earth's first flower—a lovely Lady.

Well, just another sonnet, Ladies fair:
Punch loves to see your exquisite soft ways,
To watch you in the summer's happy haze,
To braid poetic roses in your hair.
Only he says to younger men, "Beware!"
The old Philosopher whose length of days
Would veteran METHUSALEH amaze,
Laughs at these boyish woosers, void of care.
Ladies prefer brain and backbone and power,
The easy strength that makes a joke of toil,
The hand that masters either sword or pen:
So, youngsters eager for a glorious hour,
Learn that the rapier's stronger than the foil,
Love Ladyhood, and live the life of men.

THE BRAND OF CHAMPAGNE TO BE AVOIDED AT
ACADEMY DINNERS.—Ruinart.

ADVICE GRATIS TO THE RUSSIAN GENERAL VENYOU-
KOFF.—Take a Lozenge.

duty is to relieve the poor no more than he must. He is the Parish Relieving Officer. His office is to relieve the parish. He has to do that by administering the minimum of relief to the poor. Relieving Officers, too many of them, if left to themselves, would too commonly be weak enough sometimes to take the vulgar and clerical view of their business, and fly in the face of parochial philosophy. It would never do to allow them to execute the orders of doctors at their own indiscretion. Doctors, in their ideas of what the "sick poor," as they are called, ought to have, are apt to be quite as extravagant as persons. The Guardians have to guard the ratepayers' pockets. Happily they know how.

As to a "sick horse or a sick cow," how absurd comparing valuable stock to paupers! There are indeed horses and cows corresponding to the "sick poor" closely enough; but we can relieve ourselves of them without any other Relieving Officer than the Quaker. Parish Guardians are unable to relieve the parish more directly than they can through a Relieving Officer whose negative office is limited to the partial negation of relief. No bread at all, not any other food, would be very much better than half a loaf—to say nothing of superfluous "nourishment" ordered by the Doctor—completely to answer the purpose which Relieving Officers are intended for, and ought to serve. That would be at once a true economy of both human suffering and of the rates. By economising the latter, dear Sir, we economise the former to the extent of putting an absolute end to a very great deal of it; and I am sure you will allow that there is no more efficient Relieving Officer than our old friend with the scythe and hour-glass. A "draught of his sleepy wine" is a mere perfect anodyne for "them wicious paupers," as Mr. Bumble called them, than anything the doctor can order. In relieving them, it relieves the parish of them, and of having to support them—at some cost even upon nutriment not more expensive than

SKILLIGOLEE.

A Problem.

A WINN OF B a bet of 100 to 20 against the *Mineral Coll.*

A goes down to the Derby with a buzz-saw and four, which he persists in paying for on the strength of his luck.

A gives a dinner to twenty friends at the Lucullus Club; B never pays up.

If A's winnings = x, what does he lose?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WHITSUNTIDE holidays!

"How sweet is Rest by honest Labour won,
Pause between work to do, and work well done:
Such rest as, by the leave of Whitsun weather,
Brings Prince, and Premier, and *Punch* together,
To quaff cool cups, and crack the genial joke,
And watch, serene, life's troubles end in smoke.
That *Punch*, and Prince, and Premier are blest,
Whose lines have fallen in the pleasant West:
'Gainst you no Powers combine, no Softas plot;
For you friends wax not cold, insurgents hot:
No midnight *fetvak* hurls you from your states,
Nor darkling Death on Deposition waits."

In other words, Whitsuntide holidays in St. Stephen's are a very different thing indeed from Whitsuntide horrors in Stamboul—whether for Prince, Premier, or Philosopher. You see what a pleasant picture the one makes in the pages of *Punch*. Who could bear to see faithfully painted the intolerable iniquities of the other?

But holidays *will* come to an end, and the pleasantest the most quickly. Ere *Punch* had fairly inhaled his fill of midsummer air, scented with hawthorn, he finds himself back again, a busy-bee,

extracting Essence from the flowers of Rhetoric and the fruits of Legislation, in the Parliamentary parterres of Westminster.

Thursday.—Back to the Commons—the very thing for the Commons, one would have said, unsated with their short Whitsun-week's holiday. MR. SHAW-LÉFÈVRE, backed by MR. FAWCETT and LORD E. FITZMAURICE, made a gallant struggle to get a fixed *minimum* of reservation from the waste for recreation-grounds or field-gardens. MR. CROSS maintained his ground, that it was better to avoid *maxima* and *minima*, and let the amount of reservation in each case be settled on its own merits.

The misfortune is, that if "*De minimis non curat lex*," it may be feared the Commissioners will be often too like the law they administer, and go on not caring either.

In answer to MR. FAWCETT, MR. CROSS explained how he meant to deal with the thirty-four Commons now scheduled for enclosure. The schemes are to be reported upon by one of the Commissioners—MR. CAIRD—and a gentleman appointed for the purpose; and on their report the arrangements are to be reconsidered.

The County Courts are to have jurisdiction to prevent local enclosures; but MR. CROSS declined to accept a clause moved by SIR



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Nurse. "I WANTED TO GO INTO TOWN THIS AFTERNOON, IF YOU COULD SPARE ME, TO GET A NEW BONNET. AND—I ADMIRE YOUR TASTE IN BONNETS SO MUCH, MUM, I WAS A-THINKIN' I COULDN'T DO BETTER THAN GO TO THE SAME SHOP!!"

W. V. HARCOURT, declaring illegal enclosures of Commons public nuisances, and so abateable by anybody. This, *Punch* cannot help thinking, would have strengthened the back bone of the Bill.

A discussion on the congestion in the West End arteries, caused by the plethora of traffic at Hyde Park Corner. LORD H. LENNOX contemplates an operation of his own for relief of the pressure, different from the ones proposed by DRS. DENISON and ADAM, and by the collective wisdom of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

London will be thankful to know something is to be done.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH brought in his Bill for preventing the Pollution of Rivers. One set of its provisions is meant to stop solid refuse; another to dam out sewage; a third to exclude manufacturing filth. Conservancy Boards are to be created for river basins; sanitary authorities are to make bye-laws for manufactories, and County Courts are to enforce the penalties of the law on offenders. A very pretty scheme. But will it *work*? *Punch* has seen so many pretty schemes, and still the filth goes into the rivers. If MR. SCLATER-BOOTH succeeds where his predecessors have failed—

Mr. Punch his misgivings with pleasure will sooth,
And hold up his hands and bless SCLATER-BOOTH.

MR. CROSS brought in a Bill to shut off a see of Cornwall from the see of Exeter. A magnificent individual—worthy to be called a pious tin-founder—has promised £1,300 a year; the BISHOP of EXETER is to ladle £800 out of his see into the Cornish, and a considerable sum has been collected besides in dribblets, so that there is hope that the see will not lack the see-water—*aurum potabile*—required to float a Bishop.

(Friday.)—The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition humbly asked for any information the Leader of Her Majesty's Government would be pleased to vouchsafe about the Eastern Question. The Leader of Her Majesty's Government could not exactly lay any papers on the table. But the House would be glad to know that the Berlin Memorandum had been withdrawn—he thought he might say *sine die*. The Porte had offered the insurgents an armistice. All the Powers agreed with us in thinking no pressure should be put on the new Sultan; and all had concurred in clapping

a muzzle on the Dogs of War in Servia and Montenegro (for which animals and their Russian "Bill George," see *Mr. P.'s* Cartoon).

A waste of time over the imaginary grievances of MR. HENWOOD, disappointed naval architect. Ditto over the well-ascertained rule of each House not to refer to debates in the other, such debates having no authorised organ. Everything depends, as MR. DISRAELI pointed out, on the rule being evaded, as it must sometimes be evaded, in a proper Parliamentary and Pickwickian manner—"in fact, as I do," intimated the Right Honourable Gentleman.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL urged the necessity of somehow combining under one and the same recruiting machinery a short-service system for home, and a long-service system for India. MR. HARDY didn't see his way to it; and we don't wonder.

A good deal of talk, but none to much purpose, on the Army Estimates, which included £17,000 for the rebuilding of Knightsbridge Barracks; and a vote for the Martini-Henry Rifle, which brought up the old controversy on its merits as a service-arm; showing the old and irreconcilable Doctors' differences, which leave lay-people satisfied that our rifles are very well as they are.

LOGICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THE Temperance Demonstration on Whit Monday in Hyde Park was a very numerous one. This is gratifying. Its numbers have multiplied since, no doubt. CARDINAL MANNING is reported to have said that every one who turns a Temperance-man makes three other Temperance-men. Turning Temperance-man is your way to promote Temperance. Such demonstrations as the Hyde Park Temperance Demonstration demonstrate that Temperance, and not drunkenness as fabulists assert, is on the increase. It is reasonable to hope that Temperance will go on increasing amongst the masses, as it has increased among the higher orders, until it prevails. Temperance *fard da se*. Monster Temperance Demonstrations prove in the meanwhile that, inasmuch as the people are fast taking to Temperance of their own accord, there is not the slightest reason whatever for trying to make them sober by Act of Parliament. Success to Monster Temperance Demonstrations!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT CAMBRIDGE

Visits the ancient University on the very important occasion of conferring a Musical Doctor's degree on an eminent Composer, and reports.



SIR,

As a son of the soil—as, I mean, a Member of the ancient University of Cambridge, both of us, of course, couldn't be absent on the recent most interesting occasion of conferring degrees. If you, Sir, couldn't go, I was sure to be at my post. To the Cam! Cam away!

It had been all arranged pre-

viously. My influence with the dear virtuous old Vice did it. By "old Vice," of course, I mean my good old friend, the Vice-Chancellor, bless him!

"Don't mind me," I wrote to him, in answer to a question of importance, "I'll come in for anything or nothing. But give Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN a Doctor's degree. What have you got to spare? A second-hand gown, and a flat muffin cap will do the trick, and three-and-sixpence for the loan of them for the first hour, and half-a-crown afterwards will meet the requirements of the University Chest, and my illustrious friend can stand it. He's the man in all England to be a Musical Doctor. Do it, dear Vice, do it, and shed a lustre on your term of office."

From the Vice to your Representative.

"Good. *Senatus omnis ibi.* Fees no object. What will you take, eh? Yours, V. C."

From the Former (Me), to the Latter (Him).

"CHER, V. C.,

"As I said, 'don't mind me.' But since you *do* ask me what I'll take, I reply, I'll take a 'D.C.L.' or 'L.L.' (KINAHAN'S), with a taste of water, cold. No sugar—though, perhaps, *entre nous*, mild Scotch is safer. If you want me to take anything else—well, I'll take my oath, if you like, just to show there's no ill feeling between myself and the University Authorities, in the Senate House, *coram populo*, as we call the residents in Coram Street.

Yours ever.

P.S.—Have the flags out, and the band. The Composer will arrive in my care. Sound the trumpets in Trumpington. Beat the drums, and jingle the College quadrangles. Sir, it's a great day for Cambridge."

Once more the Vice (DR. PHEAR) wrote "Good. Mind you come." To which I wittily replied, "No Phear,—I'll be there."

Well, Sir, it was a magnificent spectacle. We alighted and proceeded, amid a perfect ovation, ("ovation" is of Latin derivation, and in its origin has something to do with eggs—so to give a person an ovation means "to salute him with eggs")—to get into our fly as quickly as possible, pull up the blinds, and tell the man to drive, like beans—or "old boots," whichever he liked—by the back way into Trinity. It turned out subsequently—and all's well that ends well—that we had been mistaken for some one who had recently done something very unpopular, and who was consequently execrated—or I should say *egg*ecrated by the Undergraduates.

But no matter. The Composer in the fly (which was a trifle damp and smelt of hay), looked ruefully at me and said, "What shall I do with these fireworks?" for he was carrying a packet with Catherine Wheels, and mottoes and inscriptions of "Long Life to SULLIVAN!" "Vote for the Musical Doctor!" "No more Prescriptions! Take Notes," and so forth, with a transparency the size of five red silk pocket-handkerchiefs (old style), representing Britannia and myself crowning the Composer, pictured in his Doctor's gown and cap.

"Keep them, my dear friend," I said, "till it's dark. I'm sorry I can't offer to carry them for you myself, but I know so many people here that it wouldn't do."

Well, Sir, we drove on a perfectly royal progress, with the blinds up. Suddenly, as we turned into the Market Place, where the Martyrs' Memorial—the beautiful Town Pump—stands,* we were

* There appears to be some slight confusion here. The Martyrs' Memorial used to be at Oxford. But we admit that our memory is not absolutely infallible, and our Correspondent, being in every other respect trustworthy, we feel bound to take his word for the details of a locality he has so recently visited.—ED.

recognised: I mean, the crowd found out *who we weren't*. And then you should have heard the cheers.

"You must give 'em *largesse*," said I to the Future Musical Doctor, who couldn't just then get at his pockets; and I added, "to save time, I'll chuck out the shillings and sovereigns, and then we can make out the account, and you can settle with me afterwards."

In a moment, Jupiter-like, I descended in a glittering shower on the Danaës of the crowd. Never was popularity at such a height as was the Future Musical Doctor's at that moment. And to think that, afterwards, he disputed my account of it, and said I couldn't have thrown away thirteen pounds ten like that. But he is a noble *cœur*. I make it a rule to speak well of a man *till he pays me*. Then,—but no—*Jamais—merare*, shall I say one word against my dear old friend ARTHUR S. THIRTEEN-POUNDS-TEN, Mus. Doc., Cam.

We went over the backs of the Colleges, which are looking lovely at this time of year. OLD TOM of Christ Church (you recollect OLD TOM?), who is still the Porter at the Lodge, bless his grey hair, is as gay and as lively as ever.

"You remember me?" I said to the old boy.

He did, and replied quickly,

"And you'll remember me, won't you, Sir?"

I turned with a moist eye to the Composer, and hummed "Then You'll Remember Me" (BALFE), and I pointed out to him what was the custom from time immemorial.

He gave him a note—from his chest; my Composer never gives less—and such a note!

Well, Sir, we crossed Peckwater, and came out at the back of Trinity Hall, by the Bridge of Sighs, near Joan of Arc's College, where we saw many of its members—hence called Joanians. How beautiful!! What an interlacement of foliage and architecture!*

But I must come at once to the business of the day.

A Procession was formed in this order:—

One of the Pokers (the other came later), the Shovel, and other University implements, signifying respectively the four terms of the year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Then the Proctor, in an ancient Roman chariot, attended by two Junior Proctors armed with *fascos*. These were hooted: Proctors always are. Then came as fine a show of University bull-dogs, for which breed you know this place is famous. Short-legged, strong-jawed, wicked-eyed. Cheered immensely. They were in leashes, and attended by the V.D. Professor (Veterinary Doctor), in his robes. Then came the Ladies affiliated to the University, headed by the Margaret Professor, the town band playing *Marguerite's "Jewel Song"* from *Faust*. All the caps and gowns were of Cambridge Blue, shining in the sun, with fringed silver tassels. Then the leading Noblemen of the University, in their splendid uniforms and armour of the reign of HENRY THE EIGHTH. Then came alone the Public Orator, carried away by his own eloquence. Received with acclamations. After him Dr. Goss, playing on a beautiful organ drawn by three fawn-coloured spinnetts,† with two men as Tritons blowing. Then came the Chancellor on horseback. The DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, carrying a pot of the cream of his own native land as an offering. This is an old custom, but, as I whispered to the High Steward, "It's an old custom, but it's all *rite*." He roared, shouted, kicked, but he was obliged to get on, as the University Poker (red hot, of course), was behind him. The Mace looked quite spicy. The Commissary, MR. FORSYTH, came next in uniform. His office is to run on errands for the Heads of the Colleges, and a fine berth it is, with a long vacation of four months and a half. Then came, as stately as possible, the *Sex Viri*, faces blacked, white hats with black bands, long-tailed coats, and gigantic white chokers and collars. Then the various Professors, each carrying his own tripos and a square bit of carpet. The *Auditors of the Chest*, flashing their bright new stethoscopes, made a fine show, and were much cheered. The two Moderators walked together, with their wicks half turned up, and their *abat-jours*, or

* "Interlacement of foliage and architecture?" It seems to us to be a muddle of names and places. Peckwater is in Christ Church, Oxford, and "Old Tom" is the name, we had always understood, of a vulgarian drink much in vogue at the lower order of taverns; while "Tom" at Oxford is certainly not a man—more like, if we may be allowed the harmless jest, a *belle* than a *beau*. As to Joan of Arc's College, we fancy that there must be some mistake here. Still we may be wrong, and we admit that *tempora mutantur*, and the Universities have so changed their characters, that what was the peculiarity of the one, may now have become part and parcel of the other. Yet, on second thoughts, when our Correspondent appeals to us for corroboration, and says "You recollect OLD TOM," we are bound to admit that *we do not*. Yet, if he exists, and if he recollects us, what can be said, except after a personal investigation on the spot, which there is not now time to make. In future, we must adopt a new and more stringent plan with Our Representatives. We say this for the security of the Public.—ED.

† Surely our Correspondent must mean "jennets." A spinnet was an ancient musical instrument. We print it as written, because, as he was on the spot, the name might have been spinnetts after all. But they never did this sort of thing in our time.—ED.



HOW TO TREAT PICTURE-STEALERS.

(Hint to the Police.)

shades, well spread out, as proud as peacocks. It is odd, yet a sign of strong University Conservatism, that, though gas has been introduced everywhere, these two ancient Moderators should be still retained on the establishment. The celebrated PROFESSOR LIGHT-FOOT (Doctor of Dancing, as his name implies), was received with acclamations. The Professor of Astronomy wore his stars, a new cocked hat, and walked along looking at nothing particular through a brand-new telescope. The Downing Professor of Medicine was got up as DR. DULCAMARA, and attended by the conventional Jack-pudding, with the usual big pill-box, drum, and old jokes, which fell flat. The Botany Professor was distinguished by a sunflower in his button-hole, over the Arabic by his Bedouin costume. Altogether it was a grand, I may say, an exceptionally grand spectacle.

Then we came. When I say "we," I mean that I, of course, was apparently a mere subsidiary—a mere super, while, as was right and proper, all the attention was centred upon *Le Jeune Compositeur*, who, as pale as milk, but with a calm step and one unflinching eye (the other being on the other side, I cannot give you any account of it, and I will not invent), marched onward, occasionally turning to press my hand, to ask me how he was looking, and to beg me not to forget to prompt him in the Latin reply which he would have to make to the Public Orator, and which, though he'd been up all night learning it—(we were up together, and I was hearing him. We awoke in our chairs about four A.M., "addi vidi vidi vidi," as the great scholar PORSON said, and as I feel I should have said, had I only had the great scholar Porson's opportunity, —*but est la*), he was obliged to repeat over and over again, as he walked along, with, I admit, a proud step and an erect bearing, towering above all heads, the observed of all observers.

I attended him as the Minstrel's best man. White waistcoat with *Camelia* in my button-hole, primrose gloves, but I refused to black my face, positively. Behind us and winding up the procession—but we couldn't see behind us, and I scorn to invent.

With a flourish of trumpets we entered the Senate House by the Sheldonian Gate, where we were received by all the great Dons of Brasenose, whose privilege it is on these occasions to wear the brazen insignia of their college; the effect is striking, and is at first like a family of golden-nosed Punches. The galleries were full; all seats taken; a first-rate house. No paper; all genuine; there were a few foreign orders; and I gave a few orders myself, but it was

to the boys, in front, to get away from the railings. The military bands played (outside) through the proceedings, so that, to put it theatrically, we "spoke through music."

The Public Orator advanced. "By Jingo!" he exclaimed.

"*Quid est?*" I asked in a whisper.

"*Perdidi orationem meam!*" he exclaimed.

"*Quid faciesne?*" says I. I haven't spoken Latin since I was in Hungary, campaigning, and I own that I wasn't quite sure of my "ne" and my "num." But when I was campaigning, and out all night, my knee was numb—as I said to the Regius Professor, who told it to the Hulsean Professor, and they went off, behind the Vice (Chancellor, in suppressed shouts. My! or as we say here, "*Meum!*" it was a scene.

"*Da mihi verbum,*" says he to me.

"*Folo,*" I replied.

"I say," whispered my dear friend the future Musical Doctor, "for goodness sake don't give him my speech."

"*Compte sur moi!*" I returned, and creeping up inside the Public Orator's enormous gown, I begged him to keep his arms down: then I put out mine under his, and did the old trick. He spoke, I did the action, occasionally giving him the word when he stuck. The effect was admirable, and the encore was enormous and enthusiastic. It was as much as I could do not to step from underneath the gown, and bow my acknowledgments. However, I didn't wish dare gaffan *ad ventos*. This is in brief the idea of the speech:—

"*Dominus Vice-Cancellarius, Magister, Dominus et Domini, Magistræ et Magistri*"—

Here he paused, and I prompted him. He was getting dreadfully nervous. "*Salvete!*" said I, in a whisper. "*Salvete!*" says he, out loud. Which got a round of applause, and he was a little abashed. Again I prompted him. "*Permettez-moi—I mean,*" for I had made a mistake, you see. "*Omne rectum! I caput!*" I whispered: and recklessly he plunged into it.

"*Habeo magnum delectationem intrudere ad vestram considerationem maximum et cleverissimum Hominem Componentem quem præsens ævum vidit. Non solum composuit, ille, hic maximus et cleverissimus Vir Componentis, melodias musicales tales ut 'Revidens,' 'Obvia mihi unum tempus iterum.' 'Vita quæ vivit ad te.' 'A rupe ad rupem.' 'O pulchra Columba! O amans Columba! Sed præcipue, et super omnia et opera sua, est magnum opus per quod, hic vir illustrissimus et valde doctissimus descendit ad posteritatem admirantem, ego volo dicere et nominare illud opus melodiosissimum et jocosissimum,' ('Quod composuit,' I put in, "cum alio cleverissimo viro qui scripsit librettoem," "*Cæsus et Borus*" (immense cheering and waving of handkerchiefs) "*ex quo nunc ego unam parvam rem cantabo.*"*

Cries of "No, No!" "Don't!" "You've no voice!" "Cut it!" &c., &c. In a whisper I prevailed on him not to waste his sweetness on the galleries, but to give it us afterwards in the Common Room.

Then amid deafening cheers our Composer knelt down before the Vice Chancellor, and at his hands received the emblems of the Doctor's Degree, an ancient Medicine Bottle (one of those big glass things with coloured fluid inside, and a hieroglyph outside—our ancestors, mediævally, always took medicine in these quantities, and "that's how they never got beyond the Middle Ages"—as I said to the Medical Professor and Clinical Lecturer, who went into shrieks and had to be led out by the Proctors), a plaster (adhesive on one side, with the University Charter and the terms of his degree on the outer side, away from the skin—this is only worn in full dress), and a tuning-fork to be used at banquets. It is this last which distinguishes this degree, i.e., the Musical, from the ordinary Medical, or Doctor's Degree.

Our Composer sang his reply, which was admirable. Words by—well, I won't mention names, but he's not fifty miles away from Your Representative at this present minute. Music by the *Il Dottore Maestro* himself. I will just give you the chorus—emphasis strong on the *am* in *viam*, the *vi* very short, and eliding the vowels when required:—

"*Hanc viam militares habemus,
Viam navitantes habemus,
Viam in Varsitate et habemus,
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Sic dicimus nos omnes!
Hinc vi-am militares, &c."*

Sir, the whole *Senatus Consultus* rose as one man. The hymnus was taken up frantically, and a lot of Undergraduates were taken up frantically afterwards,—subsequent proceedings in the Town Hall, at which his Worship the Mayor, &c., assisted.

I brought our new Mus. Doc. back again safely, muffin cap, gown and all (which had to be returned by next train), and there only remains my little account to settle, and this little account to be given to a generous Public, by one who is ever most faithfully

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



A FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

" 'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

THE ROBINSONS RETURN HOME FROM THE GREAT FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, IN COMPANY WITH A FRIENDLY RED INDIAN OF THE PRAIRIES AND A WARM-HEARTED MEDIEVAL EXECUTIONER, TO WHOM THEY HAVE OFFERED THE HOSPITALITY OF THEIR SUBURBAN ROOF. UNFORTUNATELY, "TEAR'EM," A GIGANTIC, SHAGGY, ROUGH-COATED, BLACK-MUZZLED MONSTER OF THE NOW FASHIONABLE ST. BERNARD BREED (WHO HAS BEEN LEFT IN THE HALL TO WATCH OVER THE HOUSE IN THEIR ABSENCE) DOES NOT RECOGNISE HIS MASTER AND MISTRESS, AND ALTOGETHER FAILS TO UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.

WHY THEY GO TO ASCOT.

Lady Upperten's reasons.—Because it is really quite the thing to do. Because sweet ANGELINA will be sure to meet dear LORD EDWIN there. Because a judicious lunch often leads to a good proposal. Because the girls have set their hearts upon it, and have ordered their dresses.

Captain Rook's reasons.—Because young PIGEON is going, and will be sure to play *écarté* afterwards. Because long odds are always to be found if you know where to go to get them. Because the Tailors dun a good deal before they leave Town for the Seaside, and the country is consequently to be preferred now to London. Because something good may be picked up, and no harm can possibly come of it.

Sub-Lieutenant Pigeon's reasons.—Because old Rook has promised to go. Because the luck at *écarté* must turn if you only play long enough. Because you like to see your money won for you by the horses of your choice. Because it will be so jolly.

Mrs. Redpaynt Flirtington's reasons.—Because business of importance will keep MR. R. FLIRTINGTON in Town. Because she is sure to be amused. Because the children at home are such a bother. Because in her new dress she will look six-and-thirty.

Mr. Tentofour's reason.—Because there is nothing to read in the papers, and nothing to do at the office.

Mrs. Tooting Smythe's reason.—Because the CLAPHAM DE BROWNES are going, and it would *never* do to be cut out by those odious creatures.

Mrs. Clapham de Browne's reasons.—Because the TOOTING SMYTHES are sure to be there, and it would be *too* absurd to be outshone by those vulgar persons!

Le Marquis Château de Pomme-Frite's reason.—Because he is a thorough "gentlemen-ridère" and loves the "high-life" English.

Mr. Romeo Montague's reason.—Because *she* is to be there!

Miss Juliet Capulet's reason.—Because *he* said he was going!

Mr. Samuel Shoddy of New York's reason.—Because he may as well take Ascot on his way to St. Petersburg, *viâ* Paris, Vienna, Malta, Rome, and Constantinople.

Mr. Capel Court's reason.—Because the Betting-Ring is getting less dangerous than the Stock Exchange, and because a day's holiday in the country is worth a week's work in the City.

Mr. Punch's reasons.—Because Ascot is one of the prettiest sights in the world. Because to the good all things are good. And lastly, because if he likes to go, who shall dare to say him nay?

Mottoes for the Times.

For the Softas.—"Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

For Le Follet.—"Est modus in rebus."

For the Coaching Club.—"A Four in the hand is worth two in the ditch."

For Polemical Writers.—"Doctrina sed vim promoret insitam."

For a Gentleman-Help in love with a Lady ditto.—"Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori."

For United Spain.—"Fuero fuerit."

For SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—"You may take a House to the water, but there's no making it drink."

MARITIME RIGHTS—OF WOMEN.

THE Right of BRITANNIA to rule the waves, and have a Man-of-war called "she."

CAPTAIN SHAW'S WORD OF COMMAND.—Go to Blazes!



THE DOGS OF WAR.

BULL A 1. "TAKE CARE, MY MAN! IT MIGHT BE AWK'ARD IF YOU WAS TO LET 'EM LOOSE!"

ECHOES FROM THE PARK.



ICKED UP IN JUNE, 1876.

What an Habitue says. Arm-chairs tuppence, Sir; all the others a penny.

What a Donsager says. Yes, dear ANTOINETTE is to be married to dearest LORD CHARLES in August. And I can't help thinking (you know how very sharp mothers' eyes are, dear LADY SNOOKS, now don't you?) that GWENDOLINE and the DUKE—But there—I mustn't say anything more—I positively must not.

What a Member of Parliament says. Well, you must know that to my intense surprise, Sir, the Government actually accepted my Amendment! It was carried.

Sir; and, by Jove, Sir, if it isn't thrown out in the Lords (which it won't be), I don't know what we shall do. Give you my word, Sir, I don't know what we shall do!

What a Young Lady says. Oh, isn't it a sweet dress? But I can't say much for the wearer. I hate straw-coloured hair and washed-out blue eyes! Don't you, Major?

What an American says. Yes, Sir, I have come to see your Europe. I arrived yesterday, and did London last night. I'm off for Paris to-morrow morning.

What an Elderly Maiden Lady says. Oh, yes, we girls are all going to Ascot. My brother will take his daughters and myself. We shall be such a merry party! You must meet us there!

What a Young Gentleman from Aldershot says. I assure you, old man, we are being bucketted all over the place. Nothing but the precious Long Valley all the week! Never got up to town before Friday night, and then have to be back again by Monday morning! Haven't had my hair cut for two days—give you my word I haven't!

What a Traveller says. Oh, I didn't do very much. I only trotted through Africa, and had a look at Asia. Africa was rather interesting; but Asia, you know, had been seen before. Think I shall go to the North Pole in September, to get some fishing.

What an Owner of Horses says. I have it on the best authority that the jock knew nothing about the plant, and was as much surprised at the result as the public themselves. Dear me, what a pity! If you had only come to me before the race, I could have told you the whole story, and saved your money for you!

What a Very Young Man says. The Park's fallen off awfully—not a bit like what it used to be in the days of my youth.

What a Very Old Man says. When I come here, my dears, it quite takes me back to the days when I was courting your grandmother. Now, I remember fifty years ago. What? You are quite right, my dears. I have told you the story before!

What a Disagreeable Young Woman says. Yes, I have been to the Academy, to both Operas, and to all the theatres.

What a Youth of Fourteen says. Now, CHARLEY, let's make our ponies race. Never mind the Peeler. If he joins us, his old screw of a horse will be placed third. Now, then, off we go!

What a Nurse says. Shall I take you to the Barracks, dears, to have a look at the pretty Soldiers?

What a Policeman says. There's really no danger, Mum; it's perfectly safe. The carriages won't come until I gives 'em leave to.

What Everybody says. Two o'clock already! How the time flies in the Park! Such amusing and interesting conversation, too! Well, it can't be helped—we must go home to lunch!

MORE PANICS.

THE Milliners and Modistes are in a state of panic, because while this cold weather lasts they cannot sell their summer costumes.

A panic prevails among a number of Match-making Mammams, who fear they will be left with their daughters on their hands, through the dullness of the season.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES and several of his pals are experiencing a panic, through a rumour which has reached them that Policemen on night duty, instead of their noisy, heard-afar-off boots, will in future wear goloshes.

A panic is beginning to set in among our Cooks, who fear the badness of trade generally will reduce the price of Kitchenstuff.

There are symptoms of a panic among Foreign Hotel-keepers, lest MESSIEURS BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, and many hundreds of their countrymen, who have been hard hit by "Turks," should find they really can't afford their usual tour next autumn.

MR. JOHN THOMAS is in a dreadful state of panic, through a report that some two thousand carriages have been given up this season, and a doubt whether ere long he may be reduced to walk.

ADDRESS TO ANIMALS' FRIENDS.

THE work of Legislation asks the guidance of reflection. Consider what you mean to interdict as "Vivisection." A cruelty to animals revolting to morality; The cutting of a thing endowed with sentient vitality?

Firstly, what is a living thing, defined in sense contracted, Within the meaning of the Bill proposed to be enacted? Are fishes living things, trout, eels, cod, salmon, skate, John Dory? Lie reptiles, frogs, toads, tadpoles too, in live things' category?

Do molluscs, and *Annelids*, with all *Articulata*? Or is your measure only to include the *Vertebrata*? Must beetles and cockchafers still continue unprotected, E'en without a pain-assuaging anæsthetic vivisection?

Next, what call you Vivisection? Simply cutting things with life in 'em?

Don't you reckon lacerating full as bad as putting knife in 'em? Is not shooting them for pastime Vivisection, and, in fact, is Not hunting them to death an as objectionable practice?

Are crimping cod and skinning eels alive not on a parity With any Vivisection for the matter of barbarity? Live lobsters what of boiling, too, with purpose, for apology, No better than experiments of use in physiology?

In a movement of pure sympathy with brutes against brutality Not for a moment fancy we the slightest unreality! But hear we not an outcry of a special indignation 'Gainst that mode of Vivisection which subserves investigation?

'Twould seem there's an impulsive and emotional alliance Amongst the men of sentiment against the men of science. You talk of the atrocities committed by Professors. Are Gun Club "Swells" less heinous, more excusable transgressors?

What of live bait impaled on hooks—old IZAAK WALTON's habit? Is it crueller to cut up a live guinea-pig or rabbit? And do we owe a duty to our lobworm and our gentle, Which we can only violate by torts experimental?

'Gainst Vivisection legislate—but not without improvement On the limited intention of a too specific movement. Give all animals from cruelty all possible protection; Don't merely try to hamper *scientific* Vivisection.

A QUIET DAY ON THE THAMES.

(Dedicated to the Thames Conservancy.)

9 A.M.—Got out my boat, and made immediately for the centre of the stream.

10 A.M.—Spent some three-quarters of an hour in attempting to avoid the swell of the City steamboats. Within an ace of being swamped by one of them.

11 A.M.—Run into by a sailing-barge. Only saved by holding on to a rope, and pushing my boat aground.

12 NOON.—Aground.

1 P.M.—After getting into deep water again, was immediately run into by a coal-barge. Exchange of compliments with the crew thereof.

2 P.M.—Pursued by swans and other savage birds. Pelted with stones thrown from the shore by ragged urchins out of reach of my vengeance.

3 P.M.—Amongst the fishing-punts. Lively communication of opinions by the angry fishermen. Attempted piracy.

4 P.M.—Busily engaged in extricating my boat from the weeds.

5 P.M.—Disaster caused by a rope coming from the towing-path.

6 P.M.—Look-keeper not to be found. Daring and partially successful attempt to shoot the rapids.

7 P.M.—Run down by a steam-launch travelling at express-rate speed.

8 P.M.—Just recovering from the effects of drowning.

9 P.M.—Going home to bed!



FANCY BALL VANITIES.

MR. AND MRS. BROWN ARE ASKED TO THE FANCY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, AND ARE KIND ENOUGH TO INVITE THEIR LESS-FAVOUR'D FRIENDS TO A PRIVATE VIEW OF THEMSELVES BEFORE DEPARTING FOR THAT GORGEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. IF ANYBODY HAD SUGGESTED TO MR. BROWN, BEFORE THIS, THAT HIS BRONZED AND MANLY CHEEK MIGHT BE IMPROVED BY THE "LEAST LITTLE 'soupon' OF ROUGE," HE WOULD HAVE FLOUTED THE IDEA WITH SCORN. YET HERE HE IS, NOT ONLY SUBMITTING TO THIS DISCRIMINATION FROM THE LILY-WHITE FINGERS OF A FAIR ACTRESS, BUT ACTUALLY ENJOYING THE PROCESS!



"A SETTLER."

Hairdresser. "'AIR'S RATHER THIN ON THE TOP, SIR. WE CAN 'IGHLY REC—"

Customer (gaily). "YES. CAN YOU RECOMMEND ANY STUFF WHICH WILL—
AH—REMOVE THE R'MAINDAR!!!"

[Operator tacet.]

A LITTLE LOGIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MEN say that we women are illogical creatures. Now listen to me, there's a dear old thing, and I will *prove* to you that a girl can draw an inference—I believe that is the phrase—which all you male wisacres seem to have missed. Everybody is grumbling about the dulness of trade. The papers are full of it, and Papa makes it, as usual, an excuse for certain small parsimonies, in the matter of milliners' bills, which *spoil* pleasure, and I'm quite sure cannot benefit business. But there is, says the *Daily News*, one exception to this almost universal dulness, and that is the *Artificial Flower Trade*!!!

There now! Do you see the inevitable inference? I dare say not. Men are quite obtuse as regards all the *nicer* processes of reasoning. Does it not prove *beyond question* that, if men would give up spending their time and money upon hideous Iron-clads, horrid monster guns, Foreign Bonds, and Stocks, and things, all which seem to involve *wickedness* and *waste*, and go in for the cultivation of *lovely* and *harmless* trades like artificial flower making, these periodical attacks of commercial doldrums would never attack them at all? Papa adjectivises the milliners dreadfully, especially after reading the "City Intelligence" in the morning. Now what could be more illogical? Nothing! I have tried to prove that to Papa by a close-knit chain of reasoning which he pooh-poohs, but cannot, or at least does not, refute. Perhaps if he sees it in *Punch*, he will pay more attention to it. Here it is. The more well-dressed girls there are, the more milliners will flourish; the more milliners the more artificial flower makers; the more artificial flower makers, the less dulness in trade. Q. E. D. (This means that Papa's argument is quite easily demolished! At least, my brother Tom tells me that is the signification of those letters!) In fact, if all were artificial flower makers (though that, of course, would be inconvenient, for flowers are useless without bonnets to put them on), there could be no dulness in trade at all!

THE CITY CHIMES.

(For Bad Times.)

- "THE Turks haven't a shilling!"
Said the Gate Bell of Billing.
- "And then Russia wants all!"
Said a Bell near Millwall.
- "And poor France has no power!"
Said the Bell of the Tower.
- "And that Egypt's a sweep!"
Cried the Bell of Eastcheap.
- "And there's Spain—a great sell!"
Said St. Lawrence's Bell.
- "Oh, we've had a nice ride!"
Cried the Bell of St. Bride.
- "And are ground in the Mill!"
Moaned a Bell near Cornhill.
- "We must wait for high tide,"
Mourned the Bell of Cheapside.
- "It's a regular hitch!"
Clanged the Bell of Shoreditch.
- "Shall we really lose all?"
Asked the Bell of St. Paul.
- "We should much like to know!"
Tolled the big Bell of Bow.

The History of a Sensation.

Monday.—A whisper at the Clubs.
Tuesday.—A murmur in the Park.
Wednesday.—A paragraph in the Papers.
Thursday.—A Question in the House.
Friday.—A leader in the *Times*.
Saturday.—A Government inquiry.

AN UNDISPUTED OPINION.

Bill Sikes (reading his paper, loq.). What! Increase the taxes for the Prisons? Well, now, that's what I call fair and reasonable!

There! If that is not logic, I should like to know what *is*! Even Tom admits that; says it is a very choice specimen of the logical process known as *Reductio ad absurdum*, or "rendering a little duck ridiculous." I cannot quite see the appropriateness of the name myself, but, after all, the *proof's* the thing. Please, dear Mr. Punch, do print it, if only to show Papa that Superior Wisdom does not pooh-pooh his little girl's logic.

And eternally oblige

Your devoted devourer,

FLORA.

OPEN BRIDGES OR OPEN SPACES?

No doubt the Tolls on those Bridges at which they are levied in a great measure upon the working classes going to and from their employment ought, by all means, as the Select Committee on the London Bridges' Tolls report, to be abolished. But will it be for the public good also to abolish the Tolls on suburban bridges, whereof upon the Surrey side there are very few workmen, and whereat the Tolls are taken chiefly from pedestrians and other excursionists crossing them on their way to and from the bit of country yet remaining on the Surrey side of them, still allowing the enjoyment of pleasant and constitutional rambles, and got to by Putney and Hammersmith Bridges in particular? These Bridges are at present approaches to comparatively Open Spaces, which, if all the Bridges' Tolls are abolished, will very soon be covered with bricks-and-mortar, to the destruction of their utility to Londoners at large, and to the benefit chiefly of the speculative Builder. Would it not be a pity to go to the expense of taking the Tolls off these Bridges? This, at any rate, is an Open Question.

BEST LIFTS FOR HOSPITALS.—Hospital Saturday and Hospital Sunday.

A PERSONAGE IN ST. PANCRIDGE.



ERY considerable alarm has no doubt been created among the more economical portion of the Ratepayers of St. Pancras by the following verdict of a Coroner's Jury:—

"That the deceased died from suffocation consequent upon want of fresh air; and that it having been elicited that the lying-in ward had been left in charge of a thoroughly incompetent person, and was constantly so left, the Jury recommend that the Guardians should take immediate steps to provide MISS PLATT with properly qualified assistants."

According to the report above quoted, the deceased was an infant a few days old. MISS PLATT is the Midwife at the St. Pancras Workhouse. She deposed that she left the ward in charge of one of the pauper helpers, "as the Guardians allowed no qualified assistant." When she came

back she was told the baby was dead, but found it not to be, although dying. According to the pauper-helper's evidence, at a quarter past nine, "the mother said the child was cold and going black." Witness "took it to the fire for ten minutes, and then thought that it was dead, and put it on a bed and covered it up with a sheet. She did not call the Doctor as she thought the child was dead." The Doctor stated the cause of the child's death—"asphyxia, from overlying." He said "it was the duty of the pauper-helper left in charge of the ward to send to him when she found the deceased dead or dying, and added that:—

"He felt convinced that MISS PLATT was considerably overworked, and MISS FOLLETT, the Lady Guardian, had tried to induce the other Guardians to provide a qualified assistant, but without effect."

The St. Pancras Ratepayers will probably not elect another Lady Guardian. They cannot, however, be sure that clamour, consequent on a Coroner's Jury's recommendation, will not possibly drive the colleagues of MISS FOLLETT to go to the expense which that Lady could not prevail upon them to incur, and "provide a qualified assistant." One point remains to be stated; the remarkable coincidence of the unqualified assistant's name and nature. It sounds like a hoax; but there the name is in the *Daily News* of Monday last week, and no mistake, recorded in unquestionable print. The name of this truly typical specimen of a "Pauper-Helper" is actually SARAH GAMP. This is one of the St. Pancras "Pauper-Helpers"—so called perhaps because they help paupers "over the stile." No doubt there is at least another of them who, if not named, might worthily be named ELIZABETH PRIG.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."

MR. PUNCH has received a number of communications on the subject of "Benefits," but can only find space for the following:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HOPE you will excuse my troubling you with this letter. The fact is, that I am in great trouble. I am an old Banker's Clerk, and have been literally before the public for nearly fifty years. My income has been small, and my family large. I have the highest testimonials as to ability and integrity. Sickness and other misfortunes have, however, pulled me down, and it occurred to me whether I could not somehow or other take a "benefit." Do you think it could be managed? I don't understand these things. Can you give me any advice or help?

Yours respectfully,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Bleak Cottage, Wantage, June 7, 1876.

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,

I AM a Professional Man, and have struggled through the best part of my life with many incumbrances, but have managed to keep myself and family independent. Now, however, in consequence of the dulness of business and the overcrowding of my profession, we are likely to be sold up unless I can get some temporary help. My wife suggests my taking a "benefit;" but how, when, and

where? Of course, it would be distasteful to my feelings, but it would take a mighty load off my mind if I could realise two or three hundred. Do you think HER MAJESTY would lend me her Theatre?

Yours, despondingly,

Compo Lodge, Loam Lane, N.

PATER FAMILIAS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SUPPOSE you don't know me? Very few people do. I have, however, made my living for many a long year by wielding the brush, and selling "pot-boilers." I have kept out of debt, and preserved my position as a Gentleman. Old age, and a glut of the market have, however, brought me to a stand-still. I do wish some one would get me up a "benefit."

Yours, faithfully,

ARTIST.

P.S. I thought of asking some of my friends to open an Exhibition of their paintings on my behalf; but they all paint so wretchedly, I fear it would be "no go."

DEAR OLD FELLOW,

You remember my coming into my money five years ago, don't you? Well, I've run through it, and spent most of it on West-End Tradesmen. Oughtn't they to get me up a "benefit"? I haven't a rap. Dropped my last "Fifty" on the Oaks,

Yours ever,

Half-moon Street, June 8, 1876.

GERALD GOLIGHTLY.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE held a living of £150 a-year for forty years, and reared a large family. My health is bad, and I must employ a Curate, and I know not where to turn for a little help. Do you not think I might take a sort of ecclesiastical "benefit" at some well-known church, and get a Bishop or two to perform for me?

Yours sincerely,

Barebones Vicarage, June 9, 1876.

CHURCH MOUSE.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY—JUNE 18.

(Anniversary of Waterloo.)

THEY whisper that some touch of shame
Should ride at mention of the name
That once could set all hearts aflame—

That England, on her lonely shore,
Hears in the nations' sullen roar,
"You fought once, but can fight no more:

"Your strength is gold—and gold is weak;
Wisdom in policy you seek,
And safety in your 'silver streak'!"

To-morrow we'll that charge debate;
To-day the Ottoman may wait,
Our own "Sick Man" is at the gate.

For this one day we'll rise and show
We're not unlearned to strike a blow
Against an older, stronger foe.

Our brother's woe, disease and pain,
King Death and all his ghastly train,
These cry—and may not cry in vain.

"Money lies idle." Let it rest
No longer idle; in the best
Of all securities invest.

Give freely, London, of thy store,
And know "High heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-reckoned less or more."

Thus Punch the Jester—like BIRON
For glib moments to atone—
Muses beside sick beds, alone.

A CASE OF WATER ON THE BRAIN.

WHEN MRS. MATERFAMILIAS insists upon taking the Children to the sea-side.

BAD BEGINNING (for the New Turkish Régime).—Sending round the Imperial Hatt!

NATURAL EJACULATION OF KISSER'S FOES.—Pesth take the Mineral Colt!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ERE *Punch* asked what is the Parliamentary Privilege *par excellence*, he would say the Privilege of every Member who has a turn for making himself ridiculous to try and induce the House to follow his example. For latest illustration, see the discussion on Privilege

raised by SIR W. FRASER (*Monday, June 12*), all about a letter from the Secretary of the Political Committee of the Reform Club, calling MR. RIPLEY over the coals for some too free and independent votes of his, and threatening that, if he chose thus to throw over the Party, the Party would bring the Party's big Club down, sharp, over his knuckles.

This is scarcely the stuff for our Collective Wisdom to waste its time on, even though it give the PREMIER a peg for ten minutes of solemn chaff, or lead up to a smart sparring-bout between the lively Londonderry Chicken and the phlegmatic Devonshire Pet—a heavy weight, with whom the Chicken, however quick on his pins and sharp in his hitting, has, as yet, no chance.

To be sure the House was glad of any excuse for diversion, feeling that it had before it the dreary job of flogging the dead horse of the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which not even the combined "persuaders" of DISRAELI, VERNON HARCOURT, and HENRY JAMES together can galvanise into the ghost of a gallop.

The debate on the Second Reading of the University Bill was a little livelier, thanks to the hopeless antagonism of its friends and foes. The Bill nominates Commissioners to readjust the *nexus* of cash payments between rich Colleges and a poor University, with a view to see how far the transfusion of that life-blood of learning—as of most things—£ s. d., from the veins of the one to the other may be carried, so as to strengthen the University without fatally depleting the Colleges.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN wants to have the Commissioners' hands more tightly tied by the Bill.

MR. CLIFFORD—Fellow of New College—owning New College the greatest abuse of the University, and himself the greatest abuse of New College—wants to have the Commissioners' hands made stronger for their work of reformation.

LORD F. HERVEY, on High Conservative considerations, would not have a penny transferred from the Colleges to the University.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE maintains that the sole good done by Oxford is the making a provision for those non-resident youths, the only hard-working sons of Alma Mater, whom LORD SALISBURY has christened "idle fellows," and that every farthing handed over from the Colleges to the University, will be money perverted from the maintenance of industry to the support of laziness. The University is nothing but a noun of multitude meaning the lot of Colleges whose funds are best employed as sinews of war for hard-headed young men in their first battle of life. Hang research—look out for results—and when found, make a Fellow of. To endow research would be, in most cases, to find snug berths for some of the grossest humbugs of the age—to cumber the High with perambulators, and

make "the Quads" unmusical with babes. Then who and what were the Commissioners? REDESDALE, a block. SELBORNE, a psalm-singing bigot. BURTON, a jocosse fanatic. MOUNTAGUE-BERNARD, a High-church Editor. MAINE, an *umbra* of LORD SALISBURY'S. GROVE, a judge with no time to spare. RIDLEY, a nobody—and as such, no doubt, a model Commissioner. Altogether the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT presented what may be called, in every sense, a LOWE view of the Commission, Research, the University and its work. But LOWE withstanding, the Bill was read a Second Time with the understanding that further ventilation of the irreconcilable views of its foes and friends should be kept for-Second Reading of the Cambridge Bill next week.

Tuesday (Lords).—Their Lordships reassembled after their Whitsun holiday, and threw themselves into their work of Third Reading of Trades' Unions Amendment and Salmon Fisheries Bills, with a cheerful alertness, which showed how much their Whitsun rest has done to repair the ravages of hard labour on their venerable frames.

(Commons.)—First Morning Sitting of the Session, on Poor Law Amendment. A clause to give Irish Paupers English settlements by three years' residence, was all of a sudden made general: another step—taken, *Punch* is bound to say, without the least premeditation—in the direction of an end that must be reached—the end of Settlement.

MR. SERJEANT SIMON—one would be tempted to dub him Simple SIMON on this occasion—made an unadvised attempt to prohibit all workhouse separation of husband and wife. As it is, pauper couples of more than sixty are left together. This is as much as can fairly be asked, supposing a reasonable latitude left to Guardians of relaxing the rule where man or wife is between fifty and sixty.

In the Evening Sitting, the Report of the Royal Commission on the (in)famous Fugitive Slave Circular was laid on the table. Its recommendations amount to a decent burial, under a proper salvo of circumlocutory blank cartridge, of the stupid Circular, and a practical restitution to our Naval Officers of the discretion which should never have been interfered with.

LORD ELCHO moved Resolutions—*first*, that Metropolitan Municipal Reform deserves the attention of Government; *second*, that such reform should be worked through a single body. He travelled the old round; showed up the confusion, inefficiency, and wastefulness of our present higgledy-piggledy systems in drainage, scavenging, street management, markets, paving, gas, water, &c.; described how he would have the pale of the Corporation enlarged to take in the four millions now left to the untender mercies of more than thirty Vestries and District Boards. SIR G. BOWYER declared that, so governed, the Capital would become a Country, its council a Parliament, and its Lord Mayor the President of a Republic, which might ultimately threaten the existence of the Monarchy. The RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE gave himself the great pleasure of running a-muck among the Vestries. He painted a repulsive picture of the British Vestryman, on a principle the reverse of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S, *all shadows*; and with the same vivid vitriolic colours which he had used the night before for the portraits of the Oxford Commission. MR. CROSS, admitting that London needed better local government, criticised LORD ELCHO'S plan, but declined to commit himself for the Government to that or any other scheme.

(Why not meet me, my dear Mr. Cross, and let you and me settle a plan for the government of the Metropolis between us? I may tell you in confidence that I have one cut and dried; and I feel sure, from the sound sense you show on all matters you take in hand, that you and I should understand one another. My plan embraces all the good points of LORD ELCHO'S, and meets all your criticisms. *Verbum sap.* I am always at home between nine and twelve.)

LORD ELCHO, having served his purpose by his speech and the discussion, withdrew his Resolutions.

LEWIS the Indefatigable made a desperate attempt to get more of his say than the SPEAKER would stand on the further adjournment of the adjourned debate on the Strangers' Exclusion Resolution. What unlucky outsider has been touching up Mr. LEWIS on the raw?

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID'S annual field-day. The well-known old deer, "Permissive Prohibitory," was

turned out, started, and run down, after a gallant burst. Our ancient friend is still fresh and game, though, perhaps, he hardly afforded the sport he has given in former years. Parliament is still stubborn (by 299 to 81) in its determination not to allow two-thirds of the householders of a place to shut the public-house doors against the other third; not to make a rough division of the population into those who never enter a bar, and those who can't enter one without making beasts of themselves; and not to fling the country into an annual ferment, with the beer-distributing interest all on one side.

We pity SIR WILFRID, who has to face his annual Parliamentary *cold douche* hot from the Turkish bath of his Exeter Hall Meeting, packed with his friends, and steaming with the fervid feverheat of their somewhat intemperate temperance. But Russian constitutions, they say, can stand the transition from their hot baths to the snow—and SIR WILFRID seems none the worse for the shock. He always comes up smiling after his annual knock-down.

Thursday (Lords).—A little talk about Turkey between LORD DELAWARR and LORD DERRY. LORD DE-LA-PALM should be the interpellator on that subject just now, so peaceful does all look of a sudden, by the Bosphorus. The Dogs of War have been checked—and pretty sharply—if not securely chained up yet.

(Commons.)—Second Reading of LORD SANDON'S Education Bill.

MR. MUNDELLA, who moved an Amendment, LORD F. CAVENDISH, DR. PLAYFAIR, and MR. DIXON, took up the cudgels for compulsion.

MR. RIDLEY, MR. ONSLOW, MR. BIRLEY, MR. PELL, MR. A. MILLS, and MR. WALTER thought the Bill went as far in taking the horse to the water as it was safe to go. (*Punch* agrees with them. It won't do to strain even the cords of love too tight.)

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU showed himself off in the characteristic attitude of an opponent of the Bill and the Amendment both—abused School-Boards, declared the Bill would interfere with labour, strike at religion, and, if it did not "fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies," would tend to make England for all reasons and in all respects a land not worth living in.

LORD ROBERT'S abuse of the Bill ought to secure its acceptance with rational folks. The debate was adjourned till Monday; but the Bill will be carried, and so it ought to be, for it seems a good Bill as far as it goes, and satisfies those sensible people who are content to put up with half-loaves in this Vale of Compromise.

Friday (Lords).—Nonessential business.

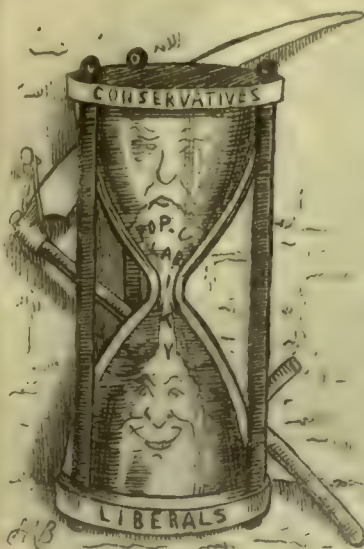
(Commons.)—Heavy business. A Monster Petition, said to bear 102,000 signatures against any further Grants to the Royal Family was lugged in with some difficulty by MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD (only ex-working men could have "hefted" the huge roll, and deposited it behind the table). If opinion is to be weighed, such a petition ought to count heavily. Then came Questions (*Punch* is glad to know we are not going to make a present of Heligoland to Germany. If we gave it up to anybody, it would be to Denmark, from whom we took it), and Sensation (MR. DISRAELI was unable to inform MR. BRIGHT of the real motives for the wholesale murder of Ministers at Constantinople.) Miscellaneous Friday-night talk finished the evening.



OUT IN THE COLD;

Or, the Parliamentary Peri.

"I believe it is a rule in Parliament never to be logical in legislation."
MR. DISRAELI.



POOR LOGIC, like MOORE'S Peri, at the gate Of proud St. Stephen's stood disconsolate. She heard the wordy warfare waged within, The critic cavil, the dogmatic din, The keen discordant strife of Ins and Outs, BIGGAR'S rude railings, hot O'GORMAN'S shouts. Sighed she, "Where 'heedless Rhetoric's' soathome, Her poor precisian sister scarce may come. They mocked my champion, MILL, and I can see That, now he's gone, they'll not make room for me. To dull logomachy, profuse, sophistic, They sacrifice the sweetly syllogistic: To them the chase of the abstractly true is Poor sport to personal questions raised by LEWIS.

They flout keen FAWCETT, and they fain would rob Me of the partial homage of my BOB. Oh, scene of babblement and crass confusion Where Premiss ne'er foregathers with Conclusion! And yet, would they admit me—"Here loud laughter Rang through the spacious hall, from bench to rafter. The Sphinx—an oracle of such high station Need scarcely stoop to ratiocination—The Sphinx, unmindful of that listener sad, Gave Hope her *coup-de-grâce*. Too bad! too bad! "In shaping laws, mere Logic should be dumb. She rules not here; our rule's the Rule of Thumb! We play at dialectic, point and edge; But Truth's straight thrust were—breach of privilege!" The Peri drooped, and dropped a woeful tear. "Abandon Reason all who enter here!" Sighed she, "should be inscribed above this portal. The Statesman's dread of Syllogism's mortal. Farewell! Alas!" She said, and veiled her face, And fled to—shall we say—"another place"?

A PARLIAMENT OF LONDON.

LORD ELCHO has had his annual innings, and has assured the House of Commons that it is much pleasanter to live in Paris, in Manchester, even in Bradford, than in London. No doubt he is right, though in the minority: but what a pity he doesn't go and live in Paris or Bradford, and leave us unhappy Londoners to our fate! The air of great cities does not suit small men. London is a city of anomalies, but they are historical, and not to be removed in a day. Its Mayors have been the friends of the Kings of England: it is, in fact, an epitome of England.

Mr. PUNCH argues not against Reform, which is as fashionable as Rinking and Cockle's Pills: but, as Eternal Member for E.C.—the Eternal City—he takes leave to defend its institutions and officers. There may be a more luminous intellectual centre, in Paris or Rome or Berlin or New York, than No. 85, Fleet Street; if so, Mr. PUNCH would like to know the address. There may also be a grander gateway than Temple Bar, or a nobler obelisk than ALDERMAN WATHEMAN'S, —but on these points Mr. PUNCH is not anxious for information.

Other Cities may perchance have wiser and more powerful journals than the Times, but Mr. PUNCH is quite satisfied with that periodical. And in its comments on LORD ELCHO'S annual Motion, he finds and approves this remark:—"Within the House of Commons there is a vague feeling of apprehension that a Municipality of London might attract some of the attention now paid to the proceedings of Parliament." It might, indeed, if recent occurrences are any index. Did not the LORD MAYOR, only the other day, say that the Stage has taught us as much as, if not more than, the Pulpit? Such utterances never startle the calm arena of the House of Commons. Did he not actually tell the Artists who ate turtle

with him last week that "Genius ought to be in comfortable circumstances"? That demoralising declaration has already been sufficiently exploded by all the philosophers of the Press. Genius comfortable! What next? Theologic hypocrisy and Stock Exchange theft make their own comfort; but Genius is a mere out-at-elbows, disreputable being, and positively ought not to be comfortable.

If Lord Mayors go about saying this sort of thing, it must be obvious to the House of Commons that a Parliament of London would never do. Such utterances are revolutionary. LORD MAYOR CORTON became Member for the City on Conservative principles; but what are we to say of a man who prefers SHAKESPEARE to the Bench of Bishops, and thinks that Genius deserves its rumpsteak and pint of stout? No; if such are to be the Members of the possible Parliament of London, LORD ELCHO'S Motion was wisely resisted.

WHAT A LADY SEES.

At a Race Meeting.—Plenty of dust. Some poor part of London. A number of pretty villas. A great deal of stucco. Country fields and country lanes. Little villages. Small towns. Glare and shadow. Gipsies. Crowds of roughs. Very good company. Plenty of drags. A collection of carriages. A lukewarm lunch. And, to conclude (if she is very observant), a horse-race in the distance.

At a Cricket Match.—A road crowded with carriages. A narrow gate. A large number of men, belonging to every profession, in a state of unusual excitement. A good deal of hand-shaking. A large amount of head uncovering. A mysterious board, upon which appear constantly changing figures. Thousands of dresses of azure and dark blue silk. A forest of parasols. Plates of lobster salad. Dishes of cold fowls. Piles of rolls. Heaps of cakes. Quarts of Claret and Moselle cup. Dozens of Champagne. And possibly (if she is very fond of the game) the out eleven changing positions at the cry of "Over."

At the Zoological Gardens.—A number of trees. A thickly populated lawn. A refreshment-house, open "to *bond fide* travellers only." The last masterpiece by WORM. The sweetest things in bonnets. The most daring contrasts in colours. The Heroes of the House. The Loungers of the Clubs. The Prides of the Studios. The Ornaments of Literature. All her friends. Most of her enemies. And (if she has time to inspect them) a few animals in cages.

At a Fancy Dress Ball.—The inside of a carriage. A Policeman attempting to keep back a satirical mob. A hall. A crowded staircase. A melancholy Charles the Second. A jocular Hamlet. A modest Henry the Eighth. A retiring North American Indian. A bashful Executioner. A regiment of Militiamen. A Clan of Highlanders. A dozen Louis Onzes. Twenty-three Marie Stuarts. A Charity Girl. A score of Matrons (a very long way) after GAINSBOROUGH. And (if she manages to reach the drawing-room) Ivanhoe, Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Jane Shore, Macbeth, Anne of Cleves, Robespierre, and an eccentric representative of Snow, attempting to dance the Lancers in the centre of a crowd of historical celebrities.

At Church.—A sedate Pew-opener, who receives a bribe with dignity. A very magnificent display of bonnets. A popular Author. Several "Men of the Time." And (as a matter of course) her Prayer-Book.

At Home.—Her husband and her children; and if they are not enough for her, why, the Lady must be difficult to please. At least so thinks Mr. PUNCH, who is a model of domesticity.

GREENGROCERS v. BUTCHERS.

TALK of cause and effect Mr. PUNCH ear's a diskivery i cunt hout a yure Fashnoble Cotrumpury of the connectshun 'tween—

"VEGETARIANISM AND TEMPERANCE."—A Vegetarian and Temperance Congress was opened yesterday at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, by a paper by MR. C. C. GROOM NAPIER, F.S.S., who related many cases of the cure of confirmed drunkards through adopting the vegetarian diet.

MR. NAPIER 'cordin' to the Post halloo said as a merrioon Physician, doctor TURNER, had cur'd a Thousand drunkards by only perawadin of em to take to a vegetarian diet, and was a goin for to come over ear for the puppus of preachin the "vegetarian cure of intemperance" to the Faeklety. Ereby angs a Tail for sir WILFRID LAWSON and the Benighted Kingdom Alliance to catch old on and bring in a Haot o' Parlimint to Shut up not only the Public-houses, but the Butchers' Shoppes, Witch it wud be sum Compen-sashun fur your umbul admirer, lghtinnerrant Doeler in Wegebels, Greens, Turmutts, Carrats, Spinnidge, and Sparrer-grass.

SAM CORSTHER.

Suggestion by Sairey Gamp.

(Vide Last Week's Punch.)

A DESIDERATUM AT ST. PANCRA'S WORKHOUSE.—A Bottle of "Kid Reviver."



"O WILD WEST WIND!"

WALKING ABROAD IN ONE OF HIS LOFTIEST MOODS, AND SEEKING FOR INSPIRATION ON A LONELY HEATH, OUR YOUTHFUL POET COMES UPON A LAUNDRY-YARD, AND SEES UNDER-GARMENTS OF ALL SIZES FLAUNTING IN THE GALE.

[Lest the susceptibilities of the more refined should be shocked, we hasten to state that the habiliments depicted above belong exclusively to the Male Sex.]

THE SCIENCE SHOW, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WE now resume and conclude our extracts from the MS. notes contained in a copy of the Catalogue found in the Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, and which, strange to say, still lies unclaimed. The disconsolate owner can have it on application at the Office of this Journal; but, that we may be satisfied he is the rightful claimant, and endowed with the profound scientific knowledge which it is clear the writer of the Notes must have possessed, it will be requisite that he should submit to an examination in two at least of the following subjects treated of in the Catalogue:—Kinematics, Molecular Physics, Biology, and Crystallography.

"Punching Instrument." Quite superfluous. There is too much "punching" going on already. (See the daily papers.)

"The Original Traversing Lifting Jack." Very delusive. Visitors who come expecting to see "JACK" perform some extraordinary feat of pedestrianism, or lift enormous weights without any apparent effort, will be greatly disappointed. At least we saw nothing of the kind even attempted.

"Mule for Spinning Cotton." Naturalists, Zoologists, and others, should compare the Hydraulic Ram, the Steam Donkey Engine, the Bulldog Clam, the Skeleton of a Rhombohedron, and, in MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S interesting collection, the Telescope Fish.

"Skew Mitres." The attention of the Episcopal Bench is respectfully invited. The same competent authorities are also requested to examine and report on the "Series of Temples (20 in number)."

"Three Models of an Eccentric Circle." There are so many eccentric circles both at home and abroad, that without more precise information as to the particular circle here indicated, all conjecture on the subject would be as impertinent as it would be idle.

"Lazy Tongues." Obviously the set is incomplete, wanting both the lethargic poker and the listless shovel.

"Whirling Table." What Spiritualist sent it?

"The Original Copper-Zinc Couple." Almost as great an attraction as the Sirens. Believed to be unique. Beware of counterfeits.

This is *the original* copper-zinc couple. No other is genuine. They have always kept themselves respectable, and never had parish relief.

"Glass Digester." Invaluable to persons troubled with dyspepsia.

"Aspirator." Equally invaluable to persons troubled by the letter H.

"Self-recording Machine." An honest and conscientious use of this instrument cannot fail to make us all better men and women and domestic servants.

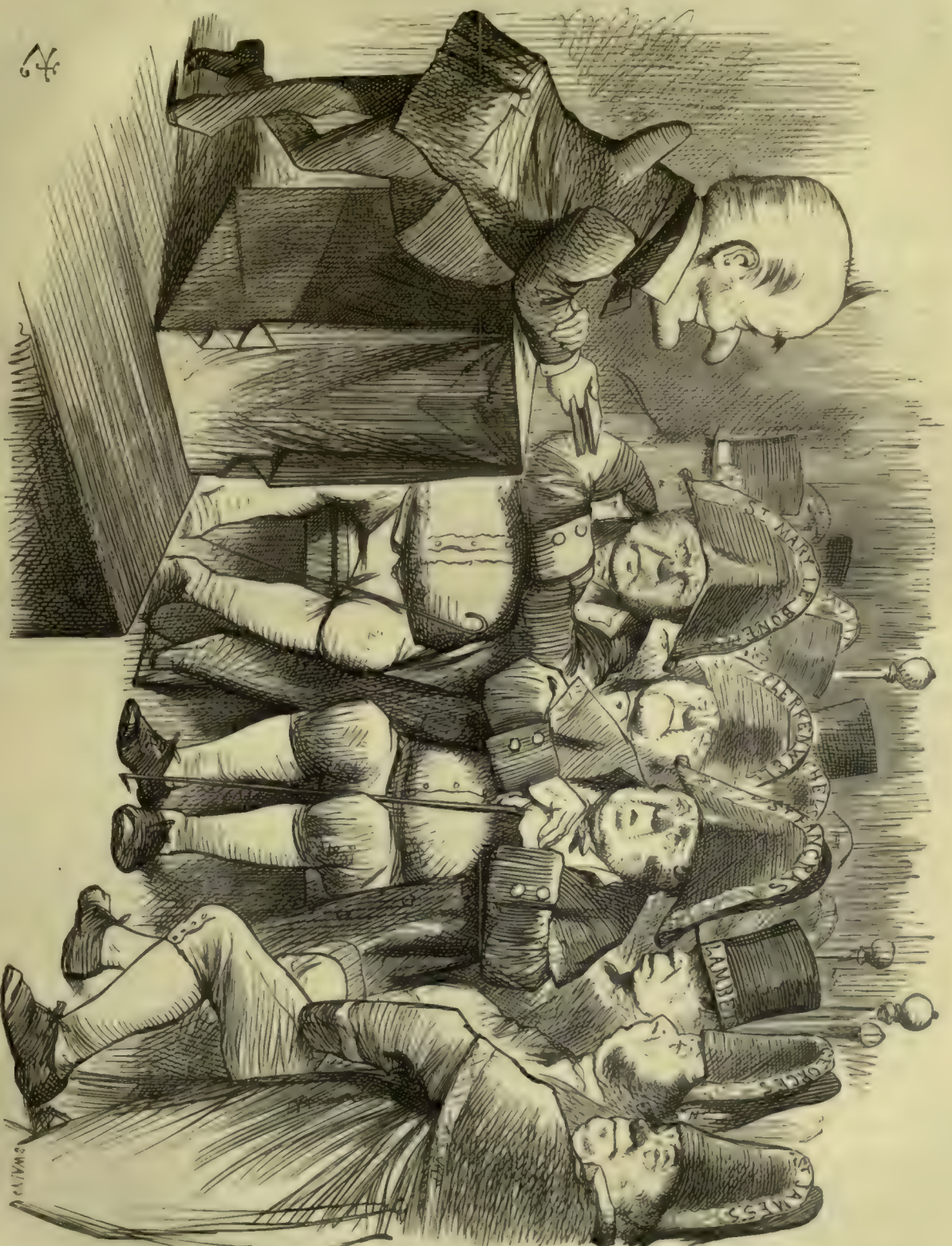
"New Levelling Instrument." It is understood that the Leaders of the Conservative Party are about to enter a protest against the public exhibition of such a dangerous machine. The Committee of the Carlton Club have the matter in hand.

"Skeleton of Gibbon." Alas! what a Decline and Fall for the Great Historian of the Roman Empire! Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays free; other days sixpence! Ought to have been placed near "NAPIER'S BONES."

One word at parting. Do not yield to the impatience and impertinence of friends, do not quit the Exhibition before you have visited the "Dioptric Holophote," the "Pair of Undemagnetizable Coils," the "Attracted Disc Heterostatic Station-Electrometer," "WEBER'S Synamphophthalmoscope," and the "Sphygmodynamometer"; and rest assured that you will never cease to regret your error, if you mingle again with the outer world and go back to all the conventionalisms of this hollow existence, without standing face to face with "The first Instrument used to electrify the Ink Bottle of the Syphon Recorder."

A Slap at Sceptics.

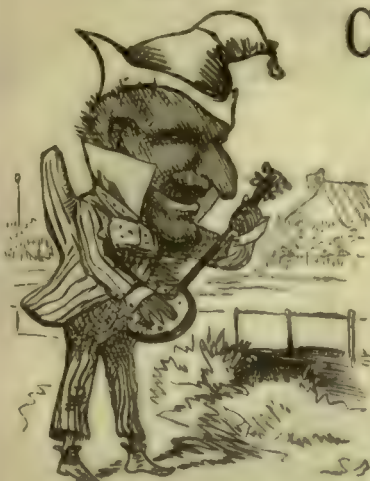
MGR. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, has written a pamphlet arguing that, in consequence of the triumphant progress of Atheism and Materialism, society and religion are in the greatest peril. This essay is entitled *Whither are We Going?* A better title for it would be *Where do You Expect to Go to?*



THE METROPOLITAN "BUMBLE-BEE"!

EXAMINE. "HAVING COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN IN 'GAS,' 'WATER,' AND 'PAVEMENT,' LET ME NOW ASK YOU TO TRY 'REFORM'!"

"COOL"—AN ASCOT IDYLL.



Cool, as the wind over Ascot Heath,
Where much is sultry and little shady,
Looked her gauzy *sacque*, as she smiled beneath
A sunshade, *couleur de rose* like its Lady.

Cool was the blue of her sky-touched eyes,
Cool her way to each gay new-comer:

'Twas a manner which said, without disguise,
Is it not best to be cool in summer?

Cool was he who to greet her came,
Cool his get-up, for Ascot proper,
Coolly he took his ancient name,
And just as coolly his recent "cropper."

Cool was the hundred he had dropped—
The wrong thing for the Biennial backing;
And cooler the question he had popped,
Since all in his case, *save love*, was lacking.

Cool was the clasp of their meeting hands,
Less cool the heart, her white hand's ruler;
But she was the woman to understand
Hot love will cool ere cool grow cooler.

Cool was the welcome given by Mamma
To the uninvited detrimental;
And cool was the shoulder that Papa
Turned on him, with *prescience parental*.

Cool, in fact, as iced champagne
Was that penniless pair thus spooning together:
But—pass me that Cider-cup again—
Cool drinks, with spoons, are the things for hot weather.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Why and a Wherefore—Notes—On Memory—Diagnosis—Medical Inquiry—Advice—Result.

OBSERVATION, Preliminary.—For weeks and weeks past, now running into months, I have been compelled to make my notes—(for my progressing work, *Typical Developments*—getting on excellently—myself in full correspondence with MESSRS. POPGOOD AND GROOLLY, about the binding, and the advisability of bringing it out in parts)—with a pencil, on slips, in small books, on my wristband—(*Happy Thought in itself.*—A small work on Society generally, entitled *Writings on a Wristband. Another Happy Thought.*—Copyright the title, and do it.)—and, failing a pencil, to trust my memory. Memory I look upon as a last resource. (*Note for a Future Occasion.*—“Considerations concerning Memory: a Blessing or not? If a Blessing or not, why, in either case?” Think it out.)

I have been compelled to these shifts (don't like this word, but “expedients” is too grand for the occasion; and Somebody's rule—JOHNSON'S, I think, because it's so characteristic of the man and his style—“Never use a long word when a short one will do as well,” is excellent. Must have some rules to go by.)—I have been put to these shifts by the absence of my pens. For weeks they all disappeared; steel and quill, the heavy and the light-armed troops. Not to be found anywhere. Tradesmen called. I replied, “With pleasure. Here is the cheque-book; but there isn't a pen in the house.” Then the ink dried up, or rather it reduced itself to mere mud. I found a stump of a quill with three slits in it, and tried a short letter in answer to a dinner invitation. I might as well have attempted writing with my thumb and oil paint. So I gave it up; sent verbal messages by Commissionnaires; walked miles, backwards and forwards; of course I did not walk many miles “backwards”; in order to write letters at my Club; dropped in on friends who hadn't seen me for years, on purpose to ask them, “Would you mind my writing a letter here?” on their paper, with (generally) their crests and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Also their stamps.

What an income may be saved by writing letters in other people's rooms. Polite friend invariably says, “My man, or the servant, will post it for you.” Which appears to mean, “Don't trouble yourself about the penny for a stamp.” As a matter of courtesy it is as well to keep a penny by you, just for the sake (entirely *pro forma*, as it won't be accepted) of producing it and saying, laughingly (don't forget to laugh), “Here's a penny for a stamp.” Men of the humblest means (only it's just as well *not* to try anything of this sort on men of the humblest means) won't accept a penny for a stamp. Therefore, unless you are vain enough to give it to a crossing sweeper, because he has touched his hat to you, or to buy a box of lights, you may keep that penny by you for months or years.

“It may be for years and it may be for ever;
Oh, why shouldst thou leave me?
I never will 'part.'”

Happy Thought.—Ode to My Penny.

In the meantime, judging by the jerky character of my notes, and their accumulation in note-books—on looking back, I fancy my Memory must have had rather a hard time of it.

Result.—A dream—a fearful nightmare. It seemed to me (asleep) that for hours I was trying to remember the point of a story which I *knew* would set the table in a roar. There was the table feverishly waiting for the point of my story. It was something about the Spanish Ambassador, and somebody behind a door, laughing,—but what *at*, and why, and who was the other person (the whole thing depended on *him*, for I felt, in my dream, that I could have done without the Spanish Ambassador), I couldn't for the life of me recollect. I struggled—I detained the audience, I implored them to hear me out—I tried the story over and over again, but never got beyond the Spanish Ambassador behind the door. As to what he did, or what he would have done, or what the story *had* been before it got into my dream, is still a puzzle to me. I have tried since to account for it by “lobster salad” and a curious sandwich. For two days that dream, or, rather, that story, bothered me. The one question with me was, “Why did the Spanish Ambassador get behind the door? and what was he laughing at?”

Suddenly it occurred to me that this might be an incipient form of — well, to put it more pleasantly, I held a consultation with myself, and decided that the symptoms indicated “Over-taxed mental power.”

Happy Thought.—Consult Professional Friend. Prepare one sovereign and a shilling, wrapped up in paper inside an envelope, doubled up in my waistcoat pocket—easy to get at without fumbling and blushing; and then practise, alone, putting it into the palm of his (Professional Friend's) hand, or leaving it, as if it were something I had forgotten in my hurry, on the corner of a table. Most difficult thing to give Professional Friend a fee gracefully. One idea is (only perhaps it is a trifle too much like a conjuring trick) to slip it under my own hat on the table; then, on leaving, lift up my hat, and—there it is. Only, to make things pleasant, one should begin this by saying to the Professional Gentleman, “You see there's nothing under this hat,” and so forth. One great point is to wrap it up in as many little bits of paper as possible—also like the conjuring trick, where the ring is found in the smallest box after opening twenty at least.

The Interview.—Medical Attendant is puzzled. He asks me what's the matter. I tell him about the Spanish Ambassador. Medical Attendant meditates. I suggest that it indicates “Over-taxed brain.” He nods. I am right. Over-taxed brain. And, as a remedy, I suggest, inquiringly, “I think I want a little change.” I am right again. My diagnosis of my own case was perfect, and only required this professional certificate—the guinea stamp, in fact. “Change of scene, air, people, ideas?” I go on to suggest, as though I were prescribing for *him*. In fact, before I leave I do prescribe for him. I tell him what medicine I think best in certain cases. I tell him that he appears to me to be overworked—that he wants change, that I advise him to go away and take a holiday,—and, jocosely, “give his patients a chance.” I don't think he likes this last piece of humour. But, at this point the guinea comes in—softens down the jest, gilds the pill, so to speak,—and we shake hands; the best of friends. It is evident we quite understand one another.

On quitting, I feel as if I had taken my degree in medicine, and it seems to me (with the exception of the guinea) that I have just come away from seeing a patient, to whom I have been of the greatest possible benefit. But I feel I must take a holiday. Go away. Where? Perfect change? Constantinople? Too far—and too hot. France? Germany? Herzegovina? No.

Happy Thought.—Ireland or Switzerland. *Wanted*, not only change of scene, but change of manners and customs. The word “customs” suggests the *douane*, and search at the frontier. This is against Switzerland. But—four or five hours sea passage to Ireland.

Turn it over.



FANCY BALLS AGAIN. (SCENE AND TIME—An inaccessible North London Suburb, 3:20 A.M.)

Tonkyns (whose destination is Clapham). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE IT'S NOT COME, POLICEMAN? IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN HERE AT HALF-PAST ONE?" Policeman. "QUITE SURE, SIR! I'VE BEEN DOWN THE RANK FOUR TIMES!"
 Tonkyns. "WELL, YOU MUST GET US A CAB!" Policeman. "CAB, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO CABS HERE!"
 Tonkyns. "DELIGHT OF TONKYN'S, HIS WIFE, AND HIS TWO FRIENDS AT THE PROSPECT OF A LONG WALK TO LONDON IN THEIR PRESENT ATTIRE."



"BAD EXAMPLE."

Papa (à propos of a burning Family Grievance). "OH, MY DEAR GAL, DON'T TALK OF IT! HOW ON EARTH YOUR UNCLE COULD HAVE BEEN SUCH A D——!"
(Stops. The word was out before he noticed the Child.)

Master Tommy. "OH, DON'T MIND ME, PA! IT'S AN EXPRESSION I OFTEN MAKE USE OF MYSELF!"

PLUSH PROTESTS.

John Tommus (with languid surprise). I say, JEAMES, what do you think of this 'ere? (*Reads from "Spectator."*) "'Flunkys' are often, nay generally, distinguished-looking persons. With a slight difference in the cut and colour of their uniform, they would do admirably for Field-Marshal and Dukes."

Jeames (calmly contemplating his calves). True, though rayther trite. That *Spectator* seems to have a heyo for the distangay.

John Tommus. Yass! More than most of them littersy fellers.

Jeames (leftily). What can you expect! 'Tain't in their line at all (*yawns*).

John Tommus. This one seems to be a rayther superior sort. Bin one of hus 'imself p'rays.

Jeames (decisively). No! Wouldn't be so demmed offensive as to use the expression "Flunkys" if he 'ad. Noblesse oblige, you know. Once a gentleman's gentleman, always a gentleman's gentleman.

John Tommus. The feller who could look at *your* calves or my whiskers and call us "Flunkys," would—haw—would begrudge 'Er Most Gracious her new title of Hempress.

Jeames. Jealousy is always invidjus!

John Tommus. Well, one thing's pretty clear, you couldn't turn it t'other way about. Precious few Field-Marshal or Dukes would do for "Flunkys." They may pass muster in their own sphere, where build and beauty ain't a sinner *quâ non*, but not among *hus*.

Jeames. Haw! haw! haw! Should think not, indeed. 'Tain't the uniform as does it—it's the man inside. That's where we 'ave the pull of 'em.

John Tommus (yawning, thirstily). Well, suppose we now 'ave a pull at a pot of the Rannin' Footman's Entire.

Jeames. I'm agreeable.

[*Exeunt accordingly.*]

Rinkita.

THE silvery moon is winking,
And so are the stars up there:
Of what is the old man thinking
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If Rinking he'd only dare;
But, as he can not dare Rinking,
He sits in his old arm-chair.

MEDICAL OFFICERS ASKING FOR MORE.

By PHIL BUMBLE.

THOSE vicious Medical Poor Law Officers are not content with continually putting their employers to great expense by prescribing superfluities for pauper patients; they are now trying to saddle us with still more, by demanding relief for themselves. They beg for superannuation allowances on retirement after a long term of continuous service. The President of the Local Government Board, in reply to a deputation of Medical Men who waited on him the other day with that modest request, told them he "thought there were but few instances" of such long terms. Well said. Poor Law Doctors, as a rule, drop off early; for, as DR. WICKHAM BARNES unnecessarily remarked, they are "hardly worked and ill paid." Of course. They must be so in the present state of the Medical labour-market. Nor does anybody want to be told by DR. BARNES that—

"Their duties extended over many hours, and there was no certainty when they could call any time their own. They felt it was but right that they should look forward to a time when, if they survived their arduous labours, they might look to retire; but after serving thirty or forty years they had to resign, and then send in an application for an allowance. This was generally refused by the Guardians, and the Medical Officers now only asked that the refusal to grant an allowance of this character should come before the Government Board."

In short, the Guardians generally refuse what in fact is a request for out-door relief. Why, they think, can't superannuated Poor Law Medical Officers come into the House?

In answer to MR. SELATER-BOTH's question if any case where superannuation allowance after thirty or forty years' service had been refused was known, DR. BARNES cited the case of a DR. WESTALL of the Cookham Union, who had served upwards of forty years. A few other cases were adduced—among them that of a "Medical Officer of Kingston-upon-Hull, who lost his health after many years' service in combating an epidemic fever, and was left

without any compensation." Combats of this kind save the great majority of Poor Law Medical Officers from ever wanting any superannuation allowance; and the House can accommodate their bereaved survivors. Whatever Poor Law Guardians purchase for Poor Law purposes, they are bound by the principle of parochial economy to buy in the very cheapest possible market—particularly when buying in the Medical labour-market. They will grant superannuation allowances when the state of that market obliges them to, and not till then. They will then also, and not till then, grant their Medical Officers another request—that Union drugs shall be a charge on the rates. And then the expense of drugs will be greatly increased. Now, unless the Doctor finds it merely nominal, he is a fool. Any medicine will do for paupers that is cheap and nasty, if only nasty enough; otherwise, to be sure, they will complain. It is the Doctor's own fault if Union physic costs him anything to speak of.

Some Guardians may fear lest a Medical Men's Union, like that of the Amalgamated Engineers, may by-and-by be formed to dictate wages and other terms to Poor Law Unions. But the Medical Profession happily contains too many knobsticks for that. Competing practitioners eagerly accept medical officerships at the lowest hire in order to procure private practice. Ah, but that is the worst of it! As ratepayers and respectable people, for ourselves and our families, it may sometimes be disadvantageous, in case of dangerous illness, to have no more skilful an attendant at hand than a gentleman whose services have been bought at the lowest price in the Medical Labour Market. Parochial Economy exacts a personal sacrifice when it obliges us to let the Doctor who does for the paupers do for us.

USE FOR THEM AT LAST.

WE trust the parties of Canadians and Iroquois Indians who are here just now, will play one double match of "Lacrosse" before they go, if only to prove that there is some use in double Lacrosse Sticks.



"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD!"

Compassionate Curate. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LITTLE BILLY, MRS. DODDER?"

Suffolk Mother (who has been correcting her Son). "MATTER WUTH 'M? THERE'S ALLUS SUFF'N THE MATTER WUTH 'M! YOU CAN'T DEW WRONG A-HIDIN' OF 'M! IF HE BEAN'T IN MISCHIEF, HE'S JUST A-GOIN' IN, THELSE JUST A-COMIN' OUT!"

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEND.

(Song for the Stock Exchange.)

If you invest in foreign funds, brave boys, let cash be lent
With sole regard to int'rest—not per sentiment, per cent.
The man who talks of moral wrong, upholding tyrant rule,
Aiding aggression, robbery, war, and bloodshed, is a fool.

No matter if you should suspect, or even if you know
You're laying out your capital to help a foreign foe
With iron-clads and monster guns. Ne'er stick to lend him aid;
Care not but for the assurance that you'll get your interest paid.

But oh, make very sure of that, and keep a weather-eye
To the use for which your Despot wants the funds which you supply.
You can't be too particular, if all he gets he spends
As well upon unrighteous as unprofitable ends.

Oh lend not e'er a sixpence to be so much money lost
In wild attempts at plunder which will ne'er defray its cost,
Or on barren speculation spent, and sunk, and thrown away!
Gauge your borrower's means of payment; guess how long he's like
to pay.

On his palaces and pleasures if he simply wastes your cash,
When he no more can borrow, then he needs must go to smash.
Meanwhile he has but paid you back a fraction of your loan.
Like smoke the rest, both principal and interest, is flown.

Lend money with a single, not a purblind eye to gain.
Think, will an o'ertaxed people bear oppression's further strain?
Blood from a post you can't extort by any power of screw;
And hence it comes that dividends are oft not paid when due.

In venturing an investment that will serve immoral ends,
Mind you've a borrower capable of cheating him who lends.
Whence, mourning love of lucre, too confiding City Gents
Wish they had been contented with their native Three-per-Cents.

MAGISTERIAL AUDACITY!

CHIEF JUSTICE GASCOIGNE and PRINCE HENRY have been left
nowhere, like *Kisber's* opponents in the Grand Prix. A Duke's
Steward has bowed to the decision of a bench of Magistrates! Here
is the account, from a daily contemporary:—

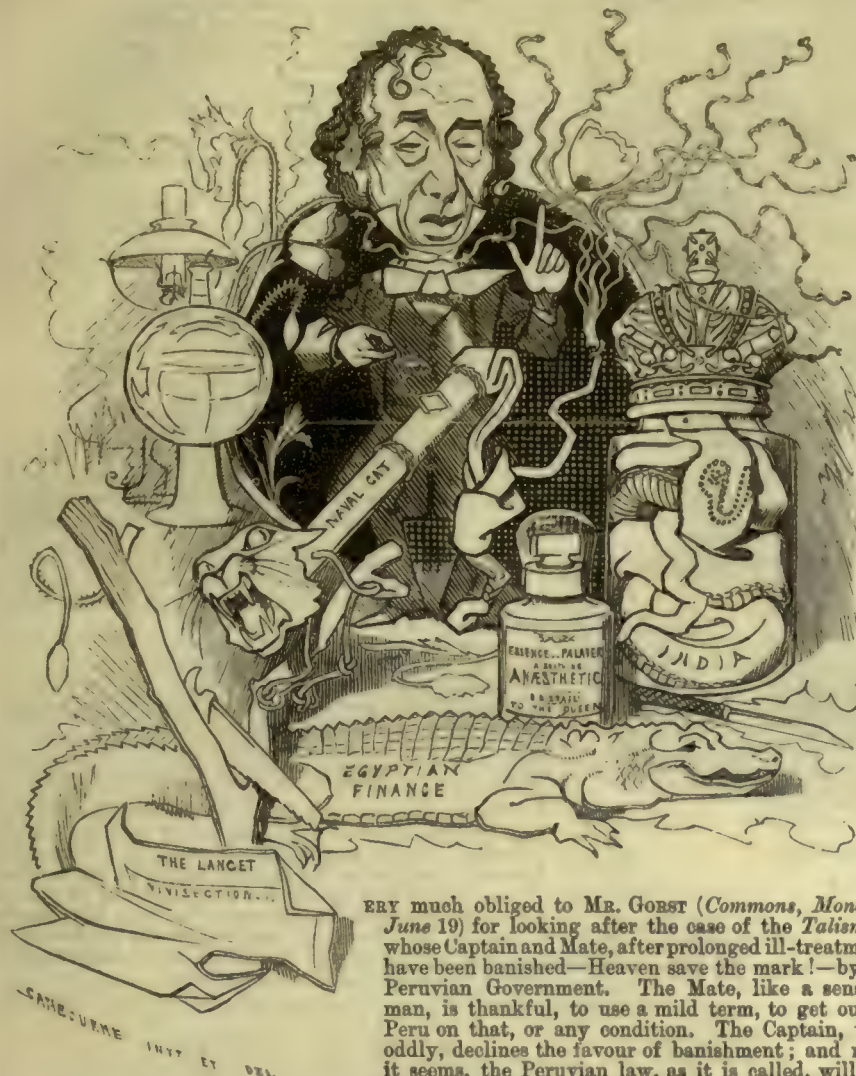
"FINING A DUKE.—THE DUKE OF PORTLAND was fined £5 and costs
on Monday, at the Dronfield Petty Sessions, for allowing a locomotive engine
to travel on the turnpike road without having provided a person to carry a red
flag 'not less than sixty yards before the said engine,' as required by law.
When MR. CRIPPLE, the Duke's steward, who appeared as his Grace's repre-
sentative, heard the Magistrates' decision, he said, 'Gentlemen, I bow to your
decision, but I am sure that the Duke will be very much dissatisfied.'"

Good Heavens! why did not MR. CRIPPLE say as much before?
Of course the Magistrates would have had a more becoming sense of
their situation than to have fined a Duke. Supposing the Duke
were not only to be dissatisfied, but vexed, or even angry! But we
forbear—such possibilities are too dreadful to contemplate.

PHYSIOLOGY IN FRANCE.

AN active interest in the Vivisection Bill now before Parliament
is taken by the inhabitants, especially the shopkeepers, of Boulogne.
They would, it is said, have petitioned the House of Commons for
the enactment of that measure, but for the late decision according to
which their petition could not be received. It is proposed, should
the Government Vivisection Bill, in its present shape, become law,
to establish at Boulogne a School of Physiology, which, being within
convenient distance, will be easily accessible to British Medical Stu-
dents, desirous of obtaining instruction such as can only be acquired
under conditions of unfettered investigation; and whereat, also,
British Professors will enjoy legal facilities for practising the
experiments needful to enable them to prosecute Physiological
Researches on terms of equality with Continental men of Science,
and without being liable to be interfered with by a Policeman.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



VERY much obliged to MR. GORST (*Commons, Monday, June 19*) for looking after the case of the *Talisman*, whose Captain and Mate, after prolonged ill-treatment, have been banished—Heaven save the mark!—by the Peruvian Government. The Mate, like a sensible man, is thankful, to use a mild term, to get out of Peru on that, or any condition. The Captain, very oddly, declines the favour of banishment; and now, it seems, the Peruvian law, as it is called, will not allow any severance of the cases. Both must stay

and be tortured, or go and be banished. We are glad to learn that even LORD DERBY'S patience has been tired out at last—Patience takes longer tiring in my LORD DERBY'S snug room at the Foreign Office than in the fetid cell of a Peruvian prison—and that he has dispatched an *ultimatum* requesting what is called by courtesy the Peruvian Government to give immediate orders for the Mate's release.

Adjourned debate on LORD SANDON'S Education Bill. Question lies between direct and indirect compulsion. LORD SANDON takes our young asses to the water. MR. MUNDELLA and his friends would have him make them drink. MR. HARDY doubts the possibility of the feat, or JOHN BULL'S willingness to put up with the attempt. *Punch* agrees with him. So does the O'CONNOR DON, one of the Royal Commissioners. MR. KNOWLES, on the other hand, also a Royal Commissioner, maintains both the need and the practicability of direct compulsion. Even SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, however, declined to oppose Second Reading. So did MR. FORSTER, while supporting MR. MUNDELLA'S Amendment. LORD SANDON replied on the whole debate. His Bill steered clear of extremes, avoiding alike the secular Scylla and the clerical Charybdis; and in time, he believed, would bring about what everybody wanted—that not an English child should grow up without the rudiments of education. The House agreed with LORD SANDON by 309 to 163, against MR. MUNDELLA, and when SIR CHARLES DILKE insisted on dividing against the Second Reading, by 356 to 78. Let friends of Education remember that to them, too, applies the safe Italian proverb, "*Chi va piano, va sano.*"

Tuesday.—Vivisection in the Lords. Curious contradiction—Protection, by the Peers, of Cat (and Dog): cutting up of the Cat by PETER TAYLOR in the Commons. LORD CARNARVON showed his sound sense by the modifications he accepted in his Cruelty to Animals Bill; in particular, LORD CARDWELL'S extension of the object of the Bill to the advancement of physiological knowledge. A cat and dog fight over the cat and dog clause. On the one side it is to be extended to take in horses, asses, and mules; on the other, it is not to protect a licensed person from carrying out experiments even on these favoured quadrupeds, where necessary for the study of disease or the detection of crime. A new clause in this sense is to be brought up.

In the *Commons*, on the *Commons*, in the morning. MR. CROSS holding his ground, generally, against all Amendments calculated to tie the hands of the Commissioners. In the

evening, PETER TAYLOR'S fight with the Cat. Common sense reserves the offensive animal for extreme cases in the Navy. Eight out of 30,000 men were flogged last year, and only one of the eight on a Home Station. The Cat is evidently dying of decline. In the meantime, who slipped this into our letter-basket; eh, SIR W.?

Why a TAYLOR would fain kill the Cat appears plain:

The ninth part of a man has some ground to complain.

That the Cat its nine lives and nine tails should retain.

Wednesday.—Difficulty in getting a *quorum* to listen to CAPTAIN NOLAN on an Irish Election grievance (which, next night, proved to be none, as usual), and to DR. CAMERON, on an attempt to do away with marriage by Church's banns in Scotland. We had always thought the Scotch Marriage Law already under ban of all thinking people, and so did not anticipate opposition to the Doctor's Bill; but, for a wonder, the Scotch Members had not squared their differences out of the House, so the Bill was defeated by 163 to 141.—the Lord Advocate maintaining that while the Scotch Marriage Law needed mending on so many more important points it was hardly worth while tinkering this little hole in it.

Thursday.—MR. DISRAELI, applauding the "safe forbearance,"—"he would even say, the patriotic reserve,"—with which the House has forborne from pressing Her Majesty's Government for answers to the Eastern Question, intimated, in answer to MR. BRUCE, that he would be very much obliged if the House would bridle its curiosity a little longer. All he could say just now was, that the Great Powers had agreed not to press the new Sultan. What well-bred person or Parliament then should press the Great Powers? Let all have time to look about them, and consider how they can turn the situation to the best advantage. The Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition—albeit, the mildest-mannered man that ever paused for a reply—thinks the time has come when it would be "prudent, as well as politic, to make further communication to the House."

"Communication" is one thing, "Information" is another. For the one, LORD HARTINGTON is free to press; for the other, does he not wish he may get it, in the teeth of the Master of submissive legions? Besides, who knows if Ministers have any?

RYLANDS, shallowest of self-satisfied, and most self-satisfied of shallow men, moves that it is inexpedient to transfer the management of our Prisons from the Local Authorities to the SECRETARY OF STATE. MR. RYLANDS is a believer in formulae, and Local Self-Government, a famous formula, stands high in MR. RYLANDS' articles of belief. SIR MASSEY LOPEZ, on the other hand, went into elaborate calculations to prove a future saving, through the proposed change, of more than £100,000 a-year; while he showed that, since the Act of 1865, Local Authorities had very little control over the prisons, and ratepayers none at all. So there would be no such blow struck at Self-government as MR. RYLANDS seemed to think.

MR. EVANS (advanced Liberal) was heartily in favour of the Bill. SIR W. BARTHELOT (staunch Conservative) as heartily opposed to it. MR. DODSON, not liking the Bill, recommended at least adjournment of the debate till after Quarter Sessions had brought the light of magisterial wisdom to bear upon it. SIR H. SELWYN IBBETSON backed up MR. CROSS'S calculation



DRIVING A BARGAIN.

Economical Drover. "A TEECK'T TAE FAA'KIRK."

Polite Clerk. "FIVE-AND-NINEPENCE, PLEASE."

Drover. "AH'LL GIE YE FIVE SHILLINGS!" *Clerk (astonished).* "EH!"

Drover. "WEEL, AH'LL GIE YE FIVE-AN'-THRIPPENCE, AN' DEIL A BAWBERE MAIR! IS'T A BARGAIN?!"

of the probable saving in cost, and certain improvement in system that the change would bring about; and finally the debate was adjourned, on the motion of the LORD MAYOR, till the week after next.

En attendant, the weight of the discussion thus far, as far as *Punch* can estimate it, is heavily on the side of the Government proposal. If the Bill is carried, we should be inclined to rank it as about the best piece of work done this Session.

Friday (Lords).—Merchant Shipping Bill launched to a salvo of doubts, hopes, fears, good wishes. But look out, PLIMSOLL, or the Lords may yet undo the good done in the Commons. Bill read a Second Time.

(Commons).—Morning Sitting enlivened by the little game of Obstruction, played by the Irish Members, to keep the Irish Judicature Bill out of Committee. MR. O'CONNOR POWER—we need not wish more power to him—divided on adjournment, 6 to 210, and even after that said "No" to the Speaker, as bold as brass.

At the Evening Sitting CAPTAIN NOLAN delivered a carefully-prepared lecture on the organisation of the British Army. Pity it was not given at the United Service Institution. This was followed by a discussion of Mobilisation, in which HOLMS and HARDY, STANLEY and BALFOUR, LORD ELCHO and HAVELOCK—all the military talent of the House, egad!—took part. Quite a field-night!

MR. HARDY means to give the Mobilisation Scheme a fair trial, and promises to let the country know the truth about its working. He can't say fairer; and *Punch* has no doubt he will do as fairly as he says.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

MIDHAT PASHA, if he succeeds in his plans for reforming Turkey, to be called "BESTHAT PASHA."

THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE.—The Treadmill.

MAN'S PLACE AT MIDSUMMER.

'NEATH golden sun and sapphire sky
Here ambient flowers and verdure glow,
To-day, where all, some months gone by,
Was cloud above, and, under, snow.
'Tis but by landmarks' aid I ken
That I am now where I was then.

"Where then you were you now are not"—
To first thought second thought replied,—
"More than a Tar is in one spot,
On the same deck though he abide,
Throughout his transit o'er the brine,
From freezing Pole to burning Line.

"The shrouded Sun, from Pisces' fold,
Frowned on another point in space.
Now fiery Cancer's claws infold
Apollo's broadly beaming face;
Our Earth has reached another clime:
So we move on in Space and Time."

Pleasures of Hope.

SITTING till you get the cramp amid the rushes on the bank, in the hope of catching that big perch which is seen once in a twelvemonth somewhere in your neighbourhood.

Starting off with energy a sentence you have learnt as a beginning to your speech, in the hope that it may help you to think of something *à propos* to say in the middle, and finally to reach a conclusion.

Accepting a bill drawn by a Jew money-lender, in the hope he may forget it on the day of payment.

Hurrying out to dinner in the hope to be in time, and finding all the guests assembled and glaring hungrily upon you as you timidly approach them.

Diversion from Drink.

THE Sabbatarian section of the foes of personal freedom rave for an Act of Parliament to enforce "Sunday Closing" on the community. Instead of a compulsory measure for Sunday Closing they had better try to obtain a permissive one for Sunday Opening—the opening of Picture Galleries and Museums on Sunday. This Sunday Opening, by attracting people from the public-houses, would, leaving liberty intact, go far to answer all the desirable purpose of Sunday closing.

SEEING THE FLOWERS.

(Royal Botanical Garden, June 21st, 1876.)

ANGELINA. We shall be kept waiting here for hours.

Edwin. Well, then, we can walk to the gate. We had better get out. There are about a mile of carriages before ours.

Angelina. How about my train?

Edwin. Oh, it's quite fine. Everybody's doing the same. You can hold it up.

Angelina. We can never cross in front of the horses' heads!

Edwin. It's all right—the police arrangements are excellent.

Angelina. Here we are at last! What an enormous crowd!

Edwin. Yes. You know the last was put off on account of the weather; so to-day they've a double allowance of visitors.

Angelina. I see. Which band shall we go to?—the Blues or the 1st Life's?

Edwin. Impossible! Look! Every seat entails a pitched battle.

Angelina. Well, we can sit here—on the grass. The *toilettes* remind me of the Bois—three months ago! Well, now we have seen everything, we had better go home. The Princess went away hours ago.

Edwin. But how about the flowers?

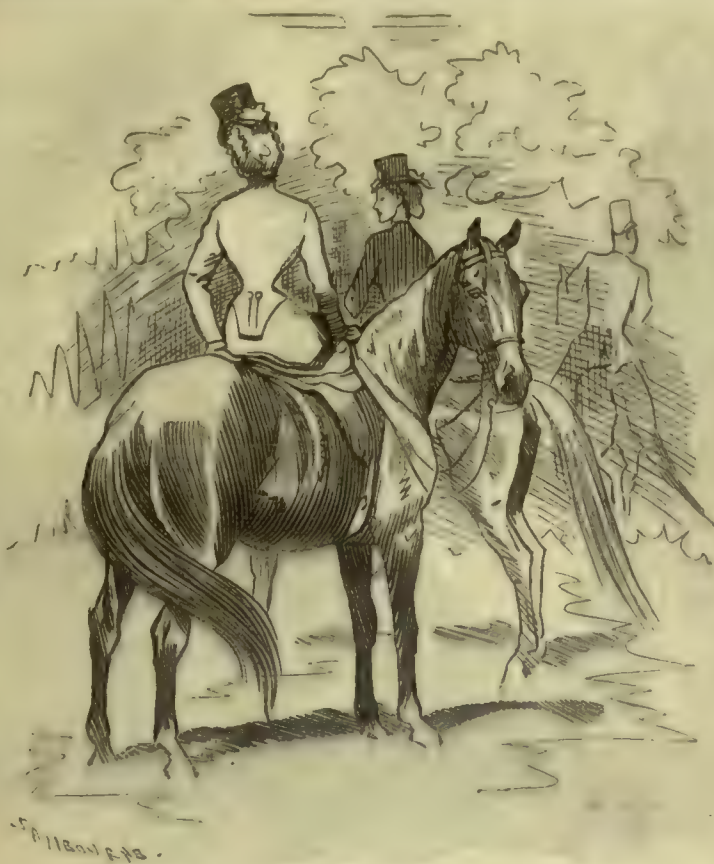
Angelina. Oh, it's much too hot to look at them!

(*Exeunt.*)

Hymen v. Low Wages.

"At a recent meeting of Joiners out on strike in Glasgow, the Chairman advised young men in the trade who had entered into matrimonial engagements to postpone their execution for a time."

AFTER giving such advice, how dare the Chairman call himself a Joiner?



GOOD NEWS FOR THE HORSES.

IS IT THE DULNESS OF THE SEASON, OR CAN IT BE THAT WE ARE GETTING SENSIBLE, AT LAST, THAT WE SEE SO MUCH OF THIS SORT OF THING IN THE PARK! IF ONLY THEY WOULD DROP THE BEARING-REIN IN HARNESS, THE HORSES WOULD BE ALL RIGHT—BOTH HEADS AND TAILS.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST CRUELTY.

DON'T suppose our Crusade will but check Vivisection
So-called. We propose to march on by degrees,
To the length of extending the shield of protection
Over all living things, down to mites, gnats, and fleas;

To guard them not merely from Med'cine's professors,
Or physiological students alone;
'Gainst your unscientific and common transgressors,
O'er all victims as well shall our regis be thrown.

We're determined to screen the live eel from the skinner;
Living cod we'll from crimping secure by-and-by—
Though that process may make it the better for dinner;
And your lobster, before your cook boils it, shall die.

And your oyster shall be, in its native condition,
Consigned, at a gulp, to your epicure's maw,
Unscathed and unstung by the painful addition
Of pepper and vinegar—banished by law.

And the gates of a prison your butcher we'll shut on,
If without anaesthetics to yield them relief
He fit lamb for mint sauce, reduce live sheep to mutton,
Turn calf into veal, or cut ox up for beef.

Under chloroform save when the patient reposes,
No farrier's blade shall prune cattle or kine;
Either ether shall lull pigs when rung through their noses,
Or laughing-gas make it but fun for the swine.

But, as for your sportsmen, there's no mitigation
Of pain which as plea for their acts will avail;
A live bait could scarce, by humane legislation,
Have an anodyne ointment applied to its tail.

ROUSED AT LAST!

URGED by the Deputation from the Meeting held at Lambeth, the Authorities propose issuing the following Memoranda for the public guidance in the event of a recurrence of flooding by the Thames:—

1. When an extraordinary high tide is threatened all male persons should tuck up their trousers. In the case of females petticoats should not be worn long.

2. Carpets should be taken up: by the police, if necessary.

3. During the continuance of the flood, anything like *ennui* may be dissipated by making an analysis of the Thames water. Fishing from sitting-rooms will not be forbidden. No extra water-rate will be charged.

4. The moment the water is seen coming out of the chimneys it is time to leave the house.

5. Flat Irons, being liable to sink, should be conveyed to a place of safety.

6. Drags in constant readiness. Office, Charing Cross.

7. Any person wanting compensation will be permitted to want it.

8. In the event of anybody's Mother-in-law being drowned, the Authorities will require to be recompensed.

9. Children in arms should be taught to swim.

10. The best method of accustoming oneself to the effects of water could, no doubt, be ascertained from SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

BY ORDER.

A Moral Converse.

ANOTHER American gentleman besides MR. WINSLOW, a MR. BRENT, wanted by his country's Police for alleged forgery, has had to be discharged from custody by the Queen's Bench, on account of a legal disagreement on the part of our Government with that of the United States about the joint effect of the Extradition Treaty of 1842, and the Extradition Act of 1870. Replying to the application for his release, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL stated in Court that:—

"The two Governments had been engaged in a correspondence on the subject, and had not succeeded in coming to an agreement."

The old proverb runs—"When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own." It would seem that the converse holds, and "when honest men disagree, rogues come by other people's."

We won't let the squires, sensibility blunting
By cruel amusements with rod, dog, and gun,
Go wantonly fishing and shooting and hunting
And mangling and maiming poor creatures for fun.

Against Vivisection the victory winning,
By the facts we pervert, and the "crams" we allege,
The fissure we'll widen from that small beginning
By use of our friend, the thin end of the wedge.

Sayings for the Marines.

ONCE a Lieutenant, always (at least for fifteen years) a Lieutenant.

Patronage is the Mother of Merit.

Take care of the Subalterns, and the Field Officers will take care of themselves.

Promotion has no laws.

'Tis a long Military career (generally over twenty years' service) which has no majority at the end of it.

A step in time often saves nine (husband, wife, and seven children.)

A friend at Whitehall is worth two in Somerset House.

A Colourable Pretext.

"INDIGO.—This year the indigo imported was valued at £1,545,473; last year in the same period, £1,375,439."

If therefore we hear from Correspondents at Glasgow and Dundee that this year, in comparison with the year gone by, things are looking more generally blue, it is not such a bad sign—for the indigo-importers.



A FORLORN HOPE.

The Dowager. "Now, you've got all the girls off your hands so successfully, except poor Maria, you ought to give her a chance."

My Lord. "Yes—a—give a ball—a—or a garden party—a—"

My Lady. "Oh, poor Maria's not worth a ball—nor even a garden party. We might give an afternoon tea!"

THE FOUNDER OF THE COMMISSIONNAIRES.

"I do not know, CAPTAIN WALTER, how sufficient honour can be done to you. With little aid you have quietly and unobtrusively opened a new page for the soldier, and have given him a most honourable position in civil life."

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

A HAPPY thought that touched a generous mind
With strong desire the old soldier's fate to alter:
Such the good work, sore needed, that we find
Adding a lustre to the name of WALTER.

Hence the Commissionnaires: a useful race.
We Metropolitans know all about them;
And, when we see some worn, true, fearless face,
Oft wonder how the deuce we did without them.

They have fought and bled: and war's a noble trade
When nobly waged beneath a hero's ken;
And, though we wish that war were never made,
Yet may we see by these that war makes men.

It made these veterans, to whose well-bred care
We trust to shield our ladies in their shopping,
Our letters, messages, nay cash, to bear,
Nor fear their finger-ring, dirtying, or dropping.

'Tis well that they whom battle's brunt and soil,
And discipline's hard test, prove worthy trust,
Should find retreats of honourable toil,
Nor in their evening lack a well-earned crust.

This their friend felt: *Punch*, for the public, thanks
One who before cold-shoulder did not falter;
And now promotes the Captain several ranks,—
Henceforth Commissionnaires' FIELD-MARSHAL WALTER.

REASONS FOR NOT SUBSCRIBING TO THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

SQUIRE REDCOAT'S.—Because now all the Hospitals are given over to the cruelties of Vivisection. Because no English gentleman, of course, could think of subscribing to funds devoted to brutality to animals. Because after the charges for this year's fishing, and the keep of half-a-dozen horses (kept for fox-hunting, &c.) have been paid, there will not be much margin left for charity.

Alderman Sir Benjamin Bumble's.—Because the Charities of London are the pride of the country. Because it is beneath the dignity of the Charities of the First City in the World to ask for voluntary subscriptions.

Mr. Malthus Grind's.—Because the Hospitals are intended for the poor, and Poverty ought not to be subsidised.

Mrs. Prim's.—Because some of the Hospitals may not be orthodox. Because she feels a holy call upon the little she can spare to supply the Savages of Central Africa with copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* translated into their native languages.

Miss Peacock's.—Because bonnets and dresses cost so very much. Because her allowance is so ridiculously insufficient, that she really has no small change. Because if people are ill, they ought to go to their own doctors, without bothering about Hospitals.

Mr. Bung's.—Because if a man takes his fair share of liquor, he should be able to keep his health without assistance from his friends. Because paupers have the Union Infirmary ready to hand. Because the Hospitals do not increase the revenue.

Mr. Pump's.—Because there is not a single Hospital in London conducted upon Temperance principles; and if people can't be cured without the use of alcohol, they had better not be cured at all.

Mr. Sand's.—Because trade is really so very bad this year, that the Boys' autumn trip (during the Long) must be confined to Europe. Because one of the Girls' horses went lame in the Row, and another had to be purchased in its place. Because he's a self-made man, and has no sympathy "with them as isn't."



“JUSTICE TO THE RESCUE!”

“STOP, GENTLEMEN! YOU’VE BOTH OF YOU TOO MANY ROGUES LOOSE, TO DO WITHOUT THAT!”

AT THE OPERA.



PRODUCTION of "Aida" at Covent Garden. House crammed and brilliant. Temperature, ninety in the draughts. People having determined to arrive punctually, the carriages at 8:30 are in a line down to Leicester Square. House, at first, about a quarter full—no habitués, except the real Opera-amateurs in the gallery, liking to be considered as excited on any operatic subject whatever, and the non-habitués coming late in the hope of being taken for habitués, but lamentably failing in their attempts to look as if they knew where their stalls were, and soon reduced to ask the man at the door.

The Overture commences.

Elderly Gentleman (who has arrived early, and is seated in stalls fourth from the entrance, which he has taken "because," as he says, "he can get out so

easily;" he finds that it is also a place where everybody can come in easily, and consequently throughout the whole of the short Overture, people are continually passing in, treading on his toes with, or without, begging his pardon.) Dear me! what a remarkable thing it is people can't be in time. (Tries to listen to Overture. Soft music. Enter a party of four, including two stout Ladies, over his toes. Old Gentleman growls. Then presently looks along the row, and smiles.) Ah! it's all full now, thank goodness. (Begins again to try and pay some attention to the Overture.)

Lady (enough for two ordinary Ladies. One of the party recently passed in). My dear GEORGE (to her son, probably), I'm afraid we haven't got our right stalls.

[GEORGE screws his head round and refers to numbers. Old Gentleman groans. Shall HE pass out so as to leave the way clear? No: for the four stalls between him and the door are now filled. Overture continues. Fuss at the stall entrance. Excited Gentleman with a party of three gesticulating. Stall-keeper referring to numbers. Stall-keeper telegraphs to parties in wrong stalls. They WON'T see. Stall-keeper begs pardon and plunges recklessly in, over old Gentleman's toes. More growls. Overture winding up. The stout party of four are fetched out trying to appear indifferent, but stepping viciously on all the toes they can, in their "march past." Entry of victorious party, over toes as before; restitution of rights to the lawful owners. Growls of pain and dissatisfaction from the old Gentleman, who wishes he had taken his stall right in the middle. Applause. End of short Overture.

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). There's the Overture over, and I haven't heard a note of it. (Considers that this is at least twenty-five per cent. of his money lost for ever. But there is a ray of comfort—the two stalls exactly in front are unoccupied, and he has a magnificent view of the stage. He feels better.) Ah! a very fine scene. Let me see, who are these people? Wonder what they're saying? (Refers to book.)

(N.B.—The mise-en-scène throughout is as splendid as anything yet seen at Covent Garden.)

Enthusiastic Young Gentleman (here for this night only). By Jove! Splendid! (This is later on, when the stage is full.)

Blasé Friend (drawling). Ye-er (he means "yes") not bad. But—ar—(slowly, and as if under a great mental strain), it's nothing to what 'twas in Cairo'. (His Friend understands him to mean that "it is nothing here to what it was in Cairo"—where, you see, it was got up by our dear friend the Khedive "regardless of expense,"—so, like him, bless him! "That's the way the money goes, and pop goes" . . . everything that can be "popped.")

Near-sighted Lady (determined to follow every word in the book, and looking up through her glasses every other second so as not to let

'em out of her sight on the stage for an instant longer than is absolutely necessary—reads to her hot and uninterested Husband from English libretto). That's NICOLINI—he's saying—I mean he's singing:—

"Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,
Thine were a throne next the sun to stand."

Perspiring Husband (exhaustedly). Horribly hot idea. (A murmur "Here's PATTI!")

Elderly Gentleman in the fourth stall rubs his glasses, adjusts them, and heartily congratulates himself on there being no one in front of him.

Elderly Gentleman (to himself). Now then we shall see how PATTI looks.

[Enter loungingly into the two vacant stalls in front of him two very tall, broad-shouldered Swells. They take some time in settling down, having a good deal to do with their coat-tails, gold-headed sticks, opera hats, programmes, tooth-picks, books, and looking round the house generally. Great applause announcing the entrance of PATTI.

Elderly Gentleman (in despair, and vainly endeavouring to catch a sight of PATTI between the shoulders of the two tall and restless Swells). I can't see PATTI. What a nuisance it is that—(growls louder). I wonder why people can't—

Persons (about him wishing to catch every note). Hsh!—Hsh!

Elderly Gentleman begins to wish, more than ever, that he had taken his seat in the centre, as he sees in front of THAT seat only a little boy in jackets. He wishes, too, that tall people were not allowed in the stalls, or else that they should have a row to themselves.

Habitué (with glasses). Why the doose has PATTI made herself so hideous! She's more like a Red Indian than an Egyptian. Why couldn't she have got herself up like LUCCA, in *L'Africaine*? LUCCA looked well.

Just and Generous Person (his Friend). I suppose her difficulty was to avoid being like Selika, in *L'Africaine*. (They think over it, while the Opera continues.)

Entrance of Royal Party. A Box full. Their Royal Highnesses with the children in Sailor costumes. The Prince in the character of the Royal Paterfamilias. Great excitement among the Ladies, specially in the Boxes above, on the same side, where they can't have any view at all of the Royal Box. H. R. H. nods to the music, and keeps time with his book. The children are much interested. Grand Spectacle. Enter "The King of Egypt," name unknown, but alluded to in the book as "one of the Pharaohs." Proposal made by the King to go to Vulcan's Temple. Evidently "one of the Pharaohs" has been reading "Lemprière." His attendants give him a golden stick with a splendid golden Goose at the top. Grand Quintette, PATTI, M. LLE. GINDELE (the new Contralto), NICOLINI, CAPPONI, and M. FEETLINGER (the Pharaoh). Vociferous recall. They return to bow. Difficulties arise, owing to "one of the Pharaohs" not clearly seeing how to dispose of the confounded Golden Goose, while he holds PATTI's hand on one side, and GINDELE's on the other. Some one, "a Priest," or "a Messenger," relieves him of it rather angrily, having perhaps been sent on hurriedly by the Stage Manager for this purpose. Exeunt Quintette.

AIDA sings charmingly an appeal to the "Merciful Gods," and exit, applauded to the echo. Curtain descends.

Short-sighted Lady (who has been most carefully following the book). Why the curtain oughtn't to come down now! There's another scene. (Her Husband, still perspiring, is puzzled, but says he'll go and ask the Stall-keeper. He departs, and does not return for twenty minutes, with just the slightest soupçon about him of brandy and soda iced.)

Blasé Friend (to his companion who is disappointed at the apparent omission). They had 'nother scene at Cair—Grand scene.

[Exit Blasé Friend.]

Exeunt several knowing people, who think it's the end of the Act. Elderly Gentleman sees the two giants depart, and once more has a clear view of the stage. He is well repaid. The curtain rises for last scene of Act I., representing "The Temple of Vulcan at Memphis," or the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace. A religious service is going on in which the Ballet has a considerable part.

Facetious Friend (to Interested Spectator). I suppose the Egyptian Priest of the Temple used to advertise for Ladies of the Ballet, Wanted for Vulcan's Temple: apply at the Vestry-door.

Facetious Person No. 2. Yes; the Vestry Virgins.

Grand spectacle. Noisy music. End of Act.

The Entrance is employed in the Refreshment Saloon. Timid people are trying to find out how to pronounce "Aida" and "Gindele." Bold people are calling it "Ida," and the new Contralto, "Gindeler." Facetious persons, being uncertain, are



BY SPECIAL LICENCE.

Paternoster (impressively, to his Coachman). "JARVIS! YOU WILL HAVE TO DRIVE US FIRST TO THE CHURCH, THEN BACK HERE TO THE WEDDING-BREAKFAST, AND THEN YOU WILL TAKE MY DAUGHTER AND HER NEWLY-MARRIED HUSBAND TO THE STATION AT LONDON BRIDGE; SO I PARTICULARLY WISH YOU TO KEEP THOROUGHLY SOBER ALL DAY!"

Jarvis. "ALL RIGHT, SIR! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE A DROP TOO MUCH THIS EVENING, SIR!"

speaking of her as "Gin-dealer," and "Mlle. Gin-gerbeer." People who know all about everything, are setting everybody right, and giving opinions generally. People who want to talk about it afterwards, and have no ideas of their own on the subject, are getting as near the known musical critics, or musical celebrities, as possible, and picking up opinions to be retailed with additions, subsequently, as their own original notions.

ACT II.—More spectacle. Grand scene. Apparently Hall in an Egyptian Theatrical Agent's house with a set of melancholy people waiting to be engaged by some enterprising Manager, and a band of Nigger boys (who "never perform out of a Hall in the Apartments of Amneris") practising for the coming pantomime.

Enlightened Audience encores the nigger dance madly. Opposition. Row. Nigger dance repeated, while slaves condole with Mlle. Amneris on the bad taste of the British public, which prefers the "break-down" to the solo she has just started and has been compelled to give up.

Habitué (much distressed). It really is a pity that PATTI has made herself such a red-brick-dust fright.

Facetious Party No. 1. Yes! look here! (points to book.) See what Amneris is saying about her (reads).

"Amneris (fixedly looking towards Aida. Aside). You deadly pallor—her bosom panting."

She's panting hard enough, but I'll be hanged if she could show any deadly pallor, unless some one would kindly empty a flour-bag over her. However, her singing is admirable.

Act continues. More magnificence, and at the end of the scene there is a great recall, when, instead of taking it all to herself, PATTI goes off, and returns, leading on Mlle. GINDELE, whose hand she warmly shakes. Tremendous enthusiasm, evoked by this graceful act, and on we go to Scene III.

More magnificence. Priests and Vestry Virgins in full force. Then comes the already celebrated March (which is certain to be popular), played by an Egyptian Brass Band ("time of the Pharaohs"), with instruments of the nineteenth century. But Habitues are accustomed to this in "Semiramide," and in "Norma," so it astonishes no one! More Golden Geese, carried by talented "Supers," specially selected by the Management, on account of their experience in keeping the "right side uppermost," and in sight of the Audience, in whatever direction they happen to be marching. But, for an extra sixpence, where so much has been spent, the Birds might surely have been done on both sides. They only have one guzzard-wing, and no more; but that, as carried, is effective.

Triumph of the Bold Egyptian Army. Entrance of captives, apparently wives and other female relatives of the conquered Ethiopians, who, we suppose, must somehow have got into the battle by mistake, and so have been captured, while the Ethiopian heroes ran away—which is just what the ancestors of the Ethiopian Serenaders would have done—at least from what we know of them by Massa Bones, and "Massa Ginger, sare, who play de tambourine."

Enter SIGNOR GRAZIANI as Amonasro, King of Ethiopia, looking blacker than Othello or the above-mentioned Massa Bones.

Facetious Person No. 2 (struck by the fact of his colour). I say, he's supposed to be Aida's father. He's as black as my hat, and she's as red as a brick wall. I say, this won't do, you know.

[Appeals to his Friend, who can't account for it himself, but suggests writing to DARWIN on the subject.]

Magnificent finale. Brass everywhere, voices nowhere. Then comes Act III., which is, as an Habitue says, "a gem." Charming duett between PATTI and NICOLINI. Fine scene, musically and dramatically, between PATTI and GRAZIANI. Late finish, but people stop to the end, and the verdict generally is success.

From Opera to Theatre.—*Les Danicheff*, at the St. James's, is well worth seeing. Important advice to late diners—on no account miss the first Act. The most dramatic action of the play is in the first and third Acts. The dialogue in the second is very good, and admirably delivered. MADAME FARQUEL is of course consummate, but the part is by no means a strong one, after the first Act. The difficult part of *Ossip* is admirably played by M. MASSET, and HELENE PETIT in *Anna* is really pathetic. We hope to return to *Les Danicheff*.

At the Criterion, *The Great Divorce Case* is very amusing, and is capitally played all round. It has the advantage of a good company of eccentric comedians, numbering among them MR. RIGHTON (whose sleepy old man is excellent), MR. CLARKE, and MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM, whom the part fits like a glove. The Ladies are all pretty, and MISS COVENEY is an admirable Mother-in-law.—*Arise Important*. The play does not begin until close on nine o'clock, so that the dinner-hour need not be materially disarranged, and a good laugh (which is certain) is a first-rate digestive.

HAVING YOU BOTH WAYS.

"LAUNCHED in the eclipse, with curses rigged,"—

If e'er craft braved the sea,
Or puffed along the stream of Thames,
A Steam-launch it must be.

Their steam distils the bitterest drops
In the Thames rower's cup;
And yet what good to run them down,
When they can blow you up?

And why should they your curses heed,
Or slack speed for your frown?
What good is it to blow them up,
When they can run you down?

A PATTERN PROFESSOR.—When is MR. MASKELYNE, at the Egyptian Hall, like a Lecturer on Philosophy?—When he is "floating over the heads of his audience."



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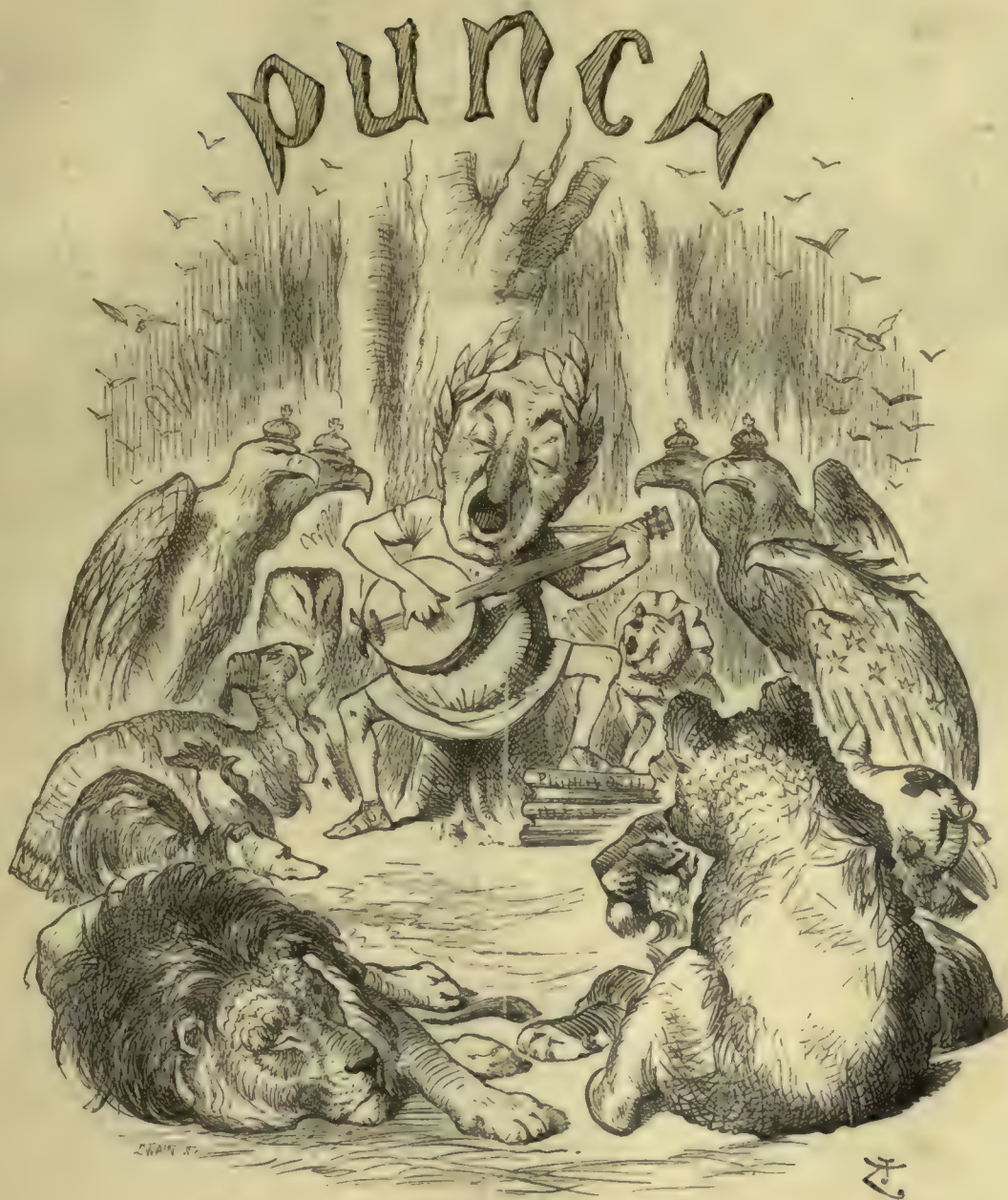
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I HAD been looking over KELLY's last and greatest of Annuals, and had become absorbed in thought over that Business Man's Bible. Tooley Street had been the last street under my eye, and its famous Three Tailors the last thought in my mind. Then—did I sleep and dream, or was I spirit-rapt *à la SLADE*, or levitated *à la GUPPY*? I know not, but there I found myself by Golden Horn, instead of Thames, with the Three Tailors of Tooley Street transfigured into the Nine Tailors of Stamboul, in full Conference!

The Nine Tailors looked pale and puzzled; every brow was dark with doubt and distrust. But at sight of PUNCH they brightened.

"Land at last!" shouted IGNATIEFF, the heartiest and halest of the Nine.

"A Beacon, when our own BEACON'S FIELD is in utter darkness," exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, the young man from Salisbury—the last taken on for the job.

"*Une Ponche flamboyante! Ah que nous en avons besoin—d'un flambeau!*" whispered the cautious CHAUDORDY to the serene DE BOURGOING.

"*Witz und Blitzen!*" ejaculated BARON WERTHER, as if he saw a way out of his Sorrows.

"*Himmel und Schön-wetter!*" sighed COUNT ZICHY, the embarrassed but amiable mouthpiece of Austria, to BARON DE CALICE, his chum.

"*Benvenuto!*" burst out BARBOLANI, with Italian *brio*, but musically as an Italian organ should, and does at Stamboul, whatever it may in London.

Never did a gang of Tailors on an East-End Sweater's shop-board more joyfully hail the advent of a foaming pewter, than this untuneful Nine of the Stamboul Conference-room the apparition of PUNCH.

"You have come," exclaimed IGNATIEFF, "to help us in cutting out——"

"Anything but each other," I replied, significantly.

"Please, if you'd tell him you know he thinks of nothing but cabbage——" querulously whined the Mis-Representative of Great Britain.

The new hand from Salisbury shut him up with a grave but authoritative look of remonstrance.

"A truce to recriminations!" I cried. "We've had a great deal too much of that sort of thing already. You've a job in hand, my good fellows, that might puzzle the sharpest set of diplomatic dodgers that ever paraphrased a protocol."

"You may well say that, *mon cher*," growled IGNATIEFF, holding up a nondescript garment, to whose "looped and windowed raggedness" it would be vain to seek for a parallel in the rags of Ireland as they used to be, or the tatters of Scarecrowdom as they are.

"The Ottoman Empire!" chorussed the Nine, as I held to the light this unsavoury ruin, this rotten, moth-eaten, and vermin-haunted garment, that had once been stout in stuff, bright of colour, rich with embroidery, and heavy

with gold lace. "And they expect *us* to make a job of it!" chorussed the Nine, each taking a tug in a different direction at the rotten abomination, which I thought would have been rent to pieces in my hand.

"Cut it into lists, to nail up the shoots of the Panslavian family-tree with"—shouted IGNATIEFF, who seemed to take the lead among his Nine *confrères*.

"Ditto to you!" shouted the reticent old Prussian, who seemed to have no mind, or at least showed no hand, of his own.

"There! You see his little game:—Divide and appropriate. Trust *him* with the mending of this poor dear old coat!" groaned the unhappy ELLIOT.

"Which you've been helping to botch, till it will botch no longer," interrupted the new hand from Salisbury, turning on him sharply.

"If only you'd respect its integrity!" groaned the sorely snubbed ELLIOTT, while the Austrian tailors whispered; when suddenly a great noise was heard outside—cannons and trumpets, cheers, and acclamations.

"What is it?" I asked IGNATIEFF.

"Only MIDHAT blowing another bubble," remarked the Russian, with perfect composure. "Bless you, we're used to it. They've been at that game for the last forty years. The Gulhani bubble was quite as big as this, and they shouted quite as loud over it. But what came of it and the dozen they've blown since, but dissolution into empty air, after serving to set Europe—with England at its head—agape, while the sharp Osmanli swell-mob picked their pockets."

Just then, SAFVET, a Turkish tailor, popping his head in at the door, begged them to come out and look at MIDHAT's beautiful constitution. He was shortly and sharply dismissed with a flea in his ear.

"Don't you agree with me," resumed IGNATIEFF, "that the old coat is past patching, and that the best thing would be to cut it up into little garments for the Young Turks I hope to hatch one day," and he winked.

"The best thing you can do," I said, "would be to chuck this filthy old rag into the dust-hole, with all the moths and other vermin that have harboured in its foulness, and cut out another garment for Turkey of sound strong Government stuff—the only one to wear well. But you must see that your measures are carefully taken, and above all, if you mean the coat to fit, you must send your own foremen to see it tried on, and keep the old vermin out of the new garment."

Here a renewal of the row outside interrupted the applause that greeted my allocution. This time it was MIDHAT who burst in on our deliberation.

"Who talks of a new coat, and of sending giaours of Frankish foremen to try it on? The old coat is quite good enough for us, when *we've* mended it, as we mean to do—arrange it afresh, in fact, from skirt to collar, on the latest French pattern. Besides, after all, the more patches the better shelter——"

"For the vermin," interrupted the young man from Salisbury, sternly; "*not* for the wearer. MIDHAT, mizzle!"

Thus roughly apostrophised, the Pasha first scowled, then squared, on which the young man from Salisbury, seizing the scruff of his neck with one hand, twisted the other in the waistband of his voluminous nether garments, and, before I could interpose, MIDHAT was flying through the window towards the blue waters of the Golden Horn.

"The poor devil shan't drown, if I can help it!" I shouted, rushing to the window.

"He'll only pull you under," remonstrated IGNATIEFF; and there'll be two drowned instead of one."

"Let me go!" I exclaimed. "Have I not my life-raft?" and, shaking him off, I flung up the window. A struggle, a shout, a sheer-down dive, an irrepressible up-shoot to the surface, and I was floating on my own insubmersible bottom, and holding up MIDHAT by the slack of his very loose inexpressibles. The Turk was saved, for rescuer and rescued together rode the blue billows of the Bosphorus on the buoyant pages of





"ALL (WAX)WORK AND NO PLAY," &c.

THE annual pic-nic given by MESSRS. TUSSAUD to their company came off as usual at Weybridge on the 19th ult. The Press may inform us that the company was made up of the *employés* of the Firm; but *Punch* knows better. He sat for an hour the other day next to Old COBBETT, who told him, between his pinches of snuff, all about it.

The fact is, that sitting or standing in the same position for a year, night and day, and listening to the rapid ejaculations of country cousins and critical foreigners, has a deadening effect upon the spirits even of waxworks: and a day in the country, once a year, is not a day too much to freshen them up a little.

Three large vans conveyed the revellers, not to Weybridge, but to Leatherhead, and thence to Box Hill.

MR. COBBETT assured us that the party in his van got over their usual stiffness very soon, and MRS. MANNING turned out a most amiable companion, informing the party that she had begun life as Miss EDGEWORTH, and had only taken the name and dress of MANNING because ANNE BOLEYN, who was going off, had parted with her head rather than stay a year in the Chamber of Horrors.

A good deal of chaff (some said, bran) was dropped on the road, and FIESCHI, who had chosen a creaking van, was a good deal twitted about his infernal machine. MARAT declared it would have been far better had they gone to Brighton for a dip; but the CHIEF JUSTICE hinting that he should have thought *he* had had enough of his bath in the Chamber of Horrors, MARAT resented the remark as personal, and was with difficulty smoothed down by his old comrade, COUNT DE LORGE.

The Claimant, who, during the ride, trod on everybody's corns, remembered well the day when he was DANIEL LAMBERT. Now he had more wax than ha'pence, and was looking forward to melting down when his original, "the unhappy nobleman," returns from Dartmoor.

The CHIEF JUSTICE said he did not know that ARTHUR and the Doctor were coming in the same van with him, or he should have gone by a different conveyance, though it were in company with the Ladies of HENRY THE EIGHTH's Court. He had tried to persuade MADAME DE SAINT AMARANTHE to join them; but she persistently refused to wake, and he left her labouring under her usual difficulty of breathing and general creakiness of the internal organs.

The *employés* of the Firm of TUSSAUD were much to be praised for the skill with which they got their Pic-nickers out of the vans on their return, and re-distributed them in their regular positions;

though one or two of the Kings of England were inclined to be unsteady, and nothing would persuade Mr. LISTON, in the costume of *Paul Pry*, to stand erect on his feet. Except, however, for an unwonted glassiness in their stare, and a slight derangement of drapery here and there, the casual visitor to the exhibition on the following day would not have suspected that any change had for a brief moment disturbed the fixity of the stars who daily and nightly shine in the Baker Street Bazaar.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

1. A Box of Figs, or a Pottle of Strawberries, with the biggest at the bottom.
2. A Railway Guard or Porter who will decline to take a tip, on the ground that all gratuities are rigidly forbidden by the bye-laws of the Company.
3. An advertised Plain Cook, whose plainness prevents her having any followers.
4. Your own Umbrella in its stand; after some good friend has borrowed it.
5. A Keeper of a Lodging-house who, if you complain of fleas, can refrain from a loud protest that you must have brought them with you.
6. A Costermonger or Cabman who, defiant of street-chaff, has the pluck to wear an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles.
7. A Young Man of the Period who never calls things "awful baws," or talks about "the Governor."

Sentiment v. Science.

THE Collective Wisdom, before passing the Vivisection Bill as it came down from the Collective Sentiment, will perhaps assert itself by attending to the Memorials of the Senate of the University of London, and of the General Medical Council, urging "that the limitation of all experiments to registered places would tend seriously to obstruct genuine scientific inquiry." A great deal has been said lately on behalf of the "Endowment of Scientific Research." Surely the majority of the representatives of a rational people are not going to confirm without amending an enactment which, unamended, will effect a hindrance of research in Physiology, Medicine, and Surgery.



SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.

Chorus. "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

[Uncle Jack is stout, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a broiling sun, along a dusty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Eastern Questions were asked (Lords, Monday, June 26) than answered.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL wanted to know what the Government knew about alleged wholesale massacres of Christian village populations in Bulgaria, reported circumstantially in the *Daily News*.

LORD DERBY believed it was merely that the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria had been exceeding the usual limits of Bashi-Bazouk brutality till SIR HENRY ELLIOT had had to remonstrate, that was all.

Then EARL DELAUNAY wanted to know if the Government knew anything about the intentions of Serbia.

LORD DERBY, with some acerbity, declined to answer for Serb intentions. The Serb Government has called

out all its forces, regular, militia, and reserves. But arming did not necessarily mean fighting.

Then, after an Educational *divertissement*, in which a *pas de quatre* was executed, on the theme of English Endowed Schools and Irish National School Teachers, to a languid House evidently thinking of other and more exciting matters, by EARL FORTESCUE, BISHOP TEMPLE, VISCOUNT GOUGH, and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, their Lordships hurried back to the Eastern Question. The questioning by both amateur and professional diplomatists (LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, LORD HAMMOND, and LORD NAPIER and EITRICK), was a good deal fuller than the answering by the EARL OF DERBY, but with more of the Turk about it than was pleasant.

The Foreign Office motto is "The least said soonest mended," and LORD GRANVILLE, for Her Majesty's Opposition, cannot, it would seem, suggest any better thus far.

But LORD DERBY did condescend to indicate our general line of action—we would gladly reconcile, if we could, the Porte and its insurgent provinces. But we have no right to take part in an internal quarrel. Even that rule, however, is not one to be laid down as absolutely binding under all circumstances. We have been and are in communication with other Powers and the Porte with a view to offer such counsel as seems to us useful; and we don't mean to back Moslem against Christian.

Altogether, LORD DERBY is playing the cautious and non-committal game. JOHN BULL does not, as yet, see what other game is to be played. Meanwhile, he is happy in knowing that BRITANNIA's ducklings have taken the water—their native element on which they may be trusted, he thinks, to give a good account of themselves, and anything afloat they may come in contact with. (See *Mr. Punch's Cartoon*.) So he puts his trust in Providence, and looks to ADMIRAL DRUMMOND to keep his powder dry—should the worst come to the worst, and the Servian dogs of war slip their couples, or drag their Ruski piqueur after them, collars and all. But he is unwilling to face that contingency till it is forced on him; and he would like to know something, if the Government can tell him.

(*Commons*.)—After a good deal of questioning and answering (including the Eastern Question of the day, put by MR. FORSTER, to

which MR. DISRAELI answered much to the same effect as LORD DERBY "in another place"), CAPTAIN PIM chose the very inopportune moment of the strongest muster of English iron-clads the world has ever seen in Besika Bay, to haul our Navy and Naval Administration over the coals. If the fire of our Fleet be not destined to damage the enemy more than CAPTAIN PIM's fire damaged our Fleet, Heaven help us, and our iron-clads, turrets, and monster guns. It hardly needed the ramming power of REED, WARD HUNT, and GOSCHEN combined—to say nothing of plucky young LORD C. BERESFORD, R.N., intelligent amateur-sailor BRASSEY, and smart official A. EGERTON—to sink poor CAPTAIN PIM's very clumsy craft, even when backed by the Big Ben galliot, always ready to exchange broadsides, double-shotted, with the Admiralty and its ships.

On Naval Estimates RYLANDS the Rasper distinguished himself, in his peculiar style, by a proposal to reduce the Dockyard vote by £250,000. "The practical man of business" came out strong on the occasion against all deferred payment in the shape of pension—the one thing that secures steady and well-conducted labour to our Dockyards. It is satisfactory to find that The Rasper did not obtain a single backer. Even Big BEN was ashamed of him, and declined the game of "follow my leader."

In the Poor Law Amendment discussion, which followed Naval Estimates, MR. WALTER (speaking on SERGEANT SIMON'S Amendment allowing man and wife above fifty-five to live together in the Workhouse) informed the House that, from inquiries at two large Metropolitan Unions, he had found that not only had the house authorities never had an application from two old people to live together, but they had often had expressions of satisfaction from such couples that they were allowed to live separate! ("The wretch!" was *Judy's* exclamation over this very ungallant anecdote.)

Tuesday.—In the Lords, Vivisection Bill passed Third Reading, with the thanks of LORD SHAFTESBURY, who had accepted, with much reluctance, the words permitting Vivisection "for the promotion of physiological knowledge." May his kindly Lordship never have to call in the aid of Vivisection of the gullet from the effects of swallowing a camel.

LORD DELAWARE asked a great many more questions than it is likely Government would find it, or think it, expedient to answer, about the armament of Malta. Probably, LORD DELAWARE will see the advisability of his satisfying his patriotic curiosity on such a matter at such a moment by private inquiry at the proper sources.

The Government having suggested Amalgamation of the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Dublin Society, LORD O'HAGAN protested against any such coupling of cart-horse and thoroughbred, and still more against obliging the Irish Academy, which has hitherto spent its own poor little grant much to its own satisfaction, to disburse it, henceforth, *via* South Kensington.

(*Commons.*)—A vehement protest against the Scotch Poor Law Amendment Bill, which proposes to enlarge the powers of the Board of Supervision, at the expense of those of the Local Authorities—and may be none the worse for that, if Scotch Local Authorities are like English. But there is, and ought to be (according to MR. GRANT DUFF), a very strong feeling against the Bill among Scotch borough Members. The Lord Advocate, SIR G. MONTGOMERY and MR. ORR EWING, are as strong in its favour. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. All Scotch quarrels in the House are, and should no more be interfered with by outsiders than rows between man and wife. The debate was adjourned.

MR. RICHARD, more power to him, made a high-toned, and of course Quixotic, appeal to the House, on the subject of our relations with China, and the opium trade in particular.

What an odd element a Quaker Member contributes to Parliament will be apparent from one quotation out of MR. RICHARD'S speech, in which he avowed his belief that "a righteous God ruled on the earth, and that if we persisted in the course we had hitherto pursued towards China, outraging the great principles of truth, justice, and humanity, in spite of our enormous resources and our might by sea and land, we should be crushed like an egg-shell against a granite rock." Happy the nation, a fraction of whose Collective Wisdom can find a hearing for such a denunciation of the national conduct!

MR. BOURKE for the Government admitted that our treaties with China would be the better for revision. We were in communication with the other Treaty Powers on the subject. As to Opium, it was a very objectionable source of revenue. "*Olet*" might be admitted. But how else was £8,000,000 to be raised in India? The Chinese, he believed, objected to the importation of Missionaries even more than of Opium.

Wednesday.—A gallant fight over the Second Reading of MR. POTTER'S Bill for dispensing of intestates' real estate in the same way as their personal. Fancy a Potter trying to get even the thin end of the wedge into our venerable system of Feudal Land-owning! No wonder BERESFORD HOPE should shriek, GOLDNEY growl, and HENLEY hum and ha! They assail the Bill as one for the extinction of the small landholder. But has the venerable system saved him? We thought he was being improved off the earth pretty fast,

by force of circumstances, Feudal Land-holding law to the contrary notwithstanding. SIR W. HARCOURT reminded the House that there was no magical distinction between land and personality. If it was just that the law should distribute the one between all members of the family, it would be hard to show why it should not parcel out the other on the same principle. Perhaps. But the truth is that JOHN BULL does not feel the injustice of primogeniture, and *does* feel that it tends to hold properties together, and to strengthen younger sons by throwing them on their own resources. These advantages in JOHN BULL'S eyes are too solid to be shaken by any injustice there may be in making elder sons. Probably he doubts if there be any. At all events, there is none that will reconcile him to MR. POTTER'S thin end of the wedge: 210 to 175 was a less majority than *Punch* should have expected on the question.

Thursday (Lords).—The first Innocent massacred—poor Bankruptcy Bill is no more. LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD GRANVILLE, admitted he had little hopes that War can be averted. This is strong from so cautious a mouth; and if MR. DISRAELI was more reticent, his utterances weigh less. All he could say (*Commons*), to comfort the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON was, that the Servian troops had not moved.

Debate on MR. BUTT'S Bill for converting Irish landlords into rent-chargers, begun by LAW—see the irony of Parliamentary chances—ending in A. MOORE—a very barren Moor too—with a Division of 200 to 56. *That* BUTT won't hold water.

Friday (Lords).—Intemperance temperately treated by the Bench of Bishops, the PRIMATE for, and PETERBOROUGH against, the Permissive Bill. The latter had the courage to reassert his old confession of faith: "If I must choose between freedom and sobriety, give me freedom." SALISBURY said ditto to PETERBOROUGH. Here is the dilemma, whose horns are respectfully offered by their Lordships to SIR WILFRID and his backers: "If intemperance be a national vice, drastic legislation against it, being in the teeth of public opinion, will provoke reaction. If public opinion be prepared to accept drastic legislation, then such legislation is needless." Their Lordships granted a Select Committee to inquire into habits of intemperance, and the manner in which "these have been affected by recent legislation and other causes." Much good may it do them and us.

(*Commons.*)—A spirited Debate on MR. BUTT'S Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the grounds of the demand for an Irish Parliament. P. J. SMYTH tears the mask off Home Rule, and shows Repeal of the Union under it. Irish eloquence is familiar to the House; but the "blend," of Irish eloquence with truth electrified the House, and no wonder! SMYTH'S is the speech of the Session.

NOT COOKS ENOUGH.



REPORT of a Meeting held in the "Demonstration Room" of the School of Cookery, South Kensington, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. *Mr. Punch* is unable to say by whom it was sent or by whom it was written. All he knows about the matter is this—the proceedings were jotted down on the backs of menu cards, and that this novel sort of "copy" carried into *Mr. Punch's* sanctum a very pleasant odour of the kitchen. Having said this, *Mr. Punch* allows the Report to speak for itself:—

MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO VEGETABLES AND VIANDS.

A Meeting of this Society was held at South Kensington shortly after the annual gathering of the National Training School for Cookery had taken place. The room was crowded, and many influential Vegetables and Popular Dishes were present on the platform. SIR LOIN DE ROAST BEEF was unanimously voted to be the Stove as President of the Association.

The PRESIDENT said that he was delighted to see so goodly a company around him. It showed that there was a genuine interest taken in the cause they all had so much at heart—the cause of good Cookery. Good Cookery would benefit alike consumer and consumed. The consumed in the hands of an efficient cook would reveal qualities that would be utterly lost under less favourable circumstances. ("Hear, hear!") And as for the consumers, their

very existence depended upon wholesome food properly prepared. Nay, more—he might say that Art owed everything to Cookery. How many a noble poem had been suggested by a good dinner! how many a great picture had been thought out in the pauses of a wisely-selected breakfast! Digestion might be said to be the twin-sister of Civilisation. (*Cheers.*) They doubtless all of them knew what had occurred that day in that place. Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE—(*loud cheers*)—had been present at the third Annual Meeting of the National Training School for Cookery, and he (the President) wished to say that that training school was well worthy of Her Royal Highness's patronage. (*"Hear, hear!"*) The first year of its teaching had been connected with the name of Mr. BUCKMASTER. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) He was glad to hear that applause, for Mr. BUCKMASTER deserved well of his country. He had carried Cookery into the homes of the poor far and near. (*Cheers.*) He had come as a messenger of peace. At his will dirt and poverty had disappeared. Like a good magician, he had waved his cookery-book, and a miscellaneous mess of meat and vegetables had suddenly been turned into an excellent and substantial dinner. (*"Hear, hear!"*) They would be sorry to learn that the National Training School for Cookery wanted funds, and was seeking for Government support. He, for one, thought that both Rulers and People should be generous. He spoke feelingly, because he knew that in bad hands even "the Roast Beef of Old England" might degenerate into mere rags and bones. (*Cheers.*)

The POTATO wished to add his testimony. He came from Ireland, and Ireland was a down-trodden country. (*Interruption.*) He would be glad if any one present would tread upon the rind of his coat.

The PRESIDENT ruled that the Honourable Vegetable was out of order.

The POTATO said that same was true. He was very much out of order until Mr. BUCKMASTER taught people how to treat him. Now he got into hot water as often as he pleased, without any fear for the consequences. (*Laughter.*) He would take off his coat that very moment were it not that Mr. BUCKMASTER had told him he ought to be boiled with his jacket on. (*Laughter.*) Would they come on? He was worth any dozen of them, and they knew it. (*Loud murmurs.*)

MR. ONION (who seemed to be suffering from great emotion) was pained to be present at such a scene. He knew Mr. POTATO well—they had often met in an Irish stew, and he must say that his friend was a very pleasant neighbour. They got on famously together. (*"Hear, hear!"*)

THE PRESIDENT remarked that there was no Resolution before the meeting.

MISS CHARLOTTE RUSSE (who was loudly cheered) said that she did not know much about the homes of the poor. As a matter of fact, she had never been in a poor man's house during the course of her existence. However, *noblesse oblige*. She believed that the school was a blessing both to rich and poor (especially to the latter), and she consequently begged to move that the school is worthy of State aid. (*"Hear, hear!"*)

MR. POT-AU-FEU asked permission to speak as a foreigner. He was a Frenchman, but had relations in Scotland and Spain. Thanks to Mr. BUCKMASTER, he had been naturalised in England. He felt that he was becoming a favourite with the poor, and thus thought he might represent them. He begged to second, on their behalf, the Resolution proposed by his sweet and aristocratic neighbour.

The Resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

MR. MINT suggested that a deputation of the meeting should wait upon the First Lord of the Treasury, to ask for his support. That was a really good idea, and a great contrast to the feeble suggestions to which he had listened, not without impatience, that evening.

MR. SAGE (who sat beside Mr. ONION) angrily asked if they were lambs, that they should be treated to Mr. MINT's sauce? (*"Hear, hear!"*) The Cabinet were too busy to attend to any culinary affairs other than their own. The Estimates required a great deal of cookery, and nearly every Member had a hash of his own to look after. A deputation would be of no earthly use. They would have only to appear before the PREMIER to be gobbled up at once. He would propose that the only way to attract the attention of the Government and the Public would be to petition their dear and valued friend, Mr. Punch (*long, loud, and wildly enthusiastic cheering*), to take the matter up. If his (MR. SAGE'S) honoured connection, the Sage of Fleet Street, would only help them, their success would be certain. (*Loud cheering.*)

THE PRESIDENT undertook the task of sending a report of the meeting to the proper quarter, and after the customary complimentary vote of thanks, the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

MR. OLDFANGLE'S OPINIONS.



IR," said Mr. OLDFANGLE, who lives in a quaint old Elizabethan house in Wessex, adds daily to his library, loves choice books, and likes to dogmatise. "I have some strong opinions. One is in favour of quill pens. I hate your steel abominations."

"Gold, Sir," modestly suggested his hearer.

"Gold! Mammon—"

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell From heaven: for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy."

MR. OLDFANGLE rolls out his Miltonic quotations with magnanimous rotundity of speech.

"No, Sir," he proceeds. "Nothing can equal the grey goose-quill. You must cut it yourself, with blade of keenest steel, and

suit it to what you are about to write. A canonnet to a lady requires quite a different pen from a cartel to an enemy. How can the unvarying steel or gold be adapted to the ever varying themes on which letters have to be written? Cut a pen to write a letter to your stockbroker, ordering him to sell Turks: would the same pen do to write to a lady a pleasant nonsensical reminder of a Richmond dinner? The thing is absurd. I am an old boy, Sir, but I would not desecrate a letter to a friend or a lady by using the same pen which I used for business, until its foul fringe were cut off from it."

"And you always seal your letters, MR. OLDFANGLE."

"Always, the seal is older than the signature. My crest and motto are older than my name. There was *Sans Dieu Rien* upon my coat of arms before ancestor of mine could do more than make his mark. And consider this—when you seal a letter, the great recollection of your forefathers is brought before you in leisurely fashion. Is what you have written worthy of the crest and motto just fixed on the red wax? If not, for the honour of your ancestry, tear up the epistle, and think again. Sealing-wax, Sir, is a great check to epistolary rashness. I hate this hasty age of adhesive envelopes and steel pens."

"As to Turkey, Sir," said Mr. OLDFANGLE, flying off at a tangent, as such ancient gentlemen will, "I am tired of Mahomet. We have tolerated the impostor too long. We have heard of Ireland for the Irish, and the Scilly Islands for the Silly Islanders—but I say, Christendom for the Christians, and the sooner the better. These heathens should have been driven from Europe long ago."

MR. OLDFANGLE, having thus spoken, drank a glass of old port, after looking long and lovingly at the beeswing.

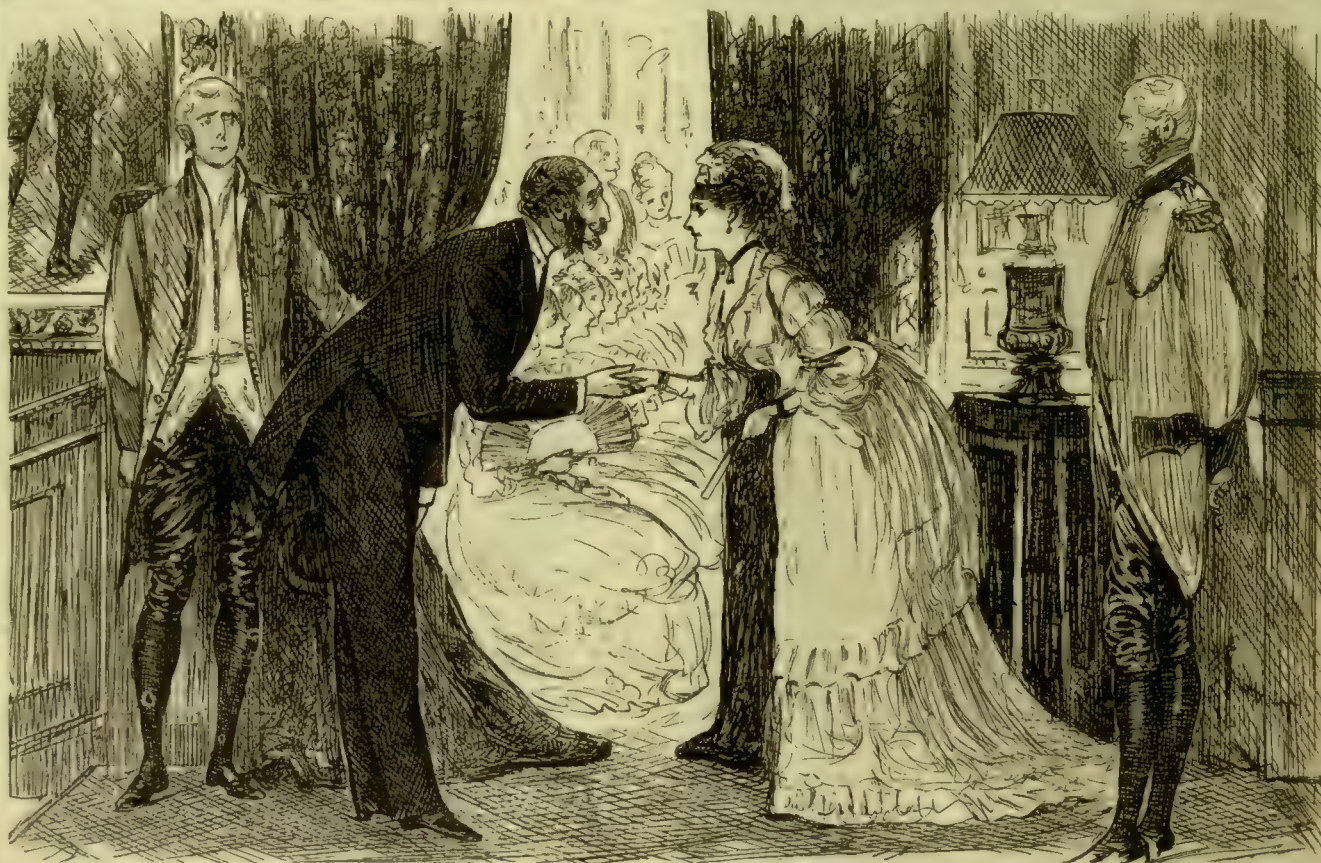
ATTRACTION FOR ARMY SURGEONS.

(Wanted.)

TALKING of Vivisection, people are apt to forget what an amount of it, operated by projectiles and other weapons of war, happens in a battle to men as well as horses, and how much more has to be performed on the former afterwards with surgical instruments. Such vivisection as amputations and the like proceedings, necessitated by lacerated wounds and shattered bones, is remedial, and prevents greater pain by inflicting less. Therefore it requires skilful operators; of whom, if a war broke out just now, there would be a sad deficiency, according to the *British Medical Journal*, in which—

"It is stated that such is the present state of the Army Medical Department, owing to the growing deficiency of Medical Officers, that leave of absence in several of the home districts has been peremptorily stopped, and that at Woolwich every Medical Officer has extra duties imposed upon him."

How much the reverse of pleasant is the present state of things may be estimated from the fact that whilst there is a growing deficiency of Army Surgeons, we hear of no falling off at all in the supply of Medical Officers to Poor Law Unions, although their work is laborious and their pay beggarly. If the service of the Nation is so much less attractive to Medical Men than that of the Union, what must the former be?



A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern Hostess (who is giving Private Theatricals). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. FITZ SMYTHE. THEY'VE BEGUN LONG AGO!"

Languid Person of Importance (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment). "WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'RE AT IT STILL!"

A DAY IN THE KINTRA.

No appeal is needed to procure the enjoyment of a "Day in the Country," at least for the fortunate children at present receiving an eleemosynary education in the various Sunday Schools at merry Jedburgh. A pic-nic held annually affords them, more completely perhaps than even Rosherville can the excursionist, "a happy day." The next of these joyous gatherings, to include all the Sunday Schools, was fixed, at a meeting of Sunday School Teachers, held the other Monday evening in the Vestry at Blackfriars Church, for the 12th of July. Arrangements made for the proposed festivities will render the treat provided for the poor children a quite uncommon one. The pic-nic is to be held in the Dovecote Park at Hartrigge, whither, before starting, they are first to be regaled with an address delivered in one of the Churches. Then they, the scholars of (1) the Free Church, (2) Blackfriars Church, (3) E. U. Church, (4) Established Church, (5) High Street U. P. Church, will march in that order of procession to the scene of revelry—the order to be reversed on their return home, which will probably not be deferred till morning. These points having been settled, then, says the *Jedburgh Advertiser* :—

"The next point taken up was the proceedings at the field, and it was first resolved, after a lively discussion, that dancing be entirely prohibited, and that the band play no dance-music."

The discussion which resulted in a determination of such remarkable liveliness, must have been "lively" indeed. Dancing and dance-music having been prohibited, with a view still more effectually to promote innocent mirth—

"The next suggestion was that no prizes be given for racing, &c., the gentleman who made the proposition alleging that the games had a demoralising effect, and were just preparing the callants for the sports on the Dunion."

Unfortunately, the *Jedburgh Advertiser* does not enable *Punch* to reward this particularly canny Scottish gentleman with the cele-

brity he deserves. But even that perfervid Scot was out-Scotted in the fervour of purely virtuous and beneficent solicitude. The wisdom and goodness—even the common sense of his proposal may have had questioners; but—

"A good deal of discussion having taken place, this motion was also carried. It was, moreover, insinuated that the presence of the lemonade and soda-water stalls afforded cover for fugitive tippling in stronger liquor, and consequently it was determined to banish them likewise."

No dancing. No dance-music even. No encouragement of racing. No refreshing drinks, lest they should afford cover for the "fugitive"—the Teachers of course meant surreptitious—tippling of "whusky." Quite a climax in cutting off occasions of peccadillo—rather than sin, as a chiel o' wrath might say. But the Jedburgh Sunday School Teachers in council over a contemplated pic-nic have shown to what a pinnacle of piety Scottish Calvinists can climb in prescribing the restriction of pleasure. Perhaps they are capable of climbing higher still. An improvement on banishing lemonade and soda-water from the drinkables, would be the banishment from the eatables allowed at the children's pic-nic of all luxuries more sumptuous than "bannocks" and "parritch." Moreover, to inspire the children with thoughts and feelings befitting an occasion evidently designed to be a solemn festival, the band interdicted from dance-music might be further instructed to accompany the procession of the joyous youngsters to and from their banquet with a funeral march. It may be hoped that the existing regulations for their delight, however, will abundantly suffice to impress their young hearts with a sense of what a day they are having; and at its conclusion their considerate entertainers will naturally lay their heads on their pillows with the solace of an approving conscience—and aiblins a nightcap of extra "toddy."

POETRY AND FINANCE.

AMONG all the quotations in all the Money Market and City Articles who ever met with a line of verse?



“COUNTING HER CHICKS!”

SCENE—Besika Bay.

BRITANNIA (to the Old Hen). “DON'T FLUTTER YOURSELF!—THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CITY.

(He takes an Office, goes on 'Change, and offers his advice gratuitously.)



SIR,

IN these dull yet most shaky times, when investors are shy, and investments are still shyer, when most of the foreigners ought to be put in their own foreign Stocks, it is indeed necessary for *you*, Sir, who are the embodiment of Honesty (which is the best policy, *after all*), to send, in the interest—the ten per cent. interest—of the Outside Public, a genuine, thorough-going, uncompromising, trustworthy business man (who shall be nameless at present) into the City, for the benefit of all those whom Providence has blessed, not, indeed, with affluence, but with a small certainty, which has to be turned over and over again by its possessor, until it gathers that golden moss which is denied to the rolling stone. Let Railway Shareholders adopt the adage, and pause—"A Rolling Stock gathers no moss."

You know by this time—no one better—that I am above bribes. You know, Sir, that even at school I had, at an early age, earned the sobriquet of "Incorruptible TOMMY."† May I long live to deserve the title!

I do not mention my whereabouts now, or the place would be crowded by people coming to me for advice. *Let the public find me out—if they can.* I am not the one to stoop to advertisement needlessly. Just over the door is a transparency representing Honesty giving change for a sovereign, while Commerce deducts one per cent. commission on the transaction. On one of the side-glasses of a triangular gas-lamp is written, "*Stock Exchange Business done*"

* We feel ourselves compelled to say that we never were more astonished in the whole course of our editorial life than we were on receiving this letter from the gentleman, who, we admit, up till now has executed certain commissions for us as representing our interests—or, rather, the interests of the public—on various occasions. But we do not remember ever having authorised him to go into business in the capacity of Our Representative. He has no sort of authority from us—at least *we think not*; though should he be able to show us our own handwriting to this effect, we would cheerfully accept the responsibility up to a certain point. Till he so proves his case, we are bound, while consenting to publish his letter, to place the public on its guard.—Ed.

† This may have been so, but Our Correspondent was not—we think—a schoolfellow of ours, and therefore we cannot allow ourselves to be appealed to in the matter of what his nickname might have been. If he is the same boy we recollect, he was known as "Truthless TOMMY." But we can't be sure.—Ed.

here from 10 to 4. **ADVICE GRATIS.**" On another, "*Commissions executed at the shortest notice and lowest prices. SAVINGS AND DEPOSITS CAREFULLY LOOKED AFTER. WATCHMAN ON THE PREMISES ALL NIGHT. Secrecy and Despatch. No business, no fee.*" On the third, "*Foreign Gentlemen attended at their own private residences. Best price given for old Stocks, and Money advanced on any sort of Security, from Toothpicks upwards. Night Porter in attendance. Best References required.*"

The extent of the business is, as you see, unlimited; and, besides this, there are money-boxes all along the walls, to receive subscriptions for every charity in or out of London. These cannot be opened except with my master-key.

The Outside Public is saying, "How can we invest our money?" "How can we get seven per cent. without risk?" The private and moderate investor can come here, if he likes, and in our ante-room (I've got a partner in the business, but he doesn't appear till I tell him) he can have a chop or a lobster, a bit of smoked salmon and salad, with as good bread-and-butter as he could get for miles round, only our boy will have to take the money for the beer or spirits, the licence not yet having been granted. Your Representative can give him a first-rate cigar and an easy-chair, and the client can give what he likes to the waiter, or call for a bottle of champagne for the good of the house. Thus business becomes a pleasure; and when I have concluded an advantageous contract with a well-known West-End hairdressing firm, and secured the freehold of the leads outside for the formation of a small aquarium and a Turkish bath, I do think that I shall be able to offer my clients such facilities for doing business, as will be unequalled, for some time to come, either in this, or in any other metropolis of the habitable globe.

I propose issuing, weekly, a Bullitin and a Bearitin for the guidance of friends at a distance.

Latest Advices in my Weekly Bull-and-Bear-it-in.—The present disturbed state of Turkey has had a marked effect on Wick's Patent Candles, the shares in which are now quoted at 10 dis. instead of 25 prem. as a few days ago. The fall in Wick's Patent Candles throws a considerable amount of light on the *Oriental and Millwall Underground Tunnel Shares*, which can now be bought at 12½. I merely hint at this price, and shall be glad to do business. Of course it is difficult to advise as to a certainty; but investors who want to realise quickly, could do worse than put a few hundreds into *The Venetian Street Asphaltum Tramway Co.* The shares will be brought out at 42; each share to be paid for at the time; and should the Company not come out before April 1st, the money will be returned to the subscribers after that date, bearing 5 per cent. interest for its use. The coming over of the Lacrosse players from the Dominion of Canada has sent *Scotch Guanos* (lim.) up to 5½.

PRINCE BISMARCK's sudden fit of sneezing (by private wire yesterday afternoon) caused a severe fall in *Little Pedlington Sidings* (down to 22½), but the news that the Spanish Minister had ordered a new hat and a pair of gloves, gave the markets generally a firmer tone. Later in the day (from an authentic and private source) I learnt that on the latter and glove-maker, respectively, presenting their accounts at the Spanish Minister's house, they had been told by His Excellency's servant that His Excellency was not at home at that moment, but would call and settle with them in the course of the afternoon. Acting upon this, I operated; but when the news was generally known, Consolidated Yorkshires had gone up to 135, and as for *Shoreham Oyster-Bed* 12 per cent. *Mortgage Loan* (third series), you couldn't get anything done under 140. My clients were thus able to realise enormously.

A client—whose name I will not give, but suffice it to say, that he is perhaps the most reverend, and very nearly the most exalted personage in the United Kingdom—came in to-day. "I made a few thousands," says he, "last night at cribbage, with C—L M—G, D—N ST—X—Y, and a few others. What shall I invest in?" "Your Grace," I replied, "go in for Staffas and Iona." "What's that?" he asked. "*Suspension Bridge Co.*," I returned. "Suspension!" exclaimed my distinguished customer. "The Co.," I explained, "suspends a bridge—it never suspends payment." He smiled in his reverential manner. "What are they at?" he asked. "The news from Moravia," I returned, "has sent Staffas down to 14; but there'll be intelligence from Zanzibar within three hours' time, which'll send 'em up to 190." "No!" says he. "Yes, your Grace!" says I. "But," says the Archb—sh—p, utterly staggered, "how on earth can the Danubian Provinces or Zanzibar affect the Suspension Bridge Tramway Co. between Staffa and Iona?" (This, my dear Sir, you see, is what we in the City have to contend with—i.e., ignorance in the Outside Public: ignorance of cause and effect.) "Supposing," I said to my Reverend client—explaining the whole affair as succinctly and as clearly as possible—"supposing the EMPEROR OF ZANZIBAR had a difficulty about taxation with his subjects; well, the EMPEROR appeals to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who at once sends an armed intervention: the Zanzibarites appeal to Germany. BISMARCK sends an armed intervention: the two interventions meet; they can't settle matters: they appeal to Holland.



"SATISFACTORY!"

Mistress. "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIRNE, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

Jessie (her first "place"). "OU, MEM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UNCO WEEL PLEASED WI' YE!!"

Holland, not being strong enough, appeals to Spain, who sends another armed intervention to Zanzibar, *via* Belgium. Belgium protests; Spain protests; Holland protests; BISMARCK protests; Russia protests; Zanzibar protests; and all send armed interventions to Turkey. "Why Turkey?" asks my very clerical but unbusiness-like friend. "Because, in every European difficulty everyone sends an armed force to Turkey, which is the key of India." "But," says my esteemed client, "Turkey isn't the key of Scotland, and how does all this affect the shares in the Staffa and Iona Suspension Bridge?" "Patience, my respected client," says I. "Events march rapidly: what I take minutes to tell, would not take seconds to be worked in the World of Commerce, of which you, my very dear Sir—excuse me—appear to me to be lamentably ignorant. Well, to resume: the forces are at Constantinople; all the different nations apply to ROTHSCHILD for loans to carry on a war. ROTHSCHILD comes across to me, and says, 'Shall it be done? Will it pay?' In two minutes we decide. 'Yes.' Immediately we issue a loan on condition of the United European Powers taking shares in the Staffa and Iona. Up go Staffas and Ionas. Staffas and Ionas (stamped coupons) go all over the world. Russians, Germans, French, Turks—all want to know what the security is, and then comes the rush." "The rush!" says my friend: "where to?" "To Scotland," I answer. "Up go Northern Railways—Northern Railways are always going up—it is their nature to. Thousands of people cross the new Suspension Bridge of Staffa and Iona—articles in the papers—shares up to something fabulous—we all sell—all make fortunes; ROTHSCHILD retires, for the two-hundredth time, with a fortune of 1,700,000, and from that time forth Staffas and Ionas can look after themselves." "Good!" says my mitred friend; "but what becomes of Zanzibar?" I can't help smiling at him, for, like all clerical speculators, he is a perfect baby in these matters—"What's Zanzibar to us, or we to Zanzibar, that we should weep for it? Zanzi—Bah!" "But," he exclaims, "Zanzibar began it: it was through Zanzibar—" "Reverendissime," says I, "we could have begun it just as well at Temple Bar as at Zanzibar. Don't you see, *we*, the real financiers, got the whole thing up. *We* (myself and the Baron) didn't appear in it personally; but, your Grace, *who*, do you suppose, pulls the strings? Lor' bless you! *allez donc!* get out!"

He was so impressed that, after a first-rate lunch, he sent out my clerk to buy 30,000 Staffas and Ionas, and wrote off to L—D C—N to do the same.

I pointed out to him that the stamp duty, the assignation, the re-duplicating, and the fees at the Crown Office for my clerk's swearing in person before the LORD MAYOR, would amount to something considerable, not to speak of brokerage, which (as I explained at length to him) was just 25 per cent. more on that particular day, and at that particular time, than ordinarily. But he was *entêté*. So my revered client plunged for Staffas and Ionas. I regret to say that I have been obliged to write since, and point out that, in consequence of news from the North Pole, Staffas and Ionas have gone down to next to nothing. He is not a bold man, and returned, by letter, that he would rather lose £17,000 than the whole £30,000. So, expressing myself to the effect that *had he held on, and waited for the rise*, he would have made hundreds of thousands, I sent him back £17,000, minus £750 for the re-brokerage, for unswearing before the LORD MAYOR after office-hours, for unstamping at Somerset House, &c., &c. So that he got out of it well; and it wasn't such a very bad day's business for yours truly, eh? Not much, of course, but still not bad. Of course I had to keep the transaction secret. At parting he whispered, "Don't mention any little flutter like this when you're calling on Mrs. T. at L-mb-th. Hope we shall see you for a week or so at our little place in Kent." "Mum!" said I, with my finger to my lips; and I let my archiepiscopal client out by the back way in the absence of my boy, who had just run down to the House to depreciate some Stock.

I just mention these little operations to show you what I am doing, to inspire your readers with confidence, and to place you *au courant* with all the best moves now on the *tapis*. *A propos* of "*tapis*," there's SIR H—Y J—s just tappy-ing at my door. He has come to ask me about some foreign loans; but I can't give him more than five minutes, as I must go with a cart full of specie to the Governor of the Bank. But look out for further important news from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE
(in the City).

EPICURUS ÆSTIVUS.

(His Midsummer Musings.)

UNDER a dense lime-alley's pleasant shelter

We see the Heidsieck cooling in its ice,
And moralise, "By Jove! to-day's a melter:
Sweet weather this to give the world advice."

Comes through the foliage delicious hay-scent:

Roses fade slowly in the sun's strong flame.
We read our *Times*. The QUEEN has Knighted
DASENT,—

Wit well deserves a handle to its name.

Servia is arming.—Oh this sunset opal!

Herzegovina's madly boiling up.
Russia be hanged! Confound Constantinople!
Mark the blue borage in the claret-cup.

Three R.'s to Boards of Guardians we abandon,
And hope they will illumine what they touch.

Well, he's a very fine young fellow, SANDOX,
And folk who have to work may learn too much.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is making "lively speeches:"

We need not listen to his jokes, thank Heaven!
Alas, it is not yet the time for peaches;
But try fresh strawberries with cream of Devon.

Ha! there's the nightingale! AMANDA fairest,—
Through what weird notes the wondrous bird can run!
Yet of all music woman's voice is rarest—
Sing some sweet madrigal while sinks the sun.

Spurgeon from a Novel Point of View.

WHAT will MUDIE say to MR. SPURGEON's indignant assertion that there are novels "he would not like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire"? MR. DICK would have asked, "Are there any novels you *would* like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire?" Perhaps, however, MR. SPURGEON has a literary *auto-da-fé* from time to time at which this mode of feeding the fire is resorted to. We recommend MESSRS. MUDIE to make him an honorary subscriber to their Library if they would stop the progress of the *Index Ex-Spurgeon-atorius*, which seems to be already in course of compilation.



H.M.S. "PRIVILEGE."—A MODEL OF A LINER.

(Respectfully dedicated to SIR FRANCIS GRANT and the Members of the Royal Academy.)

S. AND B.

Or the Shindy at the Sign of "The Laurel." As narrated by a very vulgar Bystander to a Fellow-Philistine.



YOU know, my dear WILLIAM, that house at the foot of the two-headed Hill?

Well, a-passing it late t'other night I dropped in for a sweet little mill. Leastways, when I call it a mill, I should say that it ended in jaw.

And no doubt the P. R. would pooh-pooh it as nothing but lingo and law.

It isn't a Pub I much patronise. Rather too uppish for me.

The landlord's a chap called A. POLLER—the poet's peculiar L. V.

It's a sort of a Swell House-of-Call for your Bards, Critics, Artists, and such—

The noisiest parties I know when they've once had a little too much.

They give themselves uppercrust airs, and look down upon pewter and beer:

A stuff they call Nectar's their "tap;" never tried it myself, BILL—no fear!

But judging by what I have seen of the fruits of the liquor, I think A chap doesn't lose very much who eschews that particular drink. It appears that a couple of parties, we'll call 'em for short S. and B. (It stands for a blend that they love) had been making a little too free

With—I'd rather not give it a name, BILL—they call it poetic afflatus,

Folks would use plainer English, no doubt, if it came over chaps of our status.

In what's called a 'pseudonymous' way I made out, it had been an old quarrel.

For B. had thought fit to suggest that the singing of S. was immoral; While S., who is well up in insects, had hit on the neat tit-for-tat, Of holding up B. to the public as only a sort of B flat!

Lor'! how they pitched into each other—in language, you'll please understand,

For Poets, like Females, in shines make more use of the tongue than the hand.

In fact, B. and S. in their battle reminded this party, for one, Of a couple of Billingsgate fish-fags a-slanging each other like fun. The names they exchanged I'd not mention in hearing of persons polite,

For poetical cursing and swearing beats 'Gate slanging clean out of sight.

Then they quoted each other's worst lines, and if poetry's all such as theirs,

"From being a Bard Lord deliver us!" ought to be one of our prayers.

For it seems that the sum and the substance of what they call "glorious song"

Is meanings amazingly weak put in language uncommonly strong.

But at last, when I thought that the shindy must end in the punching of heads,

They took and they called in the lawyers to settle the case in fists' steads;

Which of course it was nuts to the bar-chaps, and didn't they poke fun and chaff!

Out of love-letters read in full Court 'ARRY 'AWKINS ne'er got such a laugh.

Well, so far as I twigged it, the verdict was, "Bad as are B. and his verse,

Mr. S. and his Songs and his slanging are one and a half per cent. worse."

Though I must say if I had been called on to sum up the rights of the pother,

My tip would have been "Pot and Kettle—six one and half-dozen the other."

BILL, my boy, you will never find me liquor up at the sign of "The Laurel,"

Nor try that A. POLLER's best bitters which beats gin at breeding a quarrel.

The tap of Parnassus be blowed! if it oversets stomach and brain As bad as the best Hamburgh Sherry, and worse than petroleum Champagne.

I always ranked poets as duffers, but blest if I thought 'em such muffs

As to cry "Stinking fish!" in that fashion, in chaff taking refuge from cuffs.

But if B. and S. and their brethren would trust to Philistine's advising,

They'd cover their sewerage up out of sight, after deodorising. They may tell us that *that's* the manure for poetry's lilies and roses,

What I know is, that all who go *that* way keep handkerchiefs held to their noses.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

THE following paper, picked up in the passage between the Underground Railway and the Clock Tower, and evidently relating to the Irish Land Question, appears to be founded on the give and take principle (give everything to the Tenant, take everything from the Landlord), and is likely to satisfy even the demands of that mysterious assembly the Metropolitan O'Donnel 82 Club. It is accompanied by a short note, as under:—

DEAR FATHER PAT,

BUT is a bosthoun: his Bill is all milk and water. I enclose a rough sketch of what might be worked into a good Tenants' Bill. I will be glad to get any hint you may have to offer. Don't spare the Landlords. In haste,

Yours ever, O'C. P.

FATHER PAT MULLIGAN, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.

1. Landlords to be offered 99-year Leases of their estates; renewable for ever on remission of one year's rent to the Tenants.

2. Fair Rents to be fixed by a competent tribunal: such as a Committee of Three, consisting of the Parish Priest, the Curate, and a Tenant-Farmer, holding not less than ten acres, and the *bona-fide* owner of at least one pig.

3. All improvements to be allowed for: on the principle that in consideration of every pound laid out by the Tenant ten per cent. shall be deducted from the rent.

4. Absentee Landlords to pay a tax of twenty-five per cent. on the gross rental.

5. Any absentee for five consecutive years to forfeit his estate, which shall be divided amongst the rightful owners of the soil, that is to say, the small Farmers. N.B.—Small Farmers to be defined as holders of not more than thirty acres.

6. Evictions to be totally abolished; except in cases where no rent has been paid for ten years, at the end of which period an ejectment can be served. The ejectment must however be cancelled on payment of arrears for a term not to exceed six months.

7. The descendants of the original proprietors of estates confiscated within the last two hundred and fifty years to be entitled to claim the said estates; and, on proof of their descent, possession shall be given up by the present holder. Compensation to an amount not exceeding one year's rent to be given by the incomer. In cases where litigation arises, the costs shall, whatever the result, be charged on the estate.

Floating Slums.

FROM some resolutions lately passed by the Rugeley Ruri-Decanal Conference, it seems that the condition of the Canal Population is very deplorable, and, especially, that children are living in canal-boats under most unwholesome conditions. The charity bestowed on Gutter Children might be extended to Canal Children; for, as for the unfortunate little ones there is, we much fear, little to choose between the Canal and the Gutter.

"What's in a Name?"

NOT long ago there was a discussion as to the suitability of the names given to Her Majesty's ships. If the discussion had extended to the fitness of the names of officers, Mr. Punch would not, perhaps, have had the pleasure of congratulating a Mr. JAMES TREMBLE on his appointment as Staff Surgeon to the Terror!

THE END OF THE LONDON SEASON.—Disappointment.

THE WESTERN DIFFICULTY.—The Block at Hyde Park Corner.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

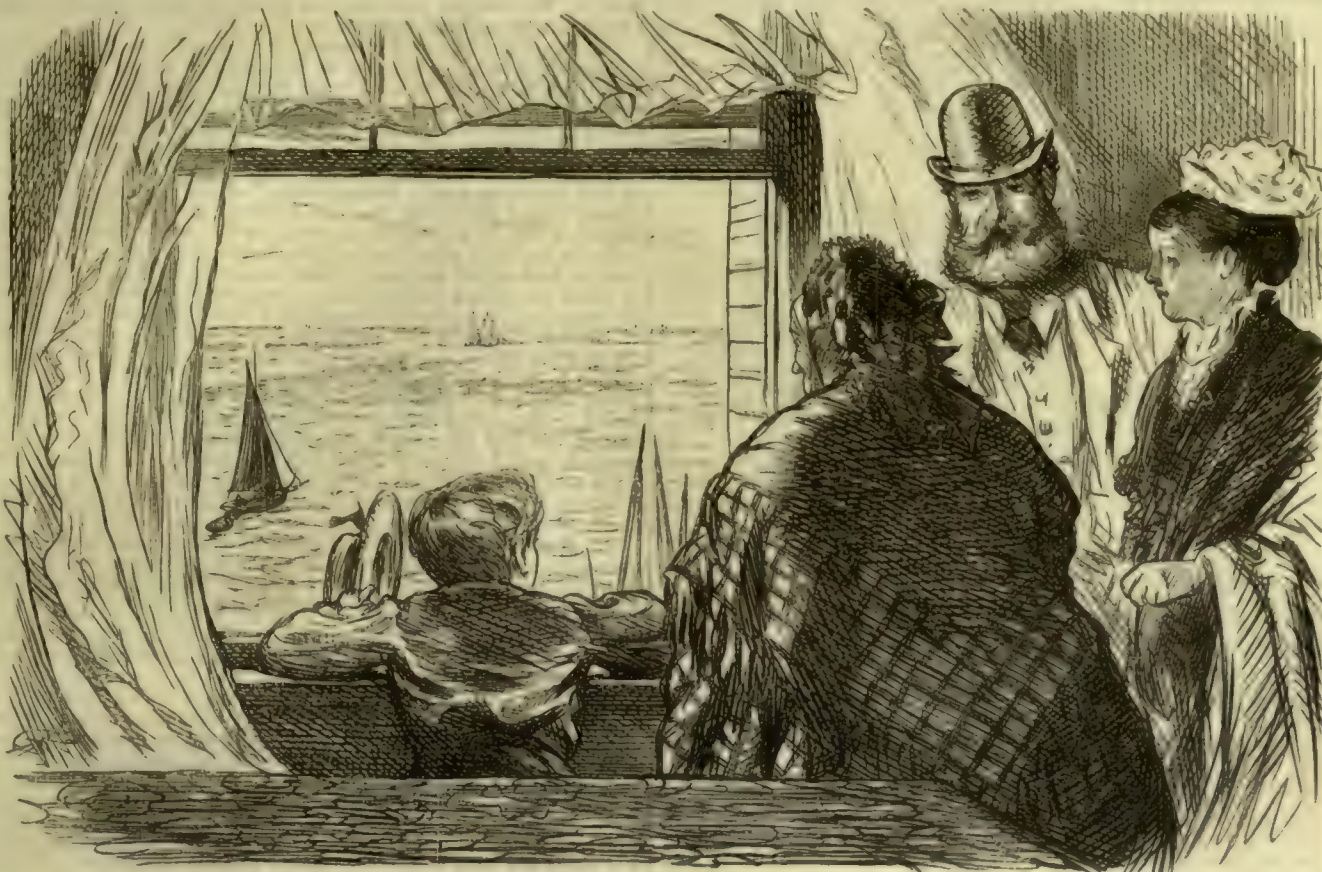


HETHER Russia have found a head, as well as sinews of war, for the Servian army, is more than LORD DERBY knows, or, at least, is disposed to tell LORD CAMPERDOWN (*Lords, Monday, July 3*). LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who seems to keep his own little bird in most of the public Offices, moved a vote of censure on LORD CARNARVON for not bestowing more attention on the

affairs of the Malay Peninsula between January, 1874, and October, 1875. (Nothing like being exact in the dates of an indictment.) LORD CARNARVON defended his policy in the Straits. The country was ten thousand miles in extent. Annexation was out of the question, and the best course was to appoint Residents—(*Punch* does not envy them their "residential occupation" under the circumstances)—to act in concert with the native chiefs. Discords will occur in the best-conducted concerts. He had rapped SIR W. JERVOIS over the knuckles as hard as was fair to an energetic Governor. It was a choice of difficulties in a case of Straits, and he had tried to choose the least. LORD KIMBERLEY backed up his successor. LORD LAWRENCE pointed out that this was a case where the Government had ventured upon a dangerous step, after getting rid of the native Indian force which would have enabled them to take it without danger. A hint to the economists *à outrance*.

More Eastern questions from EARL DELAWARE and LORD GRANVILLE, who asked when the papers would be published that would inform Parliament as to the Eastern policy of the Government. LORD DERBY promised the papers as soon as possible. War having broken out there was no objection now to show the steps that had led to it.

(*Commons.*)—After a variety of important Home questions, *e.g.*,—how to get people who fall off the Embankment out of the water; the trial and sentence of JAMES TIMONY, an injured youth of seventeen, at Belfast; the limits of Lords-Lieutenant's right of interference at Elections; Bathing in the Serpentine; the Prosecution of the owner of a rotten ship at Liverpool; the closing of the National Gallery in the height of the season; the Statistics of Traffic at Hyde Park corner; British Museum Salaries; education of children in canal-boats; wound up by a personal explanation between SIR E. WATKIN and SIR ROBERT PEEL—in which the latter made one statement, with which Honourable Members heartily agreed—that he had been too long a member of that House—the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON took the liberty of asking the Sphinx at the head of Her Majesty's Government, when the papers that would throw light on the Government policy in the Eastern Question would be published. "As soon as possible," said the Sphinx.



"THALASSA! THALASSA!!"

Brown (to the old Family Servant). "THERE, NURSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Old Nurse (she came from West Suffolk, and had never seen the Sea). "LOB', MR. CHARLES, DO IT ALLUS KEEP A MUDDLIN' ABEAOUT LIKE THAT?"

Which answer of the darkling Sphinx,
Unsatisfactory to GINX,
Brought up that bold, bald Baby's face
To beard B. D. in pride of place.
Let the House howl, GINX blanches not,
In spite of HERVEY's sauce all hot:
The House may hold his question rude,
But with a Motion he'll conclude.
"What 'Our Own' at Vienna knew
Was no more than the House's due—
'Gainst asking this there stands no law—
That asked, his Motion he'd withdraw."
Whereon the SPEAKER, crustily,
"I told the Member for Dundee
His speech must closed by Motion be,
And now his Motion he withdraws!"
Then GINX, "I own the House's laws,
And move the Adjournment of the House."
Whereon blithe BIGGAR hat did dowse,
And begged, kind friend, to second GINX,
Upon his legs this brought the Sphinx,

Who, after due contempt conveyed
Of GINX, that questioner undismayed,
"Hoped no anonymous 'Our Own'
Would in the House's face be thrown:
Let the House wait a few short hours,
Till, with consent of the great Powers,
The published papers could make known,
Not the *Times'* wisdom, but *OUR OWN*."
Then BRIGHT, large-looming on the field,
Threw over GINX his ample shield:
No Baby he, a veteran wight,
With more than thrice ten years of fight.
"The Session wanes, the papers wait;
Short grows the season for Debate;
The country frets, as well as GINX.
Needs thrice five minutes for the Sphinx
To utter, calm, condensed, and clear,
What House and Country yearn to hear.
The Oracle no longer dumb,
E'en if the bad to worst should come,
The House would know its steersman's star,

And shape a course, not drift, to war.
But of this let the Sphinx beware,
One thing Old England will not bear—
Our might ranged with the Turks along,
'Gainst those who rise against their wrong."
Then FAWCETT struck into the fight—
His war-cry, "Ditto to JOHN BRIGHT!"
And e'en the Doctor braved disdain,
And dashed the dew-drops from his mane,
And, midst a laugh that shook the hall,
Foretold that "Turkey needs must fall."
Till HARTINGTON, the Doctor's foil,
Poured on the waves his smoothing oil:
"The House, no doubt, would gladly learn—
For information needs must yearn—
But papers policy declare;
And papers ask time to prepare.
Then let us wait; put question by,
Till papers lend us wings to fly,
If need be, in the Sphinx's face,
And his who holds 'another place.'"

(*Punch* asks pardon for rhyming; but the ancient Oracles were always asked, and answered, in verse.)

The Second Reading of the Prisons Bill followed; every man fighting for his own hand; a knot of the bucolicals refusing to dismount from their hobby, Visiting Justiceship. But CROSS wins in a canter. The Quarter Sessions Benches have pronounced for the Bill by a large majority, and Second Reading was carried by the overwhelming majority of 295 to 96.

Tuesday (Lords).—Union of Benefices Bill reported, and Bill for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor in Whitechapel and Limehouse district got into Committee. LORD SHAFTESBURY, as by right, rejoiced in the advent of this the first (he hoped) of a long series of Bills for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes in our London slums. But he warned the promoters not to go too fast in pulling down, till they had seen, to the intermediate housing of

those whom improvement ousted. A wise and much wanted caution. Pull down the rookeries, but don't forget the rooks.

(*Commons.*) Morning Sitting.—There are some questions more awful than even the Eastern. Such was WHALLEY's this morning. Had MR. DISRAELI made due inquiry into CHIEF JUSTICE WHITEHEAD's statement that the POPE, and not the QUEEN, exercised paramount authority in Ireland in certain cases? MR. DISRAELI may oppose a stony and Sphinxian silence to the interrogatories of the House about the Turkish war, but he knows better than to trifle with the interrogatories of WHALLEY. He said he had come down five or six times to the House prepared to answer the question—if he could. But he could not attach a definite idea to it. But as far as he could understand the question—(the rogue! he understands it well enough)—he should say that if a person had such confidence in the POPE that he is determined to obey him, he didn't see how the



QUERY.

IS IT AN ADVANTAGE THAT TALL PEOPLE LOOK TALLER, AND SHORT PEOPLE SHORTER ON THE RINK?

Government was to prevent him. (Doesn't he, indeed? As if he couldn't begin by putting down the Jesuits, who now swarm in the Legislature, the Universities, the Public Schools, the liberal professions, the School Boards, the public departments, the establishments of the nobility, and elsewhere.) He declined to be responsible for the observations of Judges in Ireland. (We should think he *did*.)

It was awfully hot and choky in the House, and, as iced drinks are not allowed to be handed round, as in the American Hall of Congress, Members were awfully bored by SELATER-BOOTH's long statement of local indebtedness and income. After all, the total of local debt is only between £90,000,000 and £100,000,000; the income about £60,000,000. Is this bagatelle the sort of thing to be bothered about in such weather? But if they tried to burk SELATER-BOOTH by not listening, they absolutely kicked against FAWCETT's amendment, touching the unfair incidence of local taxation on occupiers as against owners; and, with all the help of GOSCHEN, CHILDERS, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, just contrived to shunt the Bill into Committee and left it there.

SIR HENRY JAMES tried to get Members into working gear again over the Appellate Judicature Bill. He said the business in the Courts was at a regular dead-lock.

Much the sweltering House cared for that! The sitting was suspended at seven, and then, when the House should have met for business again at nine, it didn't, and Mr. BIGGAR, useful for once, had the House Counted Out before doing a stroke of work. Too hot.

Wednesday.—COWPER-TEMPLE moved Second Reading of his Bill for admitting Ladies with Foreign Medical Degrees to Practise in England.

LORD SANDON said Government was prepared to take up MR. RUSSELL GURNER's Bill for enabling the Medical Corporations, if they liked, to admit Women to Practise. On which Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE withdrew his Bill, preferring a side entrance to practise, even with a Medical Beadle stationed at it, to the back door he had proposed to open.

Thursday (Lords).—The Commons Bill for Second Reading, recommended by the DUKE OF RICHMOND as carefully framed in the interests of Owners. From what Mr. CROSS said for it in the Commons *Punch* had thought it was framed in the interests of the Public. Let us hope that, for once, they are identical.

(*Commons*).—The Second Reading of the Cambridge University Bill, mildly moved, in a hot and sleepy House, by MR. WALPOLE. The House dull over it. Even DILKE did not wake them up in his new character of a maintainer of the *status quo*. Like LOWE, he has faith in "idle fellows," and does not much believe in Professors and the Endowment of Research. Nor does MR. FORSYTH. But he is strongly opposed to Fellowships for life. Of course, as the Ladies'

man for *Mari-le-bon par excellence* he ought to be opposed to such an abominably celibate institution.

DR. PLATFAIR imported a momentary animation to the debate by puffing the Scotch Universities at the expense of the English, and contriving to tread, with singular ingenuity, on all English University men's toes, however wide apart, defending the increase of the Professorate as a corrective of the evils of competitive examinations, and clerical fellowships as a means of liberalising the clergy.

This brought MR. BERESFORD HOPE into the ring; and that "friend of the brave in peril's darkest hour" dealt the Scotch Chicken several heavy counters. He was followed by that lively lightweight, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, who, on the whole, supported the Bill. After him arose the encyclopædic Member for the Elgin Burghs, and served out one of those elaborate concoctions of Duff, in which the plums bear so small a proportion to the suet that only the strongest Parliamentary digestion is equal to them. His picture of Oxford-wants—in the shape of Professorships yet to be—was appalling. That rising young man, MR. MARTEN, recalled the discussion to earth and practicabilities.

MR. GOSCHEN took very much the LOWE line on the Endowment of Fellows, as against that of Professors; while SIR W. HARCOURT chaffed the Bill all round, and declared that the endowment of research would probably lapse into the research of endowments. (If it wasn't SIR WILLIAM who made that joke it ought to have been, for it is sharp, as well as chaffy, and so quite in SIR WILLIAM's way.)

MR. HARDY wound up the evening with a pleasant conciliatory comment on what was really one of the best debates of the Session, allowing for the weather. The Chelsea Baronet withdrew his Amendment, and the Bill passed Second Reading.

Friday.—LORD GRANVILLE will take up Extradition next Thursday, not a day too soon. Shoals of rogues are already rushing both ways through the torn net across the Atlantic.

(*Commons*).—Morning Sitting—and snoozing. LORD SANDON gave a sketch of the amendments he proposes in Committee on his Education Bill. The Member for Bradford will not be ashamed to own himself their foster-father. Long lawyers' talk on Appellate Jurisdiction. Wants strengthening. What are so few judges among so many? Consensus of lawyers in favour of more judges. *Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse*. "Nothing like Horse-hair," quoth the wig-wearers. But suppose we were content with fewer judges on *banc*? Are three big wigs absolutely wanted to split one straw? Spread thinner they'll go further, like the schoolboy's butter.

Evening Sitting.—While MR. DILLWYN was talking about Lunatics some wise and weary Member had the happy thought, "What lunatics we are to be sitting here, a dozen of us, when we might be in bed!" and got the House Counted Out, for the second time this hot week, at ten minutes after ten.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

THE Sanctum had been newly decorated. The curtains were now of silk, and represented stars and stripes. A batch of books had been added to the library, with backs lettered "LONGFELLOW," "BRETT HARTE," and "HOLMES." Everything had been done that could be done to give the room a transatlantic appearance. The chairs ran on tramways, the bells worked by electricity, and communication was maintained with the floor above and the floor below by means of cleverly concealed lifts.

"Now, let me see," said Mr. *Punch*, looking round his apartment with great satisfaction, "is everything ready?"

Toby replied in the affirmative.

"Then," murmured the Sage, "I don't think that our American Cousin can find anything in the room at which to take offence. Stay, Toby, you may take *Martin Chuzzlewit* out of the bookshelves. It is a very excellent novel, but it is just possible that our visitor may not care to see it. Mind you put it back when he has gone. And, of course, turn that caricature of 'Uncle Sam' with its face to the wall."

The Best of Dogs obeyed his master with his customary willingness.

"And now to admit them," said Mr. *Punch*, touching a knob near the mantelpiece. "We must get JOHN into the room first."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a secret door flew open and a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed gentleman in the very prime of life walked out.

"Good morning, Mr. *Punch*," said the new comer with a cheerful smile. "That's rather an expeditious way of travelling. I came down from the room above in something less than no time."

"My new hydraulic lift," replied the host. "I use it chiefly for sending rejected contributions away to be burnt. It has been necessarily made very strong—rejected contributions are, as a rule, heavy."

"Well, it is quicker than the railways."

"And infinitely safer," remarked *Mr. Punch*. "You are looking well of course, my dear *JOHN*, and yet I have seen you looking better."

"I should think so," returned the portly gentleman, with a slight sigh. "It has been an anxious time lately. What with foreign loans and the complications of the Eastern Question, I absolutely have known no rest for months. Then *Dizzy*, my head man, has got hold of my books and keeps them closed against me. Whenever I ask for them he makes an excuse."

"I should insist upon seeing them," said *Mr. Punch*, firmly.

"I shall, the next time I want them," was the reply, and then *JOHN* continued, "*Dizzy* may be a very clever fellow, but I like to manage my own affairs. And now, *Mr. Punch*, why have you asked me to come here?"

"To meet a friend" (the guest smiled) "and a relative."

The smile disappeared.

"If I am obliged to meet a relative with so much formality, I do not think that I shall care for his acquaintance. But who is he?"

"Why, our American Cousin, *JONATHAN*," replied *Mr. Punch*, watching his guest's face steadily. *JOHN* looked far from pleased.

"I am sorry you have brought us together," he said. "*JONATHAN* is a swaggering, vulgar, uneducated, swindling—"

"Stop! stop!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "You really don't know him. Come, you shall see him at once," and a slight pressure applied to another knob near the fireplace opened another secret door. A slim, gentlemanly-looking man entered the room. He greeted *Mr. Punch* cordially.

"My dear Sir," said he, speaking with the slightest accent possible—an accent which lifted the small words into undue prominence—"I congratulate you upon your lift. I came from your waiting-room below in less than no time."

Mr. Punch noticed that his first visitor was moving towards the door. "Come," said the Sage, "you two cousins should know one another well—thoroughly well. Now, my dear *JOHN*, here is your Cousin *JONATHAN*. *JONATHAN*, let me introduce you to *JOHN BULL*."

"Welcome, Cousin!" said the American, distrustfully.

"Pleased to see any Cousin, however distant," said the Englishman, pompously.

"Nonsense!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "Only the Atlantic Ocean divides you, and that little affair has been bridged over by half-a-dozen cables."

"I was thinking of our family-tree," said *JOHN*. "My Cousin must be several times removed."

"Nonsense, again!" interrupted the Sage. "The only thing that can remove you two kinsmen is misunderstanding; and as for the family-tree, why, plant a bough of it anywhere—in Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia—and it will flourish as only such an ever-green can flourish. Nonsense!—shake hands! Remember you are not only men, but brothers."

"Look before you leap," is a capital motto," muttered the American.

"Don't buy a pig in a poke" is excellent, albeit homely, advice," murmured the Englishman.

"That's all very well," said *Mr. Punch*; "but I don't want you to do either the one or the other. Let's be honest and open. Come, *JOHN*, speak frankly. What have you to say in disparagement of *JONATHAN*?"

"He is unrefined, he talks slang, he uses a revolver, he loves rowdies, he never did a generous action in his life, and—most unpardonable sin of all—he hates me!"

"Don't speak!" said *Mr. Punch*, as the American Cousin sprang to his feet.

"*JOHN*," he continued, "you are harsh and wrong. Because Shoddy spends its too easily gained money in Europe, you must not take Shoddy as the national representative. Your Cousin, when you find him at home, is hospitable as a gentleman should be, is cultivated as a gentleman should be, is honourable as a gentleman should be. And as to his hating you—why, man, he whistles '*Rule, Britannia!*' quite as often as '*Hail, Columbia!*' Now, Sir, it is your turn. What have you to say against *JOHN BULL*?"

"He is cold-hearted, scornful, mean, and revengeful. He can't forgive us the glorious work of the Fourth of July."

"Don't speak a word, *JOHN*!" said *Mr. Punch*, excitedly.

"Now, *JONATHAN*, you are in the wrong. Cold-hearted, scornful, and mean! Why, he is as proud of you as ever a father was of a child. Revengeful and unforgiving! Why, he helps to keep 'the Fourth' himself! And as to your Independence—why, he declares that you were in the right, and tries his hardest to make his other children free. Ask your neighbour, pretty *MISS CANADA*, ask that promising young fellow, *MASTER AUSTRALIA*, what they think of the old boy, and they will tell you that *JOHN BULL* is the kindest, the best-tempered, and warmest-hearted old buffer in the world."

"Briton Major," said *JONATHAN*, "we have both been wrong."

"Briton Minor," replied *JOHN*, "blood is thicker than water."

Two hands were gripped as only men of the stout old Anglo-Saxon race can grip.

"That's right!" cried *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically. "There's a sight that will cheer the weak and terrify tyrants. Combined, my lads, you may defy the world. Let's liquor!"

And then with hands firmly clasped—the Past remembered without pain, the Present welcomed without shame—the two kinsmen drank heartily and hopefully to a glorious Future.

REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON.

8th July, 1876.

War Office (Intelligence Department),
85, Fleet Street, E.C.



STAND AT EASE—

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH has much pleasure in expressing his perfect satisfaction with the conduct and soldierly bearing of the troops recently reviewed by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES in Hyde Park. The regular infantry and cavalry were, of course, all that could be desired. The London Militia, too, deserved the Field-Marshal's unqualified commendation. It is to be regretted, however, that that excellent battalion, the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Militia (now doing duty at the Mobilisation, Head

Quarters of the Regiment at Cheltenham) was not included in the field-state. The march past on the 1st instant, was supposed to include the garrison of London, and that garrison cannot be considered complete without the hereditary custodians of the Tower.

Turning to the Volunteers, **FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH** can heartily congratulate them upon the progress they have made during the last fifteen years. On the 1st instant, their steadiness and smartness suggested that they were closely imitating the excellent example set for them by the Regulars and the Militia-forces, whose discipline is maintained by a strict administration of the Mutiny Act. Under these circumstances, the Field-Marshal has no hesitation in issuing the following regulations for Wimbledon, in the confident hope that they will be received with respect and obedience:—

1. Volunteers should appear in uniform. The habit of wearing a military tunic and a straw hat should be discontinued.
2. Volunteers should salute their officers. The habit of singing "*Tommy make room for your Uncle*," or any equally popular ditty when passing a General, should be discontinued.
3. Volunteers should be careful to keep some uniformity in the pitching of their tents. The habit of decorating the canvas with facetious pictures or caricatures of unpopular commanders should be discontinued.
4. Volunteers at all times should maintain the strictest discipline. The habit of regarding Wimbledon as a free and easy picnic instead of a military camp of instruction should be discontinued.

With these few regulations (which he trusts will be accepted in good part, and observed with good heart) **FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH** bids the Volunteers farewell for the present. He trusts that they will have fine weather, for what he hopes will be a useful holiday.

By Order,

(Signed) **TOBY**,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

WE are authorised to state that the recent Alexandra Collie Trials have nothing whatever to do with a late eminent ex-capitalist, who is still wanted by the Authorities of Scotland Yard.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' MOTTO.—"*Est Modus in Rebus*"—"There is a Medium in everything."



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST-BORN.

GUARDIANS IN GAOL.

SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL.

*Sittings in Fleet Street, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.**The Queen v. the Guardians of the Keighley Union.*

MR. WIGGINS, Q.C., applied for an order to reverse the judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Queen's Bench, under which the Defendants stood committed for contempt of Court, incurred by first pretending to comply with and then disobeying a *mandamus* enjoining them to perform the duty incumbent on them, which they had long neglected, of giving the proper directions to the Vaccination Officer to proceed against parents who refused to have their children vaccinated. The *mandamus* had been issued in the other Court consequently upon conduct on the part of the Defendants brought under the notice of CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH some time ago.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked on what ground the appeal against the mandate of his learned Brother was made.

MR. WIGGINS said on that of the extreme stupidity of the Defendants, who could not possibly be brought to understand that they ought to obey the law. A dialogue, the report of which occupied nearly a column of a newspaper, on this point passed in Court between LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN and their Chairman, MR. MILNER, who, as the head, must be supposed to have the most brains of them all—except a MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON; this Gentleman, having repudiated his colleagues' acts, and purged himself of contempt.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH said that MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had vindicated his name.

MR. WIGGINS proceeded to say that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Court below in vain endeavoured to make the Chairman of the Keighley Guardians comprehend that it was their place to execute and not to construe or correct the law. Their inability to have this simple idea beaten into their heads, he (MR. WIGGINS) would submit indicated a density of intellect which rendered them deserving of pity, rather than punishment.

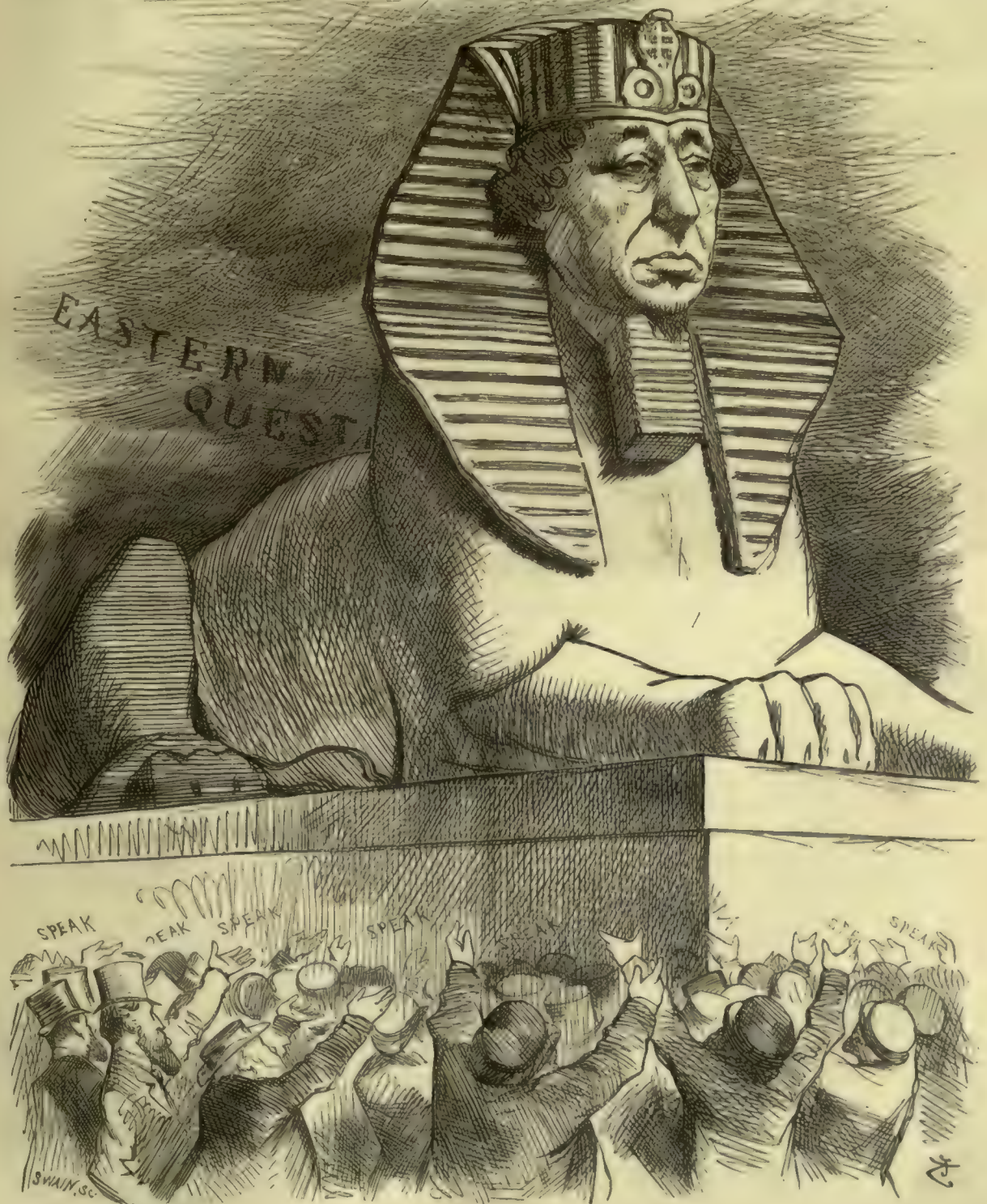
His Lordship, in reply to the learned Counsel, said that the Defendants' intellects, if they had any, were evidently dense indeed. No doubt they had both acted, and refused to act, in ignorance; but

mere ignorance of the law was no excuse. Their ignorance was extreme; they were as ignorant of Law as of Medicine; and, probably, of everything else: they showed crass ignorance. But merely crass ignorance could not absolve those who ought to have known better. He (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) could not interfere between that ignorance and its consequences. However, he was not sure that the Keighley Guardians' contumacy was not owing to a sadder defect than that of mere knowledge. He recollected that they concluded one of their first Anti-Vaccination meetings by adjourning to the Madhouse, and he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) remembered saying at the time, they ought to have remained there. Their obstinacy in resisting the Vaccination Act suggested actual derangement; and this all the rather that they had displayed an evasion and cunning which were special notes of insanity. This, if it were so, would render them irresponsible for their acts, but not entitle them to be discharged from custody. People who behaved as they had done, labouring under fixed ideas and delusions, were dangerous lunatics, who required to be looked after—they ought to be shut up, and not let go about. He would take time to consider his decision; and Defendants might be inspected by a medical man, to see if they were crazy. In the meanwhile, if not incurable, they would perhaps come to their senses, apologise for their misconduct, undertake to repair it, and so purge themselves of contempt, when, doubtless, they would be released on payment of necessary costs. Otherwise, all he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) would be able to do for them would be to make an order for their removal from the County Prison to a Lunatic Asylum, and then the only doubt on his (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH's) mind would be, whether the Institution to which it would be proper to send them was a Refuge for the Insane or an Asylum for Idiots.

NO OFFENCE.

PLUMSTED has long been the scene of constant Artillery practice, but last week the neighbourhood was also treated to a "fencing" bout on a large scale.

QUERY FOR GEOGRAPHICAL "BEES.—Should the Women of Montenegro be spoken of as Montenegrresses?



THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

To Fresh Fields and Pastures new—Seeking for Information—An Irish Acquaintance wanted—On the Track.



I am still turning the subject over, and am inclining towards Ireland.

I remember this heading to a chapter in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Doubts and fears begin to disturb the plotter,"—or words to that effect. This is my case. There is something so remarkably novel in the idea of my going to Ireland, that something, I feel sure, will happen to prevent it.

It now breaks upon me for the first time that I know nothing at all about Ireland. I have talked politically about Ireland, I have read LEVER, CROKER, S. C. HALL, LOVER,—I remember vividly most of CRUIKSHANK'S hideous pictures in the history of the Irish Rebellion, and I have seen the Irish dramas by MESSRS. BOUICAULT and FALCONER, which have impressed upon me such characters as *Danny Mann*, a jovial Priest (who could brew whiskey punch, and make a speech which "brought down the house"), another Priest who could hit out on occasion, a gentlemanly courteous Priest, picturesque peasant girls, *Colleen Bawns* and *Colleen Rhus*, and good-for-nothing, self-sacrificing ne'er-do-wells, with a powerful affection for the "ould stock" and "the Masther," and an intimate and practical acquaintance with shillelaghs, potheen, poaching, and the county gaols.

I do not believe that these pictures represent "Ireland as it is."

Equally clearly, it must be the simplest thing possible to find some person, or persons, who do know all about it. Among my acquaintance—let me see—as I think it over, I remember several Irishmen. But, as I've never known them to be out of England, except when I've met them in Boulogne, or in Germany, the question arises, Do they know much about their native country?

The man of all others is, now I think of it, TIM MAHONY.

Note (in Memorandum-Book).—Call on TIM MAHONY, and ask him about Ireland.

TIM MAHONY'S address is a difficulty. Odd! often as I've met TIM MAHONY, and long as I've known him, yet it now strikes me, for the first time, that I've never been to TIM'S own house, or rooms, or whatever he has to live in; that I've never dined with TIM at his Club, or at his expense anywhere; and that whenever I have met TIM, it if was not at somebody else's house, or somebody else's dinner party, or somebody else's Club, it has invariably been in the street. Of course I cannot waste my time in walking about the streets in the hope of meeting TIM MAHONY. Stay! I have written to him. Let me see, at what address? Why, invariably at somebody else's address, and never the same twice running. TIM, in *toto*, flashes across me like a revelation. He is like a social Will-o'-the-Wisp. I do not think this a very good simile, as people do not ask Will-o'-the-Wisps to stay with them for a fortnight; and TIM is never without an invitation. At least such must be the case, as he apparently resides nowhere, and lives everywhere. If he can't get an invitation he must make them himself.

Because at this moment I particularly want to see him, he is most certain *not* to turn up. If he *did* turn up he would be welcome, for days, at our little out-of-town cottage—welcome as the flowers in Spring. If at this moment TIM were *not* wanted, he would appear. He is the sort of man, of whom it may be safely said, that "he is here to-day and *not* gone to-morrow,"—or the day after, or the day after that; or, with a little encouragement, for weeks.

In fact, as to his stay, "it," as the song says, "may be for years and it may be for ever." Thus,—TIM will find himself with nothing to do in Town. Time hangs heavily on his hands. It suddenly strikes him that "he hasn't seen old BUNGAY for years."

"Gad!" says TIM to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY."

If I (or anybody else, for the matter of that) am with him at the moment, he will add, "You come, too. Come down to old BUNGAY'S. He'll be delighted."

I object that I do not know BUNGAY, that in point of fact I've never spoken to BUNGAY in my life, nor even seen him.

TIM is immensely astonished. His manner expresses such immeasurable pity for me, as having lived so long without knowing BUNGAY, that I am really quite disconcerted.

"What!" he exclaims. "Not know old BUNGAY. My dear fellow," he goes on with great *empressment*, "you *must* know him. Come down with me. BUNGAY will be *only too pleased*. Come along! we'll take the next train, and be with him to dinner."

It still occurring to me that BUNGAY may not view this descent upon him in the same light as does TIM, I get off for the present, promising that if, while TIM is staying *chez* BUNGAY, TIM will induce him to ask me, I will accept with pleasure. Off goes TIM: stops there for three months, and when he finds things a little monotonous, I receive my long-promised invitation from TIM on behalf of BUNGAY.

[But this is by the way, only that it is necessary in order to understand TIM MAHONY, and the difficulty in finding him; because from BUNGAY'S he may have gone to Northumberland to see his friend, Old SHORTMORE; from SHORTMORE'S to Devonshire; and from Devonshire to Brighton, to stay with some one who has been asking him so often that he's "quite ashamed of himself," he says, on arriving, "for not having been to see him before."]

Well, I am supposing TIM saying to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY." He is off at once, to the waiting-room of a station ("most convenient place a waiting-room," says TIM, *naively*), where he has left his portmanteau, bag, hat-box, and greatcoat; then he obtains the correct time of the train's starting, and in another two hours he is marching up the well-kept drive leading to the front door of Bungay Hall; and the Ladies of the house (who are unacquainted with TIM, and who therefore have a rich and unexpected treat in store for them), sitting in the drawing-room, wonder who on earth their visitor can be at this hour, when DICK BUNGAY, fresh from the river—the fish and himself being but just arrived from the same place—slaps one hand down on the other as he exclaims, "Why, hang me, if it isn't TIM MAHONY!"

"DICK, old boy," cries TIM, heartily, "how *are* you?"

Thereupon TIM shakes hands most warmly with DICK BUNGAY,—with a warmth indeed which communicates itself at once to DICK BUNGAY, who expresses himself immensely pleased at seeing him; in a few minutes more he is glowing with hearty hospitality, and in a quarter of an hour he is ablaze with open-house generosity. MRS. BUNGAY receives TIM under the impression that her husband has asked him, and forgotten to mention it. And her guests, the three MISSES GLENTILTER, are also delighted, for there's a chance of a little excitement, and flirtation for *one* at a time at least.

Then TIM sets to work to praise everything, and to please everybody; putting them at once at their ease, as if they had come suddenly to his house, not *he* to theirs, saying, as plain as actions can speak, "Make yourselves at home now I'm here; don't mind me"—and then he will playfully remind "Old DICK" of that wonderful claret he has in the cellar, and which he *must* have up. And Old DICK remembers that when they last met, he *had* mentioned such a claret to him, and wonders which it was. A regret passes across his mind that he hasn't called at his Grocer's in the nearest county town, so as to provide for TIM'S unforeseen visit,—for, at the first flush, TIM will be enthusiastic about everything, even to praising the Grocer's "sound dinner claret at 18s. a dozen." But the second evening TIM will frown, shake his head, and hint that "This is not the same we had last night." At the third dinner he will insist on having the best out, and will be satisfied with nothing but the best, even if he goes down with his host, under pretence of admiring the "first-rate cellar," and fetching it up himself.

Then BUNGAY hopes, and MRS. BUNGAY hopes, and the GLENTILTERS hope, that TIM will be able to stay a few days now he is there, which being exactly the object TIM has had in view all along, he at once protests that "alas! being so very busy just now in town"—this TIM always says when he is miles away from London, "is exactly what, he regrets to say, he can *not* do." "Don't ask me," he says, putting out his open palm as if to shut out a strong temptation. "Don't ask me, DICK old boy, for I must be back to-night. I've promised LADY ASTRACHAN—you know the ASTRACHANS"—DICK BUNGAY nods, and his wife wonders where her husband could have met them, but is unwilling to show ignorance before the GLENTILTERS—"I've promised Old ASTRACHAN to be back for his Dumb Crambo party to-night—at least," he adds, to leave a loophole for his hosts to press their invitation, "I said, if I'm not with you by nine-thirty, don't expect me."



THE ROLL-CALL.

Sergeant. "ALISTER McALISTER!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "DONAL' McBEAN!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "PETER McKAY!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "JOHN SMITH!"

Answer. "HERE, SIR!"

Sergeant (with a Sniff). "UGH! 'ENGLISH POCK-PUDDING'!!!"

"Then," says BUNGAY, cleverly, "if you're not there they won't expect you. Better stay here with us." He puts it cordially, with, however, a still lurking regret that he hasn't a supply of the Grocer's at 13s. a doz.

"No," replies TIM, who has no more idea of moving from his present comfortable quarters than he has of attempting to fly over St. Paul's,— "No," he says, shaking his head, and pretending to ruminate over all the *pros* and *cons*. of the question, "I'm—afraid—I—can't."

"You must manage it somehow," insists DICK BUNGAY, becoming proportionately more eager for TIM to stay, as he hears that he is in such demand elsewhere.

"If I telegraphed," says TIM, doubtfully, "I might. But," he considers, then he goes on in a feeling tone, "you see, I'm staying with my Grandmother at Stringham, in Hampshire, and, if I'm not in by midnight, she gets so uneasy."

Everybody is silent, out of respect to TIM's feelings, and out of sympathy with his Grandmother at Stringham. Everybody is more or less depressed: DICK BUNGAY most of all. So down is he in fact, that it is on his lips to say, with genuine heartiness, "Well, send for the old girl and bring her down here. Why not?" But he does not say this, lest it should savour of disrespect to TIM MAHONY's aged relative.

TIM brightens up. He sees a way. He has the will—plenty of it, and sees the way. He'll telegraph to the ASTRACHANS and to his Grandmother; to the first to say that he "Can't be up for Crambo:" to the second to say, "Shan't be back to-night. Am staying at BUNGAY'S. Don't be alarmed if not back for a day or two."

"I'd better word it like that," says TIM, knowingly, to BUNGAY, "and then she won't be at all nervous."

BUNGAY agrees with him, and trusts he'll stay a week or a fortnight, mentally resolving that his stable-help shall take a cart over to Slocomb and do business with the Grocer.

TIM thanks him heartily, but doesn't think he'll be able to stay quite so long as that. "However," he says, so as not to throw too great a damper on his host, "I'll see what I can do."

"It's lucky," says TIM presently to his old friend, DICK BUNGAY,

"it's precious lucky that I brought down my portmanteau and bag. I had two minds about it," says he, "but I thought you'd over-persuade me to stop,—I had a presentiment of it,—and so, says I, I'll bring me things, in case I'm weak enough to give way. Ah! Old DICK, you're a sly dog. We'll make a night of it, eh? The real old clar't, me boy, and—d'ye mind those first-rate cigars you had some time back?" And he gives Old DICK a dig in the ribs, and a hearty slap on the back, conveying to BUNGAY, in a delicate way, the sort of treatment he (BUNGAY) might expect from him (TIM MAHONY), if their positions were reversed as host and guest.

"That's what I like about you," says TIM to Old DICK BUNGAY, confidentially. "You're a real hospitable old boy! No formalities, no long invitations, no fixing dates. No, here I am, rough and ready, and you take me as you find me."

"Exactly," replies Old DICK, feeling that TIM has found *him*, but, all the same, immensely pleased with himself in the character of a fine old English Gentleman, keeping open house and welcoming a hundred TIM MAHONYS.

All this flashes across my mind about TIM, and so, when I want to know something about Ireland (as I do at this present moment), I think where I can get hold of TIM, and it occurs to me as a

Happy Thought.—Wire to DICK BUNGAY, Bungay Hall, and ask where is TIM MAHONY. Address wanted immediately. I do so, and await answer.

On Seeing the Poor Children at Play in the Temple Gardens.

Knights of the Winged Horse! with joy we greet
The little children rescued from the street:
Beneath the Horse with feet what peril springs!
They play in peace beneath the Horse with wings.

Knights of the Lamb and Flag! with winning tones
Tempt the small sporters from the hard, hot stones:
Change not your crest—but, mid your proudest brags,
Be this—to have drawn the lambs from off the flags!



"ON HOSPITABLE THOUGHTS INTENT."

Mr. —. "DON'T YOU THINK, LOVE, THAT YOU'D BETTER GIVE THEM A LONGER INVITATION THAN A WEEK?"

Mrs. —. "MY LOVE! THEY'D ALL COME!"

SIR SALAR'S ODD OFFERING.

THE *Standard* has the following curious piece of news in its Court Circular of a few days ago:—

"SIR SALAR JUNG was presented to the QUEEN by the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, and offered his *Muggur* as a token of allegiance, which HER MAJESTY touched and returned."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hindustani Dictionary* gives "*Muggur*" as the Hindû for an alligator. Why the Indian Statesman should have chosen this offensive and voracious animal as a token of his allegiance we cannot conceive—unless he meant it as a delicate way of conveying that his loyalty was ready to swallow anything. How ever did he manage to bring it alive from the banks of the Godavari to Windsor Castle—to say nothing of the shorter railway transit from Paddington? We presume it was not a stuffed specimen that SIR SALAR presented to HER MAJESTY. All this will, let us hope, be explained in the "*Journal*" which is pretty sure to see the light on SIR SALAR JUNG's return to Hyderabad.

HER MAJESTY "touched and returned" this choice "token." Would it not have been better taste on the part of Her Majesty's advisers if they had suggested that she should retain it, as the nucleus of a Windsor collection of Indian reptiles, in rivalry to the zoological establishment recently set up by H.R.H. at the Regent's Park for the present, with a view to Sandringham in the future. Room might surely have been found about the Castle for a tank, where SIR SALAR JUNG's "*Muggur*" might have been bestowed; or, if HER MAJESTY did not desire to retain so ugly a creature in her own neighbourhood, a habitation could have been found for it in one of the many opposition Aquaria that have lately come into existence. In the Westminster Aquarium it might have given a fillip to the

prosperity of the undertaking, and a better claim than it now has to the title "*Royal*."

Perhaps HER MAJESTY hesitated to set a precedent by accepting this offering. Some future Indian visitor might have thought himself justified in bringing a *cobra* or *korait* into the Royal Presence! Happy Thought!—can it have been that the *Standard* has made a misprint, and that the "*muggur*" was after all a "*nuzzur*," which we find in our Shakspeare means "an offering made by an inferior when interviewing a superior."

OUR INTEREST IN TURKEY.

BRITAIN, Great Powers, whilst you the field leave clear,
Twixt Turk and Slav will never interfere.
Stamboul made safe beneath a neutral hand,
We care not if the Moslem fall or stand.
Then, Christian Slavs, for freedom stoutly fight!
'Gainst Turks and tyrants Heaven defend the right!
Time was when Moslem's faith high credit bore;
But Britons now believe in Turks no more.
Their due per-centage since Turks ceased to pay,
We've lost our interest in the SULTAN'S sway.

Hindoos and Heroics.

A REMARKABLE appeal from the High Court of Judicature at Bengal came the other day before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the case of—

"*Ram Coomar Coondoo v. Chunder Canto Mookerjee.*"

The point of interest for the Public to be noted in connection with this suit is, that its heading reads like a hexameter verse.

YOUTH AND AGE.

(On the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence.)

"We have to confess that England is old and the United States young."—*Times*.

PUNCH sees no harm in that confession.

Age is a thing comparative;

In History's immense procession

Some realms than others longer live.

What diagnosis marks the time

When any State is in its prime?

America is young, no'doubt,

And keeps her hundredth birthday merrily:

Her cannon roar; her speakers spout;

Her toasts and sentiments ring cheerily;

And how tall talk in fyttes has flowed

In BAYARD TAYLOR's long-drawn Ode!

Hail we the democratic Maid

Self-crowned with Freedom's deathless laurel:

Nor her large Liberty upbraid,

Because its winning cost a quarrel.

Prosperity and social health

To the colossal Commonwealth!

Yet is Old England quite so old

As the Chronologer maintains,

Whose oldest, noblest blood is rolled

Through the wide Union's youthful veins?

In all things good, beneath the sun,

JOHN BULL and JONATHAN are one.

Long centuries of stately life

Are England's birthday gift to her:

Columbia's youth, with vigour rife,

Is felt in England's heart astir.

In Young America's Centennial

Old England feels herself perennial.

A Leg to Stand On.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised for the benefit of the newly-elected Professor of Chinese at Oxford—DR. LEGGE. It is satisfactory to think that the Celestial language and literature have at last got one LEGGE at all events, if not as yet a firm footing, in Oxford.



WAITING FOR THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

STRANGE MARINE GROWTH, THE RESULT OF ADMIRALTY DRY-ROT.

"An old subaltern is a military vegetable, without zeal as without hope."
NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*.

MR. NEWFANGLE'S NOTIONS.

MR. NEWFANGLE, who has choice rooms in MR. HANKEY'S new mansion, whose chief book is his betting-book, who drives a neat cabriolet to the Stock Exchange daily, and talks familiarly of ROTHSCHILDS and BARINGS, is decidedly amused by MR. OLDFANGLE'S opinions.

"Quotes MILTON, eh? Never met with any fellow who had read him, Why can't he go to BYRON for wisdom?"

"So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice."

That's common sense, Money lasts. You can't say that of anything else.

"Fancy life being long enough to cut quill pens. My Secretary does all my letters with that printing thing that some Jew must have invented, for its name looks like Hebrew.* Saves time, and is deuced easy to read. Dare say the old foggy writes a plaguy bad hand, with all his brag about quill pens.

"A canzonet to a lady!" Much better send her a diamond bracelet, if you think she's worth it. If not, try her with pastes, 'A cartel to an enemy,' Bring your action for libel, old boy: it's a safe thing: juries always give damages now-a-days. And as to all that rubbish about crests and mottoes, it is sheer nonsense. Any fellow can choose his own—and his own ancestors, too, for that matter. I've no doubt there was a NEWFANGLE who came in with the Conqueror; but what's that to me? I came, saw, and conquered the Stock Exchange and Tattersall's. That expression is not my own: ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S, I think.

"I'm all for maintaining Turkey and Egypt. What should we do without them in the City? Many's the 20 per cent. transaction I've had in their bonds, for people who never have any money are always willing to pay a long price for a little. Finance is the basis of foreign politics, I say—and nobody can understand Finance without going on the Stock Exchange."

This long speech, made just after breakfast, the young Gentleman washed down with a tumbler of iced champagne; then ordered his cab, and drove radiantly to the City.

* This may mean "papyrograph."

CHLOE, M.D., ON MR. COWPER-TEMPLE'S BILL.

THE Medical Maidens, dear *Punch*, are by no means desirous to learn

At Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, at Leipsic or Zurich or Berne;

They want to be taught by the Doctors of England, and carve their way through

Vivisection, and all sections else, that to reach M.D. must be cut through.

They would not aspire to the power of the mighty Physician who sees in the movement or glance of a patient the signs of the hidden disease:

Nor dare hope to rival the Surgeon, who needs, that his work may be done,

Lion's heart, Eagle's eye, Lady's hand—must have Manhood and Genius in one.

And though there are small operations no Lady is likely to dread, Yet they feel no particular wish to cut off MR. WHEELHOUSE'S head.*

But many's the sick-room we see—ere it comes to the battle with Death,

Where Genius is needed to rouse to life's flame a last flicker of breath—

Where a woman-physician might aid. She that once at blood's flowing had swooned,

With the deftness of feminine fingers might tenderly bandage a wound.

As to healing our own sex, of course we are game to do that much; but then,

Few women have much faith in women: they'd rather be doctored by men.

So do you, Mr. *Punch*, to LORD SANDON (he's charmingly clever) give orders

To take up in earnest, this Session, that Bill of the learned Recorder's:

* MR. WHEELHOUSE said—"A woman might, no doubt, safely administer a camomile pill or a dose of salts and senna; but as for a surgical operation, he would sooner allow her to cut off his head than to cut off his leg."

If you will, on the word of a Lady, I'll cure you, without any fee, Of any slight ailment that ever may trouble you.

CHLOE, M.D.

(Mr. *Punch* always goes to Judy, M.D., for slight ailments. Miss CHLOE seems a good deal more modest in her demands than most of the agitators on her side of the question. If the Medical Council and other leading medical bodies could see a way by which women might obtain a separate medical education, without overtaxing the staff of the Medical Schools, and afterwards, on passing the needful examinations, be admitted to practise, within the conditions of their sex and the limits of their powers, the question which has been fought with such needless bitterness might be solved to the public advantage, and with no violation of decency or propriety on the part of the Ladies who aspire to the degree of *Medicine Doctrix*.)

Horse and Foot.

THERE are many persons far North who are likely to see a remarkable discrepancy in the newspaper announcement subjoined respecting—

"THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—It should have been stated that the Brigade of Guards at the Review on Saturday was commanded by COLONEL DE HORSEY of the Grenadier Guards."

We shall probably hear from numerous friends beyond the Tweed that they wonder that the Grenadier Guards, being a foot regiment, has a Colonel who, as far as his name points, ought to belong to the Cavalry.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ACCEPT DRAFTS UPON BANKERS FROM THE RECKLESS AND IMPECUNIOUS.—"Don't count your cheques until they are cashed."

THE BEST SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—The Office of a City Accountant.

THE SORT OF RAIN VIVISECTIONISTS WANT.—Cats and Dogs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY Question as to Press-reported horrors of Christians massacred, imprisoned, and outraged in Bulgaria, met (*Lords, Monday, July 10*) by LORD DERRY's cooling answer. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has been written to. Time has not yet elapsed for his answer. LORD DERRY has telegraphed to SIR HENRY to communicate what he knows on the subject with the least possible delay. But other official information does not confirm to anything like the full extent the appalling statements in the *Daily News*. That is a comfort, as far as it goes. But if the Press statements on such subjects must usually be taken "with a grain of salt," a grain of pepper is too often wanted for the official statements and the unofficial statements that reach Officials.

(Commons).—MR. DISRAELI (in answer to MR. BRUCE) is unable to fix a day for the discussion of affairs in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and when the day does come, thinks the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition the right person to raise the discussion.

The Papers on the Eastern Question may be looked for, *Punch* is glad to learn, at the beginning of next week.

MR. DISRAELI, like LORD DERBY in another place, administered



TRANSPORT.

Curate (reproachfully). "AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE TAKEN MORE BEER TO-NIGHT THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU, GILES."

Inebriated Rustic. "SURE-LY, SIR, I DARE SAYE I COULD A' CARRIED IT HOM' EASIER IN A JAR!"

the official cold douche to MR. FORSTER, who had questioned him as to the reported atrocities in Bulgaria.

The PREMIER's answer was not in good taste. It is unbecoming the Head of Her Majesty's Government to get a laugh out of the extent of prison accommodation in Bulgaria, or the Bashi-Bazouks' habits of throat-cutting. From our Consuls at Ragusa, Cettigne, and Belgrade, and even at Phillippolis and Adrianople, the Government may have received "no accounts in which these details are mentioned," and yet the details may be in the main true. It seems strange that the *Daily News's* "Own Correspondent" should be so much more fully informed than our own Government's! But all England must wish, with *Punch*, that the most cold-drawn account may prove the truest.

Great fight on going into Committee on Education Bill between the Secularists and Nonconformists, under the lead of MR. RICHARD, and the supporters of the Government Bill of all shades of moderate opinion.

MR. RICHARD, under cover of his Amendment declaring compulsion unjust till all elementary schools are under public management, moved up his big guns, double-shotted with all the grievances of the Nonconformists, social and theological, as well as educational. Briskly answered by the batteries of HUBBARD, GREENE, PAGET, HALL, COWPER-TEMPLE, and GENERAL THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, against the cross-fire of JENKINS, MORLEY, MACARTHUR, MUNDELLA, and WADDY, the Nonconformist artillery was finally silenced, and victory declared for the Government by a decisive division of 317 to 99.

With a conscience-clause to protect the Nonconformists, and with MR. FORSTER's Amendment enforcing a report to the Educational Department of all cases of its infringement, *Punch* cannot but think the religious difficulty—so far as it is not political—fairly provided for; and is compelled to believe that the division represents the opinion of the country, as at present advised. As national and not denominational representative of the British Public, he does not feel called upon to find fault with it.

Tuesday (Lords).—Second Reading of Poor Law Amendment Bill,—a more useful than showy measure, giving much needed powers for the cutting and carving of Unions, and bringing us a long step nearer the end of settlement, by making paupers irremovable after three years' residence.

(Commons).—Morning Sitting. In Committee on Education Bill. LORD SANDON shrinks from making education between five and ten compulsory, but

does not shrink from prohibiting the employment of children between ten and fourteen, unless they pass the gate of the three R's, or can prove five years continuous school attendances of 250 days a year. In other words, if parents have failed in educating their children under ten, the children shall be debarred from earning a livelihood between ten and fourteen!

This is punishing the children for the parents' laches with a vengeance. Common sense says No to such an unreasonable and unworkable proposition. LORD F. CAVENDISH has mitigated its absurdity by his amendment—which the Government has had the sense to accept—exempting from the prohibition half-timers under the Factory Acts or children in necessary and beneficial employment attending school under the bye-laws of a local authority.

In the Evening Sitting LORD F. HERVEY moved the expediency of legislating for the improvement of the Law as to the qualifications and appointment of Coroners, and the conduct of Inquests. "Crown's Quest Law" has been a subject of ridicule since the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet* gave his famous illustration of it. It has received many a striking illustration since. But the last straw that broke the Crown's back has been laid on by a recent miscarriage of justice in a Crown's hands which will occur to all minds, though LORD F. HERVEY thought it better not to mention it.

Oh, the much enduring Conservatism of England, which has preserved with little change and less improvement a machinery for investigating cases of sudden death, invented, if tradition can be trusted, in the time of ALFRED THE GREAT! The first notice in relation to the Coroner's office LORD HERVEY had found was a case in which that wise monarch had hanged a Judge for treating the verdict of a Coroner's Inquest as conclusive.

The indictment was in many counts, but all may be taken as proven. The only question is, whether the office should be reformed or abolished, to make room for a new and completer instrument of inquiry. Even MR. READ, chosen representative of the stable bucolic mind, was for going this length; and though MR. CROSS would retain the name, he is ready to alter election, qualifications, and other conditions so completely that the Coroner's office, after CROSS has sat upon it, promises to be like the Irishman's knife, that was the same knife after it had been fitted with a new haft and new blades, or SIR JOHN CUTLER's famous stockings, whose identity was insisted upon after the original material had disappeared under repeated darnings.

Has a First Lord of the Admiralty an *ex-officio* place in all Naval Messes? MR. WARD HUNT seems disposed to assert such a right. In the Naval Mess of to-night the House was within twelve of leaving him. The Admiralty is often accused of being "pound-foolish," but in the case of CHAPLAIN PENNY v. CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, very effectively but fairly stated by MR. E. ASHLEY, it cannot be allowed the usual correlative merit of being "penny-wise."

Why had not MR. RICHARD CAPTAIN SULLIVAN's case for use on Monday night, in his summary of the wrongs of the Nonconformist? For CAPTAIN SULLIVAN is a Nonconformist Captain, on whom the Admiralty had cruelly, and no doubt of malice aforethought, quartered one PENNY, the highest of High Church Chaplains. Pent up in a ship, Nonconformity and High Church must explode, as inevitably as hydrogen and oxygen in a close vessel on passage of the spark from a Leyden jar. And when they did, and the REVEREND PENNY had taken every opportunity of showing that he didn't care a farthing for CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, and insisted on wearing crosses on his stole (which the Captain characteristically complained of as "not uniform.") and on chanting, and holding long services in the teeth of the Naval regulations, and in treading on the Captain's theological corns in his sermons, the Admiralty removed the Captain from his ship, and meant to remove the Chaplain, but didn't—by an accident—and has since refused the Captain a court-martial, MR. WARD HUNT contending that though the matter was serious enough for dismissal of a Captain, it was altogether below the dignity of a court-martial. Yet it was strictly an affair between combatant officers, a Captain on the one side, and an officer of the Church Militant on the other.

The House gave MR. WARD HUNT a tolerably intelligible intimation of their opinions by a division of 91 to 103; every naval officer who spoke having spoken in

condemnation of the Admiralty. If anything can be trusted to teach MR. WARD HUNT "not to do it again," this should.

Wednesday.—Liquor was in the ascendant. Had it been a vote for the introduction of "cups" into the House, *Punch* would have felt more sympathy. The Government, in spite of the heart-stirring eloquence of the Major, has knocked under to MR. SMYTH, and granted a Second Reading of his Bill for the closing of Irish public-houses on a Sunday, in accordance with the Resolution which MR. SMYTH carried some short time back. MR. GLADSTONE supported the Second Reading, on the plea of legislating in accordance with Irish ideas. But is this an Irish idea? Is it not rather the idea of a certain minority of active Irish enthusiasts, under knowing priestly influence?

Then the Sitting was talked out on the Scotch Intoxicating Liquor Bill, for transferring the holding of licences from those sinners, the publicans, to the municipalities of towns above a certain population, on the Swedish system. *Punch* would gladly see the experiment tried, though he doubts its success in the liquorish land ayont the Tweed.

MR. MARTEN opposed the Bill on the doubtful plea that drunkenness has nothing to do with the number of public-houses.

The Government opposed, and the Lord Advocate, of course, did not see his way to the experiment.

MR. ORR EWING, maintaining the original thesis that "Scotland was not a bit drunkener country than England, but that Scotchmen took their drink in a form that made them lively, Englishmen in a way that made them stupid," talked the Bill out of a sweltering House, which all this talk about drink must have influenced to the thirstiest pitch.

(Meanwhile the Teetotallers were triumphing on pop and ginger cordial at the Crystal Palace, and DR. RICHARDSON was on the point of letting off a fiery oration against alcohol, in which the spirit of enthusiasm was imperfectly tempered with the cold-water of common-sense.)

Thursday (Lords).—Dies non. Essence evaporated by the heat. Their Lordships, depressed, perhaps, by the victory of the Commons over the Hereditary Legislators at Wimbledon by seven points.

(Commons.)—Little digs from those experienced Scotch raspers, BAXTER and ANDERSON, on the Bulgarian atrocities, and the Sullivan case. MR. WARD HUNT admitted that the Captain's half-pay had been diminished, owing to his removal from his ship (or "dismissal") was it? *Punch* begs MR. WARD HUNT's pardon, but he can't, for the life of him, remember the difference, and that CHAPLAIN PENNY had been in private correspondence with a Lord of the Admiralty during his ritualistic squabble with his Captain. The case seems to grow more fishy the more it is looked into.

In Committee on Education Bill, vain attempts at indirect compulsion. Little Hodges and Gileses are to be excused from school for six weeks for hopping and harvest work, and other light and airy agricultural employments, where time is, as the lawyers say, "of the essence" of the crop.

POSIES FOR THE POOR.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER might find something else to do with their wealth than distributing any of it among successful competitors in a Children's Flower-Show, like that held in the Gardens of Grosvenor House the other Monday afternoon, when, in a tent on the lawn, between thirty and forty little florists, the eldest aged only fifteen, received prizes in money from the hands of the Duchess herself, with the not unnecessary admonition "to be sure and not lose it." It would be quite possible for their Graces—as MR. GLADSTONE, seconding a vote of thanks to them moved by LORD SHAFTESBURY, observed—"to shut their eyes to the wants around them, to shut their ears to the cries for help, and to live for themselves alone."

But every one to his liking, and if persons of rank and riches derive any gratification from contributing to the happiness of others, great or small, why they pay their money for that purpose, and they take their choice. As the Right Honourable orator already quoted pointed out—

"To go back in our history no long time—a century—we reached a period when every human being was in reach of the country; now every one at this time had the advantage of parks and squares; but London now covered such a space that many persons were being gradually removed from contact with Nature. The value of it was apparent from the eagerness with which it was pursued. In the manufacturing districts, however, where for miles and miles there was nothing but dirt and smoke, and where the products of toil covered the whole face of Nature, and changed the very appearance of the people, there was no opportunity of enjoyment in parks and gardens. So much the more important was it then that the cultivation of flowers should be encouraged by window and house gardens. The need was increasing, and the opportunity he hoped would be improved."

Another way in which they may lay out money to the same effect

as in providing poor people with refreshment for their eyes and spirits in the shape of window and house gardens, is by subscribing liberally to the funds of the Commons Preservation Society for legal resistance to the attempts at enclosing common lands, made by Lords of Manors accustomed to shut their eyes to the wants around them, and "live," as MR. GLADSTONE said, "for themselves alone"—like too many gentlemen of "propputty" whom it were easy but invidious to name.

OUR 'SQUIRE ON SPORT AND SCIENCE.

(Old Air.)



"THE Fox jumped over the turnpike-gate, And the hounds did after him go." And we after them at a spanking rate, And after him also. No higher pursuit I know, For pastime here below: "For all my fancy dwells upon NANCY; Yoicks, sing Tallyho!"

The Fox went far, and the Fox went fast, Till at length the Fox went slow. He ran himself out of breath at last, Could run no more, and so He turned him against the foe, And game to the last did show. And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY; Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

We came in at the death with a rush, my boys. The Fox at our feet lay low; And we cut off the Fox's brush, my boys; To the hounds did the rest of him throw. And they hauled him to and fro, And didn't they tear him, O! And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY; Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If Sport with Science you compare, You liken high to low. I never a tadpole's tail would pare, That wiser I might grow. No knowledge let us owe To an animal's grief and woe! But all my fancy dwells upon NANCY, Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If fox or hare you should compare With brutes no runs that show, A wrong you do the former to, That for gentleman's sport do grow. But tadpoles do not so, Nor cats and dogs, as I know— Hence my objection to Vivisection, Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

Raal Irish Pitaties.

SOMEBODY sends Mr. *Punch* a *Cork Constitutional*, with the following advertisement:—

FOR SALE, Six Acres of POTATOES that can speak for themselves. —Apply, &c.

We knew that potatoes had eyes, and so may be presumed able to see for themselves. But potatoes with tongues are a purely native growth of Ireland. The existence of such a variety of the tuber only shows how widely the gift of eloquence is diffused in the Green Isle. The very pratees can talk, and should be called "praters."



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

OUR SUBURBAN TENOR IS THREATENED WITH A RELAXED THROAT, AND MEETS WITH MUCH SYMPATHY FROM THE SEX HE IS WONT TO ENTHRAL. THE BASS AND THE BARITONE LOOK ON WITH MIXED FEELINGS. THEIR THROATS NEVER GET RELAXED (FORTUNATELY; FOR IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES).

CAPTAIN AND CHAPLAIN.

(See Debate on MR. E. ASHLEY'S Motion, July 12th.)

"D'YE mind me, a sailor should be, every inch,
All as one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip."
So chaunted CHARLES DIBDIN, Tyrtæus of old,
To England's invincible Navy,
When ship's bread crawled with weevils, and flowered in blue
mould,
And Mids ate their junk without gravy.
When at evens or odds JOHNNY CRAPAUD, as oft
Was licked as he dared cross our track;
When NELSON made heroes, and glory aloft
For hard lines below paid poor JACK.

Then our beautiful craft on their white canvas wings
Like frigate-birds skimmed the wide ocean;
None would dream there was harm in the exquisite things,
Fair at rest and still fairer in motion.
Till out spoke their broadsides, and laid gun to gun,
Locked yard-arm to yard-arm, they'd show
British tars could do aught British tars e'er had done,
And would sink e'er they struck to a foe.
Our iron-clads now all that beauty have doffed,
And like tea-kettles smoke, big and black;
No clean lines a-low, and no white sails aloft,
To ravish the eyes of Poor JACK!

Still JACK sticks to his Captain, and still says his prayers—
As men *will*, in short heave of Death's grapplin';
Though little for High Church and Low Church he cares,
High or Low Church, a Chaplain's a Chaplain.
As a Captain his ship has to sail and to fight,
So a Chaplain's to preach and to pray;

But when Captain and Chaplain get thwart hawse outright,
Poor JACK doesn't know what to say.
Whether Chaplain's been cheeky, or Captain has scoffed,
Either way the ship's taken aback;
"Small good then the chaunting, a-low or aloft—
Not a Pennyworth!" grumbles poor JACK.

"To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor."
So sang DIBDIN, and bard against chaplain, his strain
Might well teach the man-of-war parson,
That to set Roman candles ablaze on the main,
Is sheer theological arson.
When Captain and Chaplain at loggerheads oft
O'er the book at each other look black,
A Penny a-low ain't a farthing aloft
In walley received by Poor JACK.

Magnificent!

THIS from the *Guardian*:—

A SITUATION Wanted by a Nottingham Man; Age, Twenty-six;
Height, 5 ft. 10 ins. *Objects to cleaning lady's maid's boots.* High
Church Family preferred. First footman five years. Address, &c.

What a chance for anyone, wanting a man who really knows his
place!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

PUNCH lately asked who "among all the quotations in all the
Money Market and City Articles, ever met with a line of verse." Several
Cockney Correspondents have written to say, that bad as
the state of the Money Market has been lately, they expect to see
the quotations "vorse" yet.



KEEPING THE RING.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SCENE—The Steps of the Mars and Neptune Club.

MAJOR PHOGGS, CAPTAIN TOGS (of the Pre-Examination Period).



MAJOR PHOGGS. Yes. Don't see how we're to keep out of the row. Looks devilish like war, old man.

Captain Togs. Awfully. By Jove!

Major Phoggs. Something for us to do, as well as those sailor fellows?

Captain Togs. Shouldn't wonder. Anything's better than Aldershot. (Pause.)—I say, old man, where's Servia?

Major Phoggs. Eh! Servia! Well, you know, Servia is in—in Asia Minor. Isn't it?

Captain Togs. Somewhere near Turkey, I suppose. Got a cigarette?

Major Phoggs. Spouse we shall be sent on active service.

Captain Togs. Gad! it looks like it. Another Ashantee War. Go and pitch into

somebody—black fellows, as likely as not. Spend a lot of money, and get a medal for it. Horrid bore!

Major Phoggs. Always fighting blacks now.

Captain Togs. The Montenegros are regular niggers, ain't they?

Major Phoggs. Sounds like it. If they're not niggers, they're Turks—much the same thing.

Captain Togs. I thought they were Russian slaves, or serfs, or—talking of Russians—have you seen the *Danicheff*?

Major Phoggs. Too hot to go to the play. What's it about?

Captain Togs. Awfully good. There's a Russian Princess. A regular clipper. By Jove! And a pretty slave girl—sort of Russian Octoroon, you know—*Anna* something, rather a bore, always crying; and a fellah, awfully spooney on her, and so is another fellah. And that fellah gives her up to the other fellah, and goes into the Church—Russian Church, you know, not the English. I couldn't follow much of the dialect, you know. Those confounded French people talk so fast.

Major Phoggs. I say, we shall have to rub up our French if we go to war. Eh!

Captain Togs. By Jove, yes. I can translate a menu, but I'm hanged if I should like to ask my way of a foreigner. They're so infernally stoopid—never can understand a fellah, you know.

Major Phoggs. All *amour propre*—as they call it—old man. Let's split a whiskey and pol. [Exeunt from the steps, into Club.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I FIND TIM MAHONY. He isn't at BUNGAY'S, having just quitted that hospitable mansion, but I meet him on the steps of *The Loungers' Club*. I tell him he is the very man I want to see.

"Ah!" he exclaims, heartily. "Come in! I was just going; and" (looking at his watch) "I haven't more than—yes" (he likes to be exact) "I've just ten minewts to spare. Come in!"

[I cannot help making a note, which will be useful in *Typical Developments* under the head of "P" (Pronunciation). A Cockney—in fact, most Englishmen—would pronounce "minutes" as "min-nits," but an Irishman sets us right, and gives the "u" its value: he says "min-nevts."

Subsequent Note (after making this remark to a Friend).—An Englishman makes a distinction between "minutes of time," which he pronounces "min-nits," and "minutes of proceedings written in a book," which he pronounces "min-nevts." What does an Irishman do? How does an Irishman make the distinction? . . . N.B.—To ask an Irishman this question. Nothing like going to the fountain-head.

Happy Thought (if the occasion ever arises).—Good name for an Inn—*The Fountain-Head*. And what an opportunity for effective advertisement—"Always go to THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD!" This idea ought to be registered. Why isn't there an Office for the registration of Ideas? Not only one Office, because that would be comparatively useless; as, for example, if the Office were in London, and I were at the Giant's Causeway, or in the Hebrides, and suddenly had an idea which I wanted to register *sur le champ*, it would be an absurd expense to have to come up to London merely to register the one idea. No; every Post-Office should be empowered by Act of Parliament to be also an Ideal Registration Office.

Think this out, and make it a condition of my giving my vote at the next Election that my candidate shall pledge himself to do his best to bring in an Ideal Registration Office Bill. Or why not go in for Parliament myself with this idea, and make it a party cry?

TIM MAHONY, who has been speaking to a couple of friends of his in the Club while I have been making this note in the porch, turns to me, and says, "Let me introduce you to JACK BOWLER, my cousin. You've often heard me mention him to you."

I bow, and smile politely. This is intended to give them to understand that I have so frequently heard of JACK BOWLER from TIM MAHONY, that to meet him is the realisation of the highest aspiration of my life. Really, I mean (to myself), "I don't remember TIM's ever having said anything about him!"

We bow, and smile. So far is easy; but what are you to say to a new acquaintance suddenly introduced after you've finished bowing and smiling? In a novel you will find the novelist airily saying, "After the first civilities had been interchanged, *Gustave* observed to his new acquaintance," &c., &c., and they are in "two-two's" in the middle of an intimate conversation which, of course, has some bearing on the main plot. But that's the want in an ordinary case. *There is no plot.*

Yes, there is. This is *not* an ordinary case. I *have* a plot. I have come to ask TIM about Ireland. I tell them this, whereupon they laugh. Once begin, after an introduction, with a laugh, and the fortune of the conversation is made. A laugh in time saves nine minutes of twaddle.

"Why, TIM," says BOWLER, "you've never been to Ireland in your life, have you?"

"Never since I was born there," replies TIM: then adds, warmly, turning to me, "And so you're going to the old country? Ah! I wish I could go with ye."

"Do!" I say.

"Ah! I can't," he replies, shaking his head—"I'm so busy in town. I've got such a lot to do, and I've promised TOFFHAM—ye know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM?—No? Ah! ye'd like him—he's a good fellow. An' he's got such a place down at Pemby! It's Liberty Hall—ye can do just what ye like there. I must be with him to-morrow. Could you put it off for a week or two?"

"Yes," I answer, "if you would be certain to come with me."

He meditates for a few seconds; then, as if he had arranged everything for the next fortnight, he says,

"No, I can't promise: I mustn't disappoint TOFFHAM. Why don't you come down with us? There are a lot of fellows you know going."

"Yes," I object, "but I don't know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM."

TIM MAHONY sees no sort of difficulty in this. "What's that matter?" he asks. "I'll invite you, and you'll go down with me."

I tell him I have made up my mind to go to Ireland at once, and shall be very much obliged if he will give me any hints as to routes, best places to go to, hotels, and perhaps a letter or two of introduction.

"I can do something for you," he says: then, to his cousin, "JACK, aren't you going to take a brandy-and-soda?"

He wasn't going to, but he will.

"I thought you said you were," says TIM, beckoning to the waiter: and then to me, "Ye'll take something?"

For company's sake, and as a matter of curiosity, never having met TIM in his own Club before.

His cousin asks me if I would prefer anything to the usual brandy-and-soda. This I take to be a civil hint to TIM that not everybody cares about that common but useful compound.

We are served in silence, and I notice that BOWLER pays. Having paid, he retires, saying he'll be back presently, but if not, &c., &c.

"Good fellow, JACK BOWLER," says TIM, when he has left. "If he hadn't been engaged to-night, I'd have got him to have dined here."

"I didn't know," I say, foreseeing an invitation to the *Loungers* for to-night, "you were a member here."

"I'm not," he replies. "Me cousin BOWLER is; and what's the use of our both belonging to the same Club? Ah, they know me here; an' it's just the same as if it were my own."

TIM MAHONY can't assist me. He's not certain that he knows any (which he pronounces "annie") fellows in Dublin now. "Tud be no use me giving ye a lot of letters of introduction, and then to find nobody there. Tud be wasting yer time," he says.

He is right. In these circumstances I'd better try elsewhere. I say, "Good-bye!" to him.

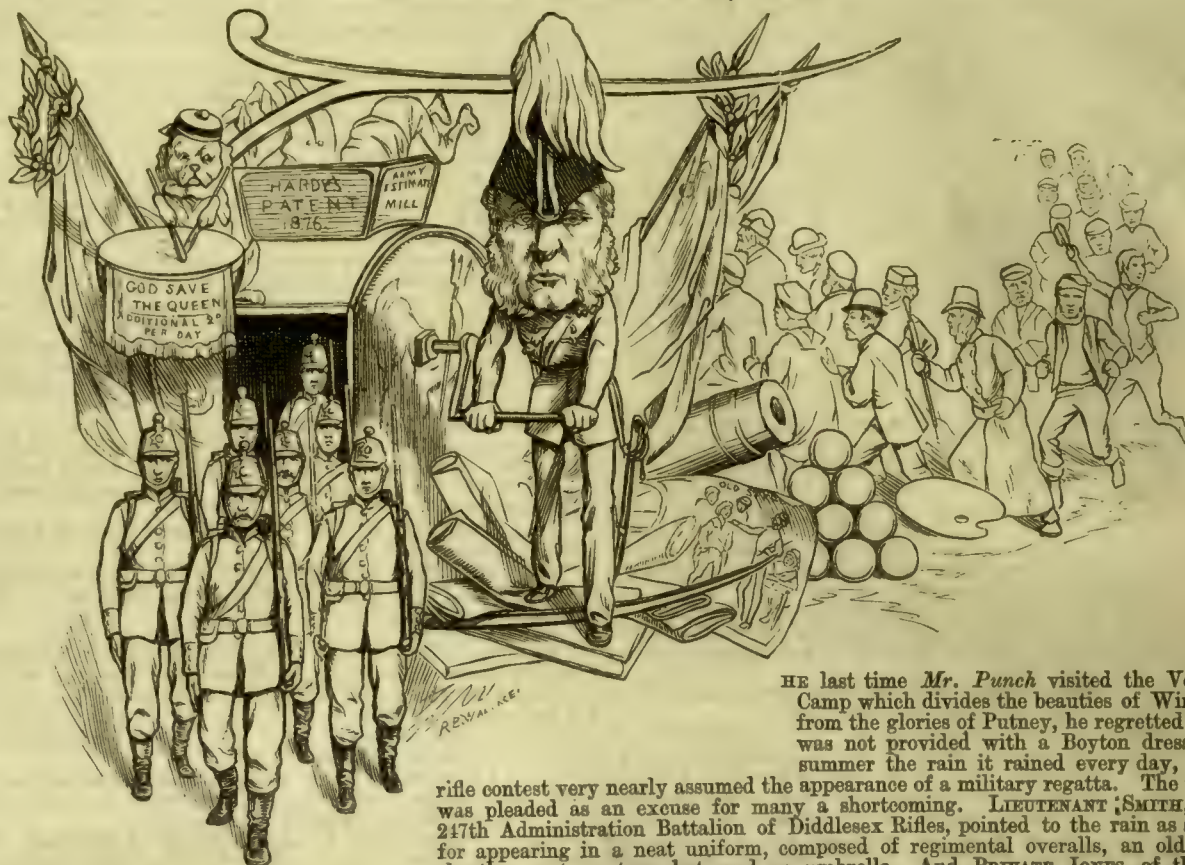
"Ye'll write to me," says he at parting, "an' let me know where ye are. I'd like to join ye, if I can."

"Do!" I urge.

"I will."

So we take leave of one another *pro tem*. He no more intends joining me in Ireland than I mean going to Australia.

PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON, 1876.



HE last time *Mr. Punch* visited the Volunteer Camp which divides the beauties of Wimbledon from the glories of Putney, he regretted that he was not provided with a Boyton dress. Last summer the rain it rained every day, and the

rifle contest very nearly assumed the appearance of a military regatta. The weather was pleaded as an excuse for many a shortcoming. *LIEUTENANT SMITH*, of the 247th Administration Battalion of Diddlesex Rifles, pointed to the rain as a reason for appearing in a neat uniform, composed of regimental overalls, an old yellow shooting coat, a straw hat, and an umbrella. And *PRIVATE JONES*, of the same gallant corps, wore quite as picturesque a costume as his smart and soldier-like

superior officer. This was a year ago, when *Jupiter Pluvius* was out of temper. In 1876 the scene has changed. Instead of constant rain there is only too much sunshine. The sun it shineth every day, and raises mirages that would spoil any shooting but that of the crack shots of Wimbledon fame. The weather, at least, can no longer be given an excuse for slovenliness.

"I suppose I must go," said *Mr. Punch*. "It is the seventeenth year of the meeting, and it ought, by this time, to be above criticism."

"It ought to be, Master," replied *Toby*, "but it isn't. You take my word for it, if you don't keep a sharp look out upon those Volunteers they will degenerate into a military rabble."

"They behaved very well before the Prince at Hyde Park, *Toby*."

"Anybody can march past, Master—that's not a very difficult task," retorted the cynical Dog. "But look at the Volunteers at home, and then judge of them. If they are not abroad at Wimbledon—well, I will diet myself upon cat's-meat for a fortnight."

"You have been taking lessons from *MR. HOLMS*, *Toby*."

"No, I have not, Master," growled *Toby*. "I hate inaccuracy, and, hating it, don't care very much about the Representative of Military Reform and—Hackney! Take my advice, Master, go to Wimbledon."

Thus urged, *Mr. Punch* started for the Camp. As he walked through the lines of the canvas town, he jotted down a few notes. The stroll was long and wearisome, but he managed to collect some materials. When he returned to Fleet Street he was tired out. The Dog of Dogs moved an easy chair towards him.

"Sit down, Master," said *Toby*, "and tell me what you think about our friends the Volunteers."

"You can read for yourself," replied the exhausted Sage, throwing over a bundle of MS. to his faithful and sagacious dependent.

"Hum," murmured *Toby*. "Fair in the main, but requiring additions. I will prepare them for the press."

And *Toby* did. The following is the result of the preparation:—

Uniform of the Volunteers.—Rather better than usual. A large majority of the men appear in proper costume. Unhappily, *Mr. Punch* has to report several glaring cases of eccentricity. He noticed one individual in a scarlet tunic, plaid trousers, and a wide-awake! Apparently the Volunteers consider that a large white handkerchief may cover (like *Charity*) a multitude of sins. Under this snowy headgear *Mr. Punch* recognised hats of all shapes and materials, from the modest pepper-and-salt helmet up to the lordly Lincoln and Bennett. But, after all, shooting is the important point. As his friend *SIR WILFRID LAWSON* has observed, "Cannot a man fight as well in a shooting-jacket as in anything else?" (*Note by Toby.*—This is not the point. The Volunteers at Wimbledon are supposed to be soldiers. Soldiers should be smart and disciplined. A man in a costume which is suggestive of a military beggar who has lost part of his uniform, and had that part supplied from a civilian wardrobe by the charity of the public, can be neither smart nor disciplined.)

Of the Tents.—*Mr. Punch* is pleased to find that on the whole the encampment has been formed with judgment and care. At noon, on the day of his visit, the tents looked clean and tidy. He was particularly pleased with the Regimental Camps, which were comfortable without being luxurious. Of these he may particularly single out the encampment of the London Rifle Brigade, which was (as usual), all that it should be. The battalion is commanded by *COLONEL HAYTER*. *Mr. Punch* feels sure that none of the comrades of this gallant officer will wish him "to go to Bath"—except at the time of a general election. The flowers outside several of the tents were exceedingly pretty, and everything would have been perfect had trenches in all cases been dug round the tent pegs. (*Note by Toby.*—Who wants a lot of flowers in an encampment! It would serve the Volunteers right were the rain to fall for a fortnight. They would then learn the value of proper drainage. No trenches indeed!)

Concerning the Luxury of the Staff.—*Mr. Punch* had always been under the impression that the Regulars' chief objection to the Volunteers has been this—that they (the Volunteers) have been either too silly or too proud to follow the very excellent example set for them by the rest of the Service. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* confidently expected to find the tents of the Staff models



THE BÉBÉ BONNET.

Fashionable Customer. "BUT IT MAKES ME LOOK SO INNOCENT!"

Fashionable Milliner. "OH NO! INDEED, MADAM! ANYTHING BUT THAT!"

Fashionable Customer. "ARE YOU SURE, NOW?"

Fashionable Milliner. "QUITE SURE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Customer. "THEN YOU MAY SEND IT ME!"

of simplicity and utility. On his way to the cottage, *Mr. Punch* had occasion to notice that the tents of the Volunteers (officers and men) were neat and comfortable. A waterproof sheet, a washhand-stand, a bed, a looking-glass, a lantern, and a tub, generally composed the inventory. When he reached the quarters of the Staff, the spirit of his dream changed. Over field-officers' tents he read the names of subalterns who had evidently done their very best to bring the *spéciosité* of London to the common of Wimbledon. These field-officers' tents (occupied by subalterns) were boarded and carpeted. They looked more like the shops of cabinet-makers than the canvas homes of warriors used to the discomforts of the tented field. In front of these field-officers' quarters were flowers in great abundance, and the whole encampment (with the showy mess-room and the lazy-looking marquee) gave *Mr. Punch* the idea that if there were any "feather-bed soldiers" in the enclosure, he (*Mr. Punch*) knew where to find them. (*Note by Toby.*—A very unfair attack; The Staff are most excellent persons. They have several things to do—at least, so it is reported.)

Of the Organisation of the Camp.—In spite of the luxuriance of the quarters of the Staff, *Mr. Punch* begs to bear his testimony to the excellent offices provided for the officials. Instead of the old tent, which was such an eye-sore last year, a neat wooden building appears, in which clerks and others are busily engaged the live-long day. It is only fair to state that the tents of the Camp Commandant, the Camp Adjutant, and the Secretary, do not belong to the gorgeous division. (*Note by Toby.*—This paragraph requires no addition. CAPTAIN MILDMAI is to be congratulated upon his good sense and good management.)

Concerning the Shooting.—The small-bore men as usual lounging about in absurd costumes and giving themselves airs. The regular Wimbledon marksmen much smarter in appearance than usual. *Mr. Punch*, however, must call attention to the antics of an acrobat in a wide-awake, who assumed a ridiculous position whenever he fired a shot.

When *Toby* had got thus far in his work, *Mr. Punch* stopped him.

"Master, I am not half done," said the sagacious dog, "I have not abused the Volunteers nearly enough."

"Stop, my friend," replied *Mr. Punch*. "The Volunteers are a very useful body of men. They have one or two faults that can be easily corrected, and no one has a right to show them ill will. They have on the whole behaved admirably at Wimbledon this year."

"And is that all you have to say?"

"That is all I have to say," repeated *Mr. Punch*, "except this," and then the great man raised a glass of claret cup to his lips, "May the Volunteers live long and prosper!" "And" (as a future historian will relate in 1976) "they did!"

THE DANICHEFF.

(*NEWSKI and DUMAS' creation*
Put into liquidation
In a rhymed analysis.)

ACT I.

A Russ Noble's habitation;
Maternal domination;
A young Swell in his vacation;
A fair Serf above her station;
Result—concatenation;
Two Old Maids' adulation;
An astounding declaration;
A Serf's emancipation;
A promise's violation;
A heart-rending situation,
With forecast of more sensation,
Thanks to which imagination
Can Love's woo'sip.

ACT II.

Moscow-life in lofty station;
A financial operation,
And a baffled calculation;
A young Light of French Legation;
A snub to male flirtation;
A Prince's occupation;
Madame Mère's anticipation,
And her son's repudiation
Of his Mother's extrication
From an awkward complication.
Rather too much conversation,
Though by point and observation
Raised from gossip.

ACT III.

A couple on probation;
Tea in tumblers; declamation,
And mutual admiration
Of each other's reprobation
Of mere self-gratification;
A hot lover's irritation;
A cool hero's provocation;
Sorrow, strength, self-abnegation,
And a Martyr's consolation
For poor *Osip*.

ACT IV.

A heroine's iteration,
Strong with power of aggravation;
A Princess's machination
'Gainst *I ladinir's* preparation
For *Anna's* change of station.
Madame Mère in perturbation,
Till *Osip's* consecration
Smooths away all tribulation,
And gives excellent occasion
For *De Toby's* peroration
And *Osip's* canonisation.

General conclusion.

Piece; without exaggeration,
Rich in powerful situation;
Helped by good interpretation;
Actors true to their vocation,
Who merit their ovation.
A success past expectation,
And no toss-up!



FAMILY TIES.

(Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent friends at the Egyptian Hall—M. and C.)

Aunt. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

Jacky. "OH, AUNT, WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK'! I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!!"

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Or, Roman Tactics and Anglican Strategies.

"As long as certain members of the Church of England are in the habit of imitating the Roman devotion of celebrating Mass, invoking the Saints, and Confession, reciting the rosary, and the like, conversions will follow, which, sudden as they may appear, are but the necessary consequence of such a line of conduct."—MR. BOWDEN'S letter to the Times on the "Perversion of LORD NELSON'S son."

Who's to blame for the 'Vert? Well, each rival Divine
May esteem himself clever at "drawing the line."
But Rubicons narrow are apt to be crossed
By adventurous feet, or by spirits doubt-tossed.
If you lead a horse down to the stream's very brink,
You need scarce be surprised should the animal drink.
"I Romeward inclined?" cries the Anglican Priest.
"Tis the slander of bigotry!—Not in the least!
Mimic Mass? Mariolatry? Oral Confession?
Pooh! pooh! Our own Creed's exoteric expression.
No nibbling at Rome's toasted cheese, oh, dear no!
But those 'Protestant' fogies got sleepy and slow;
Their decoys ceased to draw, and, lest worse should befall,
Our Church-trap we've baited afresh—that is all!
They who shout 'stolen garments!' are spiteful or dull, for
Here's nothing whatever that sniffs of Rome's Sulphur."

And yet still they stray, these young lambs, from your flock,
At the sound of the pastoral pipe you but mock.
Just a soft tootle-tootle, and over they go,
For the slope is so easy, the hedge is so low,
'Tis a jump scarcely felt, and—undreamt of disaster!—
The little pet lambkins have found a new Pastor.

Whose the fault? Punch opines that the Anglican priest,
When the blame is apportioned deserves,—not the least!
The descent to Avernus is easy they say,
And you won't make it harder by "paving the way."

Lead your flock three parts down and then bid them halt there?—
Just as well bid the bullet stop short in mid air;—
Show the needle the magnet, but ask it henceforth
To point just a *little* away from the North;
Roll the Sisyphus Stone from the brow of the hill,
But request it to halt half way down, if it will,—
And then ask the 'Vert, long rolled Romeward, to stop
In your house of half measures, your second-hand shop,
Where doctrines "conveyed," and "maimed rites" but proclaim
Its provisional nature, and ultimate aim.
"Roman tactics," forsooth! It were better to fix
More attention on Anglican strategy's tricks.
Rome-and-water's a "tap" some may deem very sweet,
But young sippers may try how the liquor tastes neat.
If perchance they prefer it, pray who is to blame,
But the men who first taught them the taste of the same?
Small need has shy Rome for unmasking her battery,
While sleek Imitation, the subtlest of flattery,
Sneaks into the garrison, drugs each defender,
And so paves the way for a willing surrender.
Men may turn, and return,—but while Spirit and flesh hold
You'll find few contented to "dwell on the threshold!"

The Last Servian "Shave."

THE *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th instant published the tidings that the Servians "had captured three Kouhlahs and shaved them." The original telegram ran in French:—

"Les Serbes ont pris trois Kouhlahs et les ont rasés."

As "Kouhlah" means a "blockhouse," it is probable that the rendering "rased to the ground" would have been preferable to "shaved." The word "*rasés*" certainly has both meanings, and it may be that, considering the whackers generally telegraphed by both sides from the Seat of War, "shave" was thought to be a safe translation.

LADY PSYCHE'S GARDEN PARTY.



HAPPY institution
of July!
Just at its
fiercest is
Apollo's anger,
And wit from
Parliament
begins to die,
And dullards
fill the stifling
air with clangour,
And scarce a
cloudlet flecks
the azure
sky,—
Then how it
cheers the
unutterable
langour
If a Club friend
exclaims,
in accents
hearty,
"To-morrow's
LADY PSY-
CHE'S Garden
Party."

Rises a cool refreshing vision. Shady
Alleys of verdure—interspace of lawn—
The calm sweet presence of the dominant lady
(Last season shy as the Venusian's fawn*)—
Fair forms of beauty in their happy heyday,
From whose gay dreams all trouble is withdrawn—
Swans gliding on the royal river's reaches—
The maddest music and the juiciest peaches.

Can any man on such a lovely scene
Gaze, and be cynical? Bright dresses flutter,
And bright eyes glance, and lips untouched by teen
Idyllic nonsense indolently utter:
And even the merry maid becomes a queen,
Who, fresh from frock, succinct, and bread-and-butter,
French verbs, piano practice, all things dry,
Flits through the air a radiant butterfly.

Time, like the Thames, will linger not, but rushes
On to the glory of the evenglome,
And, ere the saffron sunset softly flushes,
The clustering carriages are ordered home.
Sum up the whole: gay words, sweet smiles, soft blushes,
Jests evanescent as the Clicquot's foam—
Perchance one maiden fair has found a lover,
And LADY PSYCHE'S Garden Party's over.

* "Hinnuleo similis."—HOR. i. 23.

POOR PRISONERS!

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock, a few nights since, a large meeting of the Predatory Classes was held in one of the most frequented streets in London, to consider the new Prisons' Act. A gentleman known as "The Lawyer," but whose registered name did not transpire, was elected to the Chair by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN said that he must congratulate the Meeting upon the admirable site they had secured for a gathering-place. They were standing in a street in which goods of the utmost value were stored. So they might feel sure that they had no reason to fear a visit from the police. ("Hear, hear!") He was proud to say that London was one of the worst guarded cities in the world. (Cheers.) He must claim their indulgence, however, to beg that they would not take advantage of their position to steal anything. They were there for pleasure—not for business. ("Hear, hear!") It would manifestly be unfair to those employed in holding the Meeting were the non-speakers to seize the opportunity of their confrères' absence to do a stroke of work on their own account. ("Hear!") As Englishmen he reminded them of the national motto—"Honour among thieves." (Loud cheers.) And now he would call upon his distinguished friend, MR. WILLIAM SIKES, to move the first Resolution. As his honourable (or should he say "dishonourable"?)—(Laughter)—friend had not devoted much time to literature, perhaps he (the Chairman) had better read the Resolution himself.

It was as follows:—"That this Meeting, composed of some of the hardest-working persons in the community, regard with distrust any scheme for the alteration of the Prison System now in force. They moreover consider that the proposed Bill (to quote the words of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON) 'directly interferes with the liberty of the people, and looks more like the Bill of a Continental Power than of our HOME SECRETARY.'"

MR. WILLIAM SIKES (who was very well received) said he didn't know much about talking. He had certainly made speeches before now at the Old Bailey, but they were always the same, and had only two words—"Not Guilty." (Laughter.) And when he made those speeches, they were always failures, because the jury never believed him. (Laughter.) But here, as he had been brought up before them, he might as well say his say. He was proud to assert that he belonged to the criminal classes of the country, and he thought those classes had a right to claim self-government. ("Hear, hear!") Those classes made more money change hands than any other classes. ("Hear!") Then why should they not be heard? ("Hear, hear!") This new-fangled Bill was un-English—it was unconstitutional. (Cheers.) If it was passed, the prisons would be all alike. And he knew the Government. They were a stingy set. ("Hear, hear!") Once, after a very good thing, he was weak enough to send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER half a ten-pound note for unpaid Income-tax; but when he heard how they were cutting down everything, how they proposed to take all the prisons and reduce the diet probably to the diet of barracks and workhouses—"Shame!"—he kept the other half of his ten-pound note, and used it for lighting his pipe. (Cheers.) They might rest assured that if the Government got hold of the dear old gaols, they would make them all as bad as Salford—(Groans)—where a man got more work and much less food than in London, for the prisons provided by the City authorities were simply first-chop. (Cheers.) He begged to propose the Resolution that had just been read by his venerable and learned friend "the Lawyer." (Loud cheers.)

MR. RICHARD DE SWINDLER begged to second the Resolution. He was not quite sure that he had a right to call himself a thief. He was a promoter of Bubble Companies. ("Yes, yes!") He thanked them for their cordial acceptance of his claims. He quite agreed with MR. SIKES that they had a right to be heard. The Predatory Classes were one of the most important powers in the country. He saw before him the practical part of those classes, the men whose energy and courage stimulated industry everywhere. If nothing were stolen the various markets would be glutted, and labour would come to a stand-still. ("Hear, hear!") But they had brothers in other walks of life. Surely the adulterating tradesman, the penniless spendthrift, and the fraudulent trustee might claim kindred with them. ("Hear, hear!") The Predatory Classes were the cause of the employment of a number of very helpless and witless men, who, but for them, would be probably starving in the streets. He alluded to the Police. ("Hear, hear!") He claimed for the Predatory Classes the right of self-incarceration. An Englishman boasted that his house was his castle; it surely was most unreasonable to take from him the right he had enjoyed from the earliest times—the right to choose his own prison. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The Resolution was then put to the Meeting, and carried unanimously.

MR. FAGIN, junior, said that although not actively engaged in the profession, he considered, as the receiver of stolen property, he was as good a thief as any gentleman present, and he thought they ought to be very grateful to the Municipal Authorities who were opposing the new Bill. ("Hear, hear!") He begged to move "That the thanks of this Meeting are due to the Mayors, Aldermen, Vestrymen, and other friends who are resisting the encroachment of Government tyranny—tyranny which would deprive the rich swindler of his prison clerkship, and the poor thief of his customary Christmas fare." ("Hear, hear!")

The Artful Dodger (who was received with applause) begged to second the Resolution. He thought as things were getting now-a-days so very bad any move back in the right direction should be encouraged. ("Hear, hear!") The gentlemen who were opposing the Prisons Bill were certainly doing the Predatory Classes a great service. (Cheers.) He was not surprised. Some time since he read a speech delivered in the House of Commons upon the Corporations of England. It convinced him that many of the Municipal officers belonged to their own profession. (Cheers.) He was pleased to find this kindly fellow-feeling existing between the bench and the dock, and he sincerely hoped it might continue for ever. (Loud cheers.)

The Resolution was put to the Meeting and carried unanimously, as also was a complimentary vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Before the company separated two Policemen joined the gathering. The constables subsequently reported to their inspector that in the crowd they were deprived of their staves, their pocket-handkerchiefs, their watches, and their lanterns. They did not discover the losses they had sustained until the following morning.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH, LORD DERBY, and LORD GRANVILLE being of one mind on any point, England may safely be of that mind too.

ENGLAND having for twenty years accepted the Declaration ratified by "the judgment of Paris"—that "free ships make free goods"—declines (*Lords, Monday, July 17*), by the voice of LORD GRANVILLE, as well as LORD DERBY, to go back from that Declaration. Herein the Lords follow the Commons, who have just shown, by a No-House, their disinclination to disturb the new doctrine.

LORD DERBY thinks that our disavowal of it just now would lead Europe to infer that England was refurbishing an ancient weapon of offence in apprehension of impending war. "*Quæta non movere*" should be the motto of the moment.

LORD GRANVILLE goes further. He thinks the new doctrine the best for England under any circumstances. Suppose JOHN BULL neutral, the new principle gives him the carrying trade of the belligerents. Suppose him belligerent, it leaves him his trade with neutrals, while its abrogation would enlist every maritime power against him. This sounds well, though a very different way of looking at the matter. For the present, England, at all events, lays aside a weapon that she has used of old with deadly effect on her enemies, but which, like all deadly weapons, is capable of being turned against herself. One thing should plead for her with all parties. It is not magnanimity that has compelled her renunciation of the largest right of maritime mischief in time of war, but enlightened self-interest.

The ancient "Judgment of Paris" sowed the seed of war. The modern "Declaration of Paris" draws War's worst sting—its right of plunder on the high seas.

Has England more to gain than lose by the renunciation? The question is a debateable one. "To gain," say LORD DERBY and LORD GRANVILLE. That settles it for the present.

Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian *versus* German, French, and Italian. Which ought to count for most in the papers of Indian Competition-wallahs? LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY thinks Indian tongues should decide claims to Indian appointments. "*Dubitatur*," says LORD SALISBURY. What examinations are meant to pick out, is not the ready-made tool for India, but the best raw material. Competitive examination, LORD SALISBURY quite admits, has its bad points; but think (he adds) of the blessing it is to heads of departments!—it doubles their power of obliging with nominations, and shunts influential incapables, patronage notwithstanding. We shall yet see the system maintained, not because it secures the best servants, but because it saves chiefs trouble.



GEOGRAPHY AND FINANCE.

Lady Visitor (examining the School). "WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF TURKEY?"
Bright Little Scholar. "PLEASE, 'M, IT AIN'T GOT NONE—IT'S BANKRUPT!!!"

Besides these two talks, their Lordships did a heavy stroke of work, knocking off, at Peers' pace, some dozen Committees and Third Readings by half-past seven; their bag including such various game as Wild Fowl Preservation, Poor-Law Amendment, and Labourers' Dwellings.

(*Commons.*)—Personal. LORD HENRY LENNOX resigns the First Commissionership of Works to cry *peccavi* for his Stock Exchange sins of five years ago, as Director of the Lisbon Tramways Company. LORD COLERIDGE's summing up in *Twyecross v. Grant* made LORD HENRY's appearance in the white sheet inevitable. MR. TREVELYAN had but to give notice that he *meant* to ask a question, and LORD HENRY's resignation answered it by anticipation. His explanation was received by the House with sympathy—but in silence broken only by a few painful words from MR. DISRAELI. The PREMIER's long-standing and close personal intimacy with LORD HENRY gave a touch of pathos to their parting. LORD HENRY has shown himself the right man in the right place as First Commissioner of Works, whatever he may have been as Director of Lisbon Tramways. The House feels for him—but there is still one place where ill-gotten gain has a bad smell—that is on the hands of a Minister, when once attention has been called to it. LORD HENRY points out that he has been a loser by his connection with the Lisbon Tramways. In that the public goes along with him. The difficulty would seem to be to say who has not lost by that remarkable enterprise. Even the modern Midas, our *Albertus Magnus*, the great Alchemic transmuter of the day, who turns all schemes to gold, may find reason to doubt if his power be not fated to come to grief at Lisbon Tramways, should the other eighty-eight pending actions follow the test-case of *Twyecross*.

From Lisbon trams, through Lisbon's DUKE SALDANHA,
 Once on Director's heads fell golden manna,
 Till Rings and Rigs and puffs no premiums earn,
 And Lisbon tram-shares into trammels turn.
 Sharp-set Directors fasting teeth must crunch hard,
 And fain clerk's head, in GRANT's default, would punch hard.
 GRANT falls to JAMES's powder. LENNOX, low,
 From London's Works for Lisbon's works must go.
 Alas that he this lesson should have wanted,
 Qualifications never take for granted!

MR. DISRAELI did his best to soften the story of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. He read SIR HENRY ELLIOT's despatches. SIR HENRY, as in official duty bound, does his best to extenuate everything, and set down nothing in malice, except the motives of unofficial reporters. He is bold in paring down figures, and shifts the burden of provocation from Turks to Christians.

Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians have had to bear a great deal before they took the law into their own hands. No wonder their hands may have been a *little* rough. Then, though there was not so very much to remonstrate against, SIR HENRY has been diligent in remonstrating. And though there has not been much serious atrocity to check, the Turks have now sent a Commissioner to check it.

Altogether, all seems for the best in that best of all possible Embassies at Stamboul. At all events, now that those troublesome Correspondents have said their say, and poor DISRAELI has done his best to soften the *Daily News* picture of horrors by help of SIR H. ELLIOT's sweetener and official milk-and-water colours, the country has both sides of the Turkish shield—the black and the white—before it, and may come to its own conclusions. SIR HENRY says the Christians are volunteering for service against the Servians. So that besides a regiment of Softas, with yataghans in one hand and Korans in the other, we are like to see a mixed Volunteer corps, with Cross and Crescent, side by side, upon their banners.

In Committee on Education Bill, last clauses reached, amid cheers from both sides of the House.

For though the Bill your Brummagem *Intransigentes* stand off,
 The House with gladness SANDON helps polemics' arid sand off.
 And in hope the Bill's improvements may be seen in Acts succeeding,
 Joins to float it to the haven, deep and tranquil, of Third Reading!

Tuesday (Lords).—A talk on Provisional Orders—nothing about the bill of fare in the refreshment-rooms, or what their Lordships are pleased to order in the way of refreshment, but the machinery by which Town, School, and Harbour improvements are now legalised—a compromise between doing such work by Bill in Private Bill Committee and by officers of permanent departments.

LORD REDESDALE doesn't half like the plan; no more does the DUKE OF SOMERSET. It takes too many local pies out of reach of



GANTS DE PARIS.

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR ABOUT KID CORSELETS FOR LADIES? CAN THEY BE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?

their Lordships' fingers. But it is an improvement on old ways for all that, and is and ought to be, increasing.

(Commons.)—MR. D. JENKINS would like to know why the *Thunderer's* boiler burst, so asks MR. WARD HUNT if he can tell him. MR. WARD HUNT would be glad if he could, but he is waiting for the result of the inquiry that is to tell him.

MR. BOURKE has to tell SIR C. DILKE that Roumania—like *Oliver Twist*—is asking for more.

"Flemishing off" the Elementary Education Bill. An important new Clause for Establishing Day Industrial Schools where wastrel children will receive industrial teaching and one meal a day. MR. TORR, supporting the Clause, said there were 170,000 such children in Liverpool.

MR. FORSTER doubted the effect in tempting hard-working parents to transfer the support of their children from the family table to the School Board.

MR. LOWE protested against the school. Even *Punch* cannot but feel some fear—ready as he is in this cause to face all Lions in the Path. It is a bold experiment—bold enough to please even Birmingham. A new Clause in the Bill will give the smallest schools extra grants independent of their earnings. This is right, and shows a wise independence of doctrinaire pedantry.

Wednesday.—Contagious Diseases Bill. Though the House did not clear the Ladies' gallery, Mr. Punch must clear his columns of all except the announcement that the repeal of the statute was defeated by 224 to 102.

Thursday.—Nil in the Lords.

In the Commons: settlement of the Session's paper, with the names of the Bills ordered for execution.

MR. DISRAELI clings to his innocents; but they must die, and the fewer words over them the better.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" AT THE CHISWICK GARDEN PARTY.

July the 18th, Tuesday last week.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was last in Town you said you'd "give anything for some fashionable information really authentic." Here it is. I hold you to your word. I came up from Cumberland, and deprived myself of some rare sport, on purpose to be present at the Chiswick Garden Party. My Royal and Illustrious Friend had written to me privately (of course), and said, "You must come. Awfully hot. Regular Indian season this, isn't it?" I replied, "Yes, and, oddly enough, when the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH came over here, we had quite Russian weather. Weather and Royalty go together. God save the QUEEN, and long may she rain."

In former times, for these little *jeux de mots* I should have been rewarded with a sinecure at Court worth £10,000 a-year, paid quarterly in advance, *sans* Income-tax deducted, or I should have been Baronetted with a pension; but now the joke is repeated by somebody without the name of the author, then given out as somebody else's, or perhaps said as "a doosid good thing" by some unblushing aristocrat (who will probably leave out the point), and I, the original inventor, am left to wither away in a dry corner like a neglected rose. That last simile is worth a poet's attention. But I don't believe the Laureate would stand me an iced drink, even in this weather, were I to go to his place in the Isle of Wight, and say, "Look here, here's an idea for you." No! even he would answer that "he had already thought of it": and there would be "another good thing gone wrong." Bah! I am weary of the world, and, had it not been for your expressed wish, which to me is law,† I should not have stirred a tent-peg to come up to such a tiresome, slow, ennuying, and, between ourselves, such a very mixed affair, as a Garden Party at Chiswick. Not that the *fête* itself is tiresome to novices; no. But to me—to me, the *roué*, the *usé*, the *blasé*—to me, who now doat on the blue, the fresh, the ever free; who prefer the bloom on the heather to the rouge on the cheek, the horizon softening in the evening shades (pretty this, isn't it?—no extra charge) to the delicately pencilled eyebrow to which a poet could write a sonnet—(if paid for it—*j'y suis*)—or for which a Pomatunist could pen an advertisement.

Oblige me by stopping to consider the word *Pomatunist*. You see what it means at once. It out-Carlyles CARLYLE; it out Germans German. To have invented such words as "pessimist," "optimist," "pantomimist," "positivist"—bah! nothing! A mere smattering of Latin, and *le jeu est fait!* But a Pomatunist! Just think over it; because if I write very fully on this subject, it will only cost you more, and my wish is to save you all expense possible, and yet give you full details about the Chiswick Garden Party. [But, clearly, there are words yet to be invented. A *Pomatunist*, i.e., a man who deals in *pomata*. A *Teetotunist*, i.e., a man who deals in *Teetota*. With power to add to their number.]

SIR AUGUSTUS SALA JUNG wanted me to make one of his party. Couldn't. By the way, he does not drop the "J." I don't mean that he

* We need scarcely remind our readers, and Our Representative, that the expression "*we would give anything*" admits of more than one interpretation.—ED.

† And it shall be "Law," if we find we have been deceived. We were taken in once, and now the burnt Editor consults a Solicitor.—ED.



CANDOUR.

Spinster Excursionist (the least elderly). "TWO TICKETS TO BROADSTAIRS, PLEASE."

Facetious Clerk. "SINGLE LADIES?"

Spinster (with a weak-minded sense of humour). "I REGRET TO SAY WE ARE, SIR! FIRST CLASS, IF YOU PLEASE!"

drops any other letter, *bien entendu*; but I do mean, for the information of friends at a distance, that he doesn't speak of himself as "Young," but as "Jung." I drop the "J" with him, for the sake of what I then call, not "a joke," but "a yoke." He screams with laughter; that is, he really does laugh himself, because, unlike all regular Oriental potentates (he is a "potentate") he does not keep fellows to do for him what he can do for himself. Even dear old LOBBLOLLO BROX, the native Indian Admiral, as jovial an old fellow as ever you met on Saturday night at sea in an old caboose, would never allow a muscle of his face to move, even at my most telling witticisms. No; so strong was the habit that he'd just turn to his *Smylah* (the Indian name for these officials, who are the professional laughing-men, i.e., *Les Hommes qui rient*), gravely nod, and off would go the *Smylah* into fits and shouts. When old LOBBLOLLO thought he had laughed enough, another movement of the head stopped him. I pitied the poor *Smylah* when he had a bad headache (it was often the case; he was a bilious man, but a good laugh), and some one told the LOBBLOLLO a nautical joke! The jolly old Indian Tar would make the *Smylah* laugh for an hour at a stretch at that one joke. Good, dear, kind old boy as the old Indian ADMIRAL LOBBLOLLO was, yet, if that unhappy *Smylah* had pleaded biliousness as an excuse for not shaking his sides with laughter, then "Off with his head—so much for *Smylah*!" would have been the Admiral's order, which would have been executed on the spot,—in fact, the order and the *Smylah* would have been executed together.

However I am giving you Indian "Nannygoats," and not telling you about the Chiswick Garden Party.

I couldn't accept SIR SALA's offer, having already engaged myself to the dear, delightful, wicked, charming old aristocrat, the DUCHESSE DUMONT DE PIETÉ (a relation of mine, on my Uncle's side)—who is over here this season to look after her Scotch estates, which, as you know, are in Ayr, and Skye. By the way, if you want some good shooting this year, just let me know in time (when you send the

THOUGHTS ON THE "THUNDERER."

In fight upon the Ocean wave
BRITANNIA still can trust her Men.
But will her Ships as well behave,
And prove as trusty then?

For note this difference 'twixt the case
Of cruiser as compared with crew;
Blue Jackets of the olden race:
And Iron-clad Steamers new.

Plain sailing, they capsize or clash,
And founder in a quiet sea.
How, in the roar, and smoke, and flash
Of battle will it be?

The valour which our Tars ne'er lacked
Will do as much as mortal may;
But then will valves and stopcocks act
Aright in danger's day?

Beside the risk of being blown
Up, haply, by a foreign foe,
Each craft with boilers bears her own
Torpedoes down below.

A "trial trip" has shown, one day
What may betide us on the main.
No more, but help, as best we may,
Survivors of the slain.

At the Seaside.

(Thermometer 85° in the shade on the Pier.)

Seasideist (already very much sunburnt). Why am I like an English poet?

Charles (his friend). Too hot for guessing. Give 't up.

Seasideist (slowly). Because I'm Browning.

Charles (his friend—up till that moment). Oh!

[Retires under an umbrella, and dozes. Curtain.]

OPERATIC.

WHY has MR. MAPLESON chosen the Thames Embankment as the site of the New Opera House?

Answer. So as to have plenty of water for his "plant."

little thousand pound cheque for this fashionable intelligence will do), and I'll give it you. Blackcock, tripe,* woodcocks, grouse, moor-fowl, wagtails, everything that a sportsman's bag could desire. But, as I remarked before, if I am to stop on every occasion to chatter about such trifles, we shall never get to the Chiswick Garden Party.

Well, the day was hot, and the roads dusty. Cabs and carriages, and four-in-hands, and T-carts and dog-carts, and *piéges-aux-chevaux* of all sorts and sizes, on sale or hire, were out and down the road to Chiswick.

On entering the grounds, my Illustrious and Royal Friend, the giver of the *fête*, came up, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, whispered in my ear—†

And so, having spent a delightful but dusty day, I remain, now, as ever,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* We fancy that this must be a *lapsus calami* for "Snipe." But never having been in Scotland, and not knowing the dialects, we are ready to admit the possibility of there being such a bird as a Tripe, which, however, up to the moment of going to press, we have been unable to find mentioned in any Ornithological Dictionary. The inquiry is still proceeding.—ED.

† The Printer has come to us at the last moment with the information that he has not received any further contribution on this subject from Our Representative. A torn slip of paper contained the finish which appears above with the signature, and nothing more. We cannot upset the arrangements of the paper by taking out the columns already admitted, and we cannot for a moment think that this *hiatus valde defendus* is intentional. It must be, we fancy, as our Contributor himself would have probably said, "another good post gone wrong," and we shall at once inquire at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Apologising for the default to our readers, we hope to present them on the first opportunity with a satisfactory solution of the present problem.—ED.

NATURAL RESORT FOR VICTIMS SUFFERING UNDER EGYPTIAN BONDS.—Goschen! (So no wonder the Bondholders have appealed to the RIGHT HON. C. J. to suggest a way out of their mess.)



A DISENCHANTMENT.

SWELLINGTON SPIFF (WHO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA, BECAUSE IT'S THE THING TO DO) IS INVITED TO BREAKFAST BY A NOBLE DUKE, (WHO ALSO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA). HE IS MUCH ELATED AT THE PROSPECT OF SITTING DOWN TO TABLE WITH POSSIBLY TWO OR THREE CABINET MINISTERS—AT ALL EVENTS, WITH NOTHING UNDER A VISCOUNT! IMAGINE HIS DISGUST, ON ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM, AT BEING PRESENTED BY HIS GRACE TO ROBINSON, SMITH, JONES, BROWN, PERKINS, BLENKINSOP, AND PARKER, WHO ALL COLLECT BLUE CHINA, AND WHOM HE HAS KNOWN EVER SINCE HE BEGAN TO COLLECT BLUE CHINA HIMSELF.

DOGS AND DOCTORS.

MR. PUNCH had yesterday the honour of receiving a numerous Deputation, formed chiefly of the higher orders, and largely consisting of the softer sex, friends of animals, especially of dogs. It was headed by a beautiful being, who, in a voice of angelic sweetness, signified the object of their attendance in the following appeal:—

"Will not *Punch*, the great master of *Toby*, 'best of dogs,' use his mighty influence for the benefit of *Toby's* brothers and sisters? Will he not raise his voice and wield his pen to rescue them from the horrors of Vivisection? For the love of mercy, and for the sake of gratitude to these faithful loving creatures, *Pray do!*"

Mr. Punch replied, with an obeisance expressive of the most respectful admiration, that he was profoundly moved by the impassioned exhortation addressed to him from lips associated with eyes radiating sweetness and light. He would, however beg to be allowed to depute the duty of responding to it to the party it principally concerned.

"*Toby!*" cried *Mr. Punch*, and the sagacious animal immediately came out from under the table. "*Toby*, now's your time."

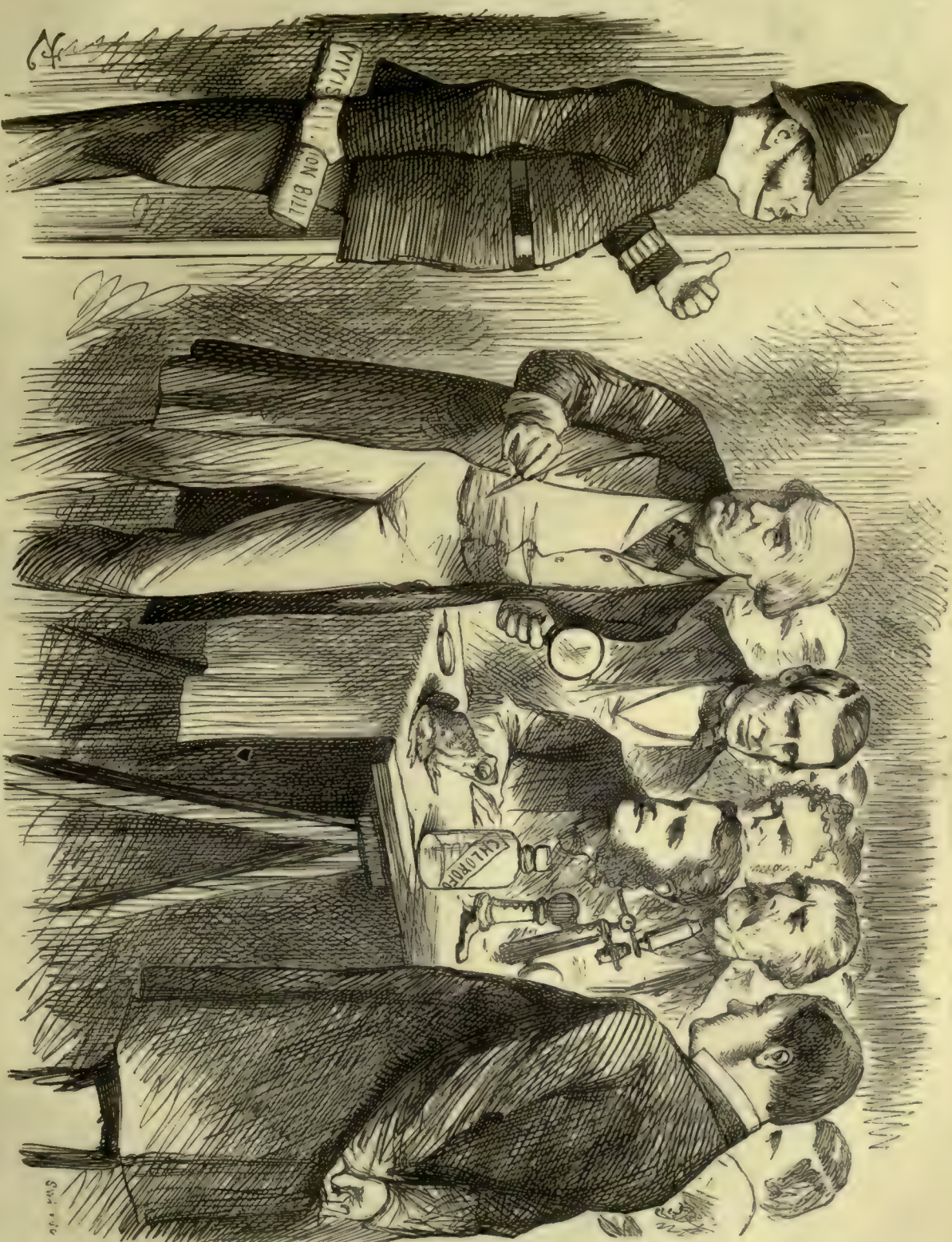
"The Dog-Days, Master?" was *Toby's* prompt reply.

"O, *Toby!* But, true enough, dogs are in season. They are at present creating a special interest. You just now overheard a touching and eloquent appeal on behalf of them. Now be so good as to explain to these Ladies and Gentlemen—who know you can talk—your view of Vivisection as affecting your own community. Tell them, *Toby!*"

Having duly shaken himself and wagged his tail—

Toby said that both personally and as a representative dog he felt unspeakably grateful for the benevolent sympathy so deeply wounded by the Vivisection supposed to be cruelly practised by Doctors on Dogs. The subjects of that process, however, were not his brothers and sisters. No good dogs were ever vivisected. Those that were so were very distant relations indeed; curs, the canine analogues of cads. Every dog must die somewhen and somehow. A cur

might die worse than by Vivisection under chloroform. The vivisected cur died for the benefit of man—the Dog's friend. He therefore did not die a useless cur. He (*Toby*) computed that some twenty dogs died yearly by Vivisection in England. If Vivisection were abolished, a great many more than that number would so die abroad at schools of science necessarily resorted to by British students and investigators, and would most likely die without chloroform. The pain, if any, inflicted upon dogs by scientific vivisectors was as nothing to the amount of torture dogs had to endure at the hands of ignorant people. Many thousands died a lingering death, the victims of cruel fondness, crammed to death by stupidly-indulgent masters and mistresses, particularly the latter. Innumerable dogs were tortured by cruel boys, and owners who ill-treated them. A friend of his (*Toby's*) Master's was often kept awake all night by a dog that howls as frightfully as he possibly could if he were being vivisected. An inhuman wretch keeps this unhappy dog tied up. The trainers of Performing Dogs, in teaching them tricks, subjected them to the grossest barbarities. Against all these torments, involving myriads of dogs, there was no set-off whatsoever in the shape of good to either dog or man. Whereas the operations of the vivisector enabled him to solve problems affecting brutes as well as human beings, and to discover secrets, of which the knowledge applied in Medicine and Surgery—veterinary as well as human—relieved or rescued from the most poignant agonies both men and dogs too. He (*Toby*) understood that an Honourable Gentleman had said as much as that he should be sorry to owe his life, or his relief from suffering, to an experiment in Vivisection. Was he not indebted to Vivisection, or worse, for all his animal food? How could he bear to eat his beef, his mutton, his veal and ham—especially veal and ham, for were not both calves and pigs bled slowly to death by Vivisection? Without anaesthetics, mind. He (*Toby*) wondered if that Honourable Gentleman ever tasted the eel that had been skinned or the lobster that had been boiled alive. And oh, could the dear lady who had so earnestly implored the rescue of the canine species from "the horrors of Vivisection," considering what massacre the tender little woolly innocents undergo at the hands of



STUPIDITY AND SCIENCE.

(Meeting of Medical Professors.)

OPERATING PROFESSOR. "BY THIS EXPERIMENT WE HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT WE CAN ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THOUSANDS OF OUR FELLOW-CREATURES; I MAY FURTHER ADD—" POLICEMAN (interrupting). "NO, YOU MAYN'T! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS SORT O' THING! YOU MUST MOVE ON!" PROFESSOR. "'MOVE ON'? WE CAN'T MOVE ON IF YOU INTERFERE!"



the butcher, possibly bring herself to tolerate the bare idea of a lunch on the very nicest plate of cold lamb and salad, even in this hot weather? In conclusion he (*Toby*) would express the hope that in giving a Dog's opinion, he would not be supposed to have presented a cynical view of Vivisection.

After remaining for a few moments lost in thought, the Deputation looked blankly in one another's faces, and then, having acknowledged that *Toby* had put the question of Vivisection in a light which had never before occurred to them, and thanked him and his Master for the information afforded them, withdrew.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

On account of the dulness of the Season, the following remarkable occurrences have happened:—

Mrs. MAC STINGY has not given her second dinner-party. This omission has caused a loss of five shillings in the income of the local greengrocer, and two pounds seven and sixpence in the takings of the local pastrycook.

MR. SELF (of the Gourmet, Loungers, Dawdlers, and Junior Idlers Clubs) has given up all ideas of matrimony until next year. This being the case, he has retained his rooms in Piccadilly, and has ceased to inquire about the prices of furnished apartments in Paddington.

MR. GARRICK BRAZENLUNGS, the eminent tragedian, has retired into the Provinces. The metropolitan theatre, thus deserted, is now attracting large but foolish audiences by trashy *opéra bouffe*.

MR. CICERO SOLEMNSIDES has deferred the publication of his pamphlet upon *The Manners and Customs of the Early Romans*. This sacrifice has considerably increased the housekeeping money intrusted to the care of Mrs. SOLEMNSIDES, although a disappointment of over £100 is reported in the counting-house of MESSRS. CHARGE and FLATTER, the eminent printers and publishers.

MR. SUGARSAND, the West-End grocer, announces that his profits this year have been only half the amount of last. In spite of this painful circumstance, he will still keep his yacht, six horses, and a country-seat. His three sons will not be removed from Oxford, and his four daughters will appear, as usual, from five to seven, in the family coach (drawn by a pair of what the French call "steppares") in the Park.

MR. PATERFAMILIAS, on account of the general depression, has sent his wife and family to Southend, instead of Dieppe. Mr. PATERFAMILIAS (in obedience to his doctor) will, however, accompany a bachelor friend on a tour through Switzerland and up the Rhine.

And, lastly, in spite of every drawback, *Mr. Punch* has been as witty and as cheery as ever. This pleasant state of mind he attributes entirely to his own inner consciousness, and not to the fact that he has had nothing to do with Egyptians, Spanish, or Turks.

"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW;" OR, "TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK."

HONBLE. ALGERNON FITZ-BETTING-BOOK.

12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.
1 A.M.—Another B. and S. and Cigar.

2 A.M.—Pool.
3 A.M.—Pool.
4 A.M.—Poker.
5 A.M.—Devilled Kidneys.
6 A.M.—Poker.
7 A.M.—Settling up.
8 A.M.—A little breakfast and a shampoo.

9 A.M.—Bed.
10 A.M.—Ditto.
11 A.M.—Ditto.
12 A.M.—Ditto.
1 P.M.—Ditto.
2 P.M.—Ditto.
3 P.M.—Ditto.
4 P.M.—B. and S. and a sporting paper.

5 P.M.—Another little Breakfast and a Cigar.
6 P.M.—Park.
7 P.M.—Sherry and Bitters at the "Rhododendron."
8 P.M.—Another Sherry and Bitters at the "Colossus."
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Theatre.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.

MISS PLANTAGENET HIGHFLYER.
12 P.M.—Start for the DE JONES'S dance.

1 A.M.—Leave DE JONES'S for the FITZ-SMITHS.
2 A.M.—Arrive at the ROBINSON'S Small and Early.
3 A.M.—The last Waltz.
4 A.M.—Just one more.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—High Church Service.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.

10 A.M.—A nap.
11 A.M.—Nap continued.
12 A.M.—Row.
1 P.M.—Row.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—A nap.
4 P.M.—Calls.
5 P.M.—Tea.
6 P.M.—Park.

7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Dress for dinner.
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Boredom in the drawing-room.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Start for some dance or another.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

12 P.M.—Arrive home.
1 A.M.—Explain to the Duchess that the light on the Clock-Tower went out by accident at nine o'clock.

2 A.M.—Bed.
3 A.M.—Ditto.
4 A.M.—Ditto.
5 A.M.—Ditto.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Read the daily papers.
10 A.M.—Breakfast.
11 A.M.—Duchess wants to know what I did after I left the House at nine. Awkward this.
12 A.M.—Write letters to Editors of daily papers, complaining of defective reporting.

1 P.M.—Tear these letters up.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Blue Books.
4 P.M.—Blue Books.
5 P.M.—Dictate my speech.
6 P.M.—Ornament a bay-window in St. James's Street.
7 P.M.—House of Lords.
8 P.M.—Early dinner.
9 P.M.—Speech in the Lords.
10 P.M.—Still speaking.
11 P.M.—Lords up.
12 P.M.—Just a cigar at the Club, and home.

THE DUCHESS OF ESSEX.

12 P.M.—Take the Girls out to a dance.
1 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
2 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
3 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
4 A.M.—Get them home.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.

7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Ditto.
10 A.M.—Breakfast. Morning post.
11 A.M.—Interview Duke on the subject of cheques.
12 A.M.—Shopping.
1 P.M.—Shopping.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Attend Society for Promoting Cookery among the Working Classes.
4 P.M.—Attend Society for Suppressing Vivisection.
5 P.M.—Drum. Lobster-salad and Champagne.
6 P.M.—Another Drum. Strawberries and Claret cup.
7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Arrive home.
9 P.M.—Go out to Dinner.
10 P.M.—Dinner still on.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Take the Girls out again.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

12 P.M.—Gin.
1 A.M.—Turned out of the "Swan and Cygnet."
2 A.M.—Knock a Peeler down.
3 A.M.—Encounter between my Wife and my poker.
4 A.M.—Get to Bed.
5 A.M.—Time to go to work. Throw boots at my Wife for waking me up.
6 A.M.—Bed.
7 A.M.—Breakfast not ready. Collision between my Wife's head and the wall.
8 A.M.—Get to work.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.
10 A.M.—Work.
11 A.M.—Beer with BILL HARRIS.
12 A.M.—Dinner.
1 P.M.—Pipe and a sleep.
2 P.M.—Beer with JONES.
3 P.M.—Ain't going to do no more work to-day.
4 P.M.—Home. Children crying. Soon stop 'em.
5 P.M.—Pawn Wife's Sunday togs.
6 P.M.—Gin, and a mouthful of bread and cheese.

7 P.M.—Gallery of Theatre.
8 P.M.—Beer.
9 P.M.—More Beer.
10 P.M.—Chivy the Performers.
11 P.M.—Put out of theatre. Home and whop Wife.
12 P.M.—All night at the "Swan and Cygnet."

PUNCH.

12 P.M.—Burning the midnight oil.
1 A.M.—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*.
2 A.M.—HUME'S *History of England*.
3 A.M.—SMOLLETT'S continuation of above.
4 A.M.—Bed.
5 A.M.—Bath and breakfast.
6 A.M.—EUCLID.
7 A.M.—HALLAM'S *Constitutional History*.
8 A.M.—HAWKER'S *Morning Portion*.
9 A.M.—Read through all the daily papers.
10 A.M.—Receive MR. D-SR-LI, and advise him.
11 A.M.—Receive L-RD H-RT-NGT-N, and advise him.
12 A.M.—Receive the D-KE OF C-MBR-DGE, and advise him.
1 P.M.—A crust of bread and a glass of water.
2 P.M.—Read contributions to *Punch*. Slight irritability.
3 P.M.—Call at M-rlb-r-gh House, and give advice.
4 P.M.—Delight the frequenters of the Carlton and Conservative Reform, and the Devonshire, BOODLE'S, BROOKS'S, and WHITE'S by my presence.
5 P.M.—Receive deputation of Judges, and advise them on the Judicature Act.
6 P.M.—A modest meal.
7 P.M.—Read all the new novels.
8 P.M.—Visit all the new pieces.
9 P.M.—Illustrate Society.
10 P.M.—Write Treatise on the Eastern Question.
11 P.M.—Write a few chapters of my *History of the World*.
12 P.M.—Study again.

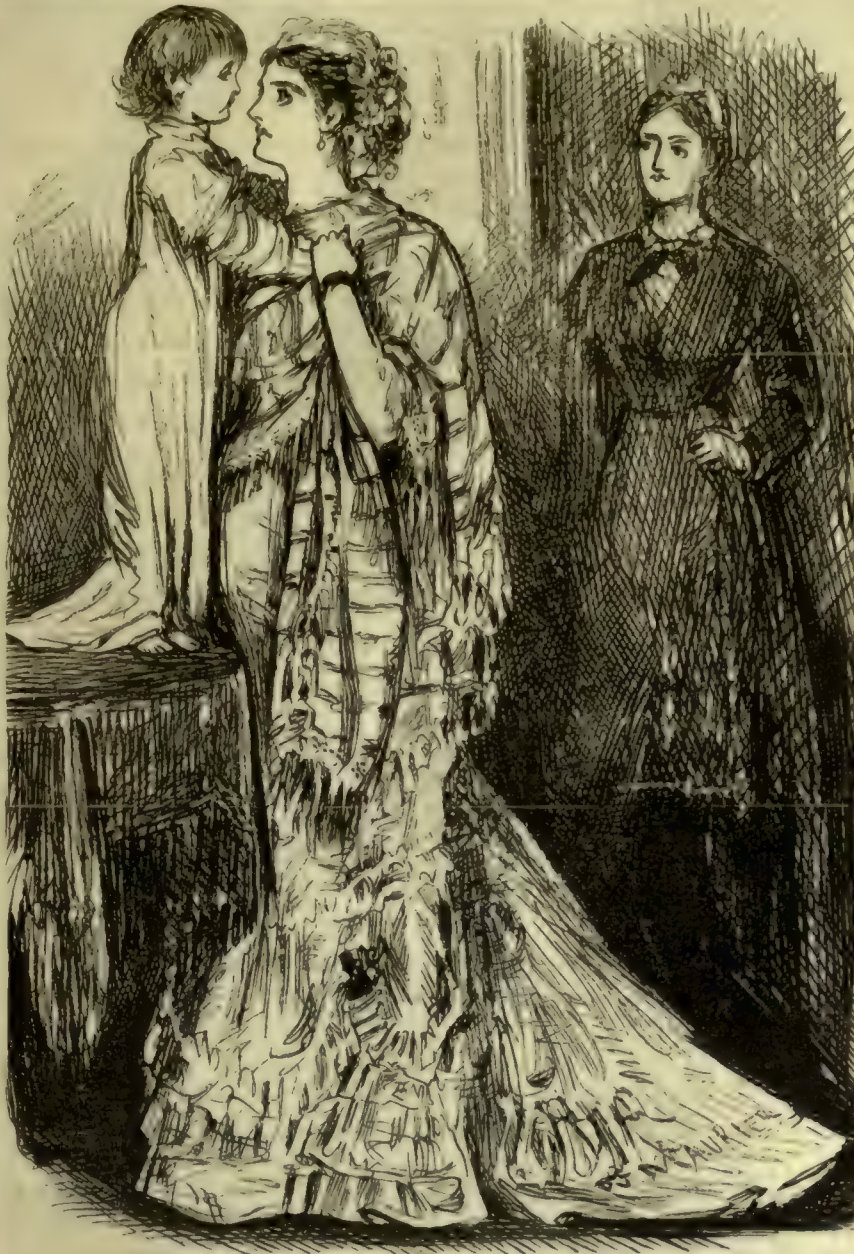
COACHING (WITH A DIFFERENCE).



DOWN HILL IN FINE WEATHER.



UP HILL IN WET WEATHER.



THE SILENT HOUR!

"WHEN SHALL YOU COME HOME, MUMMY DARLING?"

"NOT TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, MY LOVE!"

"NOT TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!—WHEN THE CLOCKS STRIKE NOTHING!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Stopping on the Way—But Going to Ireland for all that.

TIM MAHONY has failed me: it occurs to me to give up Ireland altogether.

I am meditating on this while debating on the question of lunching at a restaurant's close at hand, when to me enters—the only other Irishman of my acquaintance at present in town. He replies to my intimation about going to Ireland, with, "Arrh! yer sowl! wouldn't I like to be wid ye!" which he gives with a marvellous imitation of some peculiar Irish dialect, and then relapsing into the most ordinary English, without the slightest suspicion of a brogue, he informs me that though he has property in Ireland, he doesn't like to live over there, for fear of being shot at. I assure him (not knowing anything at all about it) that they (whoever "they" may be) wouldn't shoot at him. Whereupon he adopts the brogue again—(I note that generally an Irishman, in England, makes a burlesque imitation of his own countrymen a special point of humour)—just to give a piquancy to his reply. "Begorr," says he, "'tishn't being shot at I'm afraid of; it's being *hit*, is the throuble. D'y'e mind," he continues, "the story of the Agent writing over to the Landlord in England, and telling him that while collecting the rents he was going in bodily fear of his life?"

Happy Thought.—As I can't absolutely assert that I do not know this story—because I never yet met him without his bringing it in, somehow—I say, "Go on! You've always got something good." Which is true; as this story is good: and he has always got this story. Q. E. D.

He goes on, still continuing his imitation of a brogue:—

"Well, Sorr, the Landlord wrote back to him, and said, 'My dear MISTHER DELANEY, ye may just tell my tenantry, that if, by shooting *you*, they think they'll intimidate *me*, they're mightily mistaken.'"

And taking advantage of my laugh, my friend, FORDE MACKINNON, shakes my hand, wishes me *bon voyage*, steps into a hansom, and makes a telling exit.

When he is well out of sight, it occurs to me that I ought to have asked him for introductions, or for some information about Ireland.

Happy Thought.—To compile a book of *What I Ought to have Said*.

This leads to melancholy reflections. It means lost opportunities. (I stand by a lamp-post near the large restaurant's, and think in a mooning kind of way, having wandered away from Ireland altogether—) If when I was with ALICE—or KATE—or BERTHA . . . (what a pretty girl that is coming out of the restaurant) . . . I had only said what I ought to have said, instead of sitting still, staring . . . (I wonder if I've met her before—I seem to know her face) . . . and losing my presence of mind . . . (She seems to recognise me. She is very pretty. I rather fancy she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years . . .)

Happy Thought.—To go up and ask her if she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years.

. . . Let me see—what opportunities—yes, that was what I was thinking about . . . (I am sure I notice in her a family resemblance . . . about the eyes . . . She is going to cross, and it is dangerous for a Lady to attempt crossing *alone*. She hesitates. If I could be of any assistance—I hesitate. It's a very warm day. I wish I had bought a new pair of gloves. I fancy my boots, too, are defective.) . . . Ah! . . . Odd! I am sighing . . . what does this mean? It would make a subject for an Essay "On Unexplained Sighs—their Origin and Probable Meaning" . . . (She looks round as though she were afraid of crossing alone, and were expecting some one—me?—to help her. . . . Heavens! what an unchivalric age we live in! . . .) it is a very warm day . . . yet I regret not having on light gloves, bright boots, and a new hat. . . .

Again she looks round, nervously, beseechingly . . . I wonder if she is a cousin? . . . Shall I flourish my stick, wave back the cabs, carts, and omnibuses, and take her under my protection across the road . . . Shall I? . . . One can never lose by politeness—and this is the merest elementary duty . . . I settle myself, as it were, to my work . . . Takes a pull at my gloves, arrange my hat (which has somehow got to the back of my head), give a gymnastic dig at my tie (which has somehow "rucked up"), and make one step towards . . .

"I'm sorry you so long waiting to have keep," says a light-haired, fluffy-looking man, of apparently German extraction, stepping out of the restaurant's. (How on earth such a pretty English girl could have chosen such a plain, stupid-looking foreigner—with blue spectacles, too! . . . But one never can have any sympathy with the man on these occasions) . . . and she

seems pleased to see him, and smiles. . . . (I do not think she is a cousin of mine . . .) Let me see, what was the subject of my meditation when this distraction intervened? . . .

"Hullo!" cries a jovial voice, which is accompanied by a hearty slap on my back—so hearty, in fact, that it nearly precipitates me into the gutter—"what's the matter with you? You look as melancholy as if you were manufacturing a joke, or had just swallowed a doubtful oyster."

It is my amiable musical friend, KEPPEL BIRKETT, who is speaking. The German and the Young Lady have not yet crossed: she overhears KEPPEL (I am sure of it), and is amused.

"I haven't seen you for an age," KEPPEL continues most heartily. "Why, you're getting quite stout." (That's the worst of people who profess "not to have seen you for an age"—they invariably feel themselves at liberty to study your personal appearance, and to express themselves with great freedom, and without any consideration for yourself, or for the *entourage* at the moment.) "And," he adds, you're getting quite grey—so am I." (He throws in "so am I" just to soften it down a little. But the *jeune et belle étrangère* is smiling, and the German blue-spectacled idiot too. Bah! I'll turn my back on them both contemptuously.)

KEPPEL is still going on, laughingly, to me,—

"Well, we're getting old together. Everyone's getting old—at least, everyone's about the same age now. We're all getting stout and grey and bald. Ha! ha! ha! Come in and lunch."

With pleasure. But I can't stop long, I tell him, because I want to go and find some one who can tell me all about Ireland.

"All about Ireland!" exclaims KEPPEL, opening his eyes. "Why, you've come to the right person. And are you going to the dear old country?"

"I am," I reply; "but why do you call it the dear old country?"

"Because," he answers, "I'm so fond of it."

"But," I object, "you're not an Irishman, and you don't live in Ireland?"

"No," he says, "I live in Wales, and I'm a Scotchman. But what of that? Wasn't St. Patrick himself a Scotchman? Of course. Come in and have lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

Happy Thought.—Met a Scotchman, who lives in Wales, who calls Ireland the "dear old country," and who will tell me "all about it." If I hadn't stood on the kerb by the lamp-post, lost in thought about what I ought to have said on various occasions, the probabilities are I should not have met with KEPPEL BIRKETT. *Allons! lunchons!*

MRS. GAMP ON THE GUSH.

Being a Confidential Communication from Sairey to her Friend, Mrs. Harris, concerning a Late Loyal Deliverance of the former Lady's.



ES, my dear, they are down on me dreadful, them Radicals, drabbit their spite!

Jest because I invoked our Sweet Prince in a way as was kind and polite.

As I own I'd been drinking his health, bless his heart, in good gunpowder green, And a Germany Band, jest below, was a playing up "God Save the Queen."

Which, what with the tea and the tune, and the thoughts of that lovely Review,

I felt so warmed up that my pen like a prose-spurning Peggysus flew, And promiscuously dropped into poetry—ah! and jest wasn't it fine?

Not sech stuff as them Telegraph spouters reels off at a penny the line.

No, when I does pile it up lofty, P. COURT isn't nowheres, my dear; But the way as they chivies your SAIREY is shameful, as well you're aware,

Which loyalty isn't their line, and in course they dislikes it in me, But their nasty mean venomous malice shan't make a sour Dilke of S. G.

Which "shudder" I did, and no wonder, as where's the lone woman would not?

At the thought of that dear plucky Prince being swallowed or pisoned or shot;

Which thousands of bullets and daggers, and millions of tigers and snakes,

Is things they may laugh at as likes, but they gives your friend SAIREY the shakes.

When I 'eard he was going to Ingy among them black barbarous hordes,

The fright as it giv' me was sech as is not to be put into words. And oh! when I read of his prowess—sweet Palading!—sticking them pigs,

Why aspings is not to be mentioned for shivers, nor likeways earwigs.

(Which earwigs, my dear, as you know, always gives me the shudders that bad!)

But when he got back to his "younglings" (that's "kids," dear) jest wasn't I glad?

And because, while a-gazing with awe on the face of our Sun and our hope,

I bust into song, the Rads cheeks me, a-singing out "Treacle!" and "Soap!"

Soap, indeed! Drat their imperent spite! which they wants it theirselves, for the sands

They would only be 'appy to lift 'gainst my Prince, as I quite understands.

But the "Presence" and "Prowess" that braved, as it might be, a "Zoo" all let loose,

Won't take fright at the bray of a donkey, nor pale at the 'iss of a goose.

Consequently why should I care for their vulgar and venomous jeers,

Concerning my words on the Prince, and the Fleet, and them sweet Volunteers.

Which adjectives fails, Mrs. ARRIE, and poetry-werges is weak, To express what I felt in my 'art, and so warmly endeavoured to speak.

But I think I'm a little bit low,—which my BENJAMIN isn't too kind,—As is why, dear, I now writes to you. Won't I give 'em a bit of my mind?

But if only my Gingham may cover my Prince like Akilles's shield, Why the wounds as them wipers as left in my bussum will quickly be 'ealed.

LACONICS FOR THE LANGUID.

A Dialogue overheard on the "Sweet Shady" (?) side of Pall Mall. (Thermometer 90° in the shade.)

Enter SMITH and BROWN, a pair of perspiring pedestrians, agonising in regulation rig.

Brown (languidly). How do, SMITH? Weather extremely torrid!

Smith (limply). Horrid!

Brown (mopping). Not much news? No brightening in the City!

Smith (ditto). Pity!

Brown (gasping). Same old game. No business, lots of money!

Smith (puffing). Funny!

Brown (unbuttoning). What do you make of DERBY's "minimising"?

Smith (shirking). Surprising!

Brown (unroofing). Like the look of prospects out in Turkey?

Smith (fanning). Murky!

Brown (yawning). Contradictory telegrams quite trying.

Smith (emphatically). Lying!

Brown (fervently). Hang this heat! Wish South Sea *modes* were lawful!

Smith (sympathisingly). Awful!

Brown (wistfully). Prince might start some cooler style of dressing.

Smith (more so). Blessing!

Brown (tentatively). India must have given him some "notions"?

Smith (confidently). Oceans!

Brown (eyeing coat disparagingly). Broadcloth in the Dog-Days! Simply smother!

Smith (expressively). Bother!

Brown (plaintively). Look at muslin! We're worse off than Ladies!

Smith (comprehensively). Hades!

Brown (rebuttoning). Wish some one would quash this full-dress folly.

Smith (ditto). Jolly!

Brown (raptly). Envy NARES's lot among the ice.

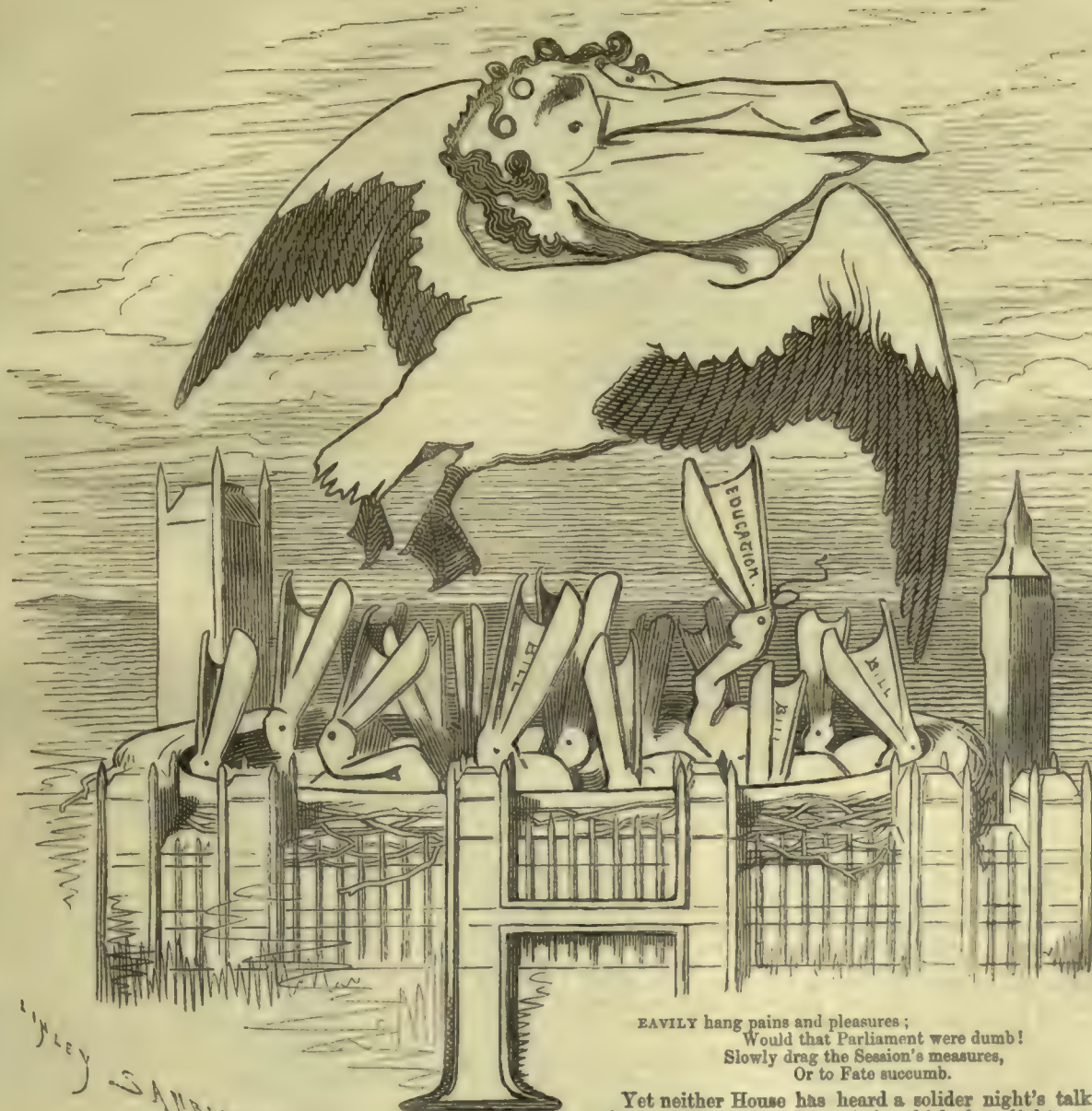
Smith (ecstasically). Nice!

Brown (desperately). Well, ta! ta! Can't walk. A "Growler"—quicker.

Smith (with sudden gleam of animation). Liquor?

[Carried nem. coh. Left drinking.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EAVILY hang pains and pleasures;
Would that Parliament were dumb!
Slowly drag the Session's measures,
Or to Fate succumb.

Yet neither House has heard a solid night's talk than that of the Lords (*Monday, July 24*), in which three lights, or ex-lights, of the Foreign Office were turned on to the question of Extradition, now darkened with much dispatching, under the Treaty at present unhappily suspended between JOHN and JONATHAN.

The question lies in a nutshell. Is JOHN—having caught one of JONATHAN's gaol-birds, and handed him over to JONATHAN under terms of an Extradition Treaty, on such evidence as would warrant his committal for trial here—bound to bind JONATHAN over not to try his gaol-bird-in-hand, now he *has* got him, on any but the charge on which JOHN handed him over? "Yes," maintains LORD DERBY. "No," argues SECRETARY FISH. And LORDS GRANVILLE, KIMBERLEY, HAMOND, COLERIDGE, and GREY—great lights, diplomatic and legal—say something very like ditto to MR. FISH. So does *Punch*, under stress of common sense as well as argument. First catch your rogue; but leave the Cooks at home to dress him. The right of political sanctuary once secured, every rogue arrested is a good riddance of bad rubbish to be thankful for, and there an end.

BRITANNIA does not bear her agis to shelter gaol-birds. The sooner the rogue-net is re-set between JOHN and JONATHAN the better. LORD DERBY must feel by this time that he has been needlessly solicitous about rascaldom. "Give and take" should be the standing rule between us and our American Cousin in all things, most of all in the case of each other's law-breakers. BRITANNIA keeps a political, not a criminal, asylum. That *must* be a bad construction of law or treaty which turns the one into the other. The restoration of the criminal-catcher is henceforth only a question of time and terms. The sooner MR. PIERREPOINT and LORD DERBY set about it the better. While honest men remain fallen out, thieves are coming by what is not their own. Who knows but the theft of the "*Duchess*" may be due to the suspended Extradition Treaty?

(*Commons*.)—MR. E. JENKINS, having asked MR. DISRAELI an ill-judged question, MR. DISRAELI gave MR. E. JENKINS an uncivil answer. Both are to be regretted, but MR. DISRAELI ought to have known better. His reputation for courtesy and good breeding is worth more than the turning of the laugh against MR. E. JENKINS.

On Education Bill—another night added to the two already wasted in stirring the fires of polemic strife with PELL's poker.

"Your Clause I don't like, MR. PELL,
The reason why I'm free to tell:

LORD SANDON's Bill was going well
Till your Clause marred it, MR. PELL."

PELL asks powers to dissolve School-Boards by local vote. The Government has, ill-advisedly, accepted the clause, and avowed its preference for Voluntary over Compulsory Educational Machinery, for Schools over School-Boards, for the system as it was before 1870 to the system 1870 established. Now, apart from the merits of the matter in dispute, there is nothing England dislikes and distrusts so much as harking back in legislation. "*Litera scripta manet*" and "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" are among her favourite mottoes. Even when she doubts the wisdom of the step taken, she feels there may be more mischief in retracing than in sticking to it. Much more when she has no such doubt. 1870 settled too many burning questions, to have their ashes now relighted by the Pellian firebrand. Unluckily, LORD SANDON has thrust that incendiary instrument into his Bill, and thereby wasted a week, set the Opposition in a blaze, and brought about two explosions of MR. BRIGHT'S Nonconformist dynamite, which, dangerous at all times, seems fraught with ten-fold power in the present state of the weather. As if the House hadn't been hot enough for the last fortnight, without these smouldering fires of Church and Dissent being blown up again!

LORD SANDON seems to have seen his error, and to have done all he could to allay the conflagration, by such wet blankets as MR. DODSON'S Amendment (that there should be no dissolution of a School-Board without the sanction of the Education Department), and so forth. But, the spark had been set to the dry wood. BRIGHT blazed forth. A. MILLS kindled his Church Beacon on the other side. The Fiery Cross was sent round to summon the champions of the Church. SIR JOHN KENNAWAY and MR. STORER struck into the *mêlée* to the slogan of "Church-School and Catechism"; while LOWE and PLAYFAIR, MUNDELLA and DODSON, BRISTOWE and JAMES, JACOB BRIGHT and WHALLEY, charged to the cry of "School-Board and no Creeds."

"*Aurora prælium diremit.*"—The House rising at ten minutes to three, after one of the hottest nights of the season in every sense. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette Pell-ère!*"

Tuesday (Commons).—Morning Sitting. The fire kindled by the pestilent Pell-Clause still raging.

MR. FORSTER moved to exempt from the operation of the clause School-Boards compulsorily formed.

Hot passages of arms between MR. MUNDELLA and LORD SANDON, and LORD SANDON and the veteran ROEBUCK.

LORD SANDON accepted an amendment requiring a vote of three-fourths of the ratepayers for dissolution.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE moved to limit application for dissolution to within three months of the expiry of School-Boards, that is, to once in three years.

The Chairman left the Chair at seven. The super-heated House had not cooled down for the transaction of business by nine, and was Counted Out.

The waste of that night, too, may be scored to PELL.

Wednesday.—Two Bills for Second Reading. One a Burial Place Bill of MR. TALBOT'S, which had, with singular infelicity, combined in opposition the paladins of Church and Chapel, BERESFORD HOPE and OSBORNE MORGAN, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and MR. RAMSAY; the other a bold Bill of MR. E. ASHLEY'S, for allowing accused persons to give evidence in their own cases, which MR. RODWELL described as a return to the dark ages—but which seems to *Punch* to tend in the direction of more light rather than more darkness.

MR. SERJEANT SIMON, SIR T. CHAMBERS, MR. KNATCHBULL HUGGESSON, SIR E. WILMOT, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL united in opposing MR. ASHLEY'S innovation. RECORDER RUSSELL GURNEY was equally emphatic, and, as it seems to *Punch*, more reasonable, in recommending it. Lawyers differ as yet. The time may come when the weight of even legal opinion shall be as decidedly on MR. ASHLEY'S side as it now seems against him. And yet if there were a "balance of opinion," as there is, nominally at least, a "balance of power," query, which of Wednesday's testimonies—that for MR. ASHLEY, or those against him—would kick the beam?

Thursday (Lords).—The only thing that occurs to us, in the present state of the weather, is that the "*Nullum Tempus Bill*"—whatever that may be—went through Third Reading in no time.

(Commons.)—SIR H. WOLFF asked the PRIME MINISTER whether he had reason to think the Servian plans had failed, and that the time had come for a Congress on the Eastern Question?

MR. DISRAELI, not knowing what the Servian plans were, could not say if they had failed. As for the rest of the question, the Eastern Question was about to be discussed in the House, and he would prefer to keep his powder for that.

After a desultory talk about the business, the Bills blocked, and the questions hung up—MR. DISRAELI declaring he would and could settle nothing till the Education Bill was got out of the way; and a laugh raised by a fervent wish of MR. WARD HUNT'S, in answer to an interrogatory from MR. GOSCHEN, that he saw his way to the end either of the Session or of the inquiry into the explosion aboard the *Thunderer*—the House went again into the Education row, pell-mell.

LORD SANDON showed his readiness to take advantage of all the buffers offered him, by accepting MR. SHAW LEFEVRE'S Amendment of Wednesday.

Then MR. BRIGHT made the most furious onslaught this Session has seen on the Bill and the Church Party, reopening every old Nonconformist raw, and pouring oil of vitriol on the stormy waters of the Debate. He moved that whenever a School-Board was dissolved, the local authority shall have all its Powers under the Act of 1870. LORD SANDON declined to introduce new elements of polemic strife into Boards of Guardians and Town Councils, but showed good taste in declining to take up any of the shower of gauntlets flung down by MR. BRIGHT.

At last, after a hot fire *pro* and *con.*, MR. BRIGHT'S Amendment was rejected by 120 to 63, and MR. PELL'S Amendment was voted part of the Bill by 122 to 81. LORD SANDON'S dwindling majorities should teach him and his prompters what the more sensible section of his supporters think of the policy of reopening closed strifes.

The same lesson was read to MR. HALL—who tried to enforce provision by School-Boards for the religious instruction of children if their parents desire it, and as they desire it—by a Division of 190 to 96. But the House has not yet reached the end of the Bill; and till it is got rid of, no other business can be done. And here we are within a fortnight of the Parliamentary Last Day!

Friday (Commons).—Morning Sitting for Education fight. Great cry, and little wool. The House agreed to sit on Saturday, to clear the road for the Eastern Question on Monday.

Discussion of the riots in Barbadoes. GOVERNOR HENESSEY acquitted of aught worse than indiscretion in promising too much good from Confederation. On the whole, the Governor comes out of the mess with less discredit than the planters.

THE WAR.

(From Our Special Correspondent. Belgrade, July 27.)

THE EASTERN QUESTION.



HERE has been a great battle, but as it is not yet known when, between whom, and with what result it has been fought, I delay sending particulars.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE,
July 25.

It is officially announced that the Turkish Army, under BUNKUM PASHA, have achieved a glorious victory over the Servians in the neighbourhood of Tehsantiza. The Servians, who were under the command of GENERAL VVWZTKS, numbered 40,000, and

had twenty cannon. After a long day's fight, in which the Turks accomplished prodigies of valour, the Servians were compelled to evacuate all their positions. They left 20,000 dead on the field, 15,000 of them were taken prisoners, and the rest of the 40,000 are now in full flight. BUNKUM PASHA took eighty cannon, and is confident of capturing the remainder. The Turkish loss is but slight; and it is generally considered that the war is virtually over.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

RAGUSA, July 28.

COLONEL XNITISKWI is marching on Scutslolkies. This is important, and may be decisive. The movement is creating much excitement.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BELGRADE, July 29.

I MENTIONED in my last telegram that a great battle had been fought, and I am now in a position to give you all particulars. On July 26th the Servians, 5000 strong, under GENERAL VVWZTKS, attacked the strong position which the Turks held at Tehsantiza. After two days' incessant fighting, the fortunes of war inclined to GENERAL VVWZTKS, and the Turks were beaten along the whole line. This virtually finishes the war.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

VIENNA, July 30.

You must not believe any telegrams sent you from Belgrade, or indeed from any place except here. The stories about sanguinary engagements are all false. As a matter of fact there has been no fighting at all yet. Rely upon me, as soon as there is a battle, to send you full and truthful particulars.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ODESSA, July 29.

GENERAL KLIKITZ has been recalled. Owing to the deplorable ignorance of the natives of this town, I am at present unable to tell you who the General is, where he has been recalled from, why he has been recalled, who has recalled him, and what is going to be done to him.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, July 31.

BERLIN is the only place where any trustworthy information can be obtained from the seat of war. Constantinople, in particular, is a hot-bed of lies. There has been much severe fighting, but with no important results. Rely upon me for early news.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 1.

THE Turks have won another great victory. This is official.

Hopes are loudly expressed here that your Correspondent at Belgrade may have been hanged.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BELGRADE, August 1.

THE Servians have totally defeated the Turkish army. There was much rejoicing here last night when it was announced that your Constantinople Correspondent had been shot.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

VIENNA, August 1.

I EMPLORE you to put no faith in any telegrams but those I send you. There has been no fighting at all.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, August 1.

It is worse than useless to print anything except my contributions. There has been more severe fighting. This is true.

To Our Special Correspondents.

PUNCH OFFICE, August 2.

COME home at once. I can't understand a word of what you are sending me. You contradict each other all round, and I can't make out your names, places, or dates. I believe you are all at Margate. But wherever you are, you had better come home. Rely upon one thing—no more remittances will be sent.

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN HOT WEATHER.

NEVER read a notice of your last novel written by an Anonymous Friend, or, if you are warm you will become warmer.

Take no notice of any number of cards from those "very particular people," MR. and MRS. PERCY PLANTAGENET SMITH, and forget all about their last invitation to a "small and early." Greet them afterwards from the knife-board of an omnibus, and you will find their reception of your salutation remarkably cool even for August.

On no account have a *carte de visite* taken of yourself for the girl of your heart. Anxiety and a thing sewed tightly into the back of your head during the process, will

rapidly raise your blood to something like fever heat.

Don't be led into a discussion about the Eastern Question with an Irishman who can see no difference between the cruelties of the Turks in Bulgaria, and the brutalities of the English in the Emerald Isle.

Don't argue about the Mobilisation Scheme with a Militia Subaltern, the construction of Ironclads with a Recruit belonging to the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and the Prisons Bill with a Deputy-Lieutenant of this year's appointment.

MOBILISATION.

"E pur non move."

THE publication of the following opinions anent the "Mobilisation Experiment" requires no apology.

Lieut.-General Sir Stock Dunderhead, G.C.B. (Ensign's Commission dated 1817).—Stuff and nonsense, Sir! Bringing a lot of men together, Sir—what for, Sir, what for? To show 'em where to go in case of an invasion! Stuff and nonsense, Sir! In case of an invasion the proper place for the British Army, Sir, would be in front of the Enemy. English Soldiers don't want to be taught that, Sir! The march of science, indeed! Stuff and nonsense, Sir, what we did sixty years ago, we can do again, Sir. The Duke, Sir, never wanted a Mobilisation scheme, Sir, nor do I. And now pass the port, Sir.

Major-General Sir Blotting Paper, K.C.B. (of the Intelligence Department, W. O.).—A perfect success, reflecting the greatest credit

upon everybody concerned. I feel sure that were our shores to be invaded we now could put every man in his proper place in comparatively no time. All we should want would be a few more horses, a few more men, and the means of transport. I consider that my Department has honestly earned the hearty praise it is waiting to receive. The work has been something enormous, ever since we received instructions (in the Spring) about the proposed proceedings. After the late experiment I may say that in the event of a descent upon our shores being attempted, we could get Infantry, Cavalry, and Reserves, into their appointed district, with six months' notice from the Enemy.

Colonel Martin Henry (of the Regulars).—May do the men some good. Gets them under canvas, and accustoms them to travelling in heavy marching order. Awful bore for the Officers—double duty and a bad mess. On the whole, can't exactly see what harm it can do; on the other hand, can't find out what's the good of it. Well, it amuses the War Office and the Public, and doesn't hurt us, and so we needn't complain. And now, Mr. President, shall we go into the ante-room?

Colonel Browne Bess (of the Militia).—The worst thing in the world, Sir, for us. Whenever they take us from our head-quarters, our recruiting is thrown back for years. The men learn nothing. Remember we are only out twenty-seven days. Allow for three Sundays, four half-holidays, two days for giving out the clothing, two days for paying off and taking the uniforms into store, the inspection, and say three wet days, and the twenty-seven are reduced to a miserable fortnight. We want every hour of those fourteen days, and "the Mobilisation Experiment" robs us of nearly all of them. It's a great pity, Sir, they don't leave us alone.

Trooper Wurzel (of the Yeomanry).—Ha! ha! ha! As if we were going to take our horses to be half starved and quite worked to death. We said we wouldn't go, and didn't. The "Experiment" has only proved that where there's a will there isn't a way. Mobilisation won't move us. Ha! ha! ha!

Captain Lounge (of the —th Hussars, Clubs, Rag, Junior, Naval and Military, and the Raleigh).—Not quite the thing, you know, for a noble sportsman. Taking a lot of warriors away from town in the height of the season, and sticking them in a horrid hole without food and water, is scarcely the way to promote chirpiness. Tell you what, old man, if they try it on again, I shall send in my papers, and go in for a flutter in the wine-trade. Waiter! A split brandy-and-soda and the cigar-box.

Lieutenant Read (Head in the Civil Service Examination).—I have considered the matter very carefully, and have commenced a pamphlet upon the subject, which would have been finished by this time had I not been ordered a course of position-drill by my commanding officer.

Messrs. Counter and Till (Tradesmen, Horsham, also at Cheltenham).—A very good idea, indeed. But mind you, it's not a bit of good if you knock the Soldiers about. Let them get well accustomed to any two places. You've begun with Horsham and Cheltenham. Then stick to Horsham and Cheltenham. Not that we are interested in the matter. When all's said and done, our takings during the Experiment wasn't much more than about five times as much as usual.

Mr. Punch (Adviser-General to the British Public, Greatest Sage of this or any other Age, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.).—For a first attempt not so very bad. No transport and far too much notice. To sum up, the Mobilisation of the Army would have been eminently successful if the Soldiers had only been able—to move!



A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

First Schoolgirl (Sweet Eighteen). "I AM SO TIRED OF WALKING ALONG BY TWOS AND TWOS IN THIS WAY! IT'S AS BAD AS THE ANIMALS GOING INTO THE ARK!"

Second Ditto (ditto ditto). "WORSE! HALF OF THEM WERE MASCULINE!"

HINTS ON DIET DURING HOT WEATHER.

(Compiled from Various Authorities in the Medical Press.)

DURING the prevalence of hot weather:—

1. Meat should be eschewed.
2. Fish should be looked upon with suspicion, if not dispensed with altogether.
3. Poultry contains but little nourishment, decomposes rapidly, and cannot be recommended.
4. For health, Tinned Provisions are out of the question.
5. The excessive fermentation of Bread in hot weather renders it indigestible and unwholesome.
6. The sometimes fatal effect of stale Vegetables, and the difficulty inexperienced cooks have in detecting the stale condition, render the use of Green Vegetables, particularly, extremely risky.
7. Fruit, unless at first hand, is so much poison.
8. Pastry of all kinds impedes the digestion, and throws the internal machinery out of gear.
9. Recent revelations with regard to Milk will caution all persons against its use, even when direct from the Cow that imbibes sewage water. The same remark may apply to Butter.
10. Pilchards and Sardines contain so much doubtful oil of their own, and that which surrounds them is too often so doubtful also, that it is impossible to advise their use.
11. Many a constitution has been sacrificed to Made Dishes.
12. Of Eggs, unless laid on the premises, the less said the better.

And now with regard to drinks and stimulants in hot weather:—

1. Those who drink adulterated Tea, Coffee, &c., know the risks they run. No stomach can stand them long at any time.
2. Two-thirds of the trash known as "Aerated Waters" contain nothing but a little impure gas pumped into impure water.
3. Ordinary Water should undergo two or three processes before it is fit to drink.

4. With regard to Ice, it is to be feared that a large proportion of it is derived from horse-ponds.

5. Wines within the reach of ordinary incomes only have the effect of over-heating the system, and producing lamentable results.

6. Weak Whiskey-and-water might be recommended, were it not for the deadly fusil oil contained in most Whiskeys.

7. To drink the best Pale Brandy implies the millionaire. Among Brandies of the ordinary class, Brown Brandy has been considered least, but only least, injurious.

8. Gin is always debilitating, and sometimes actually poisonous.

It is *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to inform the Public that, as a consequence of compiling the above "Hints," *Mr. Punch's* Nervous Contributor has been endeavouring to sustain life on Brown Brandy and Bloaters. The result is scarcely satisfactory.

VERY SERIOUS SHAMMING.

WHAT have MR. ROUTLIDGE and MR. BOOTH to say to this (from the *Yorkshire Post* of July 21)?—

"A DYING PRISONER REFUSED MEDICAL AID.—At the Borough Court on Wednesday—before MR. J. ROUTLIDGE and MR. W. BOOTH—a poor, dejected-looking creature, who gave the name of PATRICK DALY, and described himself as being a bricklayer, was charged with having been found drunk in the Market Place at Pontefract, on the night of Tuesday. The poor fellow was apparently suffering great pain, and begged the Bench to allow him to be taken into the Union House and seen by a Doctor. This request, which was over and over again asked at the hands of the Bench, was disregarded. * * * As he was being removed in a sinking condition from the court the same request was most pitifully made, but the poor man was informed he could see a Doctor on reaching Wakefield. He was conveyed there, and while proceeding through the streets he died at the feet of the police-officer who had apprehended him, and was conveying him to the House of Correction."

The promise of the Bench will not be broken. POOR PAT DALY has seen a Doctor—or rather a Doctor has seen him—at Wakefield, for *post-mortem* examination.



NEUTRALITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEZZY. "BULGARIAN ATROCITIES! I CAN'T FIND THEM IN THE 'OFFICIAL REPORTS'!!!"



"THE LIAR BIRD."

RECENTLY OBSERVED IN GREAT NUMBERS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

On the Way to Ireland—Lunch—Information—A Genuine Start, or very near it.

WE lunch—KEPPEL BIRKETT, and myself. BIRKETT is enthusiastic about Ireland. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the dear old country! I envy you. I wish I were going with you."

I press him to come. He considers before replying; then he asks me the day of the month; then he frowns, and appears to be "thinking it out." Presently he shakes his head, and says, regretfully, "I'm afraid I can't."

KEPPEL BIRKETT never says "No" decidedly. I do not believe that "No" is in his vocabulary. As a rule, he means "No," but he doesn't like to say it all at once. My belief about KEPPEL is, that were I to meet him, and say, "My dear KEPPEL, I'm off to Timbuctoo to-morrow," he would immediately reply, "Timbuctoo! dear old Timbuctoo!" (*Happy Thought.*—What a beautiful name for an Irishman—TIM BUCKTOO! Note this under the letter "N"—Nomenclature—for *Typical Developments*, Vol. , Book , Chap. .) And then he would probably go on to say, "Ah! many's the pleasant day I've had in Timbuctoo!" Whereupon he would (I am sure) be eloquently silent for a few moments, while his manner generally would lead his hearers to imagine that he was recalling such romantic details of his life in Timbuctoo as it would be a breach of confidence on his part to mention, even to his dearest friend. If I then changed the scheme, and observed, "I beg your pardon—I didn't mean Timbuctoo, I meant Japan—I'm off to Japan to-morrow," he would be sure, after a pause, to reply, with quite another expression of countenance, conveying the idea that his reminiscences connected with Japan had rather more of a comic than a romantic side.—"Ah! dear old Japan! Ah!"—with a laugh, as though, if he liked, he could tell me something, about his personal adventures in Japan, that would amuse me intensely.—"Ah! Japan! It's a charming place, if you only get hold of the right people. You must know the MIKADO—a dear old boy—and old HANIN YOKO, who's immense fun—full of anecdote!" Then he would fall into a reverie, waiting to be drawn out by a process of further questioning.

However, if not being a question of Timbuctoo or Japan, but of Ireland, he confines himself to the subject in hand. He can't go

himself, but he can give all the information, and the introductions, which will be of the greatest possible service to me. He has all sorts of out-of-the-way things for me to do; and I listen eagerly.

"What line of country shall I take?" I ask, note-book in hand, and expecting to be furnished with a detailed plan of travel, which shall include lakes, mountains, waterfalls, wonderful rocks, &c.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. You mustn't miss a breakfast at the Zoo—near the monkey-house. Charming! Such a set of good fellows! Such wit! such stories! such—" here, being quite at a loss for words to express his admiration of these Zoological Fellows, he finishes by nodding at me heartily, exclaiming, "Ah! Quite a thing to see!"

I note down "*Monkey-house*"—"Breakfast"—"*Zoo*"—"Fellows!" and he proceeds:—

"Then you must go up to the Monastery in the Hills—"

I note down "*Monastery in the Hills*," and ask him "What name?"

He doesn't remember the name at that moment, but he'll give me an introduction to some of the members of the Club—"the best fellows in the world!"—(all KEPPEL's friends are "the best fellows in the world!") "And," he continues, "you'll have a real treat. You'll meet the Doctor, and CRAMP—d'ye know CRAMP? He's a Parson—ah! you must know him—full of songs and the raciest stories! You mustn't expect anything big in the way of dinner; you'll only get roast and boiled there; and the Monks do it. It's grand!"

"To what Order," I ask, "do these Monks belong?"

I am deeply interested, for it sounds mediæval and picturesque; only, I never heard of an Order of "Cooking Monks," who served Club dinners for the delectation of a Doctor and a singing Parson.

He doesn't remember exactly to what Order. "But," he goes on, "there they are in the grounds, in their grey or brown habits—quite takes you back to the old days." He says this as if he had a distinct and vivid recollection of the 'old days,' and deeply regretted them; implying thereby that his *première jeunesse* must have been about four hundred years ago. "You'll have," he continues, "a first-rate dinner; first-rate conversation, songs and whiskey afterwards—such songs!—such whiskey!"—and KEPPEL lifts up his eyes to Heaven, as though in grateful remembrance of a sip of nectar, and smacks his lips. Then he returns to earth—"and a drive home on a car!—first-rate! There are only two Monks left now—dear old boys!"

Only two Monks left! I suppose the work for the Club was too much for them; but I note down, "*Two Monks*," "*In the Hills*," "*Dinner*," "*Drive Home*." Then I ask him, "What else?" as this, though delightful as far as it goes, doesn't seem to me to absolutely exhaust a visit to Ireland.

He considers. "Ah!" he exclaims, as if suddenly recalling scenes of the brightest description, "You mustn't miss a lecture at Trinity College; you can go in free, and hear just as much as you like. You ought to do that. Then—let me see—ah!—you must visit the National Schools: wonderful sight! I'll give you an introduction to Old Thingummy—I've got his name at home—the Secretary—oh, the best fellow in the world!" I note down hurriedly, so as not to lose a word of his valuable instruction (as something must come out of it at last), "*National Schools—Sec. best fellow in the world*." Then I look up, inquiringly, for more.

"Of course," he says, "you'll go to the Phoenix—you should go when there's something 'on'; but that you'll find out. At least I'll give you a line to DR. MACSALVER. Ah, you'll like him immensely!" Here he becomes enthusiastic. "He's the best, the kindest, the warmest-hearted old boy that ever lived!"

I note down, "*DR. MACSALVER—best, kindest—ever lived*."

Happy Thought.—What's his address?

Ah! that, KEPPEL can't recollect at the moment, but he has it at home, and will write to the kindest and best of men immediately he gets back to his rooms, to say that I'm coming.

I thank him heartily. But still I want to know, though I do not like to interrupt him in his flow of information, "How about my line of country?"

"Oh," he says, as if this were a mere matter of course, "you'll go to Bray, and the Wicklow Mountains, and see all that."

I note down, for my itinerary, "*Bray—Wicklow Mountains—and all that*."

"And," continues KEPPEL, "I'll give you an introduction to FATHER TOM."

"Will you?" I exclaim. I am now really delighted. This does sound something like Irish life. It conjures up the *Colleen Bawn* scene, *Eily O'Connor*, *Miles*, and *Father Tom* brewing the whiskey and singing "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn*." Not to mention "*PHIZ*'s" illustrations to *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Harry Lorrequer*, from which delightful works by the late CHARLES LEVER my present store of knowledge of Ireland is principally derived.

"Ah," says KEPPEL, "you'll be enchanted with him. Such wit! such spirits! such—but, upon my soul, I envy you your trip."

Happy Thought.—I am going to Ireland to see FATHER TOM. I should also like an introduction to *Mi-sa-na-Coppaleen*, the *Colleen Bawn*, and a few others of the same sort.



BETTER THAN BEATING HER!

Artisan (who has been "catching it" from his "Missis"). "LOOK HERE, 'LIZA! STOPS TEETH MODERATE!"—(With a placable nudge).—"WONDER WHAT HE'D STOP YOUR 'JAW' FOR!"

[Storm clears off.]

"Oh!" KEPPEL goes on, rapturously, "I never spent such a time as I did in Ireland. I wish I could manage to come with you."

"Do," I say, heartily. (This is an inexpensive form of invitation, and it somehow sounds uncommonly hospitable.)

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't," he returns. "I would, if I hadn't an appointment with a fellow here—most important: if I miss him I shall lose a big chance—twenty thousand pounds p'raps."

KEPPEL has always a really forcible reason for *not* doing what he is uncertain, at the moment, whether he would like to do or not. He is invariably going to meet some one who will make his (KEPPEL'S) fortune on the spot; only—though he has been going to meet this enterprising capitalist any time within these last ten years—the expected individual has somehow or another failed, at the last moment, to put in an appearance. Ask KEPPEL afterwards how it was that the great event didn't come off, he will answer carelessly, and just as contentedly as though he had realised a fortune by the transaction, "Oh, I don't know. There was some muddle somewhere. It would have been a 'big thing,' if it had come off. But"—and he becomes confidential—"I've got something on *now*, my boy... only I can't mention it to a soul at present... but, I've to meet a man"—here he refers to his watch, which he has apparently set by this other man's—"in half an hour, who'll tell me whether he will undertake it or not. If he *does*, and I'm pretty sure he will, it's a fortune. Sorry I can't stop now, as I've to meet him. Ta! ta!" and he's off.

We part. He promises me letters of introduction to everyone in and out of Dublin, and even to the Steward of the Holyhead steamer. "Telegraph for a berth," are his last words as he leaves me, "and"—this very heartily—"mention my name."

"I will!" I say, with equal heartiness. But when he has disappeared it occurs to me that there will be a difficulty about telegraphing for a berth to the Steward (which Steward? which steamer?), and mentioning somebody else's name. For example:—

"From Myself to Steward of Steamer.—Keep berth for me, because you know MR. KEPPEL BIRKETT."

HARD LINES AT LORD'S.

Much bethumped Cricket-Ball loquitur.

NOTHING like leather? That might have been said Once, when a bowler could "bowl with his head."

Now,—ah go to! Who would echo the cry, Who had had such an afternoon's thwacking as I? Just the old story, "the bowling quite collared."

"Fours" thick as blackberries. Lor! how they hollared—

Noodles, whose new-fangled notion of Cricket Is score of two hundred and never a wicket!

"Hit, Sir!"—oh hang it! Would each empty head That howled *that* had felt THORNTON'S "slogs" in my stead.

Cricket? Absurd! I've about as much share In the fun of the game as—in hunting—the hare.

Mainly along o' those GRACES. Good gracious! Four hundred, not out! It is simply audacious.

Cricket, with WALKER, WEBBE, LYTLETON, YARDLEY, All in three figures or thereabout! Hardly!

Oh for a CLARKE or two! Bounceable Bat

Then might experience sweet tit-for-tat.

SHAW, Sir? Ah, pshaw! We are wanting, and sorely, Trundlers more killing than he, HILL, or MORLEY.

I am neglected, quite down in the dumps:

Scarce get a chance at those stuckupish stumps.

Every young duffer must go in for slogging,

Blind to the glory of artfully fogging

Cracks with a curly one. Spoiling the game, Sir!

Not half a chance for me. Thundering shame, Sir!

Bat *versus* Ball! Who will champion me,

And take the shine out of that W. G.?

"Help Yourselves, Young Ladies!"

LET *Punch* give a wider circulation than even the *Birmingham Gazette* to this rare chance for a Lady Help—

WANTED, a GOVERNESS, to instruct and take charge of five children under 10, and assist in their wardrobes. Requirements, English, Music, and French. Salary £14.—Address, &c.

HORSE AND DOG DAYS.

THE late weather, though inimical to verdure, has been propitious to the Turf. Sporting men say they have not for years known such heats at Goodwood.

Must send to KEPPEL, and ask him for further details. In the meantime I feel that *now* I have a chance; now—

Happy Thought (quotation).—"Now I'm furnished for my flight," or shall be directly I get the letters from K. B.

At all events I've made some useful notes. I will read them.

Notes for Ireland.—Monkey-house... Zoo... Breakfast... Monastery... boiled and roast... drive back... Lecture... Trinity College... free... National Schools... Sec... Thimgummy... best fellow in the world... Phœnix... DR. MACSALVEE... best... kindest... address where?... Bray... Wicklow Mountains... "all that"... FATHER TOM...

And that's all. A little vague.

In my Room.—While thinking of writing to KEPPEL, his servant comes with a packet. KEPPEL BIRKETT has been better than his word. Five letters of introduction, and a note to wish me *bon voyage*, and to tell me that he has been writing to everyone.

Arrival of Post.—Letter from FORDE MACKINNON. He has written to everyone too, and sends me names and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Yes. Now I am furnished for my flight.

Next Step.—Euston Station. Late train. London, farewell! As I step out of the cab at Euston already I feel an Irish influence stealing over me. I am inclined to say to the Cabman, who objects to eighteenpence, "Bedad, Sorr! will ye tread on the tail of me coat?" But I only think this, I don't say it: perhaps if I had a shillelagh I might. Instead, I refer the matter to a Policeman, who sides with the Cabman, and I give the man two shillings, with twopence to the Policeman for his opinion.

Happy Thought.—Much Continental travelling has accustomed English *voyageurs* to give *sous* to foreign porters, and, on their return to England, they keep up the practice in *pence*. At least, I do; and, of course, I represent a section of the public. Years ago, nothing was given under a shilling, or sixpence at the least. The introduction of *threepennies* was a great saving, besides having a pretty effect as a gift. But why give a Policeman twopence for an adverse opinion? (Notes made while waiting at the Station for half an hour before the train starts.)



EXPENSIVE HABITS.

"PLEASE, MISS, I WANT A 'PENNY SMOKE'!"

"WE HAVE NO PENNY CIGARS, BUT YOU CAN HAVE ONE AT THREE HALF-PENCE!"

"ALL RIGHT, MISS! 'AND IT OVER! I NEVER MIND WHAT I PAY FOR A GOOD WEED!"

"MOBILISATION" FROM A LOW POINT OF VIEW.

*Loughrea Rifles,
The Camp, Cove Common, nr. Aldershot.
Sunday.*

ME DEAR TIM,

I GOT yours and was very glad to have heard from you. Faix and I'll be glad to get out of this, devil such a place iver I see. The regiment left Horsham for this on Thursday, we was up at 5 in the morning drillin then marched a thunderin long way to some place where the railway was, Gilford they called it I think but these English names bother me intirely, well bedad when we got there niver a train was riddy at all at all, and there we was waitin till one in the mornin lyin out in a field as though we was sheep. Thin we took our sates, and sure them caridges are not as good as on our own Athenry and Tuam Line, and a desperate crowd in it always. Well when we got to this Aldershot we had to pitch our tents, and no food or fire to be had, niver a bit I got from Thursday at noon till nine o'clock on Friday mornin. Ye'll see a grate change in me, I'm worn to the bone intirely.

There was a terrybel day yesterday what these English call a review. We had to be under arrums at half past one. I thought to get off sayin I was ill, but the Doethor was too cute for me. Hah ye schaming scoundrel says he get back wid ye to the ranks, dont let me have any more of your dirty thricks or twill be worse for ye. So bedad away they marched us over a powderin dusty plane, not worth a shillin an acre 'twouldnt feed a goat itself leave alone a sheep. Me wather bottle leked and ivery drop ran away on me before we got to the ground at all, only for JIM MURPHY givin me a sup I would be dead with the thirst. Well sure there was a powerful dale

of throop on the ground. Them men with black horses, and kind of dish covers on them was a fine lot, but all that iron must be killin hot. We marched past the Prince in grate style t'was a fine day for Ireland anyway, but what with the maneuverin back and forards I went near being kilt and murdered. The megur is a desperate hard man, as we came home the thirst was on me so bad, that crossin the canal, I was nearly bet up altogether, so I made one rush to get a drop of wather in me shaco, faith he was down on me like a cat afther a mouse, and his sowrd drawn, and the grate black horse he has tearin afther me like blazes. Give me one drop Meejur says I, oh you chicken hearted villin says he get back wid ye now like lightnin or I'll kill ye ye ruffin says he. Faix ye may swear I was back soon enough for sure he's awful determined and I didnt know what he might do to me. Well TIM take me word for it, and niver jine the mileesha, I'd rather be in the poorhouse itself than soljerin again, so I would. There's the bugle bad cess to it, so no more now from your frend

PAT EGAN.

MR. TIM MAHONEY, *Back Street, Galway.*

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL WITH MUCH LUGGAGE.

STAY at home. The elephant, that most sagacious of animals, never moves with more than one trunk, and *that* not registered, but attached to his body.

SEASONABLE COINCIDENCE.

PROTRACTED debates upon Education in the House of Commons coincident with prolonged drought out-of-doors.

Alexander Russel.

WHAT! "RUSSEL of the Scotsman" dead?
Why, Death himself should hang the head,
And never dare to tell the lie,
That such a living force could die.

The shadows that make up our night,
Were growing thin for him to fight.
But still he fights, we think with pride,
Our battle from the other side!

Hard head, warm heart, and liberal hand,
Open or shut, to bless or brand;
Large-moulded, with Norse fire aglow;
This was a man, to friend or foe!

A thirteen-tumbler man, at times,
Who heard but heeded not the chimes
Of midnight; and at morning-call
Was freshest, merriest man of all.

Long in our *mêlée* will be missed
The mace of RUSSEL's mighty fist,
That struck, and, wasting nought in sound,
Buried its blow without rebound.

With "derring-do," and thought that strives,
Ereet his statue in your lives,
Warm-blooded, not in marble wan—
The living measure of the man!

Walhalla! Rise and welcome him
Across the Braga-Beaker's rim;
And, that his glory may be full,
Brim high some Water-Drinker's Skull.

Pigeon English.

GREAT excitement accompanied by a joyous flutter is observable in the dovescotes near Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush. The close of the season is remarkable for the fact that where everyone was letting off his gun, the proprietors are now letting off the pigeons. The noisy "*coup de feu*" is replaced by the self-gratulating "*coo de joie*" of the respited blue-rocks.

A QUESTION OF COURSE.

THE publication of MR. BROWNING's new poem, *Pacchiarotto*, and how he worked in *Distemper*, has led numerous Scotchmen to inquire if PACCHIAROTTO was a *ret.*?



ODOR RITUALISTICUS.

Extra-Protestant Parishioner (to his Vicar). "I'VE LONG BEEN OF OPINION THAT 'CAUSE YE'OU DU'ST'N'T BURN INCENSE, YE'OU GOT THEM PARAFFIN LAMPS 'STEAD O' CANDLES, SO AS TO HEY SOME SMELL IN THE CHU'CH !!!"

IN THE SHADE.

An Optimistic View of the Great Heat Question.

"Circumstances alter cases."—*Old Saw.*

HORRIBLY hot? Ah! no doubt—in the City;
Phœbus is there an ignipotent foe,
Sunshine a thing to be shunned—more's the pity:
Here we exult in Sol's aureate glow.
There the still-rising thermometers terrify;
What need we care, in this verdurous glade,
Though ours may mark—as a glance, dear, will verify—
Ninety degrees in the shade?
Summer at last! Sure a seven years' waiting
Seems to have passed since we saw her full face.
How the leaves laugh at her! Town-thralls are raving
Her too torrid glance in their verdureless place.
Here she smiles soft through a veil of glad greenery.
So, doff your hat, dear. Nay, bind not that braid.
Pleasant to gaze on yon sun-suffused scenery,—
Ninety degrees in the shade!

Cool is the plash of the river, and cooling
Each curve of your drapery. You have a lore,
Taught you by Nature, that needs not the schooling
In "colour" and "keeping" of LEIGHTON or MOORE.
In sober truth, though you mock it so merrily,
Scarce were *Sabrina* more aptly arrayed.
Gazing upon you I ask, is it, verily,
Ninety degrees in the shade?

Town's modish slaves are debating the question
Whither to fly for laborious rest;
Here we're at home with sweet Leisure—suggestion
Utterly strange to the tour-planner's breast!
Read! You well know who my favourite poet is.
Idle Iambics! Eh? Tired, I'm afraid!
Lay your head here. We can slumber, although it is
Ninety degrees in the shade!

HYGIENE IN HOT WEATHER.

A MILLER, as is well known, wears his hat for the purpose of keeping his head warm. What is applicable to the head is applicable to the whole body from top to toe; therefore, to keep the head cool, a black hat is preferable, and for the body likewise a suit of sable. Contrarily, therefore, to common practice, instead of wearing light-coloured fabrics with the temperature at 80° in the shade, put yourself into decent mourning.

Such being the fact that colds are sometimes caught in hot weather through sitting in a draught, carefully close all doors and windows both day and night.

Health chiefly suffers from excessive perspiration, which is very "lowering," consequently strength requires to be kept up by repa-ration of wasted tissue, particularly by eating and drinking as much as possible of solid food and cordial and generous liquor, chops and steaks, bottled stout, port wine, grog, punch, in addition to all the lighter wines and other beverages commonly in use. Tripe-and-onions and Irish stew are peculiarly wholesome; and a broiling summer is really the right season for Christmas plum-pudding. It is a mistake to suppose that the diet should consist principally of fish, fruit, and vegetables, though if plenty of more nutritious food be taken, the more of those other things you eat, too, the better.

After a full meal rest is indispensable; indeed, as little exercise should be taken as possible, for any attempt to move is felt to be laborious, and the sense of developed energy and relief from oppression developed, for example, by resolute perseverance in walking, is fallacious. In India men commonly recline in a high temperature, sipping brandy-pawnee with great benefit to their livers, as is well known; and you cannot do better, if you have nothing else to do, than sit still the greater part of the day between your meals, or, at any rate, after dinner till supper-time, and after that till bed-time, smoking cigars and drinking soda-water and brandy. If you feel any sense of the sort of discomfort commonly called "seediness," of a morning, you will find a glass of sherry-and-bitters, or a little absinthe, or some other kind of innocent "pick-me-up," quickly put you all to rights again without the least detriment to your constitution.

Mortimer Collins.

BORN JUNE 29, 1827. DIED JULY 28, 1876.

THE Everlasting Silence has suddenly come down upon a clear, joyous, and musical voice, which for the last two years has rung among the most regular as well as blitheliest in our weekly concert.

MORTIMER COLLINS, in the apparent fulness of health and strength, has been carried off, after two days' illness, by disease of the heart, induced it may be, certainly brought to a head, by the wear and tear of literary labour, which for many years past had known no intermission, not even for the ordinary interval of a brief yearly holiday. In the most literal sense of the words, "he died in harness." "The natural end," the Cynic may say, "of the literary hack." Not the less sad is the thought how much nobler in results, as well as longer-sustained, his labour might have been under better-regulated conditions and happier circumstances.

As Journalist (Provincial and Metropolitan), Essayist, Critic, Novelist, Poet, MORTIMER COLLINS has done much gay and genial, much ingenious and suggestive, much graceful and scholarly, work; though the best of it, no doubt, in all kinds, might, with more leisure, have been better. But though the field was too constantly cropped for the harvest ever to come to its perfection, it grew always wholesome and pure grain, with sap of scholarship, fine colour of fancy, and the juice of a large, kindly, and generous nature. He wrote the *Secret of Long Life* to teach men to live a century, and himself died at forty-nine.

He was a man who, in an unconventional way, deeply believed in God, and strove to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers, loving his family and friends: variously accomplished, happy under hard labour, and helpful to all he could help, by word or deed.

Two stanzas of a Poem which terminates his last published volume of Verse may form his worthiest epitaph:—

"The Poet may tread earth sadly,
Yet is he Dreamland's king,
And the fays at his bidding gladly
Visions of beauty bring;
But his joys will be rarer, finer,
Away from this earthly stage,
When he, who is now a minor,
Comes of age."

"Roll on, O tardy cycle,
Whose death is the Poet's birth!
Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
Shatter the crust of earth!
Let the slow spheres turn faster;
Hasten the heritage
Of him who, as life's true master,
Comes of age!"

CHIEF OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN LONDON DURING AUGUST.

In Belgrave Square.—Several rows of magnificent brown Holland window-blinds.

In Rotten Row.—PRIVATE JONES (3rd Life Guards Green), waiting in vain for Miss MARY JANE SMITH (Nursery Superintendent—out of town with "her people.")

In Bond Street.—A Policeman (very rare).

In Charing Cross.—An empty Hansom carefully avoiding Northumberland Avenue.

In Piccadilly.—A Footman (on board wages) in a straw hat.

In Leicester Square.—M. LE DUC DE CHATEAU ORDINAIRE, just arrived from France to take part in the gaieties of the "High Life" during the London Season.

In the Strand.—A Country Cousin.

In Oxford Street.—Another.

In Regent Street.—The Infant Deputy of the Regular Crossing Sweeper.

In Hanover Square.—A home-sick cat.

In the British Museum.—Several specimens of the Government Official.

In Pall Mall.—The solitary Sentry in front of Marlborough House.

In St. James' Park.—The Park Keeper.

In All Saints, Margaret's Street.—The officiating Clergy.

In the Zoological Gardens.—Chief Representatives of the Human Race to be found in the Monkey House.

In the West End Generally.—Nobody.

In the East End.—The usual Couple of Millions or so. And lastly,

In 85, Fleet Street.—Mr. Punch's locum tenens—the Venerable Toby.

CENTRE OF CIVILISATION.

DID VICTOR HUGO call Paris "the brain of the world"? The great Metropolis and Centre of Cookery might rather perhaps be denominated the world's stomach; but "*Magister Artium Venter*:" so it is all one.

PADDY'S AUTONOMY.

THERE'S a mighty fine thing in vogue,
Which, by devil a bit of pseudonymy,
In an iligant Grecian brogue
Slav insurgents call "Autonomy:"
Jupiter, Venus, and Mars,
Wid the rest of our scheme of astronomy,
Is a system of separate stars,
That has aich got its own "Autonomy."
'Tis a plain and simple phrase,
Not at all at all a metonymy,
For it manes just as much as it says
Without the laist smack of homonymy.
The Jews, in the times of old,
According to Deuteronomy,
By the best accounts we're told,
Enjoyed a nate "Autonomy."
And who can be such a fool
As not to perceive the synonymy
Of the terrum with BUTT's "Home Rule,"
Or, "Irish Domestic Economy"?

POISONS AND FIGS.

NOTE a strange, but reasonable, paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning:—

"TARTAR EMETIC.—At Ballina, on Wednesday, a grocer was remanded on the charge of selling tartar emetic for cream of tartar. Five persons had a narrow escape from death through the mistake."

Is it lawful for a grocer to sell tartar emetic at all? In that case the sooner it ceases to be lawful the better; unless on condition that grocers shall have to be qualified by a proper examination to deal in drugs, as well as in groceries. Even then it would be desirable that an extended inscription over the grocer's shop-door should describe him as "Licensed to deal in tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, oil of vitriol, tartar emetic, vinegar, pepper, and poisons generally."



THE LATE HOT WEATHER.

Traveller (bedtime, thermometer 100°!). "WAITER, GO' SH'CH A THING AS A WARMIN'-PAN!"

Waiter (astounded). "A WARMING-PAN, SIR!"

Traveller. "AND 'GOT ANY ICE?"

Waiter. "ICE, SIR? YESSIR!"

Traveller. "THEN TELL 'CHAMBERMAID TO RUN A PAN OF ICE THROUGH MY BED, AND LET ME HAVE MY CANDLE. I'LL TURN IN!"

LORD WAVENEY was all for a Conference of the Powers, with Besika Bay for a background, and "the British Fleet a riding at anchor" to determine the balance of the Powers.

After a plaintive remonstrance from poor LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, that his Speech and Resolution had been pooh-poohed by LORD GRANVILLE and shunted by LORD DERBY, but never argued or answered by anybody, the DUKE OF RICHMOND moved and carried the Previous Question without a division.

Was there ever a question previous to our old friend, the Great Eastern?

(*Commons.*)—Touching tableau—BENJAMIN protecting the Innocents! But "the good die first," as WORDSWORTH says. The Government clings to Vivisection, but sacrifices the Prison Bill—the most practical measure of the Session—and the two Universities Bills. Then there is the Extradition Treaty breakdown—one of the most serious of the many Government blunders of the year—yet to be talked over, and the Indian Budget to be knocked off in the expiring moments of an empty and exhausted House, and Supply still to be concluded, including the cost of MR. CAVE's well-meant but ineffectual attempt at the great Egyptian balancing trick, and the Education Bill to be threshed through Third Reading. But don't let us anticipate.

Then arose THE BRUCE, and brought in the Eastern Question with kid gloves on. All movers of the question had been busy taking all possible offence out of their Motions, but, of all the rose-water Resolutions, THE BRUCE's was the rosiest. It was the Eastern Question strained through several folds of Ottoman Bank paper. Our interest in retaining the Turks at Constantinople was not because they were Turks (particularly after they have repudiated and brought down Ottoman Bank Stock so shamefully), but because they were an unaggressive and settled Power ("settled," we presume, on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle, from not settling). The grievances of the Insurgents were more fiscal and agrarian than religious.—(Provided you pick a man's pocket, outrage his wife, and cut his throat, we should have thought it didn't much matter under what epithet you pigeon-hole his case.) The dispatch of the Fleet to Besika Bay relieved the Turk from the apprehension that he was going to be crushed without consideration or fair play, calmed his irritation, and prevented

repetition of outrages. Non-intervention is the best policy, but, when the time comes for the Powers to act, they must enlist Moslem support for their reforms. Matters can't be settled by merely backing Cross against Crescent.

MR. HANBURY (not the well-known Entire, but a very diluted tap!) thought the Turks the only hand to which we could trust the keys of Asia. It wasn't the Turkish Government that had oppressed the Rayahs, but the Mahometan Slaves, and their own Bishops. He looked to the Serbs as a barrier against Russia.

MR. FORSYTH moved the one Amendment of the night with some pith in it, urging the Government to insist on effectual guarantees for good government irrespective of race and creed. *Pace* BRUCE and HANBURY, it was the PORTE's corruption and misgovernment and the Turkish rulers' cruelty that had provoked insurrection.

LORD E. FITZMAURICE followed on the same tack, and advocated autonomy for the Balkan Provinces.

MR. HOLMS took up his parable lustily against the Turks.

MR. GLADSTONE maintained that the upshot of the Crimean War was to give us a right to interfere and remonstrate with the PORTE. The Turk had not fulfilled his promises, because he couldn't. The Government had not sufficiently snubbed the Three Powers for presuming to leave England out in the cold. We ought not to have rejected the Berlin Note without offering an alternative. Something must be done to restore the European concert, and that by way of self-government of the insurgent provinces.

MR. DISRAELI complained of having no attack to repel. Our policy was non-intervention. After the Berlin Note we stood alone at first, but now the other five Powers had come over to us. The sending of the Fleet was not meant to threaten anybody. It was in the first place a purely histrionic move. England, as a naval Power, ought to be adequately represented by a Fleet. Then, it was not sent to protect the Turkish Empire, but the British. The cue was non-intervention just now: when the moment came for England to interfere, she would interfere for the good of everybody.

LORD HARTINGTON said ditto to all the dittos—and recommended the withdrawal of both Motion and Amendment, and so the night's talk ended in general agreement that nothing had been done, nothing ought to be done, and that all was for the best in this most do-nothing of all do-nothing worlds.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD WAVENEY (SHAFTO-ADAIR in his late Lower Life), passed a favourable verdict on the *corpora vilia* lately made subjects of Experimental Mobilisation. The men had done very well—and would, no doubt—like their officers and staff—do better. The Reserve—what there was of them—had come well up to time. The transport was susceptible of improvement.

LORD CADOGAN admitted that the Force "had not been adequately provided with technical waggons." There had not been more than two per cent. of absentees from the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL joined in the chorus of congratulation. (The author of the Short Service Scheme has every right to be happy in results so far. If only our corps could move when mobilised.)

LORD CARNARVON on the Barbadoes difficulty. A careful summing up, and judicial distribution of wiggings. Confederation meant little more than amalgamation of municipal offices and expenses. Badians are proverbially stiff-necked and hot-headed. In POPE-HENNESSY they met with a match. Hence naturally an explosion. But if the POPE has been indiscreet, having talked too big and too loose, and comported himself altogether too much "*More Hibernico*," the Badian big-wigs have been reckless, violent, and unscrupulous in word and deed.

The best thing for Barbadoes would be remodelling of its Government on the Jamaica model.

LORD CARNARVON supports his Governor like a gentleman; and there is far more to be said in excuse of GOVERNOR HENNESSY, POPE though he be, than of those who have so recklessly assailed him.

(*Commons.*)—MR. WARD HUNT told the sorry story of the introduction of measles into Fiji, and made a feeble attempt to apportion the blame for its introduction between the naval and the colonial authorities. A case of bungling all round—only to be explained to BRITANNIA in DR. JOHNSON's quaint fashion, "Ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance."

Supply. Education Estimates.

MR. A. B. HOPE and LORD ELCHO spoke an urgent word for the British Museum Staff, at once the most efficient and worst-paid body under Government. The protest came with appropriate grace from HOPE—hope long-deferred. MR. W. H. SMITH promised that any advance should be a discriminating advance.

It is wonderful how intensely careful the Treasury grows over a proposed rise in the salaries of the one set of specially qualified scholars and archaeologists in the Government service. Not a staff of the most commonplace clerks in the most routine office but can give the British Museum assistants long odds in the way of salary. Yet when a rise to something like the usual official level is asked for, what a marvellously nice conscience is brought to bear on their case by MR. W. H. SMITH—"while the Government desired to do justice to a staff of gentlemen, than whom none could be more able, they were at the same time conscious of the responsibility which rested on them not to give more in any case, or under any circumstances, than the just claims of the officers entitled them to receive."

By all means, MR. SMITH. Who asks you to do otherwise? Only do that, and the British Museum Staff, and *Punch*, will be perfectly satisfied. But do that, if you please, MR. SMITH, and you, Messieurs Treasury Clerks,

"Who, 'neath the eye of LINGEN and of LAW,
Wield the cheese-parer, and the save-all stern,
Sacred to candle-ends,"

be fair to culture for once.

LORD SANDON'S Education Estimates, English, show a rise of £158,492; Scotch, of £81,817, with excellent results for the money; the Irish estimates, a rise of some £21,810 in teachers' salaries and allowances, against a reduction of some £15,000 in school-farms, school-apparatus, and teachers' residences. The Act of last Session has failed to improve the payment of teachers; but Government is still tinkering at it, rather than boldly making the proper payment of teachers out of a national rate compulsory. The improvement of the National School Teachers' position is the key to all real improvement of Ireland, and the needful work has yet to be done.

SIR W. HARCOURT raised the nice question whether MR. SCLATER-BOOTH'S Rivers Pollution Bill is better than nothing. If SIR WILLIAM wants MR. *Punch*'s opinion, that is precisely the right estimate of it—just better than nothing; how little better, *Punch* cannot find any word to express.

After an attempt at a Count-Out, another night was added to those already lost this Session in attempting to induce the House to release the nine Irish political prisoners still in confinement. The debate was remarkable for MR. BRIGHT'S appearance as an advocate for the release of the prisoners—including the two still in prison for the shooting of BRETT, the Manchester policeman, and the soldiers who have violated their oath of enlistment. MR. BRIGHT went further than his best friends are likely to go with him. He argued against the established rule of law, that concert in a joint purpose to violate the law makes common guilt; and contended that a soldier's breaking his oath is not a more heinous offence than another man's. *Punch* finds it difficult to say which doctrine strikes him as the more dangerous.

The weather was too hot for the subject, and the House broke out more than once in highly inflammatory utterances. But the Motion was lost by 117 to 51.

Wednesday.—The centre of interest was shifted from St. Stephen's to the Mansion House, though with DISRAELI and DERBY absent.

Nobody would listen to Chairman RAIKES on Parliamentary Agents, and the Major's friends, without the Major, succeeded in talking out MR. SMYTH'S Irish Sunday Closing Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—The Law Lords CAIRNS and SELBORNE had out the Extradition argument. Lord Chancellor of Chancellors *Punch* gives it for LORD SELBORNE against the Government. LORD CAIRNS failed to make any better case than LORD DERBY before him.

Foreign Office has blundered. FISH scores a triumph, and the gallows-bird flits in safety to and fro across the Atlantic.

(*Commons*).—SIR WILFRID LAWSON wailed over the rejection of MR. SMYTH'S Sunday Closing Bill yesterday, and fell foul of the inoffensive RAIKES for insisting on his talk about Parliamentary Agents, who, as RAIKES explained, were more interesting to him than all the Sunday Closing Bills that ever were or would be.

LORD HARTINGTON moved a protest against PELL's clause, and LORD SANDON replied, and the House divided—182 to 120; and all that trouble seemed at an end, when the ill-starred SANDON and the rash SIR STAFFORD, not satisfied with the week lost and the heats raised, in this state of the weather too, by PELL's fire-brand, must give countenance to that *Haramzadeh*, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, in flinging all the fat in the fire by a clause compelling Guardians to pay the fees of children whose parents are too poor to pay them, at Denominational schools.

This exactly suiting the Roman Catholics' book, united the Home-

Rulers with the Denominationalists, and set up the backs of the Secularists, and Nonconformists, and Anti-Sectarians in the same degree, and the House was left dividing—in a state wherein exasperation and perspiration seemed struggling for supremacy—till half-past four on Friday morning!

Friday (Lords).—LORD NORTHBROOK and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY shook hands, like well-conditioned gentlemen. The Baring-reign is over, and the Marquis protests he never meant his reign to be overbearing.

(*Commons*).—Gradual recovery of reason after last night's delirium. All as eager to agree, as they were in this morning's small hours to differ. MR. FORSTER moves repeal of the 25th section of the Act of 1870—the old bone of contention, over which there was so much snarling in its day; and LORD SANDON, instead, provides that Boards of Guardians, everywhere, may pay the fees for children whose parents can't pay, at the Schools of the parents' choice. So the Act reaches Third Reading, after a narrow escape of shipwreck in sight of port, on the rock of PELL's clause.

Bill for better Pollution of Rivers passed Third Reading, the manufacturers having strained out of it the little stringency MR. BOOTH had left in.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Thrilling Incident—An Arrest—Notes on Legal Forms and Reforms, made on the Buston Platform—The Bell just going to Ring.



EUSTON Station.—Very few people. Consequently Guard (with Irish brogue)—everybody seems suddenly to have an Irish brogue) is peculiarly civil.

Happy Thought.—When going to France, speak French; when going to Ireland, speak Irish—that is, try the brogue. To keep up this illusion, I assume, occasionally and diffidently, a brogue.

In order to give the Guard an interest in me over and above a shilling, it would be as well to pretend to be a Fenian Leader, in

disguise, escaping, or a Home-Ruler in difficulties. The Guard is eyeing me suspiciously, which is satisfactory (as, in travelling alone, a journey should be made exciting, somehow), when a respectable-looking person in black comes on to the platform, looks sharply right and left of him, walks straight up to me, bows, asks me if I am myself, and before I have determined upon a course of action—that is, whether to admit, or deny, my identity—he produces two envelopes, one long and large, the other small but bulky, shows me the address, observes, "For you, Sir, I believe?" and, as I murmur an affirmative, he opens the bulky one himself, takes out two sovereigns and a few shillings, hands them to me, observing, "For you, Sir, from PLUMPTON AND SPRY."

Happy Thought (undoubtedly).—Pocket the coin.

Suppose, even, that this is an amiable and harmless lunatic, who goes about thinking himself PLUMPTON AND SPRY (whoever they may be—clearly not twins), and giving people sovereigns, still, evidently, one should not refuse to accept the gifts, if only to keep him quiet.

Guard watching intensely. He has made up his mind that I am some one in disguise—Fenian probably—only the two sovereigns have puzzled him. He has his eye on us.

"From PLUMPTON AND SPRY's," says the respectable man in black. "MR. PLUMPTON heard you were going away to Ireland from MR. BIRKETT, and so he thought he would just catch you before you were off." Whereupon he hands me the long, legal-looking envelope.

I open the paper. It is headed, "*In the High Court of Justice.*" Is it a practical joke? No; the Clerk for MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY explains that I am subpoena'd as a Witness in a question of right of way.

But what an awfully startling form to a nervous temperament is this subpoena paper. The medical profession ought to protest against it, on physical grounds; the clergy on moral grounds. Let me put the case. You are an innocent man, but a nervous one.

You haven't done anything contrary to Law—at least, not that you are aware of: only, you suddenly remember that, four years ago, you were a little uncertain about joining the Directorship of that Company, of which you had heard little or nothing, except what your esteemed and respected friend (a man of vast commercial experience) had chosen to tell you. Has some prying, meddling, sensation-loving Shareholder started up, and insisted upon an exhumation of that Company's body, and a consequent inquest? If so . . . Then the nervous man reads the summons: "*VICTORIA*" (in large letters, of a fanciful flourishing character), "*by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*" (this is HER MAJESTY's address, should you wish to write to her), "*Queen, Defender of the Faith*" (this title suggests to the nervous man the possibility of his having unconsciously offended against some old ecclesiastical Law—but he cannot call to mind any statute he might have contravened, except, perhaps, something about "a fine of five shillings for swearing"), "*to*" (So-and-so—here follows the name), "*Greeting*" (which is the first sign of politeness on the part of Royalty, and of a wish to make things pleasant. It puts the nervous man temporarily at his ease. He breathes again; he looks round; he smiles; he experiences a tingling of loyalty in his heart, and, expecting something still more paternal, or maternal, and cheering, he resumes his perusal. But the tone is suddenly and inexplicably changed. So rapid is this alteration, that, had somebody, six feet two high, and powerful in proportion, smilingly beckoned you up-stairs, and then, on your reaching the top, had changed from lively to severe, and kicked you down again, the shock could not be more electrical than this sudden assumption of fierceness. Thus it goes on peremptorily:—) "*We command you, and every of you*" (which appears unnecessary, as if you had some deep scheme for evading the summons by sending your hat, or your *carte de visite*, or your wooden legs—if any), "*that all things set aside*" (this sounds like a direction to "leave your sticks and umbrellas in the hall"), "*and ceasing every excuse*" (when as yet you haven't tried to raise even one plea on your own behalf), "*you and every of you do and appear in your proper persons before*" (now the tone changes to one of more than affectionate regard) "*our right trusty and well-beloved Sir Peter Piper*" (or whatever the name for the time being may be), "*Bart., Lord Chief Justice of England, &c., on — day of — by ten of the clock*" (what clock?), "*in the forenoon of the same day, and so from day to day*" (enough to worry a nervous man's life out of him, merely to read this) "*until the cause hereinafter mentioned be tried, to testify the truth according to your knowledge*" (&c., &c.). "*And this you nor any of you shall in nowise omit, under the Penalty*" (with a large "P") "*of every of you*" (this is confusing, but the sequence is clear) "*of One Hundred Pounds*."

Whereupon the nervous man collapses. Now, why cannot it be put simply thus?—

"*SIR,—You will have to attend as a Witness, on and after — day, at — A.M., in such-and-such a case, at —. The penalty for non-attendance is £100.*"

Happy Thought.—Reform of legal forms. However, not having time to go into the subject, at the station, with the Clerk from MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY's, I simply tell him, as pleasantly as possible, "That I should have had great pleasure in accepting the invitation, but unfortunately I can't, as I am off to Ireland, and am uncertain as to my return."

PLUMPTON AND SPRY, however, have provided for this emergency. "Wherever you may be, Sir," says the Clerk, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you will have the goodness to keep MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY informed of your movements by letter, or telegram. Then we can summon you at a moment's notice, if wanted, and we shan't detain you five minutes."

So, chained by a telegraph cable—PLUMPTON AND SPRY being at one end, and myself at the other—I am off for a holiday's enjoyment to Ireland!

Supposing at the Giant's Causeway I receive a telegram—"Come back from Erin. Shan't keep you five minutes. Judge waiting"—there would be an end of all my amusement.

Why couldn't my examination, as a witness, be conducted by telegram? Only a very little extra expense, really only a few shillings, and why should I, or "any of me," be brought up bodily? Can't I tell the truth by telegram just as well, and better, than if I were being brow-beat in a witness-box, with the eyes of the Judge, Counsel, Jury, Reporters, Illustrated Paper Artists, Police, Usher, and Public on me? Certainly. Why the thing might be done beautifully, and our legal machinery simplified by wiring.

To put it clearly and dramatically, thus:

SCENE.—Court of Queen's Bench, during a Trial.

Counsel. Call the next Witness.

Usher (calls). MR. GRANVILLE DE L'ASHEY ZOOCH!

No answer. Judge restless. Counsel consults Solicitors, MESSRS. SHARPE AND CHUCKITUP.

Counsel. He's not here. Most important Witness. What shall we do?

Mr. Sharpe. I know where he's to be found. He's at the Giant's Causeway. [For example; but it might be the Hebrides, or on board the yacht *Nautilus*, off Trouville.] But—(Happy Thought.—Electricity, like love, makes all places alike.)—I'll wire.

Exit MR. SHARPE to wire, while Counsel explains.

Judge. Well, we can take the next Witness in the meantime. (They take the next Witness, squeeze him dry in a quarter of an hour, and then throw him away.)

Then the electric machine is brought into Court. Counsel asks questions, and Telegraph Clerk works the wire.

Counsel (in the Court of Queen's Bench). Your name, I think is GRANVILLE DE L'ASHEY ZOOCH?

Witness (seated at the Giant's Causeway, on the rock furthest from the shore, with his stockings off and his feet in the sea, enjoying the delicious breeze in the month of June, and smoking a mild cigar. Next him sits a Telegraph Clerk with the electric apparatus and wire laid on). It is.

Counsel (repeating answer, which arrives one minute after it has been given). "It is." Now, Sir, on the 19th of June, 1873, were you breakfasting with His Excellency the DUC DE DEKAYSES, the accredited Plenipotentiary from the South Guano Isles to this country?

Witness (after listening to the ticking of the instrument, inhaling a fragrant whiff of the mild Havannah, and carelessly throwing a pebble at a sea-gull). I was.

Counsel (as before, in the Queen's Bench). "He was." Now, Sir, will you have the goodness to tell us what happened on that occasion?

Witness (lighting a fresh cigar, and answering by telegram). With pleasure. Only wait till I have opened this bottle of whiskey.

The Judge (in the Court of Queen's Bench). What does he say?

Counsel (who has called the Witness on his own side). He is only pausing for a minute, my Lud, to refresh his memory.

The Judge (leaning back). Oh, very good. (Wishes he could refresh his memory too. Looks at his watch.) Just send to your Witness to tell him to get on—or, if he is going to have his lunch brought to him out-of-doors, we can take ours at the same time. It only wants half an hour of our usual adjournment.

Witness (on receiving the message). Thanks. Only some cold chicken and whiskey and potass. Pipe afterwards. Call it half an hour, and "I'm on." I shan't stir from here, so won't incur any unnecessary expense.

The Judge (after hearing this read out). Good. Then (to Counsel) we'd better adjourn. (To Jury.) In three-quarters of an hour from now, Gentlemen.

When they return, of course, the Witness gives his evidence with a will, stands the fire of a searching electric cross-examination, and, after all, serves the cause of justice far more effectually than if he had travelled a thousand miles, tired himself out, and had come up ill, worried, and irritable into the box in the Court of Queen's Bench.

I present these suggestions as Happy Thoughts to the Bench, the Bar, and the legal profession generally,—and, without further note or comment, I am, at last, off for Ould Ireland.

SENTIMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It appears from the gratifying paragraph below quoted, that, though utilitarianism has triumphed, still unproductive sentiment prevails to a considerable extent amongst the inhabitants of a municipality associated with the memory of a poet, the late MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:—

"THE CURFEW BELL.—The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council yesterday, by a majority of one, decided to discontinue the ringing of the Curfew Bell, a custom which has been observed for several hundred years. There was strong opposition to the proposal to abolish such an ancient custom."

In fact, it seems that nearly half the Stratford-on-Avon Town Councillors were unable to see that the Curfew, in this age of gas, to say nothing of railways and electric telegraphs, was a mere anachronism, that it had long ceased to admonish people to put out their fires and candles, and had sunk into a mere survival, prolonged by nothing but an idle veneration for antiquity. The feeling which made so large a minority of them object to abolish the ringing of an old bell would no doubt also make them wish to see weather-stains and ivy continue to deface an old bell-tower. To be sure, the majority have just managed to

"Silence that dreadful bell."

But it appears likely that they will encounter a strong opposition to any proposal they may by-and-by make to improve SHAKESPEARE's monument by whitewashing it, or to defy superstition by removing both it and the remains beneath it to another site.



MORAL PLUCK.

Paterfamilias, who, under pretext of seeking a suitable French watering-place for his Family, has enjoyed a delightful three weeks' trip on the French coast with a congenial Bachelor Friend, returns to his Penates, and after partaking duly of refreshment, delivers himself thus:—"Well, MY DEARS, WE'VE TRIED TROUVILLE, DIEPPE, ÉTRETAT, TRÉPORT, BOULOGNE, AND ALL, AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT 'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!' 'ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL!' AND I PROPOSE—"

Indignant Chorus. "OH, INDEED, PAPA!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

From BULL to BENJAMIN.

"I never adopted that Coffee-house babble, brought by a Bulgarian to the Vice-Consul, as authentic information which we ought to receive."—MR. DISRABLI.

"COFFEE-HOUSE babble"? BENJAMIN, my boy,
That sounds a very pat and pithy summary,
Nor do I quite expect *you* to employ
The hot philanthropist's effusive flummery;
But, though of fuss I'm far from being fond,
The news I'm getting now my dander raises
To heat that's just a little bit beyond
The chilling power of cool official phrases.

Moslem and Christian! Blood both flags must drench,
When Crescent flies on Cross, and Cross on Crescent!
But not the coldest DERRY *douche* can quench
Wrath at some wrongs to coolness acquiescent:
Fire, plunder, prison, butchery, bestial lust,
Are things to mix hot rage my scalding shame with,
Which no snow-blooded policy, I trust,
Will ever lead my soul or stain my name with.

The *status quo*? Oh bless me, yes, I know.
I've backed and buttressed that with blood and treasure;
Show me good cause and both of them shall flow
Once more, with promptitude, if scarce with pleasure.
But fight 'gainst new life waking? Lend my face
To merciless misrule and wholesale murder?
Considering my history, and race,
Few propositions well could look absurder.

Not mine, thank Heaven, the calm official mind
That smiles to scorn such strong words as "atrocities;"

Some outrages too devilish I find

To treat with epigram or smooth pomposity.
"Coffee-house babble" may not mean as much
As gushers paint in their too graphic strictures,
But yet my shuddering sense thrills to the touch
Of too familiar horror in their pictures.

Though optimistic HANBURY gloss and gild
The blood-stained Crescent raised before the nations,
The Palace of fine Fancy he would build
Seems a Fool's Paradise on sand foundations.
'Tis hard to hold the balance? Very like;
That's why I've not been hot to put my word in—
But peace must not help wrong, nor, if I strike,
Injustice weight the scale I throw my sword in.

Mild words, my BEN? Good! I would have them mild;
I know 'tis not the hour for angry bluster:
But while war—and wrong worse than war—runs wild,
Courts scheme, and armies mass, and navies muster,
'Twere just as well to have it clearly known—
In your own phrase of politic urbanity—
JOHN BULL can only make one side his own,
And that the side of justice and humanity!

A Party of Progress.

EARL RUSSELL, in his letter lately addressed to LORD GRANVILLE on the Eastern Question, observes that:—"The Whig Party toast is 'Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World.'" True. This is the old Whig Party toast. The toast of a party more advanced would seem to be "Uncivil and Irreligious Licence all the World over."

POPULAR GAME FOR THE RECESS.—The Grouse.



AUGURS AT FAULT.

DERBEIUS. "CAN YOU READ THE SIGNS OF THE BIRDS?"

DISRAELIUS. "I WISH I COULD!!!"

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



MR. FLYETER, having failed to get his Bill discounted, has been obliged to leave his rooms, and start for Paris, without paying his rent.

The employees in the Firm of MESSRS. SHORTMEASURE AND SHODDEE spent a happy day at Rosherville (it being the Bank Holiday), on the 7th inst.

MISS SMITH has gone to Birmingham on a visit, for a few days, to her Uncle, MR. BROWN.

MR. GUTTLER gave a small and early Dinner Party yesterday. Covers were

MR. BOUNCER has left Town for a week's yachting, as he says. His friends, however, think that he has merely gone to Margate, and bought a yachting jacket.

MRS. STUBBS gave a Ball at her residence in Camberwell, on Thursday evening last. SPROUTS, the greengrocer, was specially retained for the occasion, and the German Band that plays in the neighbourhood was engaged.

laid for thirteen guests, and the menu included (besides turtle) eleven kinds of fish.

MR. GANDERLING, who lately joined the Shropshire Volunteers, sprained his ankle yesterday while practising the goose-step.

MR. WAGE has been so prostrated by the heat of the weather, that he has attended seven dinners without making a joke.

MASTER SCREECHER, with a party of his Sunday schoolfellows, went to Bushy Park last Monday in a van: when they all enjoyed their usual yearly privilege of screaming at the very tip-top of their voices, the whole way there and back.

MISS DUMPIE slipped and fell upon a flower-pot last week, while attempting lawn tennis with her sister upon the grass-plat.

THE REV. MR. MUGGINS has recently arrived at BUGGINS'S Hotel.

MR. SCAMPERTON has started on a bicycle excursion through Greenland and Siberia, and proposes to return *via* Egypt and the Cape.

MR. PRIGGINS entertained MR. JONES and MR. JOWLER last Saturday at supper, at his lodgings in New Grub Street.

MISS RINKERLEY has gone to Canada, with a view to spend the winter there, and get some real skating.

MR. DIDDLE has proposed a matrimonial alliance with the widow of the late MR. EBENEZER BLUNT.

MR. CLYFAKER emerged from his retirement at Holloway on Friday morning last, when a most distinguished company of his pals were assembled to meet him, and stood a number of "drains round" in honour of his release.

OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE.

(He proposes going to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and is off before we can stop him.)

DEAR SIR,

Excuse this short and hurried dispatch, but, while I write, I am engaged in superintending the packing of my portmanteau. I have a young black servant who was lately brought from the South Guinea Coast, and this is the first time he has ever seen a portmanteau. At first he was frightened of it, and inclined, not being a well instructed Christian, to worship it as a god. When it closed up suddenly of its own accord—as is the habit of portmanteaux, after you've got the upper compartment nicely packed, but not fastened—and all my shirts came out in a heap, he started back, his hair came out of curl, he turned quite white (fact!), then he made a rush for the door, and bolted. Having succeeded in overcoming his superstition and his panic, I now find him inclined to treat the portmanteau with contemptuous familiarity. He wishes to put in anything anywhere, he conducts himself towards a pair of boots as though they were on a footstool with a fine well-got-up white shirt, and in fact, my time just now is occupied in finishing the education of this half-instructed blackamoor. He has much to unlearn, as much, indeed, as he has to unpack: his notions of the Catechism are limited to a set of riddles (which I fancy he must have learnt from a Comic Missionary), such as "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" "Who subscribed to the first newspaper?" and so forth.

You would be touched by the earnestness and fervour of this young negro, whose artless prattle draws tears from eyes unaccustomed to weeping, when he tells of his friends and relatives now suffering under the lash, and living in a brutalised state of unblissful ignorance. I am getting up a subscription for SAM's tribe, intending to bring them over *en masse*, as they would make excellent servants in such an establishment as MR. HANKEY has recently started, or—they wouldn't do badly as a *troupe* round the country. SAM, my boy, tells me he is not a cannibal, and he assures me that he prefers our beef and mutton to anything he ever tasted. I am sure you will head the list with a handsome donation, and you might put an iron box, with a patent padlock (I'll supply it at my own expense and find the key), outside your office-door with "The Black Boy Fund" written on it.

I will undertake that every penny, placed in that box by a generous and Christianly charitable public, shall be spent upon the most worthy objects; and if the money does not convert, clothe, and render happy an entire tribe, it will not be the fault of the good-hearted English subscribers to the "Black Boy Fund." Depend on me. If necessary, I will go out myself with the money, and explore the country. I am quite ready to fill the rôle of a Stanley, if you will be as magnificently enterprising as are the undaunted Proprietors of the D-y T-l-gr-ph.

But I have not yet told you what I am packing up for. Pardon. I am off to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival. I am, myself, a

Wagnerite, tooth and nail, heart and soul! I may say, with diffidence, that it was I who started Wagnerism in my dear old friend WAGNER himself, years ago. Of course, what I lacked was the technical knowledge to carry out my own idea. But I'll explain this later on.

You remember saying to me, despairingly, "How I wish I had some real musical man, whom I could trust, to send to Bayreuth!" I said nothing then; but I made up my mind: and when you observed, after dinner, to me, "I wish you'd go to Bayreuth," I replied, "Certainly." Now I'm off.*

* We do not recall either of the occasions alluded to, but still if we did say "Go to Bayreuth!" we are perfectly ready to abide by our word, as we should have been had we only said, "Go to Bath!" No doubt there is a large section of the music-loving public which will be heartily glad to receive, from a trustworthy source, all the particulars of an event which seems to mark an era in the history of the Musical World (edited by our esteemed friend and high-art critic DR. DISHLEY PETERS, to whom we shall write to keep an eye on our Correspondent at Bayreuth, where they will, probably, meet). * On reflection, we have written to our Contributor to say, "Put us down for twenty pounds to the 'Black Boy Fund.' Go to Bayreuth. On your arrival you ought to find a circular note at the Post Office, not necessarily for immediate and lavish expenditure, but as a guarantee of our good faith." The public may now rest assured that our excellent Representative will not allow the grass to grow under his feet. We act, now as always, in the interests of civilisation, of journalism, and of an enlightened and appreciative public. In spite of the vast additional expense incurred by these arrangements, no extra charge will be made for our Journal. We can lay our hands on our hearts and say that we shall be amply repaid for all our trouble by the gratitude and delight of our readers, and this too, we feel assured, will be equally the sentiment of our noble-hearted Contributor.—E.

* (Just before going to press.)—The above idea we embodied in a note to our good friend. His reply was characteristic, though hardly, perhaps, so satisfactory as we could have wished. Perhaps he was in a hurry.

"Dear Ed. Yes. 'Gratitude,' &c., good. My notion to a turn. Only send cheque; or better,—send ten real sovereigns by hand, and I'll make them last me till I get to the Post Office, Bayreuth, and account to you afterwards!"

To this we replied:

"On inquiry, we find you can get to Bayreuth for half the sum (while double the amount would only delay you)—and, as that is all we happen to have about us at the moment (and we shouldn't have had that, but for a friend accidentally dropping in), we send it at once, so that you may not have to complain of any delay on our part."

To which came back the answer:

"Good enough. Was just off when your boy arrived with the five. It is a note, and I asked for gold. No matter; I can change it, at a slight loss (which you can settle on my return), across the water. In the meantime, as representing You, Sir, I have borrowed the required sum (twenty pounds) from a dear, good, kind, noble old friend of Yours, to whom I have given a draught on You, payable at sight. He will call on you in about an hour's time after you receive this, when I shall be far away, catering, steam up, fast train, high pressure, no-stopping-anywhere express, on the other side of the glorious old Channel. Pensez à moi! à toi toujours.—Y. R."

We have considered it our duty to publish this *intact*, as, in case of any future difficulty—which we are far, of course, from apprehending—we shall be able to call the Public as a witness to our own integrity. The Gentleman,



A ROUND-ABOUT ROAD.

Master (cool and comfortable). "NCOMMONLY WARM, JAMES!"

Gardener (mopping his brow). "THAT IT BE, SIR! TOM OVER THERE HE ARST ME TO ARST YOU IF YOU'D STAND A EXTRY GLASS O' BEER, AN' I TOLD HIM 'CERTAIN'Y NOT! I COULDN'T THINK O' SUCH A THING!' PHEW! IT BE WON'ERFUL HOT, SURE-LY!!"

The portmanteau is packed. The Black Boy accompanies me. I must have some one to "accompany me" when I go on a musical tour—(this is a *jeu de mot*, or *kommikwördenspiel*, for HERR WAGNER. Fits!)—and I've secured as a fellow-traveller, my dear old friend the Swedish Pole, DR. SCHLAPPHÄGER, who was banished from Bulgaria for his political opinions, and, coming over here, wrote that admirable article in the *Threeweekly* on "*The B flat, and how to catch it with a tuning-fork*," which caused such a sensation in musical and scientific circles. It was a masterly production. As DR. SCHLAPPHÄGER is not a rich man, I shall have to pay his expenses. But he will be worth every penny of 'em to *You*, Sir. He is a large eater, but his liquor is a trifle; and you cannot, nowadays, get such rare musical talent as his for nothing. He is a *Practician* as well as a Theorist, and brings his case of instruments with him. We are going to "do Wagner" all the way to Bayreuth. I am an adept on the banjo, the Doctor is A1 with the accordion (which is his national instrument, and you should see him whirling it about his head in a patriotic frenzy!), while the bones naturally fall to my black boy, SAM. It is a brilliant notion, and I fancy, judging by what is done on the road to Goodwood, Epsom, and Ascot, that we ought to pick up a pretty *gröschon* on the road, which we shall, of course, give to the starving poor, or some local charity. We shall call ourselves the "*Warbling Wagners*." That'll fetch the Germans. No burnt cork. All white—hat, boots, shirts, wigs, all white except SAM, who is the genuine article. Light hearts and white hats! Off to Bayreuth! Train ready! Post the tin. *Vive WAGNER!* We're taking over an illumination and fireworks.

with whom the loan, in our interest, was negotiated, did call at our office, but, unfortunately, after we had left. In this weather, our business hours are necessarily early. This may catch his eye; in which case, he will understand that we have been compelled, by sudden press of business, to go to Wales, but hope to see him, and thank him for his kindness, immediately on our return. The Public is now in full possession of all the preliminary circumstances, and knows as much about our worthy Correspondent's musical expedition to Bayreuth, as, up to the present moment, we do ourselves. We sincerely trust that the result will be highly satisfactory to all parties.—E.

The Doctor is calling to me "*Mein goot freund, man will unter Segel gehen und wartet nur auf Sie!*" To which I reply "*Kommt: wir Sind fertig: nehmt diese zwei Mantelsäcke.*"* So off we go with our two "*Mantelsachs*" (lovely word, eh? so expressive!), away to Bayreuth! Soon you shall hear all the news from one who will always sign himself, most affectionately and rovingly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* We have no doubt now of our Correspondent's good intention. He is evidently a perfect German, and so is his friend. Whatever we may think of his plan for travelling as "*Warbling Wagners*," we are sure that everything will be done by him in excellent taste, and with a view to making the English character respected on the Continent. At the same time our Readers must make allowances for a man of undeniable genius. Genius is above rules; and if Genius chooses to travel with a banjo, a German Professor with an accordion, and a black servant with the bones, we can but smile and pass on, murmuring, "*Well, after all, what harm to anybody?—and Genius is eccentric, or it would not be Genius.*"

We feel these remarks (made in perfect good faith) are due both to our enterprising Contributor and to the sagacity of our respected Readers.—Ed.

Plea for Political Prisoners.

KILLING is no murder if complicated with treason. That renders it a mere misdemeanor. A military offence, simply capital, becomes a minor offence when treasonable besides. Treason is an extenuating circumstance of mutiny and murder, and its commission in committing those crimes reduces murderers and mutineers to political offenders. Therefore, instead of being hanged or shot, they ought, if punished at all, and not, on the contrary, rewarded, to be condemned to nothing worse than temporary seclusion, and should, all of them, after a merely nominal imprisonment, be respectfully released.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—The distinction between a picked man and a plucked man.



EQUALITY.

Maid (before the Party). "SHALL YOU WEAR YOUR WHITE MUSLIN TO-NIGHT, MA'AM?"
 Mistress. "YES, JANE!"
 Maid. "THEN I'LL WEAR MY BLUE SILK, AS I DON'T WANT US TO CLASH!"

AN AUGUST REMANET.

By a Literary Hack in Harness.

FROM out my garret, hot and high,
 Pausing from work, I gaze adown
 With longing looks intent to spy
 The happy hurriers Out of Town.

Four-wheelers, groaning 'neath the load
 That box-seat, roof, and footboard
 crown;
 Hansoms with luggage outside stowed
 Of happy folks bound Out of Town.

Their baggage, destined for first-class,
 Shames my one coat, once black, now
 brown;
 And a sigh comes, that I, alas!
 Must only dream of Out of Town.

Thinking upon the days gone by,
 When young, defying Fortune's
 frown,—
 Light heart, and lighter luggage, I
 Have gaily chartered Out of Town.

Oh for some drops of country dew,
 If they would only help to drown
 My longing for green pastures new—
 Green of God's making—Out of Town!

Well, there's one comfort, now-a-days,
 With intramural graves put down,
 The poorest wretch for death that prays
 May hope for one ride Out of Town.

When my last copy earns its pay,
 And I am dead to verb and noun,
 From ink to dust—I see my way
 To that excursion Out of Town!

MENS SANA, ETC.

THERE will be one decided advantage in the proposed new City of Hygeia. There will, of course, be no necessity for the iteration of the unmeaning greetings, "How are you?" or, "How do you do?" since the answer, "Very well, thank you," will be stereotyped.

OUT OF TOWN.—The Season.

THE GREENWICH DINNER.

Potages.

Broth à la trop de Cuisiniers de l'Amirauté.
 Tortue à la M. WARD HUNT.
 Hodge-Podge à l'Ordre du Jour.

Poissons.

Flounders à la Education Bill.
 Quarrellets à l'Eau de Rose.
 Plaice à l'Administration Conservative.
 Anguilles à la BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
 Saumon, Sauce à la GINX's Bébé.
 Homards à la Scheme de Mobilisation.
 Whitebait à la fin d'Août.

Entrée.

Tête de Veau à la Majorité Ministérielle.

Relevés.

Jambon d'Espagne à la DON CARLOS en retraite.
 Cochon de Lait à la Diplomatie Anglaise.

Rôtis.

Roast Beef à l'Anglais aux Indes.
 Turkey à la Question d'Orient.

Entremets.

Petits Pois au Beurre de Lor-Maire de Londres.
 Soufflets à l'Ouvrage de la Session.
 Pouding Glacé à l'Impératrice des Indes.
 Bombe à la KENEALY.
 Soupirs de Nonnes à la NEWDEGATE.
 Trifle à l'Interpellation Irlandaise.

AN EXACT ACCOUNT OF THE SULTAN'S HEALTH.

(From a Comparison of Authorities.)

MUCH concern having been felt with regard to the health of SULTAN MURAD THE FIFTH, Mr. Punch has been at some pains to obtain the most reliable information on the subject, and hastens to inform the public of the result.

It appears, then, from a careful collation of the most authentic bulletins, that the SULTAN is suffering from softening of the brain, delirium tremens, rheumatic paralysis, and other complaints. He converses freely with those about him, attends public prayers, displays great interest with regard to his family, and is a victim to a disordered imagination—being, in fact, on the verge of insanity. It cannot be surprising to hear, as a result of all this, that His Majesty "lacks initiative power and vigour." He is very anxious about the education and welfare of his son, SELAH EDDIN, aged twelve years.

The above concatenation, besides fully bearing out the symptoms already mentioned, no doubt also accounts for the Sultan's personal appearance. Aged twenty-eight, he is of a greenish complexion, with a leaden eye and a white beard! Besides the complaints above enumerated, he suffers from several painful skin diseases and a general nervous prostration, produced by *raki* and *absinthe*. All these afflictions together have the curious effect of rendering His Majesty "visibly weaker" from day to day. Although the transaction of business with the GRAND VIZIER and MIDHAT PASHA might be expected to be somewhat fatiguing under the circumstances, still the SULTAN is cheerful and fond of playing the piano. In conclusion, it may be stated that he is as well as ever he was in his life, has not long to live, and (evidently more astute than any European politician) "is perfectly aware of his position."

PATERFAMILIAS ON PIGTAILS.

"Materfamilias, maddened by the daily increasing insubordination of the British Housemaid, the incapacity, extravagance, and by no means infrequent alcoholism of the British Cook, and the rebelliousness even of the British Scullerymaid, . . . is furtively yet anxiously expecting the arrival on the shores of Albion of the 'Heathen Chinese.' It has been bruited about . . . that AH-SING is on his way across the 'big black water' to relieve the barbarian housekeepers from their domestic difficulties."—*Daily Telegraph*.



OLIOQUY of Mr. B. on the threatened advent of the "Heathen Chinese."

CAN'T say I've had that tip from Mrs. B.;

Don't think I ever heard her broach the question:

But importation of the mild Chinese

Does seem a rather staggering suggestion.

AH-SING as Housemaid? Novel notion that!

Bo-HE as Buttons, QUANG-Ho doing stitching,

CHANG-WANG a-handing me my coat and hat!—

Must say it's more bewildering than bewitching.

Servants do play Old Gooseberry, sure enough;

But omnipresent pigtails, pidgin lingo,

Slant eyes, and baggy breeks, and faces buff!

The prospect pulls a man up short, by Jingo!

Those Lady-Helps looked 'a rum start perhaps,

But quite a trifle when compared with *this* go.

Don't cotton quite to those Celestial chaps.

I think I've heard they funk'd them out in Frisco.

Thought they were only fit for growing tea.

Don't fancy JOHNNY dishing up *my* dinner!

I'm not exactly sure that Mrs. B.

Would trust the Baby to that saffron sinner:

All very well on tea-chests, queer and quaint;

Quite passable on screens and fancy crockery;

But nursing NELL!—'twould make AUNT BETSY faint!

I hope that D. T. means it all in mockery.

Worst of those blessed papers now-a-days,

They will go in for being deadly funny.

I like plain speech that means just what it says—

(That *Standard* is the paper for *my* money.)

But if it's serious? Well, no doubt, AH-SING

May be a meek, industrious sort of fellow;

But those blue bed-gowns aren't my style of thing,

And blood is blood. AH-SING's I'm sure is yellow!

Cheap? Civil? Caring nought for cuff or kick?

Nice change to have a servant that is trounceable.

JOHNNY will pocket "fum-fum" and "eat stick,"

While MARY ANNER's dear, and rude, and bounceable:

As for pig-tails, one mustn't talk too loud,

Seeing the things our Women now are wearing—

But fancy living midst a family crowd

Of bare Mongolian pates! 'Twere past all bearing!

Moreover labour may be made *too* cheap:

This Flowery overflow may swamp Creation.

Suppose AH-SING should catch J. B. asleep,

And ply *his* pidgin to *our* ruination!

Hard work, short commons? 'Taint the modern style,

Short hours, long pay, seems Labour's latest charter.

AH-SING may slave, eat stick, half starve, and smile,

Yet that sleek Mongol may turn out a Tartar.

No, Mrs. B.! I guess you'd better bear

With MARY ANNER's ways a little longer—

The Pigtails far outnumber us, I hear,

Let JOHN 'ware hawk if JOHNNY grows the stronger.

A world, too, like a willow-pattern plate
Is not the sort of thing *my* taste that pleases:
For China there has been a craze of late—
Do hope we shan't extend it to Chinese!

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE FUTURE.

According to Russian Ideas.

1877. Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania placed under Russian protection.

1878. The Protected Provinces given over to the rule of a Russian Viceroy.

1879. Important Treaty concluded between Russia and Greece.

1880. Coronation at Constantinople of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER as Czar of all the Russias, Greece, and both the Turkeys.

According to German Ideas.

1877. Remonstrance with France for favouring Turkey.

1878. Remonstrance with France for sympathising with the Insurgent Provinces.

1879. Remonstrance with France on account of her neutrality.

1880. War declared against France.

According to Turkish Ideas.

1877. Loan from England to declare war against Russia.

1878. Loan from England to declare war against Germany.

1879. Loan from England to declare war against France, Austria, Italy, Greece, Denmark, and the United States.

1880. Loan from England to declare war against Great Britain.

According to Austrian Ideas.

1877. Negotiation with a First-Class Power.

1878. Negotiation with a couple of First-Class Powers.

1879. Negotiation with all the First-Class Powers.

1880. Negotiations with the Four Quarters of the Globe.

According to English Ideas.

1877. English Constitutions given to all the Insurgent Provinces.

1878. Penny Papers, Penny Ices, Cheap Omnibuses and Bath Buns introduced into Belgrade, Ragusa, Nish, and Constantinople.

1879. Conversion of the SULTAN. Establishment of Turkish Houses of Lords and Commons, Insurgent Provinces treated like English Colonies, and Inauguration of the Constantinople Underground Railway.

1880. Payment of the Turkish Debt.

According to Mr. Punch's Private Ideas.

1877. Revolution!

1878. Reconstitution!!

1879. Renovation.

1880. Civilisation.

PUNCH AND PUFFERY.

Good old HOMER sometimes nods; and *Punch* may occasionally take forty winks; but who has ever heard him talk in his sleep? "Aperiently," as *Mrs. Gamp* says, the author of the following announcement in a morning paper—unconnected, however, with *Mrs. Gamp*:—

"THE YACHTING SEASON.—'There is nothing more refreshing than the Rhinegau Champagne.'—*Punch*."

Mr. Punch does not remember ever having made this observation. If it ever escaped him whilst dreaming, in a moment of slumber, he will too probably, under the same conditions, say similar things. The next of them, perhaps, will be an encomium on the *Spécialité Sherry*; and by-and-by *Mr. Punch* will, without knowing it, extol even *HOLLOWAY'S PILLS*. But observe. Except through "unconscious cerebration," and "reflex action," *Punch* never puffs anything but tobacco smoke. Not if he knows it. In the meanwhile common sense shows how certain it must be that a puff falsely attributed to *Mr. Punch* is a truthful advertisement.

NEWS FOR THE VATICAN.—Barbadoes has rebelled against Papal rule—such is its Protestant feeling—though it was only against POPE-HENNESSY!

WITH what faculty ought a common street thief to be eminently endowed?

(It being too hot for guessing, we give the answer at once):—Purse-pick-acity (Perspicacity).

THE PRISONS' BILL.—MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"INEM coronat opus" is the Parliamentary setting of the old Classic saw.

"Work crowns the Session's end—Talk its beginning."

So now the House sits even on Saturdays, and Government claims every day and all day long—even to Wednesdays. And this while the Dog-Star rages at red heat!

Saturday, August 5—RICHARD was himself again, on Third Reading of the Education Bill—which he denounced "as the worst measure, the most unjust, and most tyrannical in spirit, since BOLINGBROKE'S Schism Bill—in the reign of QUEEN ANNE."

Big words, and bold words, Brother RICHARD. Even those who have opposed the PELL element of the Bill most strongly admit that, apart from this, it makes many improvements in our school machinery. Disliking what the Bill has been perverted into doing



DESPAIR!

BROWN HAS LOCKED HIS PORTMANTEAU WITH ONE OF THOSE LETTER PADLOCKS, AND FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT OPENS IT!

[Only Ten Minutes to Dinner!]

to encourage denominational teaching at the cost of School-Boards, as the reopening of an all but scarred wound, the friends of Education, who are not also out-and-out Nonconformist partisans, could not find it in their hearts to record their votes against the Bill. The end was a poor array of 46 Noes on Third Reading, which may be said to measure the strength in the House of the party in whom hatred of the Establishment is stronger than love of Education. MR. FORSTER did not vote.

Punch can only say,

"Rest, rest perturbed spirits!"

Happily these heats are of, and for, the House. They cool down in the actualities of Educational work. Partisans make much of them, pedagogues little, parents least.

Dissection of the great Egyptian CAVE Bear. Post-mortem examinations are not ageable in hot weather, at best; and the CAVE Bear has been dead and buried for months. What use to dig the carcase up again—especially to write over it such uncomplimentary epitaphs as MR. DODSON'S ("MR. CAVE'S mission was a total *fiasco*, the report waste paper, the end of the whole business no credit to ourselves, and no credit to the KHEDIVÉ"), or MR. LOWE'S ("The Decline and Fall of Egyptian Credit, a drama in five acts—Requisition, Intrusion, Inquisition, Suppression, and Repudiation.") The fact seems to be that the Acting Manager contemplated a grand *coup de théâtre*, but that his colleagues in the Ministerial management shrank from the risk. GYE, not Government, may have courage to bring out an Egyptian spectacle, regardless of expense. So *Aida* succeeds, while CAVE'S Inquiry is a failure, and Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase only a half-success. But what is to be expected of a Cabinet coach with a DERBY Drag on, for all the showy driving of BEN on the Box? The KHEDIVÉ asked for a Clerk, and we sent him a CAVE (as he is reported to have said), to bury his credit in. Since our kind intervention, his bonds have fallen twenty per cent., and every money-market of Europe is shut in his face. Well may he ask, with a slight variation of *Falstaff*, "Call you this backing your friend's bills?"

Monday (Lords).—Bill to extend English local Cattle-Plague preventive and detective machinery to Ireland, and to include "horses" under general term "animals," for the first time.

LORD EMLY thought the Irish central system better than the English local.

LORD STRATHNAIRN had a little snap at Short Service, and a grumble over the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL said he had hoped LORD STRATHNAIRN, after what we had seen, would have given a good word to the Reserve. But not a good word had been vouchsafed. LORD RAGLAN had complained in the Crimea that the recruits "died like flies." These Reserve men were not the style of fellows to die like flies. No "fly" about them.

LORD DORCHESTER didn't know about that; but twenty years' service men were better than two. The War Office boasted of 60,000 Reserve men. The country wanted five times as many.

(*Commons.*)—Bulgarian Atrocities. A hideous subject, of which Government has heard a good deal—though not from its Official Correspondents—and is likely to hear a good deal more.

MR. ANDERSON quoted the indescribable horrors in a recent report published in the *Daily News*.

MR. MUNDELLA, CAPTAIN HAYTER, JACOB BRIGHT, MR. WHITWELL, and MR. COWEN tried to say what England feels, not only about the hideous atrocities tolerated, if not directed, in Bulgaria by the Turkish Government, but about the slackness of England's official eye, ear, and tongue at Constantinople to see, hear, and speak the truth on this repulsive subject. SIR HENRY ELLIOT'S pre-determination seems to have been to disbelieve everything against the Turks or for the Bulgarian rayahs. When forced to direct inquiry by LORD DERBY'S positive instructions, he sends an agent who understands neither Turkish nor Bulgarian, in charge of his father-in-law, a notorious partisan of the Turk. Altogether, if England—as well as facts—are not effectually misrepresented at this crisis, it seems that it will not be the fault of the English Embassy at Constantinople.

MR. BOURKE made the best of his bad case—his cue being to destroy the credit of the newspaper correspondents, and bolster up the credit of the official reporters. Time will very shortly decide between them all that it has not already decided. But does any one that knows Turkey and the Turks doubt how the case really stands? If we wish to see how it *lies*, we may turn to EDIB-EFFENDI'S report, which SIR HENRY ELLIOT quotes as if he believed it.

Let *Punch* speak his mind in this matter. Political partisanship and party spirit are both at low, as well as luke-warm, water in England just now; but, if anything will fire JOHN BULL'S blood to feverheat, it is such horrors as have been perpetrated in Bulgaria—and part of his wrath will assuredly be visited on those who have striven to interpose official blinds or buffers between England and the sight or shock of these horrors. If one thing is more clear than another, it is that the attempt to soften them is past BARING—or his father-in-law, GUARACINO, either. The head of Her Majesty's Opposition asserted for the Newspaper Correspondents the credit which English common-sense and experience unite to claim for them.

Tuesday (Lords).

"Calm in the Peers, and reason cool,
E'en on the Education Bill,
That made with strife the Commons shrill,
Shaping such shindy out of School."

Yes—there were the DUKE, and LORD GRANVILLE, and the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and LORD RIPON, and LORD SALISBURY, all with their heads together over the Bill, and never a quarrel in the quintette!

"Ye Commons' cry of Curs"—take a lesson! How infinitely more becoming, both the subject and the weather, is this Lordly coolness and calmness, than your hasty heats and rampant rancours.

BRITANNIA must own with *Punch* that 'tis on such questions as this of Education, whose *habitat* should lie above the zone of party tempests and tornadoes, that her Lords show to advantage over her Commons.

(*Commons.*)—Another post-mortem examination, of the Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase, in Committee on the Bill to raise the money. MR. LOWE poked up the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and MR. RYLANDS rasped out a screed of his familiar penny-wisdom. But the House was too languid to feel either the chafe of cynic blister-ointment or the burden of Rylandsian boredom.

"Not a ha'porth 'twould reek, though it let them talk on,
And e'en Dizzy in dulness arrayed him."

Even when RYLANDS accused the Government of having formed something very like a ring to "rig"

Egyptian Stock, the House could hardly be roused to sympathise with SIR STAFFORD'S virtuous indignation. It was too hot even for personalities. Everybody felt that somehow there had been a *coup-manqué* here too, as in the Cave Report—a "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" that indicated the quenching of a sensational *coup*, smacking strong of Asiatic mystery, with a *douche* of caution—"from DERBY'S depths in cooling fountains drawn." The PREMIER explained how High Political and Commercial were blent in the transaction.

High Policy's all very well,
But what both Jew and Gentile essays,
When loss against gain you've to tell,
Is to prove that High Policy pays.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill got through Committee, and the die cast for creation of one-horse legal Peers—not permanent pillars of the House of Lords, but removable, like the partitions of a royal box.

Wednesday.—When the steed is stolen, shut the door. MR. BOURKE informed the House that Her Majesty's Government have authorised the appointment of a British Consular Officer at Phillippolis, so that SIR HENRY ELLIOTT will not be reduced to depend on Turkish authorities for accounts of Turkish atrocities.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill passed, under a funeral wail from MR. WHALLEY, to *Ophelia's* air:—

"Oh, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

WHALLEY suggests as subject for a picture—"The Serpent of Statutory Enactment swallowing the Common Law!"

MR. CROSS, in a speech of infinite tact and discretion, moved the Bill for regulating Vivisection. About this question England is divided into two camps: one, which does not need to have reason urged on it; the other, which refuses to hear reason. The Bill is an attempt to meet an angry, excited, and, in its stronger forms, irrational feeling; but respect is due even to the errors of humane sentiment, however hot and heady. Of the thousand forms in which man inflicts pain on animals, one is specially inflicted for a holy purpose—the advancement of knowledge, with a view to the diminution of suffering. That one form is henceforth to be placed under special legal regulation. MR. HOLT was the organ of excited sentiment. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and DR. PLAYFAIR put the case for calm science with exemplary moderation; the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, *more suo*, with more point and pepper than persuasiveness. On an ebbing tide Ministers went to dine at Greenwich.

Thursday.—LORD G. HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget—though last, not least—to an Indian audience—very hot, very languid, and as little able as willing to brace up its energies to the terrible feat of facing such a problem as the Depreciation of Silver; still more, the crux of applying a remedy to it. To talk of Indian prosperity seems literally surplusage—for in 1874-75, a calculated deficit of £1,388,000 had been converted into a surplus of £319,197, and in 1875-76, a calculated surplus of £506,000 had swelled to £1,634,000. There was an increase in the revenue from Customs, Stamps, and Railways. Army expenditure had been retrenched. Public works were being conducted with less waste. All would be going merry as a marriage bell, but for silver—vile silver—"fons et origo mali," vice gold superseded. By its depreciation, the Indian revenue would lose £2,313,000; but "little Surplus"—as CHARLES SURFACE says—would survive through all!

LORD G. showed how all the devices proposed for setting up that Humpty-Dumpty—the fallen Rupee—were impracticable, and announced that Government was prepared to do nothing but keep its eyes open and curtail public works. Manchester, through the sweet voices of SIDEBOTTOM, BRIGGS, and BIRLEY, advocated repeal of the Duties on Calico, to the tune of "Take the Goods our Mills provide you," instead of weaving for yourselves, and putting on our wares a duty which, with their own size, is quite heavy enough to swamp Manchester cloths. Manchester could supply grey shirtings of any quantity as well as any size, if the Indian Government would take off the duty.

The House went into Committee after MESSRS. GOSCHEN and FAWCETT had delivered learned essays on the Economics of Silver.

Punch can't understand its depreciation—he never appreciated half-crowns more since he can remember.

Friday.—ENGLAND washes her hands clean of responsibility for Turkish blood and filth. MR. EVELYN ASHLEY and SIR W. HARCOURT found eloquent voice for the feeling of horror and repulsion which the Bulgarian atrocities have left through the length and breadth of the land.

Turkey, as the *Times* truly says, has forfeited for ever the good opinion of England. It is well that MR. DISRAELI, who, with MR. BOURKE, did his best in palliation of the supineness of our representative at Constantinople, should understand this clearly; and it is well that England by her Collective Wisdom should have spoken so strongly and so clearly as Parliament is breaking up.

As Members dispersed in the small hours a rumour swept

through the benches, and made the lights burn for a moment dimmer—that the Commons will know The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more, he having been called up to the House of Lords as EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—

Leaving his brightest Beacon's wider field,
That House of Commons, where, for forty years,
His ready tongue hath been both sword and shield,
In battle with the worthiest of his peers.

It is the season of falling stars—a bright one has shot sudden from the Galaxy of St. Stephen's.

COOLING INVENTIONS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

(Suggested to Patentees of New Inventions.)



A REFRIGERATOR Hat, with ice reservoir and self-acting steam-discharging safety valve complete, to regulate the temperature of the head.

A Suit of Dittos, made of a new material, combining the texture of the butterfly's wings with the opacity of broadcloth.

Iced Newspapers, exclusively devoted to articles written in the coolest style, with apologies for everything—including the Bulgarian atrocities.

Pocket Self-acting Punkahs, for using in hansoms and railway carriages—especially on all the Metropolitan District Lines.

Tonic Thought Lozenges, to enable the consumer to make up his mind without unnecessary exertion.

Talking Machines, requiring only to be wound up once a fortnight, for use at dinner-tables, garden-parties, crushes, and all other occasions when good society congregates in the dog-days. The Machines should be provided with interchangeable cylinders so worked that the topics may be changed frequently, on the principle of the calculating machine.

And, lastly, some mode of keeping cool (any design will be accepted) which does not entail either a visit to the Arctic Regions or a journey to the summit of Monte Rosa.

Propositions may be sent to Mr. Punch, care of Toby, the Cellar, 85, Fleet Street.

EDUCATIONAL OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

ONNER'D MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—Werry grate Impruvement of the Guvment Heddication Hact the Guardians Instead of the Skoolboards avin to pay the skool fees for scollards witch their Parients can't afford to. In coarse Wee shal Take preshus good Care to make all Them pay as can. Trust Hus to releave the Parish and Save the Ratepayers pokits. Best, if porper Heddication was in our Ands haltorgether. We'd see all the necessariy Estimats was Framed like the Wurkus Diaterry with a Doo regard to Economy. Food for Mind same as Food for Boddy. All as simple as Molossus and Skilligolee. No luxuries, no extries abuv the 3 R's. Apperyensions as bin ixpress in Sum kevarters that in payment of Skool Fees for them as aven't the meens we're Likely to be too Gennerus. No fear of that; but which it's praps only Meant for Witt, as for a Saterriical insinnevation agin respectabel Ofishels and Porochial Economists in the Posishon of Your Obegent Umbel Servent,

PANCHIDGE.

SWEETS BY WIRE.

By mistake, in a telegram from Calcutta the other day, "the JAM OF LASBEYLA" was entitled "the JAM OF LUXBEHAL." A serious mistake, only to be paralleled by calling raspberry jam gooseberry!

AMENDMENT ON THE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS BILL.

FOX-HUNTING in future to be limited to bag-foxes, and no Fox henceforth to be hunted except under chloroform.



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for a compliment). "AH! MR. MCJOSEPH, BEAUTY IS THE MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL GIFTS FOR A WOMAN! I'D SOONER POSSESS BEAUTY THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!"

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable). "I'M SURE, MRS. GOLIGHTLY, THAT ANY REGRET YOU MAY POSSIBLY FEEL ON THAT SCORE MUST BE AMPLY COMPENSATED FOR BY—ER—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUR MORAL WORTH, YOU KNOW,—AND OF YOUR VARIOUS MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS!"

BY THE SAD SEA WAVE.

(*Very Like a Wail.*)

TIME—Sunday, Aug. 6. SCENE—The Seacoast at Sunrise.
Interlocutors, FATHER NEPTUNE and MR. PUNCH.

Punch. Good morrow, FATHER NEPTUNE!

Neptune (gloomily). To my sorrow,
Can't say that I expect a good to-morrow.

Punch. How's that?

Neptune. Bank Holiday!

Punch. Ho! ho! You funk

St. Lubbock's lambs?

Neptune (saltily). I do, when they are drunk,
Or low, or noisy, or too multitudinous.

Punch. Humph! We're your nurlings, so there's something rude in us.

But we all love Old NEP!

Neptune (ironically). Ay! once a year,
With passion tempered well by Cockney fear.
Love? Call you "love" the penchant of the rabble
Fired by their yearly craze to come and dabble
Their town toes in my sandy fringe of waves,
While I'm asleep?

Punch (archly). Why, many a nymph who laves
In your much-honoured flood her fairy feet is
Worthy compare with silver-ankled Thetis;
While many a dandy lounge on your sand
Could play the Viking did the hour demand.
Old Grampus, you are grumpy!

Neptune (moodyly). Well, I'm blunt.

Perhaps I have my reasons. Ask WARD HUNT!

Punch. Or MATTHEW WEBB?

Neptune (mollified). One of the good old breed!
But to be made a toy of is indeed

A thing that irks me. Cockneydom *en masse*

Is on its way upon my skirts to pass

Some weary weeks of modish monotone,

Or whet its appetite on my ozone.

Can't bid it "Come unto these yellow sands."

Sham Sailors, Niggers, Shrimps, and German Bands,

Would vulgarise Atlantis.

Punch.

Nay, restrain

Your wrath, great Sire of Floods, and smoothe that "mane"
Which BYRON—

Neptune (exploding). Bother BYRON! Heard him quoted

By spooning pairs, who lounged, or strolled, or boated,

Until his lines are stale as Cockney slang,

Or the cork-blackened Minstrel's banjo-twang;

And for my "mane"—Cits and their Cockney Muse

Would put it into curl-papers!

Punch.

You use

Warm words, my Neptune, and your tropes are striking,

But every Villa-dweller's not a Viking.

Can't quite expect you, in a mood thus irate,

To weigh the Cockney fairly 'gainst the pirate—

Neptune (indignantly). Pirate be—

Punch (warningly).

Hush! here comes a Nereid,

bent

On wooing your embrace.

Neptune (eyeing her approvingly). Well, I'm content.

Doris might own her for a daughter true.

Were all like her, or—may I say—like you.

Punch (smiling superior). Utopian dreamer! Such wild thoughts
are vain!

Till advent of some new Saturnian reign.

A world of *Punches* and of *Peris*!!!

Neptune.

Well,—

Could but the throngs who yearly come to dwell
Some weeks beside my sweeps of freshening brine,
Contrive to fit their modes and moods to mine



LEFT LUGGAGE.

RAILWAY PORTER. "IS THIS ALL, SIR?"

DIZZY. "YES, I CAN'T CARRY THESE—THEY MUST COME BY THE NEXT 'PARLIAMENTARY'!"

[But he'll have changed his address.]

A little better. Think how great the gain.
But Music-Halldom throned upon the Main!
Bond-Street-on-Sea, still bound in Fashion's fetter!—
My Britons ought to understand me better!

Punch. Right, Briny Sire! And *Punch* were fain to teach
Swells on the pier, and 'ARRY on the beach,
Better philosophy. Such tasks take time,
For folly is more hard to cure than crime.
Meanwhile, bland Nobs and blatant Snobs are both
Good-natured NEPTUNE's nurslings, though you're loth
To father half their follies. Children play,
Bare-legged, spade-wielding, on your sands to-day,
Who in the coming time may take their shares
In our sea-tale with NELSON or with NABES.
Neptune. No doubt! Good bye! Don't want to raise a bobbery,
But—do come down your best on Sea-side Snobbery!

(*Mr. Punch means to.*)

THE WRONG END.



[SCENE—The Steps of the Senior. GENERALS FLINTLOCK and LEATHERSTOCK discovered.

Flintlock (feebly). Well, LEATHERSTOCK, how's the gout?

Leatherstock. Beastly bad, Sir, beastly bad. Glad to see you out again.

Flintlock. It's against my Doctor's orders, but I thought I would come down to the Club to have a look at the papers.

Leatherstock. Hang the papers, Sir! They are the curse of the country!

Flintlock. What's all this about retirement, LEATHERSTOCK?

Leatherstock. Capital notion, Sir—best thing they have done for many a year. They want to retire the Company Officers.

Flintlock (anxiously). They won't touch us Generals?

Leatherstock. Touch us, Sir? I should like to see them do it! Hang it! there's another of my twinges! Touch us, indeed! The Service would have come to a pretty pass if they touched us!

[*They hobble up the steps of the Club.*]

SCENE—Outside the Junior. COLONEL TAPE and MAJOR DOCKET discovered.

Tape. Hallo, DOCKET! Up in town again?

Docket. Yes. I am still a supernumerary. Just been appointed to the Pen-Cutting Department.

Tape. I congratulate you. A very snug post, indeed.

Docket. And you, Colonel?

Tape (laughing). Oh, I am as lucky as ever—still on the Staff. I do believe, DOCKET, I couldn't pass an examination in *Field Exercises*, Part I. I haven't opened the book for years!

Docket. No more have I, Colonel. This Staff work makes a fellow precious rusty. What do you think of this Retirement scheme?

Tape. It seems sensible—making the Captains and Subalterns resign, and leaving us alone. Couldn't have anything better than that, eh?

Docket. Scarcely. Shall we have a game at billiards? My work at the Pen-Cutting Department was over at eleven to-day.

Tape. And I am on "pass" generally. [*They enter the Club.*]

SCENE—The Courtyard of the Naval and Military. Enter LIEUTENANTS BRAID and LACE. They meet CAPTAIN ORDERLY.

Braid and Lace. Hallo, ORDERLY! Who'd think of meeting you here!

Orderly. Yes. I don't often come up to town, and when I do I generally find something better to do than lounging in a smoking-room.

Braid. My dear old man, you are an honour to the Service.

Orderly. The Service be hanged, Sir!

Lace. Hallo! Why you always used to say—

Orderly. I have changed my opinion. How can a man take a pride in his profession when he is to be shunted after twenty years' service? After undergoing all the drudgery of a Company Officer, to be refused field rank!

Braid. I see you have been reading the Retirement affair. It is rather rough.

Orderly. I have, Sir; and I can tell you it will ruin the Service as thoroughly as it will ruin me! [*Exit.*]

Braid. Well, they must make room for us, you know. The poor old chap seems to feel it, though.

Lace. So should we if we had had his service.

Braid. And, as we haven't, let's have a peg!

Lace. A peg, by all means!

[*The promising young Soldiers enter the Club.*]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

117, Schnitzelstrasse, Baireuth.

MEIN LIEB ALTE MANN,

Da bin ich! Und Sie wie befinden Sie sich? Das Wetter ist gut für schwächliche Leute. Excuse dese German sprechen, aber (but) when I am once again among mein intimer freunde and mein alten Pallen I cannot avoid thinking in their language, and so slipping into it. I suppose you know all about Baireuth, or Bayreuth, but "Bai" is the proper way of buchstabiren (spelling) it. I'll just give you such particulären as I've been able to pick up in the few hours I've been here.

The population yesterday was 19,208, but I have since learnt that this morning, before sending this, it has been increased by twins at No. 20, Kinderstrasse, when die muter und dese kinchen (this is low-Bavarian for "mother and children") are doing as well as can be expected. Dear old WAGGY (my petit nom, for years past, for mein intimer freund HERR WAGNER leaves a note at the house—every morning, and such a note!—it expresses, at one Wagnerian touch, his deep sympathy, the height of his anxiety, his sharpness to be of any service, his intention to call again to-morrow, and his wish to stand godfather to these little twins, who, because it is here the custom to be perpetually drinking babies' healths, and because the new-born ones themselves in this country take to "the bottle" so early, are called die Zwillinge—and a doosid good name, too.

There is a splendid pompe (pump) at Bayreuth; a fine restaurant, where we drink schloss* (a sort of thick lager-beer stirred up with a spoon), and eat der schwein-choppen (pork chops) stewed in sauer-kroust (sour croust); and, danke Himmel, in this hot weather there are lots of schwizze-hausen all over the place.

There is here the National German Operatic Theater, which mein lieb alte freund WAGGY drew out himself from the original design of a certain gentleman whom it would not become me to mention; but,

* *Schloss* we had hitherto thought meant, in German, a castle. Still, there may be a drink of that name, just as, e.g., we say here "Give me a pint of Bass," meaning thereby a pint of the beer brewed by Mr. Bass, M.P. Also we refuse to accept the responsibility of our esteemed Correspondent's Bavarian spelling. He is evidently intimately acquainted with various dialects, and with the Bavarian cockneyisms of the streets, as he employs words and expressions which, we confess, are utterly strange to us. Yet as it has not been our fortunate lot, as we gather from occasional remarks in his present letter it has been his, to be brought up at Heidelberg and Bonn, and to be on most intimate and affectionate terms with Germans and Austrians and Bavarians of all ranks, we will not venture to correct his spelling or his translations, and can only congratulate ourselves and our readers on being able to receive information from so invaluable a Contributor, who is no less erudite as a scholar than he is accomplished as a gentleman, and who is able to live most economically in a foreign country, as a true Cosmopolitan should do.—ED.



A JUMP AT A CONCLUSION.

Geraldine. "YOU SHAN'T BE MY AUNT: YOU SHALL BE MY SISTER!"

Aunt Anne. "NO. I AM YOUR PAPA'S SISTER, AND SO I MUST BE YOUR AUNT."

Geraldine (after a pause). "THEN, WAS PAPA MY UNCLE BEFORE HE WAS MARRIED?"

alte mann, you will comprehend when I remind you that Your Representative was educated for an Architect,* in which line I should have undoubtedly excelled, had not my modesty and unselfishness . . . But I am not here to write my memoirs. These will come in good time.

We are living at a charming boarding-house near the Black Forest. You have often heard of the Boarders of the Black Forest, eh? Well, that's where we are.†

In the morning it is delightful to hear the warbling of the birds, the *shreiken* of the night owl, the wild wood notes of the cockaleeken, the *chirrupen* of the cockelollen-bürd, and the *bumbelen* (humming) of a *myriaden der insekten* (of a myriad insects—this is all low-Bavarian, the language here of the family circles), which are in themselves a rare education for the neophyte who would *unterkönstumbilen* (understand) the genius of *mein lieb alte WAGGY*.

Our meeting at the station was immensely touching—we were in each

* "An Architect." This is news: but nothing surprises us, as we always told him to his face that he was a very clever man.—Ed.

† We have heard of the "boarders of the Black Forest," but not of a boarding-house in that romantic spot. If our Contributor is joking with us, it is a pity, as, with this vague address, it is impossible for us, with any degree of security, to forward him the "*de quoi vivre*," in point of fact the usual honorarium for expenses. This, however, causes us little or no anxiety, as our esteemed Representative, being such a master of languages, and being so well known to the renowned Maestro, HERR WAGNER himself (whom he calls "Old WAGGY," as we learn from his letter), will never be at a loss, should our handsome remittance fail to arrive, as it certainly will do on the present occasion. We think it due to ourselves to mention our reason for not posting the remittance, publicly beforehand, so as to forestall any subsequent reprisals and complaints on the part of our esteemed Correspondent. [Also, if he is on the borders of the Black Forest, why does he date from 117, Schnitzelstrasse, which street we have been utterly unable to find in our plan of Bayreuth, which, however, we will honestly admit, is an old copy of ten years ago. Yet it is odd.—Ed.]

other's arms in two-tuos, *kissengen* (kissing) one another's *cheeken* (cheeks), with that expansion and effusion of affection which only two such old *chümmen-und-pallen* (equivalent to "college and school-fellows") as old HERR WAGGY and myself could possibly experience. Bang went the drums, clash went the cymbals, which *der Meister* (the master) had thoughtfully provided to divert public attention from us as we wept, *droppendie-joien* (tears of joy), over each other's shoulder.

"Was wünschen Sie?" were the first words he could speak.

I replied glibly, "*Geben Sie mir etwas Wein etwas Ochsenbraten, etwas Salat, eine halbe Taube, das Oel, etwas Spinat, einen Hecht, eine Pfirsiche und eine Flasche moussirenden Champagner.*"*

In a second, it was before us.

"Zo ist gut!" I exclaimed. "Nun danke sie Himmel! Ja! Zo!"

We are having a first-rate time of it. Such a party last night. Myself the life and soul of it of course. It was musical and merry. Waggish and Wagnerian! I played my *Leatherlungen* with a trilogy in *b* minor, which they had never heard before.

"If," said old WAGGY, emphatically, "if that symphony grand-and-heart-and-soul-interior-stirring this time I before had heard, never again of music a note would I myself have written!"

And for three minutes he was silent, buried in deep thought. I tapped him on the back, and whispered in his ear, "*Lieb Meister*," I said, "the idea is yours. Take it and be happy." He was overjoyed and immediately went into his bedroom to re-touch the *Nibelungen*, which is taken from an unpublished work of mine, *Die Nibbertotetomenden*, libretto by CHARLES READE.†

Our party consisted of the KING OF BAVARIA, who has still some good notes in his voice, only he *will* take too much *stodgen-sassinger* (a sort of delicate sausage made of boar's flesh, truffles, garlic, veal, and underdone beef), at dinner, three Serene Transparencies, who quite lighted up during the evening, though a trifle dull at first, four Grand Dukes, and six Grand Duchesses, who sang a *decentette* in *b* flat of the *musiken der Zimmer* order, with much taste and feeling.

Then we had three ordinary Dukes, who misbehaved themselves shockingly, and who were subsequently removed to *die station-hauser* by the *Bobben-politzei* (constabulary), and were not let off next morning until they had paid a fine, two-and-a-half *silber groschen* each, which was ordered by the *wörthe-beke* (Magistrate) to be placed in the poor's-box.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA sang his own hymn, accompanying himself on the concertina, very fairly for an amateur, only he *will* overdo the action, and get so much all *ober-die-schoppen* (all over the shop), that there's no coming within a mile of him. I am out-running my space, so must finish, but not without telling you a few of my *spittersideren* (or jokes that nearly make you burst with laughter), with which I have enlivened the company in this out-of-the-way-but-at-present-fashionably, scientifically, operatically, and artistically-crowded place.

All our jokes and conversation are musical, *bien entendu*.

Here is a specimen of a few of my *crakjöken*, as the Swedes call them—of my *funnimentos*, as the Spaniards have it.

* A friend who is just off to the Continent with his pocket full of *Murrays*, *Bradshaws*, and *Conversation* books, has just this minute looked in. He declares that every word of this excellent German is to be found in a *Manual of Conversation for the Traveller*, under the head of *Das Abendessen*. Yet, on second thoughts, why shouldn't it be? Our Correspondent would certainly not ask HERR WAGNER for dishes which were *not* in the language of the country. Of course, it is as well to be cautious; but we are inclined to think that our visitor (who has gone) was a trifle hypercritical. The question to our mind is, does Our Correspondent really speak low-Bavarian dialects or not? If he *does* . . . yet, *still*, he may have recourse to his *Conversation* book for his best German. We will think it out, and while thinking it out, we can temporarily withhold remittances.—Ed.

† No, we never *did* hear of this. Why has this work been so long hidden away? We can hardly believe it: and yet,—*we will write to MR. CHARLES READE, and put the matter in his hands*. If the statement is untrue, MR. READE can put the engine of the law at work, and he may depend upon us for giving him every assistance in our power.—Ed.



SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE. THE GENTLEMEN HAVE TWO LEGS TO THEIR TROUSERS: THE LADIES ONLY ONE.

LEEB WAGGY says to me on Sunday, "Are you going to church?"

"No," I replied; "I always go to CHAPPELL."

This was a *splitter-siderer*.

Another. "Have some more Rhine wein," says *der alter Meister*.

"Nein, danke," I replied.

"Why?" he asks, with a wink to the company, intimating that a real good 'un might be expected. And he was not deceived.

"I will not," I returned, gravely, "take any more Rhine wein, because I do not wish to be a well-known music publisher."

"Hein!" they all exclaimed.

I explained. "Because," said I, with that well-known arch expression of *mein optiken* (my eye), which is so irresistible, "because I do not wish to be BOOSY."

Need I say that there were *shrieken and shouten* all over the place?

There was a first-rate brass band, and also an inferior one. Of the two I said, "Das ist COOT und TENNEY."

This double-barrelled Anglo-Bavarian *splitter-sider* is the last sky-rocket I can send you to-day with safety to the post-bag.

By the way, as there are in the crowd here some very unprincipled persons, who would not be above going to the Post Office, and, making use of the untradesmanlike falsehood of its being the same concern, getting hold of my letters, for the sake of the enclosure from you, please do not send the remittance here,* but entrust it to the Gentleman who brings this letter to you, and in whom I have every confidence, whose receipt will be your discharge, and who will bring it straight to me, so you may as well let him have it in cash. In business there must ever be mutual confidence,† and so, *mein lieb alte Mann*, I

* We will strictly comply with this request. We like the great caution shown by our Contributor; it is in itself a guarantee of good faith.—Ed.

† True: our sentiments down to the ground. Therefore it will be on the whole safer (as we told the Gentleman who came with this MS., and who complained of being kept waiting in the office, as he wanted to be off to Bayreuth immediately, and might miss his train) for our excellent and clever Correspondent to trust us here, and we can settle up with him on his return. We have written to him to this effect, only we think it as well to state the case publicly, in view of any probable difficulties in future. *Entre nous*, we did not like the look of the "friend" who called. He had the shabby-genteel appearance (we would not be uncharitable for the world) of an out-of-work billiard—ahem!—player. If he was indeed a "friend" of our Contributor's, he had all the air of "a friend in need."—Ed.

grasp you firmly by the hand, and hope that within two days a note from you, with enclosure as aforesaid, will gladden the eyes and heart of him who revels in signing himself ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS!"

Shakespeare.

THE Collision Season has set in early; and if all excursion-trains are to be managed on the same principles as that which travelled over the Somerset and Dorset Railway on Monday week (Bank Holiday), a considerable addition to the death rate may be confidently anticipated. Could not the infliction on readers of the daily journals of column after column of solemn and protracted farces, called "Official Inquiries," be dispensed with for a common form, agreed upon by the Board of Trade? It could easily be done. Everybody knows that—

1. A nervous Coroner will open "this painful investigation."

2. That a person with the appearance of being possessed of unfathomable wisdom will "act as Assessor" (whatever that may mean), and, with great prudence, say as little as possible.

3. That another person, also, supposed to possess inscrutable knowledge with regard to Railway accidents (after they have occurred), will attend as "Government Inspector." This will probably be a Military man—a familiarity with lists of "killed and wounded," being no doubt considered the most essential qualification.

4. A Jury, of various degrees of ignorance, will view the bodies and the scene of the accident with open-mouthed astonishment.

5. Plans and Models will be produced, a large number of witnesses will flatly contradict one another, and a quantity of the most intricate engineering technicalities will be flashed to and fro before the bewildered Jury.

6. The Rules of the Company, printed for the use of their servants and employees, will be produced, and proved to be so perfect and so full of foresight, that their observance must have made the accident impossible. Only one point will not be insisted upon—that the requirements of the Company, as to time and taskwork, render the observance of these Rules by their overworked servants absolutely impossible; dismissal being the sure consequence of the servants' observance of any rule that happens for the moment to be in the teeth of an official superior's order.

7. The Coroner will deliver a hazy "summing up."

8. The Jury, probably, after asking the Coroner what verdict they ought to return, will find that there is nobody to blame; or if there is a scapegoat to be pounced upon, that it is some poor devil who works some hundred and twenty hours a week for sixteen shillings.

9. Coroner, Jury, Inspector, and Assessor will compliment one another on the attainment of that pitch of intelligence known in jury records as "high," and such an amount of amiability as to render it almost a pity they should ever part.

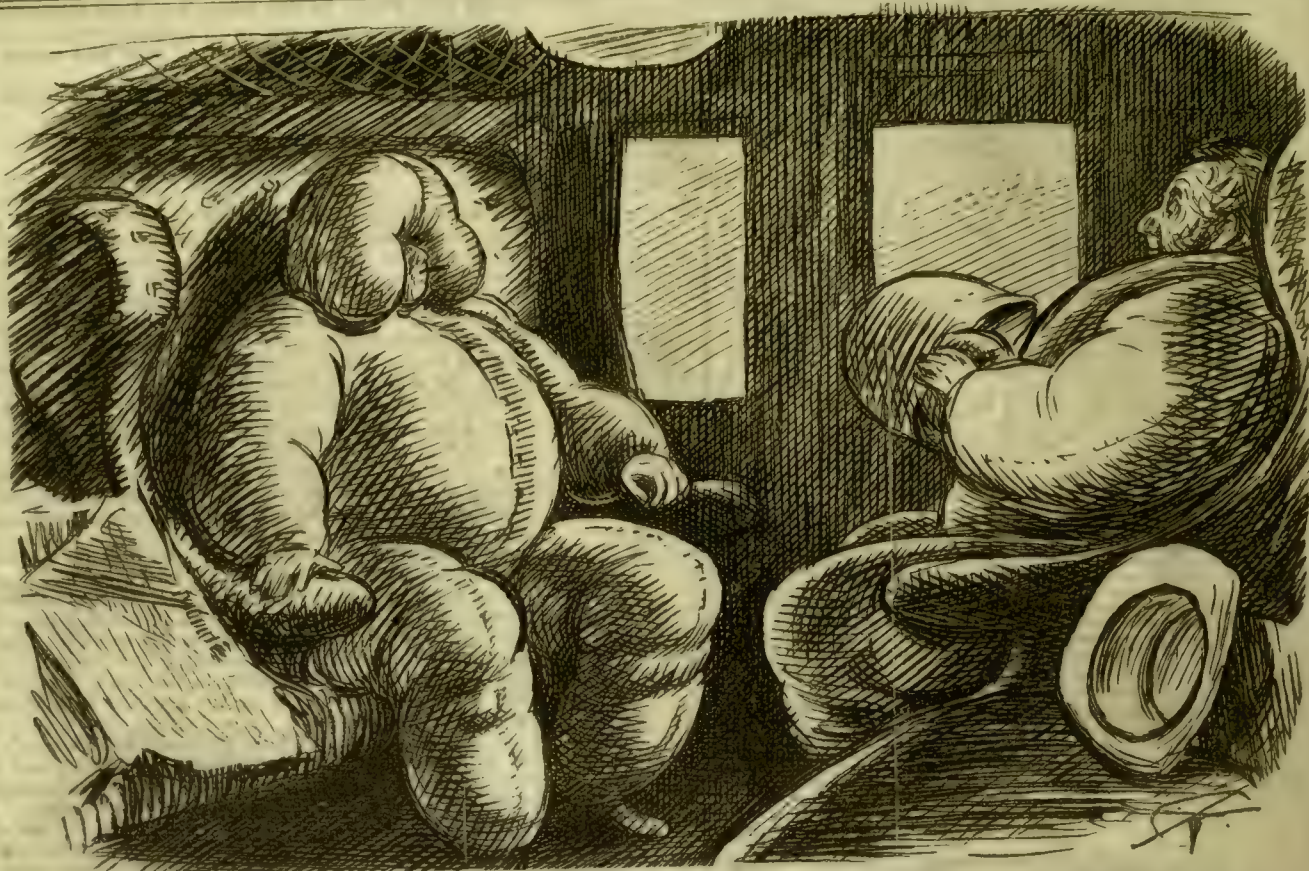
10. Some months after the accident is forgotten by the public, the Inspector will make a "Report" to the Board of Trade, which, after dealing very elaborately with the facts of the case, will wind up with some very valuable suggestion which has been offered fifty times before, and as often disregarded by the Company.

Punch has a suggestion to make in addition to the hint that "Inquiries" might be reduced to a common form; and that is, that whenever it may seem necessary that two trains shall meet on a single line, the passengers and officials may be allowed to alight a few minutes before the desired collision. Then, a full head of steam being turned on, let the two trains have it out without the passengers.

The Roll of Fame.

"EX-COLONEL BAKER has joined the Turkish Army."—Daily Papers.

THAT with the Turks he takes command,
Should not surprise us in the least.
A Baker ought to understand
The way of rising in the (y) East.



PATENT FIRST-CLASS COSTUME FOR THE COLLISION SEASON.

Traveller. "YES, IT'S DECIDEDLY WARM, BUT THERE'S A FEELING OF SECURITY ABOUT IT I RATHER LIKE." (Yawns.) "ANY CHANCE OF A SMASH TO-DAY!?" [Drops off to Sleep!]

CONFESSION IN COURT.

WE'RE a Protestant Public. Of all "Romish errors"
The one in our eyes most invested with terrors,
The one we hate worst, as a "Papal aggression"
On freedom and manhood, we know is Confession;

Sacramental Confession, full true and particular,
Of sins, faults, and failings—Confession Auricular,
When privily whispered in church through a hole
In a box to a Priest for relief of the soul:

Under seal, which by sacrilege heinous is broken
If a word's e'er disclosed by the Penitent spoken.
Still we Britons this practice abhor and detest,
As a yoke laid on slaves by vile Papal behest;

A yoke of degraded and abject submission
Fit for victims and dupes of a low superstition.
Give us no such impostors as Father Confessors,
To pump their lives' secrets from sinful transgressors!

We'll have no priestly duffer pry into our lives!
He shall ne'er cross-examine our daughters and wives,
To our shame and disgrace, and their contamination,
Corruption, debasement, demoralisation!

No Pop'ry, from victims avowals to draw!
No Confession but what is exacted by law!
No Confessors but Counsel; Confessional none
Save the Witness-box only—and public that one!

No scruple, no shrinking, in examination,
From questions enforcing self-humiliation,
And extorting replies with as much repetition,
As may please the familiars of *Our* Inquisition.

No restriction on wringing out requisite truth,
Neither pertinence, relevance, feeling, nor ruth.

Confessions for Penitent's whisper unmeet,
Let Witnesses make to be hawked in the street.

For a British and Protestant People are we;
And the land that we live in 's the Home of the Free.
BRITANNIA for ever is Queen of the Waves,
And the Jesuits ne'er shall make Britons their slaves.

SAUSAGE MAKERS AND SAUSAGE MILLS.

ON the Bank Holiday, Monday last week, the brightness of the sky was as remarkable as the dulness of the papers, only enlivened by the subjoined police case; and the interest of *that* is melancholy:—

"At Brentford, JAMES PEEK, a pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business at Brentford, was charged on a warrant with having on his premises, for the purpose of manufacture into human food, upwards of a quarter of a ton of putrid meat. MR. WOODBRIDGE prosecuted for the Brentford Local Board. MR. G. W. LAY (LAY and SCOTT) defended. The defendant was sentenced to three months' hard labour."

A pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business must command the sympathy of all who respect respectability. Another good man gone wrong! It is awful to imagine a most well-to-do shopkeeper employed in picking oakum or sinking under the toilsome effort of climbing the treadmill. Sadder still is the fact that a tradesman so respectable as one late in business at Brentford on a scale amounting to extensive, should have had so little self-respect as to incur the correction of a common rogue. But the saddest thought of all is, that of the extent to which sausages in the extensive business of this Brentford sausage maker have been probably composed of putrid meat, and the quantity of measly and otherwise diseased pork with which it may be feared, this pork butcher of Brentford has been supplying the Brentford, and, perhaps, even the British Public. Let us hope that his example will operate as a warning to the generality of pork butchers and sausage makers, whether their way of business be extensive or restricted. Or else, some of them likewise may be condemned to the treadmill, and retributively utilised in grinding wholesome sausage meat.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RE the Ends of Sessions (as the late BENJAMIN DISRAELI assured us the other day) really fertile in compromises? Is this weather (Saturday, August 12) a compromise?—or the last fierce fight over the Education Bill?—or this day's mutiny of JENKINS and DILKE against the majesty of the Chair—two small talkers against the Great Speaker?—or this wail of WHALLEY's over the gradual downfall, at the hands of Parliament, of the Common Law, and the recklessness of reporting in the small hours?—or this last assault of the Ship-owners on the Lords' Amendments of the Merchant Shipping Bill, and PLIMSOLL's final protest?

Surely not. The Session dies (Monday) not quietly like a good man in the evening of his days, after a well-spent life, but fiercely in fight and foam, like a whale in its flurry—amidst obstetation of Lords, forced to accept Commons' Amendments undiscussed, and Commons, compelled to bolt Lords' Amendments undigested: and angry interchange of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Amendments of Lords' Bills,—and Commons' Amendments of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Bills—all alike in the rough and unconsidered state in which they are passed into Law—and a general hustling and hurrying, bustling and worrying through Third Reading of the laggard Bills of the Session.

But all's well that ends well. They are all at last through the perilous passage of the Twelfth, so big with the fate of birds that it has no room for care about the fate of Bills; and (Tuesday, Aug. 15) THE SESSION HAS REACHED ITS CLOSE!

When the House meets again, it will know the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more—but, in another place, the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; to whom *Punch*, with pen and pencil, pays, in this Number, his due tribute of honour.

And so the Session with a Title ends,
That with a Title open'd; but how unlike
This Title unto that! *This* Title given,
Ungrudged and uncontested, unto one
Whom, howsoever differing men and minds
May differ in their judgment of the man,

All own a fighter who has fairly won
The meed of honour which now crowns his age:
Like some great argosy, that after years
Of buffetting with winds and waves and wars,
Crowned with the memories of conflicts past,
Passes from high seas' strife to harbour's calm.

That Title, hardly forced at the sword's point,
From England's grudging throat—for that her
life
Of loyalty would none of a new name
For the old majesty of England's Queen,
Law-based, Law-consecrate, and Law-enthroned!

LUNAR FARMING.

It is rather surprising that the somewhat unusual occurrence of an inhabitant—a very distinguished one, it would seem—of the Moon paying a visit to our Earth should not have attracted more attention. We refer to the "GRAND DUCHESS DE LUNE," who is reported as having been present at the Northumberland Agricultural Society's Show. Astronomers cannot fail to deduce, from this visit of the Grand Duchess to one of our important Cattle Parades, the

reasonable inference that agricultural pursuits are as much in favour in the Moon as they have been from time immemorial on our own planet. It would be interesting to know whether wheat and barley and wild oats ripen as well under moonshine as they do under sunshine; what description of implements our neighbour's farmers employ, and whether they still stick to the sickle; and what difficulties they have with ground game, and whether they are in the habit of g umbling about the seasons, the crops, and the times.

WHERE TO GO.



O Aix-la-Chapelle. If you are disappointed with life, and wish to experience dulness in all its native purity. If you have no objection to suicide, drink the waters.

To Boulogne. If you love to hear French spoken as it is at Putney. If rinking (with the sun at 80° in the refrigerator) is a pleasant distraction. If you like "Porto" with a very strong bouquet.

To Canterbury. If you are fond of cricket, cathedrals, and amateur theatricals.

Of course, if you find the city is *too* lively, you can make an excursion to Herne Bay the Hilarious, or to Broadstairs, the birth-place of Broad Grins.

To Dieppe. If you like your wife to dress six times a day. If you don't mind the passage from Newhaven. If you wish your children to pick up the French tongue with a slight Billingsgate (adapted from the English) flavour.

To Ems. If you delight in listening to anecdotes about German Royalty, and do not object to paying regal prices for your board and lodging at the leading hotels.

To Folkestone. If the arrival of the boat from Boulogne on a rough day is an attraction to you. If you are fond of the society of Aldershot-by-the-Sea.

To Gravesend. If your soul does not soar above shrimps, "happy days" at Rosherville, and sixpences extra for hot water and weak tea.

To Hammersmith. If you are passionately attached to the Metropolitan and District Railways, and have a sneaking liking for Shepherd's Bush.

To Interlaken. If you wish to watch the manners and customs of those who avail themselves of "Tourist Tickets" and "Hotel Coupons," and like your English without the letter H.

To Jersey. If you want to see a place where England is considered a "sister island," and where a French-speaking race would certainly not be English, if by any change in their nationality they could avoid becoming French.

To Kiel. If the birth-place of the German Navy interests you, and you like a watering-place governed from Berlin.

To Lucerne. If you don't want to lose sight of the long-familiar faces of London. If you delight to hear BROWN's attempts at French, and SMITH's attacks upon German. If you appreciate a good dinner at the Schweitzerhoff.

To Monaco. If you consider it the thing to meet the "lucky men" of the Clubs, the beardless Subalterns of the crack Cavalry regiments, and the young Ladies who are going to belong to PRINCE's the moment they have kissed hands at Court.

To Naples. If you like to be hot and are partial to macaroni. If you have never seen Vesuvius and think it advisable to supplement the knowledge you have attained in the Courts of the Crystal Palace with an excursion to Pompeii.

To Ostend. If you really want a good, dull, dirty town—to get away from. If an overdressed crowd of cosmopolitans is a pleasing sight to you.

To Paris. If you do not mind sunstroke, cheap tourists, and old pieces. If you want to prove to your own satisfaction that the celebrated saying should be altered to "Only bad Americans go to Paris in August, when they die."

To Quebec. If you are not particularly popular and wish to give your friends at home a little holiday by your absence.

To Rotterdam. If you enjoy a long sea journey and are never so happy as when you are staying at damp hotels and meeting dull-looking people.

To Scarborough. If you are fond of adaptations from the French and wish to see Boulogne, plus Margate, Brompton, Sheffield, and Upper Tooting, settled noisily down upon the coast of Yorkshire.

To Torquay. If you consider yourself an invalid and wish to behave as such.

To Vienna. If you want to see life, and are fond of beer that frequently cheers and only occasionally inebriates.

To Waterloo. If you are staying at Brussels, and don't mind travelling in company with "ARRY" and his friend "ENERY."

To Xeres. If you have only tasted doctored sherry and wish to drink the genuine article.

To Falmouth. If you have a fond devotion for bloaters and desire to buy some of an inferior quality to those only to be obtained in London.

To Zanzibar. If you are a good-natured fellow, and don't mind going a short journey to say "How d'ye do?" to the SULTAN for his dear friend (and yours too, if you like), Mr. Punch.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Through Journey—Express—Boat—Notes on Anticipations—Arrival.

Happy Thought.—Off!

Fellow-passenger in train, who talks to me for half-an-hour under the impression that everybody must be going, as he is, to the Chester Races. Finding that I am not bound for that sporting meeting, and that, moreover, I am personally unacquainted with any Winner of the Derby within the last five years, and that I have no "fancy" for the "Thousand Guineas," or something of that sort, at Newmarket, he loses all interest in me, and, pulling a cap over his ears, and wrapping his long, light, check-patterned Ulster over his legs, he is off to sleep. No other passengers. Quick, easy-going train this!

At Crewe.—After we have waited here a few minutes, Guard asks, "Any more Irish train?" as if we were a dish, like Irish stew. It being ascertained that no one (at Crewe, at least) *does* want any more Irish train, they get rid of us as quickly as possible. Again it urges on its mild career.

Through Wales. Wales fast asleep. Welsh moonlight. Subject for Academy picture, No. 289, "*Welsh Mutton asleep in Welsh Moonlight*," by MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, a *PEACH offering to the Academy*. Wonder what the passage across will be like. Wonder if it will be worse than I anticipate. No; it can't be worse. I have heard they are magnificent boats. My only idea of a "magnificent" boat, is one in which you cannot feel the movement when it is in motion.

"Impossible!" says some one. "Not at all!" I reply. "Isn't the world moving round and round, in the giddiest possible manner, perpetually? and do we feel the motion?" No. Let a scientific person think this out, and construct a new packet-boat for the Channel.

On Board.—It is a fine vessel—that is, as to size and accommodation. Steward (Irish, of course) most polite. He shows me to a cupboard, fitted up with shelves on which to put passengers away. This cabin recalls to my mind the horrors of the Antwerp passage on board the gallant *Baron Ozy*. Passengers are drinking and eating.

Happy Thought.—Don't look at them. Shut myself into cupboard, and play at going to bed, as if I were still on shore, or staying (I will suppose) with a bachelor friend who could only give me a shake-down. . . . I begin by "making believe" with the foregoing idea in view. . . . I change it to playing at being asleep on a sofa in a badly-built house during a gale. . . . This ingenious notion will sufficiently account for the sound of the cracking of the timbers, and the undulating movement of the couch (not a bed or a sofa now) and the noise outside. . . . As the noise outside increases, I have to add "the water coming in," and imagine myself in a London house on a Monday morning, in bed in some room near the tank when "the water comes in." . . . Now I will play at going to sleep. . . .

If sleep won't come—out, out, brief note-book.

A novelist writes, "But let us not anticipate—" I say, "Let me anticipate; let me imagine what Ireland is going to be like, according to my idea." My preconceived notions of Ireland are founded chiefly upon the admirable writings of the late MR. CHARLES LEVIE, illustrated by "PHIZ," with occasional assistance from the HALLS, the O'HARAS, WILLIAM CARLETON, and the Irish plays of MESSRS. FALCONER and BOUCICAULT.

On landing I expect to be hailed by ragged car-boys in long coats with capes to them, with battered hats on their heads, chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of brim, the absence of crown, and for the presence of a "dhudeen" (perhaps this is not the way to spell it, but I mean a short black pipe) stuck in, anyhow, when not in use. I expect to be styled "Captain!" by every one of these ragamuffins (Note—for when I've time to think of it—whence the word, "*Rug-a-muffin*"? A muffin done to rags doesn't suggest the idea. Keep this for *Typical Developments*, Letter "R,"—"unde

derivatur"), who will fight for my luggage until "Black MULLINS," or some rascal more powerful than the others, collars my portmanteau, puts it on his ear, and perhaps collars me (for I shouldn't resist "Black MULLINS"), and puts me on to the car too.

Then what a hooting and shouting, and laughing, and real witty chaffing (at my expense) will arise—until I give the name of my hotel—"MORRISON'S"—(which has an Anti-Union Club sound), and am driven off in triumph by "Black MULLINS," waving his whip, his horse going at a hand-gallop round the corners, and myself holding on, as best I can, to the back of the car with one hand, while with the other I grasp my portmanteau, and away fly, this way and that, my stick, my umbrella, my hatbox, and my overcoat, to the twenty-four winds of heaven, and to the intense enjoyment of the hundred or more laughing, running, vagabonds about the place.

This is the sort of entry—hardly a triumphal one—that I expect into Dublin; founded, of course, on my recollections of *Charles O'Malley* and *Jack Hinton the Guardsman*.

What do I expect of Dublin? Well, principally the LORD LIEUTENANT driving about, plenty of military, always in uniform, a sprinkling of attorneys, lots of "Counsellors" in wig and gown, fine policemen, jovial-looking priests, priggish-looking parsons, Clubs where members are excitedly discussing politics at the open windows, and, at every turn of the streets, some lazy, idle dog saying good things to some other lazy, idle joker like himself, while the car-drivers keep up a fire of running chaff all over the town. That is what I am expecting. I am further expecting to be in readiness at any moment with a repartee. And I am arranging my course of conduct so as not to be the aggressor in a verbal war of wit, but either to smile goodhumouredly and bear it, or, if ready, to reply and turn the laugh in my favour.

As for Trinity College, I expect to find the Undergraduates in the evening giving their wine and supper parties, playing the *cornet à piston* out of tune, blowing up the College pump, squibbing a Dean, or indulging in some other good old practical joke played off on academical, civil, or military dignitaries. In fact, I expect Ireland in general, and Dublin in particular, to be **ROLICKING!** "Rollicking" is the only word for it. I expect "Rollicks" to be going on all day and all night. "Frolies" is not a strong enough word for my purpose: it is too weak, childish, and lamblike. A lamb frolics, an Irishman "rollicks." Well, this is what I expect; and I am glad I have written it down, so as to be able to compare the reality with what my fancy (founded on Irish works of Irish imagination) had painted it. *Nous verrons.*

"Ten minutes more, Sir," says the Steward, looking in, "and we shall be in."

Happy Thought.—Thank Heaven! I have slept.

"I suppose," says the Steward, looking in again, "ye'll want a boy."

I am half asleep. Is it a boy, or a buoy, he means? Why either?

Happy Thought.—To answer, as if I were an old traveller, and quite accustomed to it, "Certainly."

The "boy" appears, and carries my luggage with the strength of three boys.

GENTLEMAN HELP.

An Advertisement in a daily paper offers a good opening for any one of too many of our young friends:—

YOUTH (Genteel) WANTED at Builder's Office, and assist in house early morn, clean knives, boots, and run errands. Good opportunity to learn.—Apply, &c.

This is really the only sort of thing that numbers of well-looking boys, sons of poor gentlefolk, are fit for, whilst their parents and friends are vainly striving to obtain them employment requiring educated intelligence. The expectations cherished in such cases might be truly expressed by advertisement, as follows:—"Wanted, by Parents moving in good Society, but of narrow means, a Gentlemanly and Lucrative Situation for a Youth of rudimentary Knowledge, and of Abilities below the Average."

An Irish Gem.

IN one of some letters exchanged with MR. GLADSTONE, on the University question, an "IRISH CATHOLIC LAYMAN," having expressed the hope that his correspondent will one day resume the Premiership, concludes his letter as follows:—

"When the time for taking that position arrives, your old and grateful friends in Ireland will prove to the world that Irish Catholics are never ungrateful, and that honesty of purpose, even when directed against what they hold most dear, cannot blot from their memory past favours."

But is it from any but an Irish memory, sure, that honesty of purpose, howsoever offensive, could possibly blot past favours?

TOWN-TOURING.



R. COOK has had it all his own way for some years of excursion-eering. *Mr. Punch* has almost made up his mind (the late heat having rendered it almost impossible to make up anything else—even the current Number) to set on foot an undertaking which is calculated to meet the wishes and purses of a large circle of would-be travellers.

The title, "The Economical Stationary Tourists' Society," has nothing to do with cheap envelopes and writing paper; but it is the most compendious designation of *Mr. Punch's* eminently

logical scheme to supply those who, by circumstances beyond their own control, are forced to remain in the Metropolis during the travelling season.

Tickets will be delivered, at various prices, for the various destinations of purchasers anxious to travel without leaving home. The rooms in the Society's Establishment will be numbered and named according to the Tours undertaken by the Managers.

For instance: You purchase a ticket for the Tyrol. All you have to do is to look at the plan of the Rooms kept by the Porter. You will follow the passage indicated, conducting you to a door labelled "Tyrol." Within you will find maps, handbooks, and photographs of all the objects of interest in the Austrian or Italian Tyrol.

Specimens of Edelweiss and pear-wood chamois, chalets, and alpenstocks, may be purchased at a stall in the room. Ladders will be provided to mount on to the roof with the greatest possible danger to life and limb; while blocks of Wenham ice and property snow—in lambs' wool—will be added, to give local colour to the ascent.

A Courier, of competent experience and rascality, will be attached to each Tour. Mattresses on the roof, for sunrises, extra.

The Egyptian Tour will provide models of a Nile Boat and a living crocodile in a tank. Mosquitoes will be let out at night to enterprising sleepers on the premises. A real Dragoman will be attached to this department, and *cartes de visite* of the KHEDIVÉ and M. DE LESSEPS will be kept in stock.

In the Indian Tour Room will be exhibited the Basket Trick, and a snake-charmer, with a live cobra. Permission has been secured to ride the Elephants at the Zoological Gardens. Negotiations are pending for a Rajah with a grievance.

In the Garden at the back, Grouse recently killed may be shot at, and sent to friends on the following morning.

Time and experience will bring the idea to perfection; but *Mr. Punch* is confident that the speculation is fraught with the happiest prospects for his own pocket, and the pleasure of intending Tourists, of wide ambitions and narrow means.

"Caviare to the General."

WE rarely meet a soldier without hearing some complaint about the small pay he is getting. Still, we must say we are startled by the following advertisement:—

WANTED, a PLAIN COOK. Wages, £10; all found. A good GENERAL would suit.

Really, such an offer is an insult to the Army, and the Horse Guards ought to notice it. However paltry he may deem the pay he is receiving, surely no good General would consent to an exchange which would make him leave the Service for the place of a Plain Cook.

An Object of Suspicion.

TOURISTS in Scotland, who are of confirmed temperate habits, and liable to be shocked by any appearance of excess, would do well to avoid Loch Drunkie—at least until a scientific analysis of its contents has satisfied them that there is no Whiskey mingled with the water. (N.B.—Loch Drunkie is not to be confounded with Loch Brandy. Why is there no Loch Whiskey in Scotland?)



YOUTHFUL RESOURCE.

MR. AND MRS. JONES HAVE BROKEN IT GENTLY TO THEIR CHILDREN THAT THERE WILL BE NO SEA-SIDE THIS YEAR UNLESS THEY LET THEIR HOUSE. THE JUVENILE POWERS AVAIL THEMSELVES OF A SHORT ABSENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JONES FROM HOME, TO TAKE THE CASE INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

A DREAM, AND ITS FULFILMENT.

The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, August 12, 1876.

WHAT dreams that young Israelite—articled clerk,
At his dull office-desk, in the Old Jewry's shade?
Sallow-cheeked, sable-curled, with strange depths in the dark
Of an eye where the watch-fires for lighting are laid.

What's his dream, o'er the hieroglyphs scrawled on his pad,
While the papers, his work, lie uncared-for hard by?
Of some fabulous fortune, achieved by a lad;
Of millions made his, in the turn of a die?

Or of Fashion's fair *houris*, in stately saloons,
Pressing Pleasure's drugg'd cup to his feverish lips?
Of luxury's revel in high summer noons,
And passion's fierce frenzy, and fainting eclipse?

Or of Fame, with a trumpet and evergreen crown,
The spoils of that pen, ta'en, sword-fashion, in hand?
Of poet's, romancer's, historian's renown,
And a name that amongst the Immortals shall stand?

Or of prize higher, harder—of power o'er men,
In strife of the Senate by eloquence won;
By wisdom in Council; by eagle-like ken
When the stroke should be struck, how the deed should be done?

Or a far-flashing garb in which all these combine,
A girandole, bursting in fountains of fire,
Passing colour of flowers and diamonds' shine,
And a voice as of thunder—if quick to expire?

The stripling has dreamed, and the young man has dared:
He has reached a new stage and is dreaming again.
With a cheek deeper lined, and a forehead more bared,
But an eye still as deep, and as busy a brain.

If the wealth he has missed—let it go—in its stead
He has touched his two dream-goals of Fashion and Fame;
It's inscribed in *Ton's* records—his books bought and read,
A wit and a lion, of Town-note and name!

But the Senate—what's power of pen or of word,
If *that* triumph, most wooed, is least like to be won?
Shall tough brain have been shield to him, sharp speech his sword,
Thus far to fight upwards, and here to have done?

The strong will, the clear aim, that have borne him so far,
Must win that last height, or he'll fall on the field;
Hark, the arrows of scorn, on his helm how they jar,
From his vizor fall blunted, and turn on his shield!

Till scoffers are shamed, and decriers struck dumb;
And voices that hooted, as loud in applause,
And the time has arrived that he told them would come,
When his presence is power, his voice sways a cause:

For his rapier-play has brought chiefs to their knee,
Whose fence has been practised in lives of campaign;
And his strength has re-knit hosts that turned them to flee,
And led them, new-strengthened, to conquest again.

After forty years' fighting, he steps from the fire,
To the height scarcely scaled in his Old Jewry dream;
Adds a third to his two wreaths of boyish desire,
Though sore set against him the stress of the stream.

And all who can honour pith, patience, and power,
And the strenuous purpose that runs a life through
Like a muscle of iron, are glad of the hour
That sees his hand close on the honour his due!

HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

Go for your sea-side holiday to a watering-place on the coast of Ireland. There you will secure the enjoyment of Irish coolness.



EMPRESS AND EARL;
OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. "THANKS, YOUR MAJESTY! I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT BEFORE! NOW I THINK I HAVE EARNED IT!"

A VERTIGO OF WIT.



COMMONER MR. DISRAELI that was, having, while he was MR. DISRAELI, been wont to be popularly and playfully called DIZZY, his elevation to the Peerage has necessarily occasioned an influx of remarks and queries turning on the point that, besides being a diminutive, dizzy is synonymous with vertiginous. As:—

Will the elevation of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to the Leadership of the House of Commons turn his head and make him dizzy?

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may be raised to be Leader of the House of

Commons. Ha, ha!—but that will not make SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE DIZZY.

Don't we all fear that his elevation will make him dizzy?

Don't we all hope it will make him DIZZY?

A brain with more employment busy
Is like to render NORTHCOTE dizzy;
But to be seen it yet remains
If he be DIZZY as to brains.

Of course the foregoing wisdom and verse are equally applicable, in supposed connection with the Conservative Leadership, to MR. GATHORNE HARDY and MR. CROSS.

There has also been propounded the suggestion that, having become LORD BRACONSFIELD, MR. DISRAELI now shines as a beacon in the field of honour, not, however, that he may warn us from it, but that he may lead us to it; but this again betrays a perilous dizziness and confusion of head.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

MEIN LIEB ALTE FREUND,

EVERYTHING going on first rate. Crowded house! Cheers! tears!! and laughter!!! A sea of fire—delicious idea in this weather—and a steam-fog, set to music, send the audiences into ecstasies of convulsive delight.

We're at it all day. Poor Old BETZ—I made a heap of "funnimentos," as the Spaniards say, of "wurd-jöken" as we have it in "Low Bairisch," on his name, which dear WAGGY set to music, and they are now perhaps among some of the brightest gems in the Composer's crown, or, rather, in the glorious circlets on his crown.

The theatre is wonderful. The musicianers are invisible. WAGNER won't appear when called before the curtain, but sits in the prompter's box, and writes letters to the people in front, telling them *why* he objects to come out. I said, "Well, you've come out sufficiently strong already,"—and one of the Royal Swells, who has since gone away, has adopted this *sidesplitteren* as his own. I wish I could find out which of the Crowned Heads or Archdukes ("they are so arch, these dukes," as I said to WAGGY, who screamed!) had appropriated my *wittikism* (Low Bairisch for a kind of small but happy joke, much made here), and I'd send him in my bill, and let him know something of the law of copyright.

However, as I was saying, poor Old BETZ broke down. We nearly lost our BETZ: it was almost a case of "BETZ off" on account of the Dead-Heat of the summer.

A *propos* of *jöken* and *sidesplitteren*, and as a proof that *mein lieb alte freund* ("my dear old friend") WAGGY can write lightly when he likes, I need only cite those two admirable *comiken wourken* ("comic works")—very like English, isn't it?—this is the Low Bavarian dialect, with two as good farcical names as were ever invented by even that rising young dramatist, MR. JOHN MADDISON MORRIS—whose amusing farce of *Box and Cox* will, I predict, yet make a stir in the world—I mean WAGNER's (firstly) *Siegfrid's*

Tod and (secondly) *Walküre* (Walker), which latter a less-refined writer might have been tempted to vulgarise into "Hookey." But WAGGY takes my advice, and is glad of it.

"*Alte Kinchin*" (the Low Bavarian for "Old Boy"—much used in the Forest and the mountains), "*Alte Kinchen*," says he to me, pausing, with his pen behind his ear, "shall I call this *Walküre* or *Ooké*?"

I did not hesitate one second. "*Walküre*, for choice," I replied, immediately; "it looks better in print."

"I like *Ooké* or *Hookey*," he returned, reflectively.

"My dear fellow," I said, impressively, "*Don't overdo it.*"

"Right!" he exclaimed, dashing the name on to the paper. "And now let us drink a glass of rare old *Schmutzige Wäsche*" (this is a sort of liquor peculiar to Upper Bavaria, and, taken in moderation, is really not bad tipple).*

"*Siegfrid's Tod*" is a beautiful name for a farce, as good as *John Dobbs*, or *Our Precious Betsy*. You can see it at a glance, and that's where WAGNER is so happy, i.e., in the choice of his subjects. Of course *Tod* is the low comedian of the piece: but I have not time at present to give you the entire plot.†

I remain ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* "*Schmutzige Wäsche*," according to our German Conversation Book, signifies "dirty linen," though at the same time we are not prepared to deny either that in "Low Bavarian" it may have some other meaning, or that in social everyday German this may be the favourite name for some pleasant national beverage. Still it is odd, and the more so because—while we are on the subject, we may as well be candid and open, for our own sake and that of our esteemed Contributor—we have received numerous communications concerning our worthy Representative's exhibition of, what fifty-nine out of sixty of our respected Correspondents are pleased to term, "his miserable ignorance of the German language." We sincerely hope he will see this, and crush his accusers at one stroke of his powerful pen, or politely explain (which will be much the same thing), or admit honestly that he has been in the wrong. There are these three courses open to him; and his deserts afterwards. For ourselves (if this meets his eye), we have always expressed our implicit trust in him, and we rely upon him to trust us implicitly in return. He will understand what this means when he calls at the Post-Office and does not receive that letter. One of our Teutonic Correspondents sneers at some German expressions in Our Representative's last letter but one—expressions to which, be it remembered, we took exception at the time in an elaborate and, we venture to say, considering our limited space, an exhaustive foot-note.

We quote genuine portions of one of our Indignant Correspondents' letters: he writes thus to us—"Sir, a *jeu de mot* is a *wortspiel*" (for ourselves, we always said it was; but, in defence of Our Representative, who professes to write "Low Bavarian dialect," is *wortspiel* the word he would use? *Tout est là*). "A portmanteau is not a 'Mantelsack,' but a *Mantelsack*, its plural is *Mantelsäcke*." We thought there was something wrong here, but as Our Representative's spelling of the word might have been the "Low Bavarian" form, or right according to some other dialect of which we were ignorant (and he is a very superior man), we felt bound to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Our angry Correspondent, who signs himself "A German," continues, "My good friend" is not "*mein goot freund*," but "*mein guter freund*." We thought so! and, on this authority, we will immediately write to Our Representative, and tell him we are not to be trifled with. We do not believe he will have a word to say in his defence on this occasion. Perhaps, however, as he is a very superior person, he may have been thinking in the *dübel-dutch* language, and this was merely a *lapsus calami* (slip of the pen). Still, on the face of it, *Er hatte Unrecht*. Our thoroughly-roused Correspondent continues, "4. '*Wir sind fertig*' can do without the capital 'S,' with a small 's' instead." Our Representative shall be informed of this. We are not going to have our pens, ink, and space on paper wasted with capital 'S's' when small ones will do quite as well. Yet, on the other hand, we should be sorry to interfere with his capital letters. Hoping our justly irate Correspondent, "A German," will excuse this pleasantry, we proceed with "A German's" invaluable corrections.

"5. '*Warblungen Wagners*,' for 'Warbling Wagners' is a nonsense"—that is exactly what struck us at the very moment; undoubtedly, to quote our German friend's excellent English, "it is a nonsense"—and we are deeply indebted to our Correspondent "A German" for pointing out what might have escaped even our penetration. At once we will write to Our Representative, and tell him that "*Warblungen Wagners*," if intended for "Warbling Wagners," is "a nonsense," in which he may indulge at his own expense, and not at ours. "A German" then goes on to give us the words which in his language he considers equivalents of our "warble." He finishes by recommending Our Representative "to take some finishing lessons in German quotations," which advice we will forward to him, and perhaps we may venture to convey to him the hint that "A German," who is so interested in our Contributor's education, might be inclined to pay for the lessons suggested (for we shan't do anything of the sort), or to give them himself, gratis, to Our Representative on his return from Bayreuth. Perhaps, after all, "A German's" letter was written with an eye to business; if so, let the Herr Professor enclose his card of terms for attendance, and we will take care it is forwarded to Our Representative.

* We regret that attention to this Correspondent, which we considered due to him, to ourselves, and Our Representative, has unavoidably abridged Our Representative's description of the great *Musik-fest*.—Ed.

† The remainder must stand over till next week. We fancy our Contributor is wrong as to *Siegfrid's Tod* being a comic piece of any sort. *Siegfrid* is the hero of the great trilogy, isn't he? We speak diffidently, as Our Representative, being on the spot, ought to have the best information on the subject.—Ed.



PLEASURING !

Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU—"

MARTHA. "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAIN'T MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"

LAW, AND CERTAIN OF ITS LIMBS.

LADY JUSTITIA, with incarnate equity, in the shape of MR. COUNCILLOR PUNCH, at her elbow as *Amicus Curie*, held a sort of unofficial Audit, taking, at MR. PUNCH'S urgent suggestion, a private review of certain of her public forces.

MR. PUNCH called her attention in the first place to a gentleman of Draconic aspect as to countenance, and Clerical cut as to attire.

"Who is this Rhadamanthus-like personage?" inquired JUSTITIA, somewhat languidly. (The thermometer stood at 120° or thereabouts.)

"This," answered MR. PUNCH, "is the REVEREND BROWN-RIGGE, J.P., one of the Great Unpaid, whose unbought services in the administration of—ahem!—Justice reflect so much credit upon your functions—and his own."

"So queer a compound of sleekness and severity," quoth JUSTITIA, "I think I have never seen. Pray what is his speciality as a gratuitous purveyor of Justice?"

"Herodian compassion for youth and ignorance," answered MR. PUNCH, "is one of his more marked peculiarities. If within his jurisdiction a child should chance to pluck an unpermitted flower or purloin an unguarded but forbidden faggot, his peculiarities in this regard are speedily manifested to an admiring world."

"How, pray?" inquired JUSTITIA.

"In the form," responded MR. PUNCH, "of such mild and merciful penalties as personal correction of a Squeersian kind, administered preferably by his own holy hands, or, failing that, protracted imprisonment in prison cell or reformatory."

"Eh? What?" exclaimed JUSTITIA, hotly, forgetting the thermometer. "Personal chastisement?—prolonged imprisonment?—and for such juvenile peccadilloes as—"

"Madam," interrupted MR. PUNCH, politely, "the Clerico-judicial mind does not recognise such a perniciously minimising qualification of deadly sin as is implied in the word peccadillo—at least, in relation to offences against the rights of property or of Holy Church."

"Remove that person!" said JUSTITIA, with an air of exceeding disgust; "he offends me."

"His removal in a more conclusive fashion," said MR. PUNCH, "is at present one of the most imperative demands of common-sense and Christian charity."

"And this shrewd, yet smooth-looking person, who is he?" asked JUSTITIA, as a wigged and gowned individual, of confident air and scrutinising glance, was presented to her.

"This," said MR. PUNCH, is MR. I. N. QUISITOR, Q.C., the pride of the Bar, a gentleman infinitely adroit at Witness-Box torture and terrorism, warranted to put more offensive, painful, and irrelevant questions, and to stir up more forgotten foulness within a given time than—"

"Foul!" "Offensive!" "Irrelevant!" "Torture!" "Terrorism!" interjected JUSTITIA. "MR. PUNCH, these scarcely sound like terms of praise—in my ears, at least."

"Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, "you seem scarcely to understand that power of irritating and confusing witnesses, of wantonly raking up an unpleasant past that penitence may have covered from Divine judgment, but cannot conceal from interested human inquisition, and of providing the Court and the papers with copious matter for morbid sensation or heartless mirth;—you seem, I say, hardly to realise that these rank among the choicest and most cherished attributes of the Q.C. of the period."

"I do not," answered JUSTITIA, emphatically. "Nor am I quite— But call the next prisoner—person, I mean."

This was a stalwart and stolid personage attired in blue; rigid as to spine, stiff as to stock, spiky as to whisker, vulgarly aristocratic as to bearing. His eyes had a look which was a cross between a menace and a leer, and his breath a distinctly spirituous bouquet.

"Who is this?" asked JUSTITIA, with an amused glance.

"Pleese your Wuship—Ladyship, I means"—began the portent in blue—"from information I—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" said MR. PUNCH, severely.

"This, Madam, is Police-Constable Y Z O, one of your so-called guardians of the peace. His idiosyncrasies in that capacity are interesting from a psychological point of view. When not inclined for participation in a "row," he is gifted with a judicial blindness, which prevents him seeing or sharing in it. When, either for personal amusement, or with a view to the advancement of his reputation as an active and intelligent officer, he desires a breach of the peace, he is infinitely adroit in breeding one. He it is who molests well-meaning wayfarers, plies them with ungentle and quite gratuitous orders to "move on" (or, more idiomatically, to "sling their hook"), irritates them into angry retort, cuffs them into some illconsidered show of resistance, knocks them down, and then inconspicuously "runs them in" on charge of being "drunk and disorderly," and interfering with the police in the execution of their duty. As he is generally unable, and always unwilling, to distinguish between the effects of drunkenness and—say starvation or epilepsy, as he is unscrupulously mendacious, and as there is a strong prejudice and presumption in his favour in all official quarters—"

"Enough, enough!" cried JUSTITIA, warmly. "MR. PUNCH, these things are shocking—are scandalous! They must be seen to!" "Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, gravely, "I am entirely of your opinion."

Feminine Intelligence.

DESCRIBING certain Swellesses adorning the Sea-side, an observant writer states that—

"Among other extraordinary *mélanges* of colour, we saw stone and green, grey and violet, cream and mauve, cream and violet, bronze and moss green."

Ladies' dresses, viewed *en masse*, have often been compared to a flower-bed; and have frequently been said to vie with rainbows in their hues. But neither flowers nor rainbows can show such colours as are worn now, blended curiously together, by our fashionable girls. If further novelty be wanted, we would suggest, in all humility, that cream and violet are not so tasteful as strawberries and cream. Milk and water might be added with advantage to the list: and the mixture of bronze and moss green might suggest the introduction of a costume which shall imitate the tints of beans and bacon.



FEELING AND INTELLECT.

(Showing that Chinamanias have their Affections like other People.)

Dorothy. "OH, MOTHER! I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN SILVER, AND BETTER THAN GOLD!"

Mother. "AND BETTER THAN BLUE CHINA, DOROTHY?"

Dorothy (after slight hesitation). "YES, MOTHER! BETTER THAN BLUE CHINA!"

Mother (much moved). "D-D-D-D-DARLING!"

CONFESSIONS BY THE SEA.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Could I only breathe during the day and sleep at night; could I walk on the sands without being persecuted by beggars and mountebanks; could I procure wholesome food for the children and drinkable wine for myself; could I do all this, and not have to pay about double what I have to spend in Town, I should really begin to imagine that the Sea-side was not so very inferior to London.

Materfamilias.—Of course one must go because everybody goes, but I am sure it doesn't agree with JOHN, and as for the children, why they would be well anywhere. As for myself, I hate the place. I cannot bear the squabbles with the Landlady and the quarrels of the servants. Then the Children make very unpleasant acquaintances on the sands; and altogether I don't like it. I shall be very glad indeed when we get home.

The Eldest Son.—Nothing to do but to smoke, and the tobacco is simply—well, call it abominable. Nobody to look at. At least with one's people round the corner. And then BRACES, the Tailor, and TOPS, the Bootmaker, are down here; they live respectively next door and three doors off from our place. Such a bore to meet them. It is all very well to pretend not to know them, but they know you, and when they get up to Town they send in their bills.

The Eldest Daughter.—Such a set of people! No use spoiling one's dresses for a mob like this! We are really so hard up for acquaintances that we are obliged to know the FITZ-ALAN BROWNS—people we never dream of knowing in Town. Why, they live in Paddington!

MR. PUNCH'S BOOK COLUMN.

MOSES, a Man of Custom. By the Author of *Leah, a Woman of Fashion.*

The Youth in the Moon. By the Author of *The Sun Maid.*

Without a Title. By the Author of *No Sign.*

The Root of the Rhubarb. By the Author of *The Blossoming of the Abbe.*

Odd Brown, Silly Jones, and Strange Robinson. By the Author of *The Mad Willoughbys.*

John of "Lords." By the Author of *Jennie of "the Princes."*

The Safe Man's Better-Half. By the Author of *Griffith's Double.*

Grandpapa's Bills of Exchange. By the Author of *Grandmama's Money.*

She Never Ceased Talking. By the Author of *As Long as She Lived.*

Scribbled In. By the Author of *Blotted Out.*

Tied to the Desk. By the Author of *Bound to the Wheel.*

His Visit to the Publisher. By the Author of *The Days of his Vanity.*

Female Artists. By the Author of *Men of Mark.*

WORDS AND WIND.

IF HER MAJESTY herself had composed the Queen's Speech, the paragraph therein relative to the Vivisection Act would no doubt have been more lucid than that which follows:—

"I anticipate the best results from the Act which you have passed providing safeguards against painful experiments on living animals."

The best results? To what, or whom? Society at large? How the restraint of Vivisection can conduce to the common good, is at least not obvious. To the lower animals? Clearly not. Will the result of the Vivisection Act be in the least to prevent any of them from being shot and hunted for sport, or trapped in torturing gins, or boiled and skinned alive? The best results to animals of an Act for the prevention of cruelty towards them, would include anaesthetics for them when slaughtered—pigs especially being always killed under chloroform. But those will be none of the Vivisection Act's results. So neither will the best results accrue from it to Humanity in the sense of Benevolence. May they be anticipated for Physiology and Medicine? As regards those sciences, unimpeded experiments, requisite for their advancement, will perhaps result from an Act for their limitation. Those, in that case, will be the best results of the Vivisection Act. Well, well! Let us hope for the best.

The Youngest Daughter.—Such a nasty place. Such a nasty lot of water called the Sea where you are dipped! Oh, it is so unkind!

The Youngest Son.—No fun! Mamma never will let me bury an old Gentleman up to his neck in the sand when he's asleep. Grub little and bad. It's nearly as bad as school.

Mr. Punch.—I confess my surprise. How comes it that, although most people abuse the Sea-side, everybody visits it?

A POINT FOR PLIMSOLL.

HERE, extracted from a local newspaper, is a passage in a report of the transactions of the Cork Steam Ship Company, read at a late meeting, and composed, apparently, by some amazingly candid gentleman in the management of that model body of mercantile marine proprietors:—

"We have also sold the *Bittern* for £2,200. She was completely worn out from stem to stern, and, as we dare not put her to sea again, we thought the sooner we got rid of her the better."

This is telling the truth, but not in such sort as recommended by the proverb, "Tell truth, and shame the devil," who, by such an avowal as the foregoing, must, on the contrary, one would think, consider himself highly honoured. DAVEY JONES, at any rate, is surely delighted to hear of the sale of a ship by owners who dare not put her to sea again. Of course, the sum given for her suggests to him the hope that she has been bought by parties a little more venturesome, and will, having been previously well insured, be shortly sent afloat by them, and soon afterwards founder, all hands on board of her going down to his locker.



THE NEW EDUCATION ACT.

Considerate Landlord. "ARE YOU WANTING ANYTHING DONE TO YOUR COTTAGE, MRS. GRUNSLER?"

Mrs. Grunsle. "WELL, SIR, I WAS A GOIN' TO AEST YOU IF YOU'D BUILD A LITTLE ROOM FOR OUR J'MIMA. THE CHILDREN DO DISTURB HER SO WHEN SHE'S A STUDYIN'!"

BEDLAM'S AND BROKEN BONES.

THERE is a disease of the bones, consisting in a state of brittleness known to Surgeons by the name of *Fragilitas Ossium*. From cases reported from time to time, this appears to be a malady very peculiar to Lunatic Asylums. There seems indeed no reason why people mentally cracked should also be particularly liable to material fractures; but so it is. At several inquests held during the last few years on the bodies of patients who died at institutions for the insane, it has appeared that more or fewer of their ribs especially were, on examination after death, found broken. It has also appeared that during life those patients, when violent, were a good deal accustomed to be knelt upon by keepers and warders, who also occasionally struggled hard with them to quiet them. Whether the broken ribs were the sequel only or the consequence as well of this proceeding, Coroners' Juries have generally failed to discover.

According to the *Times*, an inquiry about a case of this kind took place a few days ago at Camberwell. MR. G. HULL held an inquest on the body of FREDERICK WILLIAM WIMBERLEY, a Surgeon, late inmate of Camberwell House Asylum, where he died. Deceased was found to have had no less than twenty-one ribs broken, and his breast-bone too. There was likewise an ulcer of the stomach, which, on medical evidence, the Jury referred to the same cause as that which they supposed to have occasioned the broken ribs. Their verdict was "Death from peritonitis following perforation of the stomach, and that such death had been accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, but whether that person was the attendant SMITH or some one else, the evidence failed to show." Now is not this one of those verdicts that would justify an order for a new inquest *ad melius inquirendum*?

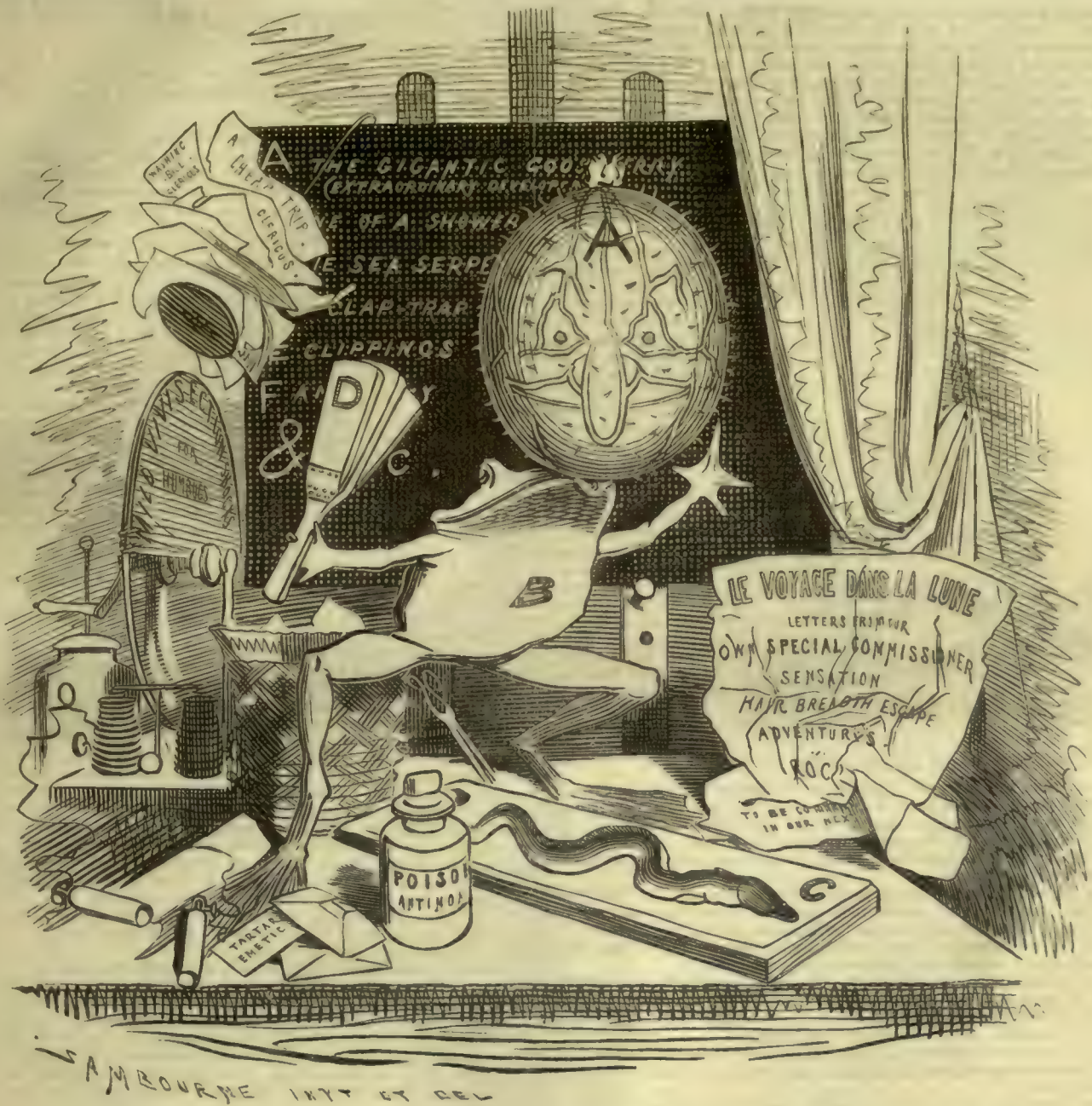
Two several witnesses, to be sure, deposed that they had seen the attendant SMITH maltreat the deceased man. One of them said that in May last he saw SMITH throw him down on the grass; when "the deceased called out as if in pain, and SMITH kicked him about his body several times." Another "saw an attendant named SMITH

strike the deceased and kick him on Friday." If this evidence showed that death was accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, did it not also show that person to have been the attendant SMITH for one, whether or no there were other persons besides, concerned in breaking a breast-bone and twenty-one ribs? But the evidence failing to show the person who inflicted the violence to have been SMITH, did it not equally fail to show that any violence had been inflicted at all? The Camberwell Coroner's Jury had never perhaps heard of *Fragilitas Ossium*; but they clearly sat on a case of it:—

"MR. JOSEPH LEES, of St. Thomas's Hospital, said he examined the body of the deceased. He came to the conclusion that the ribs were extremely brittle. There had been fractures and refractures of some of the ribs."

Clearly not in consequence of repeated kicks administered at intervals during some length of time. The deceased had been accustomed to be kicked and beaten with violence neither by the attendant SMITH, nor any other attendant, or even inmate, of an establishment where of course humane and competent attendants not only themselves abstain, but also restrain violent inmates from assaulting—to wit, kicking, beating, stamping and kneeling upon one another. It may easily be imagined that the unfortunate deceased, like others similarly afflicted, was subject to fits, always tumbling about, knocking himself against chairs and tables, and every now and then breaking a bone or two. Softening of the bones goes together with softening of the brain. When next a Coroner investigates a case of death, connected with fractured ribs, in a madhouse, it may be hoped that his Jury will not attend to any idle testimony as to violence supposed to have caused them, and will cautiously confine their decision to a verdict of *Fragilitas Ossium*. In the meanwhile, the attendants of patients likely to be affected with that degeneration, if they do kick, cannot be too careful how they kick them.

A PROVERB FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY.—No Gooseberry without a Thorn.



THE SILLY SEASON

SETS THE SAME OLD MODELS OF VEGETABLE AND STILL LIFE FOR THE YOUNG ARTISTS OF THE PRESS.

NO MORE CHARITY!

THE Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Association presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs him to give the benefit of the largest circulation in the universe to the following philosophical propositions enunciated in the *Times*, by a Gentleman signing himself "R. BALIOL BRETT," on the subject of "Philanthropy in War." MR. BRETT argues that malevolence towards belligerents is really practised by neutrals in affording any medical assistance, or relief, or comfort whatsoever to their sick and wounded. He denounces this effectual inhumanity because—

"First, it is a direct encouragement to war, by means of making it easier and less expensive to the nations engaged.

"Secondly, it is a distinct encouragement to war, by making it less hateful, because less horrible, to the folks who stay at home.

"Thirdly, it prolongs war, by patching up wounded men to go and fight again, and get a second shot at those who had escaped them once."

This truly philanthropic philosopher further shows that "to

alleviate temporary at the price of ultimate human suffering is a grossly immoral act, and, to use a Benthamite formula, a sacrifice of a greater interest to a lesser, a durable to a momentary, a certain to a doubtful good."

Besides all which, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society desires to point out, it costs—money. On the ground, therefore, of economy, as well as that of morality, he protests against any further expenditure for a maleficent purpose on ambulance-corps, or any other such organisations of mischievous mercy. For the same reasons he earnestly beseeches the British Public to desist from subscribing towards the support of Hospitals, and particularly calls upon the Clergy to preach no more sermons in aid of those pernicious institutions, and at once to abolish Hospital Sunday. Diseases and accidents are the natural consequences of excess, carelessness, and dirt, which if every offender were left to take them would, alike with war, work ultimately their own cure. It is an immoral act even to administer a pill, or strap a cut finger, much less to practise medicine and surgery at large, except with a single eye to the duty of

getting a living, which the practitioner owes to himself. On principle, likewise, the existing Poor-Law, which, however slightly, interferes a little with the natural punishment of unthrift and improvidence, ought to be repealed, and all paupers left without any noxious mitigation of their miseries, to perish by want and famine. In conclusion, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society confidently invokes the enlightened *Mr. Punch* to devote his cudgel to the promotion of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by exerting it to the uttermost in belabouring and smashing all manner of charitable institutions.

PAT-RIOT-ISM.



THE recent Home-Rule Conference in Dublin having conclusively proved how very worthy the Irish are of receiving the boon of a Native Parliament, *Mr. Punch* ventures to make a few suggestions that may be of service sooner or later to those fortunate Gentlemen who may hereafter be elected to represent their countrymen on College Green. If the following hints are acted upon, an Irish Member of Parliament should last out at least two Sessions.

RULES FOR HOME-RULERS.

1. Before leaving your lodgings for Parliament House, be careful to survey the street from a distance, so that you may detect and avoid any armed band in the pay of the Opposition.
2. Should the road appear clear, disguise yourself in some appropriate costume. Avoid the rags of a beggar, or you may be taken for an office-seeker.
3. Run as fast as you can to the House. Should you hear any firing, put up your bomb-proof umbrellas (new invention to be obtained, when Ireland has her Parliament, at 85, Fleet Street).
4. On reaching the House, take off your disguise unobserved, and assume your suit of buff lined with steel armour.
5. Never make a Speech in the House, as, if you do, you will be called upon to remove your Helmet.
6. When Revolvers are produced, get under the bench upon which you will, until then, have been sitting.
7. Choose your seat so that your back may be turned to the sun. If your opponents have the light in their eyes, their aim will be far from steady.
8. Draw your sword before you take part in a division.
9. If possible sit near the meter, so that you may be able to turn off the gas when the fighting commences.
10. Never waste your ammunition in bad shots. Aim low, and keep your wrist steady.
11. Never neglect a wound. The moment you feel yourself hit, ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to have you carried to the surgery.
12. In conclusion, before being sworn in, forgive all your enemies, say farewell to all your friends, and keep your will safe in the bottom of your iron-covered boots. For fear of accidents, you had better be on good terms with the Parson. Also, to save time, you may make necessary arrangements about your funeral.

The Confessors of Keighley.

SOMETHING like a dead-lock has occurred in the affairs of the Keighley Union from the imprisonment of the seven Guardians for disobeying the Vaccination *mandamus*. A contemporary refers to these seven prisoners as "the recalcitrant seven." To recalcitrate, we know, is to strike or kick with the heel, or kick backwards; and we also know that to perform this act unadvisedly, and suffer for it, is peculiarly characteristic of a certain quadruped needlessly named Mule. Therefore, of calling these seven Anti-Vaccinationist "recalcitrant" is extreme.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

First Impressions—Dublin—Cars and Cabs—A Word on Old-fashioned Hotels—Trinity College—Disillusions—A Nap—An Invocation—Awakening—A Change comes o'er the Spirit of my Dream—Forwards!

Kingsdown.—Landing-stage. First view of Ireland. Dull, decidedly. A leaden morning. Where are all the "boys," and the car-drivers, and pig-jobbers, and the priests, and the military, and, in fact, the crowd generally? All my preconceived notions of "landing in Ireland," founded upon *Jack Hinton*, have vanished into thin air.

Ireland, or so much as I see of it at present, is not half awake, and the landing is the tamest affair possible. Not an early joke about anywhere: not a witticism in the air. The "boy" puts my luggage in the train, and takes his shilling without a remark, without even a humorous twinkle of his eye. Yet there is novelty in the atmosphere; not the novelty of a foreign land seen for the first time, but the novelty of a strange accent, of my native tongue "gone wrong" somehow. I feel that there cannot be any doubt about my being out of England, though there may be some lurking distrust of my being entirely awake. In less than five minutes I clearly comprehend that I am in Ireland. The newspaper man is offering journals with names new to my ear, though not to my sight.

Notes.—The run by rail into Westland Row Station is decidedly uninteresting. Judging from what I can see of anything like scenery—(to note first impressions)—this portion of Green Erin ought to come upon the tenantry for "dilapidations." As bad as coming into London for the first time by Shoreditch, or the back gardens of the houses near the Great Western.

Before I have time to do more than struggle with drowsiness, the train has arrived at its destination, and a Porter is asking me whether I'll have "An outside car or a four-wheeler?" As I have not come to Ireland to take a four-wheeler, I immediately close with the outside car.

Here are the cars—the outside cars—all outside. Some signs of life: that is something to remind one of *Charles O'Malley, &c.* At present my first idea of Dublin is that it wants washing. But this is exactly what I should say of London, taken from a Shoreditch point of view, in the early morning of a dull day.

I am rather pleased than otherwise to find that I haven't change for a shilling in my pocket, and consequently that I am able to tell the Porter the reason why I cannot give him, as I had intended, a sixpence. I am glad, because it will probably bring something witty out of him, which will be well worth the extra sixpence. Not a bit of it; only what he *does* say is what I fancy would never have occurred to a London Railway Porter in similar circumstances. It is this, quite confidentially: "Shure, av yer goin' to give me annything, a sixpence or that, ye can send it back by *him*," indicating the Carman, who willingly undertakes the commission.

The Carman (standing up on the right side of the Car while I am on the left, holding on to the centre rail). Where am I goin'?

Myself (heartily). To MORRISON'S.

I wish the name wasn't MORRISON'S, as it suggests pills.

Other cars are all leaving at the same time and obstructing the narrow descent to the gate. The Car-boys shout at one another.

Happy Thought.—Now I shall hear some real genuine Irish fun. "MICKER, get out o' the way wid ye, and don't ye be all day," is the nearest approach to humour on this occasion: and yet, somehow, there is a good-tempered, devil-may-care air among them, that is quite different from the sulky manner of the London Cabman.

Still, I may safely note that, so far, early morning in Dublin is not the time to see an Irishman at his brightest or his best.

At present I am asking "Where's the rollicking?" The shops are still closed. The people about, seem very much like the people in any other town about the same hour, only a trifle more sleepy.

At present I've not heard one "Hooroooh!" or a request to "tread on the tail of my coat!" or seen a shillelagh, or a bright-eyed girl going to mass, or a man with a pig, and I begin to wish I had never read anything about Ireland.

Nothing particularly strikes me, except, that what of Dublin I can see at a glance, appears very old-fashioned and highly respectable. The architecture closely resembles the style of house you may still see in old coloured prints, representing the "White Horse Cellar," and Piccadilly in the old coaching days, or the streets of Bath in the time of BEAU NASH, GEORGE THE FOURTH, and TOM and JERRY.

And so alighting at the old-fashioned hotel, I feel immeasurably depressed, and pay double what I subsequently find was the right fare, without the spirit to raise a question on the subject.

I have a notion that, on my back being turned, and as I ascend the stairs, the Carman has a joke about me with the Boots or the Night Porter; but he is welcome to it—only I should like to have heard this first instance of Irish wit, even at my own expense.

The atmosphere of MORRISON'S preserves a faint odour of a

grandeur long since faded. There is a worn-out, tired look about the stair-carpet, which says plaintively, "We've been long trodden beneath the feet of the Saxon oppressor, but we are passive, and so we have never been taken up. Yet, see, we are kept down by rods."

The bed-rooms are nobly proportioned, and it is quite a little promenade from the drawers to the washingstand. I sigh for the comfortably-furnished appearance of a *chambre à coucher* in a good French hotel, with its clock on the mantelpiece that was meant only for ornament, and never goes, its curtains, its impracticable shutters and startling window-blinds, its marble-topped chest of drawers, its easy chair, its velvet couch, and its two tables of stone—I mean of marble—I say I sigh for these things, as real comforts for which the old style of hotel has no equivalents.

As a rule, let the inexperienced in travelling take my advice, and invariably avoid any hotel whose sole recommendation is that it is one of the good old-fashioned sort, where the Landlord makes you feel quite at home, and you're not treated merely as No. 99 in the books, and stowed away as so much luggage. Believe me that for every personal attention on the Landlord's part, the Visitor will have to pay extra. Politeness costs the Landlord nothing, and therefore, any profit on it is clear gain and no risk. When I enter one of these "Old Established Houses," and see the smiling Landlord, in evening dress perhaps, rubbing his hands, bowing and bending, and waving me onwards as he confides me, gracefully, to the care of an elderly, acid-looking female, in starched cotton dress and a primly trimmed cap, then I tremble for my pocket; but still I hope for the best. But if during my dinner that affable and professionally genial Landlord comes up to my table, concerns himself about my meat and drink, and, without reference to price, recommends to me, by way of a great favour, about which I must keep silence to the other guests, a *bonne-bouche*, a magnificent old Burgundy, which, moreover, he insists on decanting and pouring out for me himself, with an encomium on its colour and condition, then I know that ruin stares me in the face, and that the sooner I am out of that Fine Old English Hostellerie and away from that Fine Old English Landlord, the better for the modest sum that I have set apart for my holiday trip. So much for the Old Fashioned Hotels, and hosts "of the Old School."

A large old-fashioned sash-window gives on to the thoroughfare, and commands a view of a fine building, which at first sight strikes me as so like the British Museum that I begin to think that establishment must have been taken bodily off its basement and steps and sent across the sea. Judging from first impressions, I conclude that it is either a Museum, or a Hospital.

I ask the Boots who has shown me to my room, "What is that place?"

Up to this moment the Boots has treated me for an *habitué*. I never saw a man more taken aback than that Boots when I asked him for the above information.

"What's that?" he almost shrieked, as though I had found a black beetle, or something smaller and more terrible.

"Yes," I say, "the building opposite."

"That, Sir," he explains proudly, "is Thrinity College."

Trinity College! Here's an illusion gone! Is this modern-looking building a College? Oh Trin. Coll. Cam.—be mediæval!—be happy! The only College that I can recollect in an English University at all resembling Trinity, Dublin, is Downing, Cambridge.

People are beginning to wake up. There are signs of life in the street. But—I can't help it—whether it is that, contrary to my custom, I was quite well but very sleepy after the sea voyage, or whether it is the dulness of the weather, or the keenness of the East wind, or the "faded flower" air about MORRISON'S, I don't know, in fact, what it is,—but I am melancholy—I am *désillusionné*—I am sad. I begin to meditate on the wrongs of Ireland. I lie down to do so, purposing to get up again in ten minutes exactly, and on no account to go to sleep. It is now nine o'clock. I am experiencing a new and peculiar sensation—a consciousness of a gradual change of nationality which is coming over me—I am slowly casting off the slough of the Englishman, and entering upon an Irish phase of existence. I have been the worm, I am the chrysalis, or the cocoon . . . Both excellent Irish names—"MISTHER O'CHRYSLIS," and "The Cocoon of Cocoon." . . . I drop off to doze . . . Less and less English . . . I am sleeping off my English drowsiness to awake to Irish liveliness . . . Shades of BUREE and GOLDSMITH (the only OLIVER that Ireland had any reason to love), Shade of CUEBAN, Soul o' GRATTAN, Ghost of SWIFT, inspire my slumbers!

9.30.—I awake. Ready and willing. No longer The Cocoon of Cocoon, no nor MISTHER O'CHRYSLIS—but the real genuine BARNEY O'BUTTERFLY!

Now to sip the dew off the Shamrock, and taste the sweets of the flowers of Irish Life!

I refer to KEPPEL BIRKETT's introductions, and commence my career. Away!

Electric Fluid Farming.

THE late storms of thunder and lightning may be regarded as at least not unreasonable. This, however, is more than can be said of the behaviour of atmospheric electricity as thus reported in the *Devon Evening Express* :—

"The flashes of lightning followed each other so quickly that it seemed one continuous glare, and the thunder which followed on the instant was like the simultaneous discharge of a whole park of artillery. A field close to Ballybeg House was ploughed up by the electric fluid."

Obviously a most inappropriate act on the electric fluid's part. "What," as a South-Western agriculturist asked, "was the good o' the lightnin' a ploughin' up a field in harvest time? If so be 'a'd ha' took and rip'd a crop o' earn now, 'todd ha' ben zummut like."

A COCKNEY ON COCK-CROWING.



"The cock, indeed, is by many dwellers in town regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, to be abated or suppressed by any means that the law provides. . . . It is we who have degenerated when we cannot bear the sounds in which our ancestors took pleasure."—*Daily News*.

DEGENERATED? Man's a dolt!

Shindy makes a blood-horse bolt.

"Cocktail" doesn't care a mite.

Mortals must have sleep o' night;

Beastly fowl forbids it. Moral:

Exit Rooster! Districts rural

May delight in noise nocturnal;

Here in Town the bore's infernal;

Ergo, let the "tame villatic

Fowl," whose voice from base to attic

Fills the house and murders sleep,

To the rural districts keep.

Poets may protest perhaps;—

Never understand those chaps.

Gush on "Cock-a-doodle-doo"?

Rhapsodise and rave? Go to!

Bard apostrophise that bird? He

Might as well the hurdy-gurdy.

Bosh about the beast's "shrill clarion!"

Ought to hear the creatures carry on

Here at Highgate. Six in chorus

Every morn (12'20) bore us

With responsive charivari.

Wish their "clarions" at Old Harry.

What's to summon ghosts who roam?

Let the spirits stop at home!

Can't be bored with shrill-voiced Bantams

To accommodate the phantoms.

Bards seem awful fond of "shines."

Better keep them for their "limes."

Let them, if they like the same,

Play the Cock-a-doodle game;

One 'gainst t'other crow in crackjaw,

Till sound sense shall bid them slack jaw.

But loud Chanticleer in Town

Is a pest to be put down.

"Songs before sunrise" of that sort

Law should cut exceeding short.

PRIESTCRAFT AND PROG.

THE following "Want," extracted from the *Universe*, should be explained:—

SITUATION WANTED, by a respectable middle-aged PERSON as HOUSEKEEPER to a Priest, who can cook well.—MRS. —, &c.

Does the advertiser, then, presume that Priests, as such, are also, from professional training or peculiar bias, in general apt to be cooks? She might; for mental as well as bodily health would be much promoted by due ministrations to the stomach. Still, as a rule, it seems too much to expect a Priest to cook for his Housekeeper. The only cookery, however, that has ever been heard of as a special element in Priestcraft is that cooking of scientific and historical fact in the preparation and supply of food for the mind, which in order that they may be enabled to practise, Priests are many of them so anxious to get the control of education.

"RAILWAY COUPLING."—When the Porter marries the Young Lady in the Refreshment Department.



A DAMPER.

Boniface Brasenose (an amiable but æsthetic youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures). "THAT'S—A—A—MOTHER AND CHILD, A—A—FIFTEENTH CENTURY——"

Fashionable Lady. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EARLIER!"

Boniface Brasenose. "A—MAY I ASK WHY?"

Fashionable Lady. "OH, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD PAINT BETTER THAN THAT, SO LATE AS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY!"

AN EARL ON A WOODMAN.

BEHOLD, how blest yon rural Swain!

He thrives on healthy toil.

Around his cot where smiles the plain

He tills paternal soil.

His bosom void of anxious care,

His heart from envy free,

Behind the plough his simple air

He whistles o'er the lea.

One while he guards the fleecy flock,

Or tends the lowing kine;

Another, serves the sty's fat stock,

And feeds the squealing swine.

Now in his garden deftly plies

The mattock or the spade;

Then quick to cutting timber hies

Along the forest glade.

When work and pastime both he lacks,

Some Tree which long hath stood,

He loves to fell with levelling axe,

Some Magnate of the Wood.

Methinks in harmless type I view

A Statesman of renown,

Whose humour, likewise, 'twas to hew

Old institutions down.

No coronet loads LUBIN'S brow;

No robes his gait restrain.

Light garb, light step, light heart hast thou,

O far too happy Swain!

Alas, in pensive mood, whilst I

Compare thy lot with mine,

I can but heave a gentle sigh!—

But let me not repine.

A QUESTION OF CLEANLINESS.

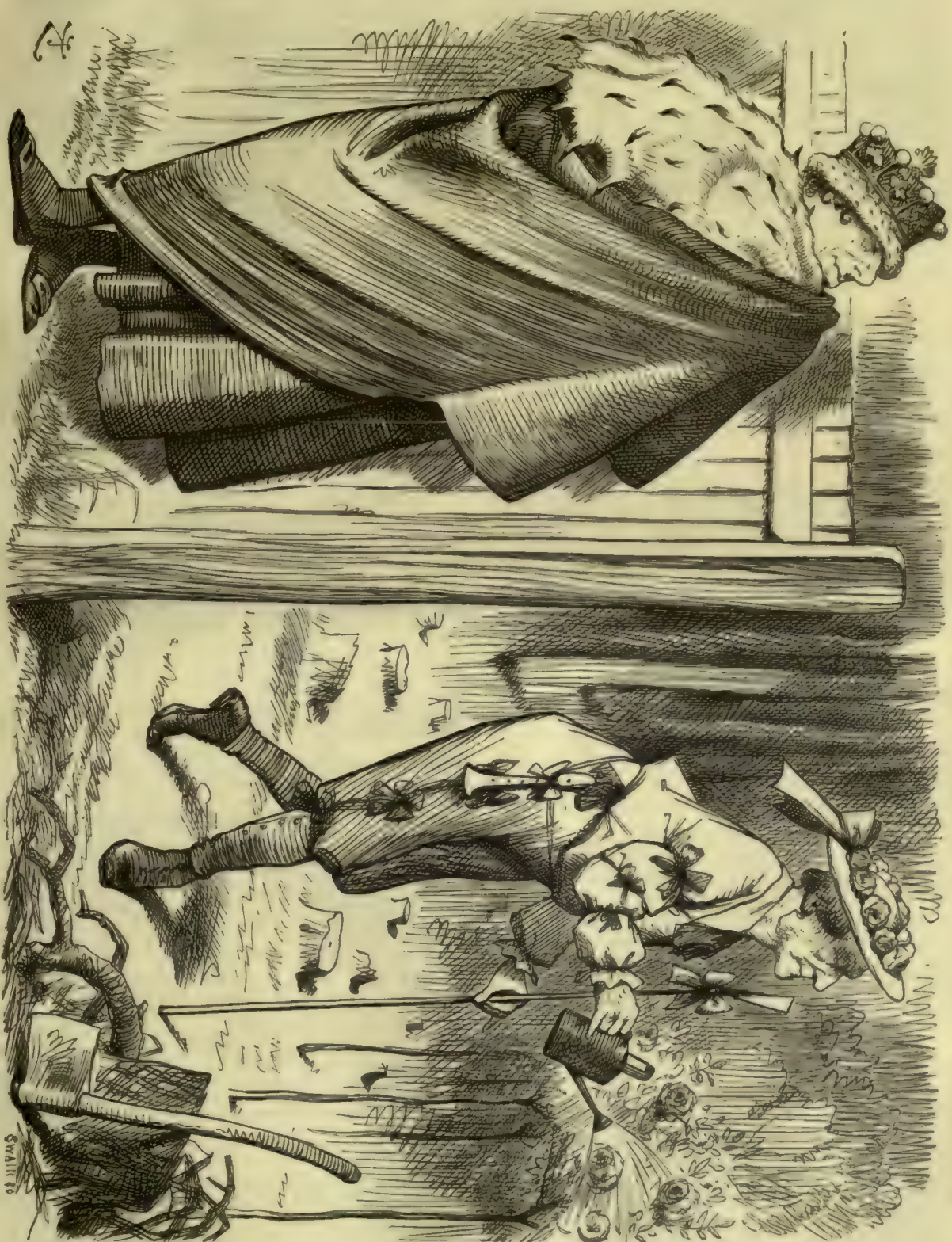
"CLERICUS," in a letter to the *Times*, enumerating the particulars of the "Cost of a Tour" economically managed by himself and a couple of Ladies, sets down at a remarkably low figure the special item of "washing." Commenting thereon, another *Times* correspondent, "RUSTICUS," replies by asking for the details of their washing bills, and offering suggestions which provoke from "CLERICUS" the somewhat angry rejoinder:—"We neither vegetated in attics, nor washed our own linen, as is so elegantly insinuated." Very possibly; but then the question to be answered for the benefit of people who want to know about tourists' washing bills, is how much of their linen had "CLERICUS" and his fair companions washed by anybody? If they did not do their own washing abroad, perhaps neither are they themselves accustomed to wash their dirty linen at home. In that case, what quantity of it is usually washed at all? And as to washing whilst upon their peregrination, the information required is, how far did the travellers go without?

POTATOES IN PERIL!

"A RECENT TRAVELLER" from Canada reports that the Potato Beetle weathers the winter there, and does great mischief. Attention is due to his reminder and warning that—

"American potatoes are now largely imported, and, as this pest yearly travels nearer the sea coast, we are certain to import the eggs, or the impregnated females, and, once established, we shall never get rid of them."

However, he thinks that, with due precaution, it may be possible "to postpone the evil day." Importers of the American potato, therefore, mind your (potato's) eye. A destroyer making potatoes as dear as meat would be an agreeable companion to the foot-and-mouth disease. The Rinderpest, indeed, was stamped out, but, by all accounts, there is no stamping out the Potato Beetle.



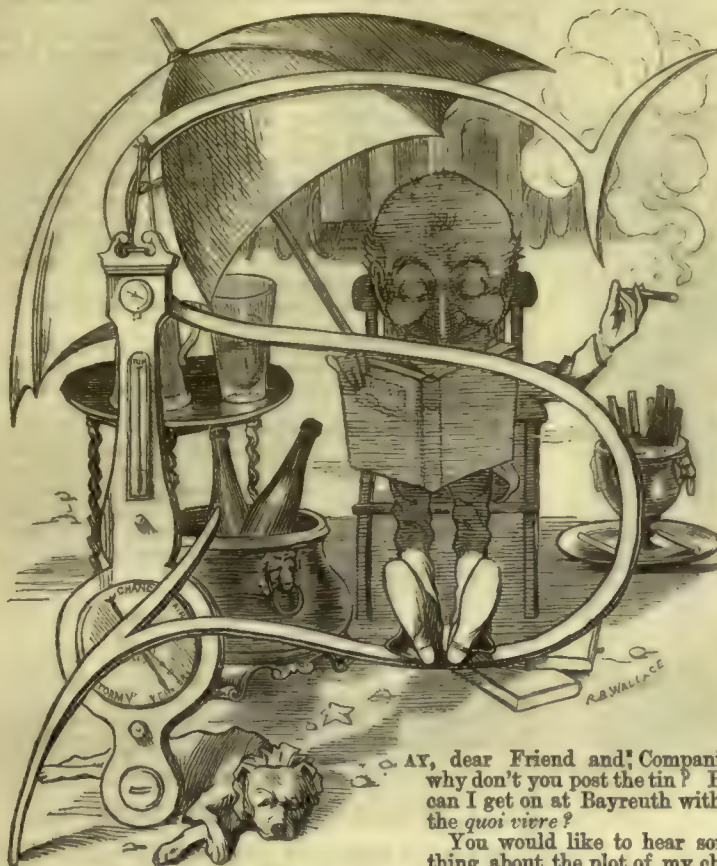
THE EARL AND THE WOODMAN.

LORD II. (with emotion), "HOW BLITHESOME IS THIS HAPPY PEASANT, WHILST I, ALAS!—"

[Dissembles.]



OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.



AY, dear Friend and Companion, why don't you post the tin? How can I get on at Bayreuth without the *quoi vivre*?

You would like to hear something about the plot of my chum DICK WAGNER'S Stage-play, of

course. Well, it's all about *Nothing*; but "*Nothing*" is *Sumthing*, as it is a magic sword. "*Voici le Sabre de mon Herr!*" as I sang, just to irritate R. W. a bit. It did.

There is a true *Ring* about the *Nibelungen*, for which the *Herr Hero-com-*

poser at Bayreuth should be crowned with a Bay-wreath. All these *funnimentos*, as the *Hidalgos* say, or *jokhos*, as my friend the Russian Prince, IVANOUS FORDORSOFF, has it, I am sending to you, and yet no *quarter* given!

Until I receive a satisfactory letter from you, my dear Sir, through an agent of mine, who will call at your office, I must decline to continue my invaluable correspondence, though hoping for the very best. I beg to sign myself now, as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Note.—There has been clearly some error somewhere. We have been out of Town, and have made use of the time at our disposal to search the *Conversation Books* in three languages, to read all the news from Bayreuth, to receive information from certain sources, and, finally, to consult our *Solicitor*. It is with the deepest regret that we confess our inability to avoid the conclusions at which we have been compelled to arrive; i.e., (a) That Our Representative does not understand anything about Music, or, if he does, that *nobody else does*; (b) That if Our Representative is really acquainted with the *dialects*, he does not know German as spoken; (c) That he is no arithmetician, and not a man of business; (d) That he is not at Bayreuth at all, and never has been.

(3:30 P.M.) The above was in print, and (we regret to say) *unretractable*, when a most respectable Gentleman called on us from a most eminent firm of *Solicitors*, employed by our esteemed and most trustworthy Correspondent. We never retreat before a threat, but we are open to conviction, and this Gentleman has convinced us of Our Representative's voracity. Being empowered to receive for our excellent Contributor, our visitor has given us a receipt for a big cheque, and has undertaken to forward—

4.30 p.m. same day (last moment), . . . We thought so! A Policeman has called to inquire if a respectable looking person, passing himself off as connected with a most eminent firm of *Solicitors*, has been with us, and extorted . . .

5.30.—The Policeman is still with us. We are concerting a plan of action. He is now putting on a disguise. MESSRS. MAY and CLARKSON, the well-known theatrical costumiers and perquirers, are here . . . and we ourselves are going to Bayreuth with the Policeman, in disguise. We are men of action, and not to be trifled with. Besides, we want a holiday.—ED.

THE "FORCE" AT PLAY.

At the annual *Fête*, at the Alexandra Palace, of that useful institution, the Police Orphanage, the "general attractions were augmented by the competition of constables in athletic sports." The historian does not state whether anybody tried to "outrun the Constable."

CHEAP SHOPPING.

(A Tragic Farce in Two Scenes.)

SCENE I.—The Exterior of SNOOKS'S Shop. Several Carts labelled "SNOOKS & Co." waiting to carry away goods. Men carrying immense bags of expensively got-up Circulars (from SNOOKS & Co.) to the Post. Several Attendants, dressed in a uniform, something between those worn by the Police and the Park-keepers, hovering about the doors of the establishment.

Enter EDWIN and ANGELINA.

Angelina. Look, my darling! This is SNOOKS'S. Is it not a large place? See the carts, and the men carrying circulars (like the one we got yesterday—a mass of blue and gold); and the Commissionnaires are so civil. It's the cheapest place in the world, too.

Edwin. It should not be. To the value of the goods must be added the price of the carts, the cost of the horses, their stabling, and their food, the wages of the drivers, the expense of printing, binding, and advertising, and the liveries and stipends of those much be-medalled loungers over yonder.

Angelina (with feminine logic). For all that, darling, it is the cheapest shop in the world.

Edwin. Then I suppose the establishment is conducted on ready-money principles. What you buy you pay for on the spot, and SNOOKS & Co. have never to wait the settlement of an unreceipted bill.

Angelina. If you mean, dear, that you must pay for everything you get at once, you are quite wrong. Mr. SNOOKS is most obliging, and never thinks of sending in a bill for three months—he will wait a year or longer. You can't imagine what a cheap shop it is.

Edwin. No, I cannot. Heavy expenses and long credit! SNOOKS must either be a philanthropist squandering a large fortune away upon the Public, or else must have an insane desire to bring himself

and his Co. into the Court of Bankruptcy! You follow me, darling, do you not?

Angelina (who has not been listening, as she has been giving her undivided attention to the contents of the shop window). Of course, darling. Oh, isn't that Matelassé cheap and sweet? Only two shillings a yard. Why, I saw one the other day not a bit better than this at three shillings.

Edwin. My darling, I fear that you must be growing short-sighted. Angelina (rather anxiously). My dearest, you are joking, are you not?

Edwin. What else can I think when you describe that wall-paper-looking thing at two shillings a yard, when the price only wants another halfpenny to become three shillings. Certainly the two shillings is marked in ink, but the elevenpence-halfpenny has its proper place in pencil.

Angelina. Oh, do let us come in.

[EDWIN is dragged into the shop.]

SCENE II.—The Interior of SNOOKS'S Shop. A very long and narrow building. On either side of the counters "bargains" are displayed. A great many Shopmen waiting upon a few customers. The unemployed "young men" assisting their comrades by piling up articles for the customers' inspection. EDWIN and ANGELINA enter, and are met by a White-haired Manager.

Angelina. Oh, please, there is a very sweet and pretty Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny a yard, in the window—

White-haired Manager. Certainly, Madam. This way, if you please. (Leads them to the very end of the shop, and offers them chairs.) I think you said a Matelassé at five-and-elevenpence-three-farthings a yard. A great bargain, indeed. (To Shopman.) Show the Lady the article.

Edwin (Armily). This Lady said nothing of the sort. The price she mentioned was two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny. There can be no mistake. The dress, with its price-card, is in the window.



CANNY!

Sportsman. "THAT'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JEMMY!"

Keeper. "AYE, SIR, A GRAND BIRD TO SEND TO YOUR FREEN'S!"

White-haired Manager (much pained). This person (alluding to Confidential Shopman) will attend to you.

[Retires, and brings, after a pause of five minutes, another Customer to the end of the shop.

Angelina (on the White-haired Manager's retreat). My darling, you should not be so cross. I am sure you made him go.

Edwin (with savage triumph). I am sure I did.

Confidential Shopman (placing goods on the counter). These are the dresses you want, Madam. I do not mind telling you that we got them by the greatest luck. The Bankrupt had taken his passage to America. The Detectives stopped the ship, and got the goods away.

Edwin. And the Bankrupt?

Confidential Shopman (taken aback). I think he escaped. But (coming to the point) that is why we can sell them at six-and-sixpence a yard.

Angelina. Oh, but the one I saw in the window was—

Confidential Shopman. Of vastly inferior quality to this, Madam. In fact I don't mind telling you that we cannot guarantee our goods in the window.

Edwin. Very well, then we will go.

Confidential Shopman. Pray resume your seat, Madam. Of course we guarantee all our goods. Here are the dresses you mean. You see they are not of the same quality as this. (Taking up another material.) It was ordered by the late SULTAN OF TURKEY for his favourite Sultana, and of course was not wanted. We are thus able to offer it at eight-and-tenpence-three-farthings. May I cut you off a dress?

Angelina. It is really very sweet. Only eight shillings a yard!

Confidential Shopman. Twenty-six yards will be enough, Madam, I think?

Edwin (firmly). If you cannot show us the dresses marked three shillings a yard (all save one halfpenny), we will trouble you no further.

Angelina (timidly). Yes, the Sultana's cotton is very beautiful, but I think I should like to see the Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny.

Confidential Shopman (contemptuously). They are here. They will not wash.

Edwin. Oh, very well; we will not buy them.

Confidential Shopman. At least they will not wash quite so well as this magnificent affair, which was made for the coronation of the POPE. It has taken fifteen years in its manufacture; and as, of course, it is not wanted now, we can cut you off enough for a dress for six pounds twelve shillings and tenpence-three-farthings.

Edwin. You had better keep it for the next Pope—we don't want it.

Angelina (having selected a dress). This, please. I like the large pattern.

Confidential Shopman. The large patterns are dearer. The one you have chosen is four-and-sevenpence-halfpenny.

Edwin (losing his temper). Don't beat about the bush any longer. Which are the dresses you pretend to sell at three shillings a yard?

Confidential Shopman (startled, and hurriedly). These. *Edwin (to Angelina).* My own, choose one. (One is chosen.) And now put it up, and bring the bill.

Confidential Shopman (recovering himself). While I cut off the necessary length, Madam, will you look at this grand silk? It was made for the President of the United States when he thought of taking office for the third time. As he has retired, we can now offer it (as it is left upon our hands) for nineteen-and-elevenpence-three-farthings, a remnant.

Edwin (seeing that the parcel is at last made up). Now let us go.

Confidential Shopman. The bill, Madam. And while this Gentleman is paying it, will you permit me to show you this glorious velvet? It was ordered by DON CARLOS—

Edwin (hurriedly). Let us go.

[Drags his loving but reluctant wife away. As they pass down the long shop, "young men" (like mermaids) try to tempt ANGELINA with bargains.

White-haired Manager (meeting them at the door). One moment, Madam. Have you seen these gaze de chambray? We have got them a bargain. They were recovered from a wreck, and—

Edwin. We don't want them.

[The White-haired Manager recognises EDWIN, and retires in confusion.

Angelina (on leaving SNOOKS'S, pointing to another shop-window). Oh, EDWIN, darling, there's exactly the same thing we have just bought!

Edwin (with malicious pleasure). Yes; and just a shilling the yard cheaper! [Scene closes in.

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT the French call "*faits divers*," which are anything but facts, are sprinkled pretty freely in our own provincial press, especially when Parliament has risen for the recess. Clearly some of our contemporaries give their constant readers credit for enormous powers of credence, when they fill so many columns with such paragraphs as these:—

SINGULAR FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—A curious instance of the versatility of the electric fluid occurred the other day in Longbowtown, Connecticut. During a tempest, which had raged above a week in that vicinity, a flash of lightning was observed, by a reporter who happened to be present, ascending the third lamp-post from the corner of the market-place. After turning off the gas, it descended to the ground again, and quickly crossed the pavement; then rang the area bell, and gave a thundering double knock at the door of Number Nine, the residence of DR. CRAMMER, to whom we owe a record of the subsequent proceedings. Entering through the key-hole, the lightning briskly ran upstairs, lit all the candles in the drawing-room, split the looking-glass in two, and played a waltz on the piano. Next it went into the smoking-room, and burned a box of choice Havannahs; then, dropping to the cellar, it drew the corks of six champagne bottles, without unfastening the wires; and, after cutting up a cucumber and a roast goose in the kitchen, it made its exit up the chimney, which it swept most carefully, consuming in its progress every particle of soot.

REMARKABLE VORACITY OF A PIKE.—A fact has come under our notice which we fancy has escaped the watchful eye of MR. BUCKLAND, MR. LEE, and other famous pisciculturists, to whom we would commend it as an incident well worthy of their investigating scrutiny. We are informed on what we take to be quite trustworthy (as Englishmen, we scorn to say reliable) authority, that somewhere on the road between Birmingham and Bangor there has been taken an old pike, by a man who means to keep it, and we are given to understand that as many as five pounds of current copper currency has in one day been found deposited in its capacious maw.

TOO OLD?

Enthusiastic Excursionist (at Hawarden). "We hope to see Mr. GLADSTONE as Leader again."
Mr. Gladstone. "He's too old, Sir!"

"You too old, my dear WILLIAM?" *Punch* cheerfully cried.

"Though your locks be a little bit grey,
 In your glance there is fire, in your port there is pride,
 You appear full of 'go' and of 'stay.'
 When last you the House with your eloquence woke,
 You bethumped that Blue Book in a style
 Which gave proof of a biceps yet stout for a stroke.
 Are you quite 'on the shelf' yet awhile?"

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You're game for a go
 With your axe or at Upsa or elm,
 You can strike, 'gainst the Pope, a right stark, swashing
 blow,
 Giant Gog with invective o'erwhelm.
 Speech, pamphlet, or paper you run off the reel
 In as facile a 'form' as of yore.
 You have done some stiff work, yet one cannot but feel
 You are good for a goodish bit more."

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You seem quite at home
 Whether Woodman you play at Hawarden,
 Hurl eloquent thunder 'gainst Turkey or Rome,
 Or enlarge on a Cottager's garden.
 Polemic or pastoral, lecture or jest,
 Who can say from your lips which comes patter?
 Too old, my dear Sir? Well, perhaps you know best;
 But I scarcely think that's what's the matter."

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? 'Tis pleasant, no doubt,
 With the Muses, at ease, to turn roamer;
 To forget the rude bray of the rabblement's shout
 In the long rolling music of HOMER.
 But what if the clarion should call to the front?
 If good cause, needing champion or pleader,
 Should summon our WILLIAM to bear battle's brunt—
 Would it find him 'too old' for a Leader?"

"Too old? We remember stout evergreen PAM;
 You're a youngster, you know, in comparison;
 BEN—pardon!—LORD BEACONSFIELD—scarcely a
 lamb—
 In the vanguard the contest yet carries on.
 That you're battle-fit yet, and in fettle right rare,
 There's full many a fact stands attester.
 While Achilles has thews, he's a chief we can't spare
 To pose—prematurely—as Nestor."



CLUB TALK.

"YOU'VE HEARD BROWNE'S MARRIED AGAIN?"

"NO! HAS HE? STUPID ASS! HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO LOSE HIS FIRST WIFE!"

FROM PILLAR TO POST;
 OR, THE ORGANISED PHILANTHROPISTS.
 (Period 1876.)

[See Times Police Report, Worship Street, August 23.]

SCENE I.—A Town Hall. Enter Distressed Woman, hurriedly.

Woman. Oh, if you please, I've had this ticket given me and this letter of recommendation, and the Gentleman told me you would assist me. I'm in great, great distress!

Well-Fed Official (after reading letter). Umph—yes—a sad case, indeed. (Cheerfully.) Very sad. I can't do better than give you a letter to one of the Organised Philanthropists (who is at the sea-side). His Town residence is only five miles from here. It's a pleasant walk. (Gives letter.) Good day.

SCENE II.—Exterior of Town Residence of First Organised Philanthropist.

Burly Butler (to Distressed Woman, who has walked the five miles). No, he's hout o' Town. Yes, I see it's hurgent; so you'd better go down to No. 720, Stucco Villas, to the Clergyman, he's one of the Philanthropists, an' he'll attend to you. Mind the dawg!

SCENE III.—Exterior of No. 720, Stucco Villas.

Enter Distressed Woman.

Distressed Woman. Oh dear, dear! what shall I do if he's not here? I'm so tired. What a long road! My poor children! they'll wonder what has become of me. [Knocks one knock.

Door opened by comfortable-looking Housekeeper.

Housekeeper. No, not to-day; and don't come knocking at people's doors like—Oh, you've got a letter. Dear, dear! you must have been suffering! How sad! Six children, too! Well, Mr. SERAPH

is not here just now; but when he's not here, MR. SCREWBLY, who's one of the Society, always attends to his business. It's about a mile and a half down the road. Good morning. [Shuts door.]

SCENE IV.—Exterior of House of third Organised Philanthropist.

Enter Distressed Woman, who is informed that MR. SCREWBLY is on the Continent, but that the Doctor, three squares off, will attend to her.

N.B.—To save time and space, it may be added that the Doctor can do nothing but refer her to the Relieving Officer, who was "also out." She then calls upon another Organised Philanthropist, who tells her to get a letter certifying her respectability and poverty. For this purpose she reverts to the Clergyman.

SCENE V.—Stucco Villas.

Clergyman. What, no food? Humph! Six children? Walked seventeen miles? Dear, dear! Well, you must live till Monday, and then you must go before the Organised Philanthropists. Let's see, there's seven of you altogether. Well, there's a twopence-halfpenny a-piece for you, and a halfpenny over. Mind, you'll have to show you're thoroughly respectable.

N.B.—In the meantime the Distressed Woman is arrested for doing what she had no right to do, i.e. pawning illegally to pay out a distress for rent. The Organised Philanthropists cast her off with horror. The Magistrate says it is a "painful case, and deserves the deepest sympathy," but he must fine her one shilling, and order her to pay six shillings, the value of the pledged articles.

SCENE VI. AND LAST—Interior of Police-Court. Woman being led to the Cells in default of payment.

Un-Organised Philanthropist. Here! look here! I'll pay the money. Let the poor creature go!

(Applause. Curtain.)



OUR MILITARY MANŒUVRES!

Irish Drill-Sergeant (to Squad of Militiamen). "PR'S'NT 'REMS!"—(Astonishing result.)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PRISINT'! JIST STIP OUT HERE NOW, AN' LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"

SOME ABSTRUSE CALCULATIONS.

THE Exhibition of Scientific apparatus, now open at South Kensington, includes several Calculating Machines. These will render an inestimable service to Statistical Science, and increase their utility a thousandfold, if they can work out some of the following interesting problems:—

How many persons of position in Society, supposed at the present time to be on the Continent, or at the Sea-side, or in Scotland, are all the while in London, leading a sequestered life in the back rooms of their apparently deserted mansions?

Of all those who are now away in expensive and unsatisfactory lodgings at places of fashionable resort, what per-centage are, at this moment, heartily wishing themselves back in their comfortable homes?

How many persons within the last six weeks have discovered that they are afflicted with some ailment, for which they (or their medical advisers) consider an immediate and thorough change imperatively requisite?

How many Englishmen and Englishwomen are now lavishing their money and their raptures on France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Iceland, &c., who have the most meagre acquaintance with the beauties and attractions of their own country?

How many yards of material are comprehended in a silk dress for evening wear?

How many families will return home from abroad or the sea-side, and find everything as it ought to be—the papering and painting done to their satisfaction, the house clean, the furniture in nice order, and the conduct of the servants left in charge irreproachable?

How many Conservative speeches will be delivered in the recess, maintaining the last Session to have been everything that could be wished; and how many Liberal addresses will be devoted to proving the exact contrary?

How many anxious reflections will SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have between now and next February, when he thinks of the Leadership

of the House of Commons, with MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE sitting very attentive on the opposite benches?

How many times next Session will his party wish the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD back in the House of Commons?

How many Meetings, Congresses, Exhibitions, Shows, and Dinners will be held at home this autumn?

How many persons of ripe age can say, without dissembling, that they thoroughly enjoy a game of Lawn Tennis on a hot afternoon with the sun full in their eyes?

How many years have yet to elapse before London will be properly governed, and brought into a satisfactory state as to the condition of its streets, its gas and water supply, its smoke, its vehicles plying for hire, &c.?

How many persons moving in a respectable sphere of society can show a tolerable acquaintance with the geography of that quarter of Europe in which war is now going on?

How many passengers will cross the Channel these holidays, to whom the wish will not suggest itself with vivid intensity that the submarine tunnel between England and France was complete and in full activity?

How many novels have been published this last season which have the smallest chance of being remembered next year?

How many foreigners visit London without making an early call at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

Since the commencement of exhibitions of fireworks at the Crystal and Alexandra palaces, how many evenings have been fine and how many wet?

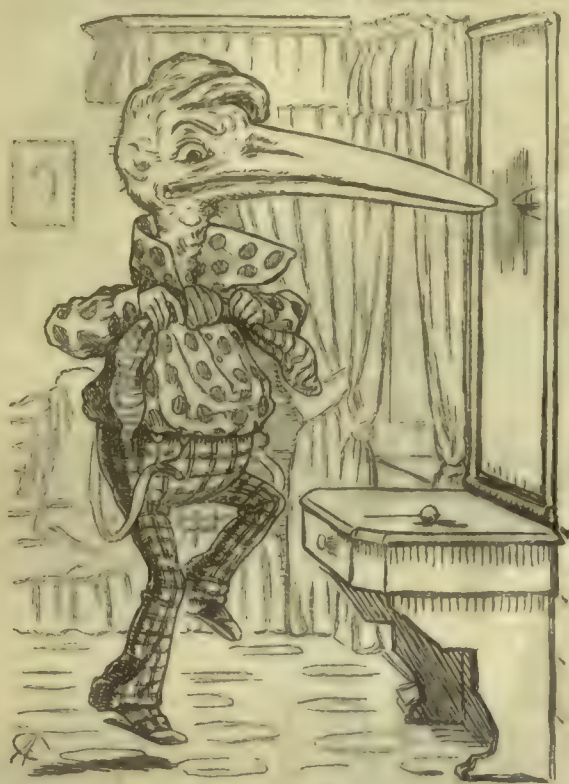
How many partridges will be shot on the first of September, and how many will be missed?

THE GOOD GREEN OYSTER.

Oyster (as MOROCCO in the Merchant of Venice). Mislike me not for my complexion.

A LONDONER'S RURAL REFLECTION.—The Hayfield is better than the Haymarket.

BIRDS FOR SEPTEMBER.



The Billiard Rook.—Found in large numbers at Scarborough, Boulogne, and other sea-side places. Plumage: Suits of "loud" patterns, and much artificial jewellery. Habits: Smoking, drinking, and gambling. Favourite companion, the Army Pigeon.

The Army Pigeon.—Found chiefly in fashionable watering-places, both coast and inland. Plumage very similar to the Billiard Rook, but not quite so gorgeous. Jewellery genuine. Habits: Intemperance, wild betting, and money-paying. Favourite companion, the Billiard Rook.

The Tame Dove.—Found in country-houses all over England and Scotland. Plumage: Sober-coloured clothes of the best make. Habits: Chatting, piano-playing, tenor-song singing, and five o'clock tea-taking. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The County Canary.—Found generally in her father's country-seat. Plumage supplied entirely by WORTH. Habits: Flirting, money-spending, riding, and dancing. Favourite companion, the Scarlet Soldier-Bird.

The Scarlet Soldier-Bird.—Found chiefly in small country towns where a garrison is maintained. Plumage varies with the time of day; in the morning bright red, in the evening black and white. Habits: Soda-and-brandy drinking, smoking, strutting, and flirtation. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The Provincial Peacock.—Found chiefly in his own nest (Peacock Court) or by the covert-side. Plumage: Shooting-coat with leather on the shoulders, knickerbockers, and hob-nailed boots. Habits: Shooting, farming, and laying down the law. Favourite companion, the Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.

The Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.—Found in most places where guns are held in high esteem. Plumage: Suit of tweed ditto, gaiters, and strong boots. Habits: Shooting, eating, and sleeping. Favourite companion, the Provincial Peacock.

The Histrionic Mocking-Bird.—Found chiefly in country houses where the young Ladies like "dressing up." Plumage: Eccentric costume, suggestive of the farces of Mr. MADISON MORTON. No whiskers nor moustache. Habits: Lecturing, swaggering, and giving weak imitations of popular metropolitan actors. Favourite companion, the Melancholy Magpie.

The Melancholy Magpie.—Found generally in houses given over to the delights of amateur theatricals. Plumage of the simplest description; clothes old-fashioned and unbecoming. Habits: Making attempts to act, sneering, and raising objections. Favourite companion, the Business-like Parrot.

The Business-like Parrot.—Found occasionally in houses where the services of a professional stage-manager are required. Plumage: Black clothes, with coloured cotton shirts. Habits: Repeating the same directions twenty times an hour, keeping his temper, and

exercising forbearance under very trying circumstances. Favourite companions, his family.

The Human Bird of Paradise.—Found in the most poverty-stricken neighbourhoods. Plumage neat and unpretending. Habits: Succouring the sick, feeding the hungry, and teaching the ignorant. Favourite companions, poor and suffering birds wherever she can find them.

The Steamboat Vulture.—Found in large numbers on the ocean. Plumage: Blue serge suit, with a gold-braided cap. Habits: Collecting tickets. Favourite companion, the First-Class Cabin Hawk.

The First-Class Cabin Hawk.—Found in steamboats plying between England and abroad. Plumage same as the Steamboat Vulture. Habits: Announcing dinner at unpleasant moments, avoiding passengers in the hours of their anguish, and joking when the waves are washing over the paddle-boxes. Favourite companion, the Steamboat Vulture.

The Foreign Cormorant.—Found in every town known to the compilers of MURRAY'S Handbooks. Plumage varying with its nationality. Habits: Carriage-letting and hotel-keeping. Favourite companion, the Courier Swallow.

The Courier Swallow.—Frequently discovered in attendance upon a family of distinction. Plumage according to the taste of his employers. Habits: Dispensing guide-book information and receiving tips. Favourite companion, the Foreign Cormorant.

The Foolish Bird of Passage.—Invariably found at this season of the year in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Plumage: Bright yellow tourist suit, and cloth hat of peculiar construction. Habits: Decidedly British. Favourite companion, his wife.

The Bird of Wisdom.—Full particulars of this marvellous creature (bequeathed by Minerva to the most celebrated sage of this or any other age) can only be obtained at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

PUNCH'S COUNTRY COUSINS' GUIDE.

THE METROPOLIS IN THE MORTE SAISON.

8 A.M.—Rise, as in the country, and stroll round the Squares before breakfast, to see the turn out of Cooks and Charwomen. Ask your way back of the first Policeman you meet.

9 A.M.—Breakfast. First taste of London Milk and Butter. Analyse, if not in a hurry. Any Policeman will show you the nearest Chemist.

10 A.M.—To Battersea Park to see Carpets beaten. Curious atmospheric effects observable in the clouds of dust and the language of the beaters. Inquire your road of any Policeman.

11 A.M.—Take Penny Steamer up to Westminster Bridge, in time to arrive at Scotland Yard, and inspect the Police as they start on their various beats. For any information, inquire of the Inspector.

12 A.M.—Hansom Cab Races. These can be viewed at any hour by standing still at a hundred yards from any Cabstand and holding up a shilling. An amusing sequel may be enjoyed by referring all the drivers to the nearest Policeman.

1 P.M.—Observe the beauties of solitude among the flowers in Hyde Park. Lunch at the Lodge on Curds and Whey. Ask the whey of the Park Keeper.

2 P.M.—Visit the Exhibitions of Painting on the various scaffoldings in Belgravia. Ask the next Policeman if the House Painters are Royal Academicians. Note what he says.

3 P.M.—Look at the shops in Bond Street and Regent Street, and purchase the dummy goods disposed of at an awful sacrifice.

4 P.M.—See the Stickleback fed at the Westminster Aquarium. If nervous at being alone, ask the Policeman in waiting to accompany you over the building.

5 P.M.—Find a friend still in Town to give you five o'clock tea in her back drawing-room—the front of the house being shut up.

6 P.M.—Back to the Park. Imagine the imposing cavalcades in Rotten Row (now invisible), with the aid of one exercising groom and the two daughters of a riding-master in full procession.

7 P.M.—Wake up the Waiters at the Triclinium Restaurant, and persuade them to warm up dinner for your benefit.

8 P.M.—Perambulate the Strand, and visit the closed doors of the various Theatres. Ask the nearest Policeman for his opinion on London Actors. You will find it as good as a play.

9 P.M.—A Turkish Bath may be had in Covent Garden Theatre. Towels or Programmes are supplied by the Policeman at the doors.

10 P.M.—Converse, before turning in, with the Policeman on duty or the Fireman in charge of the fire-escape. Much interesting information may be obtained in this way.

11 P.M.—Supper at the Cabman's Shelter, or the Coffee Stall corner of Hyde Park. Get a Policeman to take you home to Bed.

WATERING THE PORT.

MR. PUNCH being asked what river Boulogne was on? promptly replied (remembering the bouquet of its fine old Port), "The Odour."

JOHN BULL AND HIS GUIDES.



HE pilgrim of Britain,
His track fain to fit
in
Rule spoken or writ-
ten,
Learns to like and to
look
By his Guide or his
Book,
Be it MURRAY or COOK;

The same thing's left undone,
The same by each one done,
'Twixt Thule and London.

All their "selves" glad to merge,
Through the same gap must surge,
Like the sheep of Panurge,

As Cook bids, on they scurry;
Or tractably hurry
At the order of MURRAY.

JOHN BULL once had a "willy,"
And also a "nilly;"
Loved to dally or dilly—

With his own eyes once looked:
Now he likes his routes Cooked,
His opinions' Red-booked,

His thoughts run in a mould—
Calf's-foot jelly-like, cold—
Laughs or sighs, as he's told

To be grave or rejoice;
Till his voice is COOK's voice,
And his choice is COOK's choice.

COOK's tariff his steady care:
His taste ruled by ready care
Of MURRAY or BAEDERER.

Trots and halts in a band,
Likes, dislikes, second hand,
At the word of command.

And regains his own shore,
His travelling o'er,
The same BULL as before.

WHAT NO ONE SHOULD FORGET, IN CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

To place his Rugs, Carpet-bags, and Umbrellas on the six best seats on the Boat.

To worry the Captain with remarks about the state of the weather and the performance of the Steamer: to observe to the Steward that there is a change in the weather, and that there were more Passengers the last time he crossed.

To speak to the Man at the Wheel, and ask him whether there was much sea on last trip.

To change his last half-crown into French money, and squabble with the Steward as to the rate of exchange.

To stare at his neighbours, read aloud their names on their luggage, and remark audibly that he'll lay anything the Lady with the slight twang is an American.

To repeat the ancient Joke on "Back her! stop her!"

If the passage is rough, to put his feet on his neighbour's head, after appropriating all the cushions in the cabin.

To call for Crockery in time. N.B.—Most important.

To groan furiously for an hour and a half, if a sufferer; or, if utterly callous to waves and their commotions, to eat beef and ham, and drink porter and brandy-and-water, during the entire voyage, with as much clattering of forks and noise of mastication as is compatible with enjoyment.

To kiss his hand, on entering the harbour, to the *matelottes* on the quays, or send his love in bad French to the Prefect of Police.

To struggle for a front place, in crowding off the Steamer, as if the ship was on fire. And finally—

To answer every one who addresses him in good English in the worst possible French.

SS. Patrick and Partridge.

"Now at the Birds, me Boy, let dhrive!"
Says MIKE, exhorting DAN.

"That's how we'll keep the game alive,
By killing all we can!"



ALL OUT SHOOTING.

PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO EXMOOR THIS YEAR, THINKING TO HAVE A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE FIRST. BUT SO THOUGHT THEY AS WELL; AND HERE THEY COME!

First. "BABAN," OUR COLLEY (as Retriever). Second. UNCLE PHIL, WITH UMBRELLA (as Beater). Third. "PA." Fourth. MASTER GEORGE, WITH LONG BOW AND "QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS!" Fifth. MASTER CLARE (9), CROSS-BOW AND DITTO! [And a very pleasant day they had.]

OUR CAT SHOW.

ONE of these fine days (if we are lucky in the weather) we mean to start a Cat Show, for the purpose of displaying certain interesting specimens which have not yet been admitted to feline exhibitions. For instance, we imagine that the No-tailed Cat of Manxland is not much of a novelty, although there may be sceptics who question its existence. But the British Nine-tailed Cat has not been shown lately, excepting to those favoured with a private view of it in Newgate. We may conceive, then, that a specimen will be regarded with considerable interest by the public, and, if a few professional garotters or ruffianly wife-beaters can be induced to come, they perhaps may learn a highly beneficial lesson.

Another most attractive novelty will be the Voiceless Cat (*Felis silens*), a breed which we shall take great pride in introducing. So many people are annoyed by the Clamour-making Cat (*Felis catter-waulans*), which is well known to all Londoners, more especially at nightfall, that we expect the Voiceless Cat will be much petted by the public, and we doubt not that a first prize will be readily awarded to it. Indeed, we think it likely that its merits will obtain the Gold Medal of the Show, and, if this should be the case, we would suggest as a fit motto, to be stamped upon the medal, "*Sans purr et sans reproche*."

Perhaps, however, the most curious of all the Cats exhibited will be the *Felis omnivora*, or Common Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat. Of this extraordinary species we are expecting to collect some vastly interesting specimens, from Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough, Llandudno, and many other sea-side popular resorts. The principal peculiarities of the Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat are its voracious appetite and unparalleled capacity for consuming or destroying everything within its reach. There are cases upon record wherein abundant evidence has been furnished as to this, and we fancy few zoologists

will venture to dispute the truth of our assertion that few creatures are more costly than the *Felis omnivora*, if we regard merely the damage it is daily said to do. If we may credit oral testimony, it would appear that in one single night a Cat of this destructive breed has broken a decanter, three wine glasses, and the handle of a water-jug, besides emptying a cigar-case, a jam-pot, and a tea-caddy, and more than half consuming a stick of barley-sugar and a tin of macaroons. There would seem to be no limit to the powers of its appetite, or the variety of its tastes. Eatables and drinkables disappear, when in its neighbourhood, with marvellous rapidity; and things which would be scarcely digested by an Ostrich are stomachached with facility by this all-consuming Cat. From soap to soda-water, from hair-oil to postage-stamps, everything will vanish that comes into its claws. Bolts and bars will fly asunder; closets, cellars, cheffoniers will readily reveal their treasures to this creature, and be gutted in a twinkling of their manifold contents. According to one Landlady, whose evidence was fortified by that of her own servant, the absence of two hours on the part of a Lodger has afforded ample time for a Cat of this description to steal a quire of note-paper, swallow three-fourths of an apple-pie and half a leg of mutton, besides drinking very nearly a whole bottle of Scotch whiskey, kept under lock and key.

Striking Allusion.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to explain what the Directors of a certain Railway Company mean by announcing that passengers taking return tickets to Belfast are required to have their tickets Punched on board the steamboats—to prevent fraud. Some sort of reference to himself, apparently, has been suggested by the word "Punched" with a large P. Perhaps it is expected that this suggestion will be taken for a capital joke.

NASAL REFORM.



HADE of SLAWKENBERGIUS, here is an advertisement, extracted, with unimportant and nominal alterations, from the *Daily News*!—

A.—ITS nose is . . . Send me number of SMITH BROWN's, Blank Highway, that I may get a NOSE MACHINE to alter it. Will BROWN send machine by post for 10s. 6d. in stamps? Write soon.

What an engine, if really available to modify noses, and if you, SLAWKENBERGIUS and MR. SHANDY, are right, this Nose Machine must be for good or evil! For evil, as enabling a capricious or unnatural parent to twist and alter perhaps the leading family feature of his child. For good, when instrumental to a scientific physiognomist in elongating a stunted nose, rectifying a misshapen one, or even perhaps so moulding the nose

as with it to mould also the character. Of course the DUKE of WELLINGTON, but for his nose, would never have won Waterloo. Convert a nose into such another as WELLINGTON's, and constitute another WELLINGTON. Or suppose a Hebrew converted by a Missionary, his nose, by means of the Nose Machine, could, if he wished it, be converted too. Talk of TALLACOTUS, and his rhinoplastic operation, what is that to SMITH BROWN, and Mr. Brown's rhinoplastic apparatus? Think what wonders of moral and social improvement it is capable of being, and, let us hope, in good hands will be, employed to work! And all at the comparatively small sum of ten and sixpence! To be sure, the name of BROWN is a substitute for the one that appears in the original advertisement, which, purporting to signify a want of the Nose Machine, may just possibly be mistaken for a dodge to promote its sale.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

At MORRISON'S—Tied by the Leg—Dulness—Anticipations unrealised—Irishmen wanted—Cricket at Trinity—Nothing doing—Resolution—Cheering up—Hospitality—A Promise—Jokes on Bray—Railway Officials—Irish Fatalism—A new Philosophy.

I HAVE only one disturbing thought on awaking to the pleasant fact that I am in Dublin, and that is the legal memorandum now lying before me, dating from PLUMPTON and SPRY's, which, speaking for HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY and her trusty and well-beloved SIR PETER PYPPE, Lord Chief Justice of England, in effect, says, "My dear friend, don't go too far: be as quick as you can: for, at any time, and at any place, you may be wanted." Why, even Dr. Faust's bargain with *Il Diavolo's* agent, *Mephistopheles*, was better than this. He knew the length of his tether: I don't. Evidently, I must make the best use of my time. With which moral sentiment I sit down to make my arrangements, and take breakfast, in the grand but cheerless Coffee-Room.

I cannot, as yet, shake off the flat champagne feeling which has fallen upon me. There is no Rollicking. I have been all along expecting Rollicking everywhere, and I can't see a sign of it.

I had expected the Waiters to be brimming over with fun. I anticipated mistakes at my meals which would be immediately redeemed by such a sally of wit as would set the table, that is, myself at the table, in a roar.

Not a bit of it. The Waiters are obliging, but melancholy. The exemplary and polite Manager speaks with an accent, which, being in Ireland, I attribute to some provinciality. I address him as an Irishman. He is flattered by my compliment to his pronunciation of English, but he is a Frenchman.

After this I am more cautious. Clearly, all is not Irish that is in Ireland. The Head Waiter speaks English perfectly. He is, at all events, not an Irishman. I ask him how long he has been here. Oh, any number of years. I wonder he has not picked up the brogue. He smiles: he thinks I am satirical . . . as he happens to be an Irishman.

One more shot. A bright-haired, broad-shouldered Waiter, close shaven, with a bright complexion. A North Country Irishman, I'll

be bound. He certainly *has* a brogue. Wrong again. He is a Swede.

As far as Waiters are concerned, I give up all guessing at nationality.

"Ireland for the Irish"? Nonsense. Ireland for the Englishmen, the Frenchmen, and the Swedes. Already I feel I must be a Home-Ruler, or something which means Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland.

Humming the "*Wearing of the Green*," I take my way down to Westland Row Station. The only "*Wearing of the Green*" I can see comes from the shoes of the cricketers engaged in a match on the Trinity College ground. The sports of the Collegians are visible to the public through the railings, very much as the sports of the Blue Coat Boys are witnessed with delight by the passers-by, to and fro, before that depressing debtors'-prison sort of grille.

I join the spectators at the railings. No; I cannot associate the appearance of these Collegians, nor the exterior of the College itself, with anything academical—that is, as I understand academical. I see no accidental caps and gowns, which give the local colouring to the streets, to the College grounds, and even the neighbourhood, of the old Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. I see nothing which calls to mind the Students' club caps of Heidelberg and Bonn, or the Polytechnic of Aachen. It is all too modern, too unacademical, for a College, and after this I should not be surprised if I saw the Judges and Barristers in the Law Courts without their wigs and bands.

From all along the line of lookers-on outside I hear no sharp remarks, no telling observations, in fact, nothing humorous or funny whatever. I sigh and pass on. Have I arrived in Dublin at a time when, as they say in the City, "things are uncommonly flat, and nothing doing"? I walk on, "speculating for a rise," as I pass the Carmen on their stand. There are no rises, there are no sells. I have come on Dublin at a bad moment.

I will go to Bray. Were I to announce this intention in the presence of some foolish jesters, whose aim in life is never to let a word pass that can be played upon, they would immediately retort, "Are you going to Bray? Nothing more natural, my dear fellow." It is a kind of pun that makes one sad.

Happy Thought.—Call on a friend of KEPPEL BIRKETT's, who "knows the ropes," or, rather, "the lines," and ask about going to Bray, and what to see when I get there. He is so delighted to see me, and I am so heartily received that I begin to cheer up.

My excellent acquaintance is sorry to part with me for a moment. Have I breakfasted? Yes? Then, will I take anything? No? Then won't I come and lunch? Won't I dine? Won't I stay with them? Surely I am not going away so soon? Why, there are at least fifty people who would never forgive him (the speaker) if he allowed me to quit Dublin.

Happy Thought.—The Irish are evidently a most hospitable people.

I explain. Legal business (meaning PLUMPTON and SPRY) necessitates a short stay.

DALEY's distress is really genuine. If he could only improvise a dinner-party on the spot, there and then, in his office, he would do so. He hardly can bring himself to part with me. He has his doubts about my ever coming back again, if once I am allowed to leave Dublin. He is overflowing with genial regret that he cannot travel with me, keeping a guard over me as though I were a hospitality-prisoner, for whose appearance at the dinner hour he, DALEY, had made himself responsible. But if I go now I shall return? Certainly.

"I must get Dr. PHORDE McMULLEN and SIR RICHARD LOFTUS to meet you," says my new friend, DALEY, pondering. "Ye'll know PHORDE and LOFTUS?"

Will I? I mean, do I? No, I regret to say I don't. I feel, somehow, I ought to.

"PHORDE writes for the Magazines, and his book on *The Dithyrambic of Slogan*,—maybe ye'll have heard of that? It made a good deal of stir lately, and neither TENNYSON nor BROWNING could reply to it."

I feel that I'm "not in it," as the sporting men say.

Happy Thought.—Of course I know Dr.—er—er—(I have forgotten his name, and DALEY kindly supplies it)—yes, Dr. PHORDE, by reputation, but I've never had the pleasure of meeting him.

"You shall then," says DALEY, heartily. "I'll get together all the boys I can, and we'll have a night of it."

I am delighted at the prospect. Yet my joy is tinged with fear. Who are "the boys"? What does a "night of it" mean? Whiskey punch and smoking, and every one, being accustomed to "nights of it," all right except myself? And is it myself that'll be ill for at least a week afterwards? If so—then the best thing will be to see the country first and enjoy my days, then return to Dublin "to make nights of it."

Yet I feel that I have PLUMPTON and SPRY after me. Before starting for Bray I write to them, "Sirs, I shall be at Bray before you get this, and after that probably 'Post Office, Dublin,' will find

me: I mean, I shall find a letter or a telegram, if you send one, at Post Office, Dublin. Is this clear? How's the case getting on?"

A Real Happy Thought for a Postscript.—"Try and do without my evidence, as what I know of the matter will be dead against your side. Yours ever, &c."

Evidently that will stagger PLUMPTON and bother SPEY. It means, in effect, "Don't call me as your witness, or you'll lose."

Now to Bray. Most unfortunate name as falling unavoidably into the form of expression. I suppose the elegant witticism of pointing to a passenger and saying "There's a donkey going to Bray" must have long ago been exhausted in every form. Thank goodness for that.

It is impossible to help remarking at all Stations on the Irish lines, the charmingly careless manner of the officials. They are all peculiarly polite, but they seem to be taking their duty as a pleasure, and not to be after botherin' themselves about the punctuality of the trains. An Irish porter never knows *exactly* when the next train is going, nor *where* it is going to. But, clearly, this concerns the passenger, not him. Yet, on the whole, in spite of this carelessness of manner, this utter absence of all fussiness—for no one ever yet saw any Irishman in a hurry—is only characteristic of the people, and not any evidence of unpunctuality on the part of the trains. On the contrary, my experience is—if called as a witness in a committee-room on a question of Irish lines—that they do keep time admirably. Their careless manner is rather suggestive of a kind of cheerful fatalism,—that is, an "all-right-in-the-end" view,—than of any want of confidence in the railways, and those who manage them.

The Irish, in respect of conduct at Railway Stations all along the line—for I am reviewing them all along the line—

Happy Thought.—A first-rate subject for MISS THOMPSON, when

tired of the Military, would be—"The Old (Railway) Guard—A Review all along the Line." I make this a present to the justly celebrated artist whose motto should be from the song of the *Grande Duchesse*, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!*"

But, "Proceed? Your story interests me much."

As I was saying, when I was interrupted, the conduct of the Irish at Railway Stations reminds me of the French and Belgian country people at their *gares* on *fête* days, when trains run anyhow, at any time and at all times, on any lines and on all lines, when peasants, ladies, gentlemen, soldiers, ecclesiastics, police, officials, porters, women with flags, or bells, or horns (in their hands, *bien entendu*—horns to blow as signal for the train to start—or bells in their horny hands—suggestion for a joke for *HOMER TOOKER*, or *SHERIDAN*, or *SYDNEY SMITH*), all wander about the lines quite calmly and most happily, occasionally drawing aside to allow an engine to pass, and helping their friends to descend from the compartments, which are at some distance from the ground, and to reach a platform is out of the question.

Once get into your head that "There's no occasion to hurry," and travelling in Ireland becomes a pleasure: only you must enter into this peculiar phase of Irish humour. And, above all things, you must adopt the "all-right-in-the-end" philosophy of DR. O'KIMMER.

The Tourist in Ireland should not have any clear idea of where he is going to next. He may, just for the sake of the Clerk at the ticket-office, and of his luggage—if any to speak of—name a destination, but it will be more in keeping with the tone of the people if he is prepared to stop at some unexpectedly attractive spot on the road, have his luggage out, and remain there until he has had enough of it.

In this spirit I "go for" Bray.

THE FRENCH ON THE FIRST.



ONLY the other day a new French paper was established in Paris, under the suggestive title of *Le Sportsman*, which, doubtless, will soon become as popular amongst our neighbours as *Bell's Life* is with us. As the journal is a new one, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in presenting its proprietors with a report of

Sport on the First which has been furnished to him by an experienced French "*Gentlemen-Ridère*," regardless of expense:—

Hôtel de France et Les Deux Mondes, W.C.,
September 1, 1876.

MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

You have asked me am I Sportsman? It was an insult! A Frenchman is always brave. To be Sportsman one must also be brave. Therefore a Frenchman is always Sportsman. Why? Because he is brave. "This may not be truth," you say. No. It is something better—it is logic!

I am Sportsman, and I have many friends of distinction who are also Sportsmen. They are French. On August 31st we met at your grandest London square—your square where *WILLIAM SHAKSPIERRE* (the Immortal *WILLIAMS*! Ah! he was a great man, a very great man—nearly as great as our own *ALEXANDRE DUMAS*) points to a fountain which plays but seldom, and we discussed—you ask what? What should "*Gentlemen-Ridères*" discuss? Why, the Sport. Long live the Sport! We decided, we three "*Gentlemen-Ridères*," to go and shoot your partridges, your swallows, your pheasants, your rabbits, your sea-gull! Ah! you think we French do not know your Sport—your 1st September! You are mistaken! Miserables, you are all mistaken! We know the Sport very well.

We dressed in full costume; we were prepared for the terrors of the Chase. The *MARQUIS DE CHATEAU ORDINAIRE* wore green velvet, the *VICOMTE DE POMMES FRITES* blue satin, and I red cloth, for I love to chase the artful hare. We all had large horns worn

round the body, and our hunting swords dangled at our sides. The *Marquis*, as our leader, wore a plume of feathers in his jocké hat—our jocké hats were only trimmed with gold. You see, we French Sportsmen know how to dress.

We took our places in the train, and soon reached the wood we had fixed on. It belonged to a gentleman who had advertised. I quote his communication; it has appeared in your *Times*:—

SHOOTING over 1500 Acres for Two Months.—A Gentleman, having been prevented from shooting his well-preserved Manor, is desirous of having two or three Gentlemen to shoot.

This Sportsman he could not shoot his manor! Then could he shoot us? We would put him to the test, and prove your boasted "crack shots" was a nonsense. France would then triumph, as she has always triumphed. Is she not Civilisation? And is not Civilisation another name for Triumph? If you do not believe me, ask *VICTOR HUGO*. It is his affair.

When we reached this assassin "*Gentlemen-Ridère*" he explained himself to us. He did not wish to shoot us. It was not to be a duel, but a bargain. A bargain! You are *miserables*, you are touts, you are a nation of shopkeepers! The advertising assassin wished to let his shooting at so much a month! The advertisement was an insult, a nonsense!

But were we to be balked? We had come to brave danger—to be baptised with fire. We made up our minds. We could undergo something more dreadful, more dangerous, than a duel. *We would go out shooting with one another!* Had we not all been provided with shot-proof under-waistcoats, who would have lived? We fired at everything! And the result? We made a "bags"! Ah! you see we know your terms of sport! We have a "*Tattersall's Français*," we have also a "bags"! This was the contents of our "bags":—

One Plume of Green Feathers, shot off the jocké hat of *M. le Marquis*.

Two Figs. The Viscount aimed at a stack of hay and killed the "porkères."

One Dog. He got in my way as I was shooting at a Cow.

One Finger, belonging to *M. le Vicomte*. *M. le Marquis* was the marksman.

One Sheep. He walked up to my gun to taste it as I was letting it off.

And one Fox! We all killed him! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip!

But you insolent islanders are unsympathetic! Instead of carrying us home in triumph, the villagers (whom we had summoned to our sides with a long solo on our horns) heaped upon our heads reproaches. Nay, it was worse. *M. le Marquis* was actually bathed in the pond of horses! But we will be avenged! Our children shall avenge us! You hear, our children shall avenge us! Beware and tremble!

We left the country amidst great "reclamations," and travelled home. When we got to Leicester Square the 1st of September was over!

Receive my salutations the most distinguished.

(Signed)

LE CHEVALIER CANARD.



SOCIAL BEINGS.

WEARIED BY LONDON DISSIPATION, THE MARJORIBANKS BROWNS GO, FOR THE SAKE OF PERFECT QUIET, TO THAT PICTURESQUE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE, SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, WHERE THEY TRUST THAT THEY WILL NOT MEET A SINGLE SOUL THEY KNOW. ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES GO TO THE SAME SPOT WITH THE SAME PURPOSE.

NOW, THESE JONESES AND BROWNS CORDIALLY DETEST EACH OTHER IN LONDON, AND ARE NOT EVEN ON SPEAKING TERMS; YET SUCH IS THE DEPRESSING EFFECT OF "PERFECT QUIET" THAT, AS SOON AS THEY MEET AT SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, THEY RUSH INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS WITH A WILD SENSE OF RELIEF!

THE BRITON ABROAD.

(A few useful Sentences, to be translated into French and German, for the use of all true Britons.)

BE good enough to show me a Room~furnished in the English fashion.

Please get me some Brandy and Soda Water.

I want some Eggs and Bacon and three cups of Tea for my Breakfast.

Will you show me a Shop where I can get Buns for my Wife's lunch, and Muffins and Crumpets for the Children's tea.

I shall require a Beefsteak and a bottle of Bass's Ale at one o'clock.

Get me a Cab—a Hansom, if possible.

Where is the English Church?

Where does the English Doctor live?

Is there an English Lawyer in this town?

Where can I see all the English papers?

Where can my Wife get English dresses?

Where can I get English cigars?

For dinner I shall want some Oxtail Soup, a Cod's head and Oyster Sauce, and a Sirloin.

I should like half a dozen bottles of Ginger-beer.

Do you know how to mix Shandy-gaff?

Have you a copy of *Bradshaw*?

Where can I get *Murray's Guide*?

I see that there is a "*Jardin Anglais*" in this town. Be good enough to direct me to it.

Bring me the *Times* and this week's *Punch*.

What do they think here of the Prisons Bill, the Education Act, and the new Statue to the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh?

I suppose you were all surprised to find "*Dizzy*" accepting a call to the Upper House?

I shall want a Tub in the morning.

Not know what a "Tub" is! Why a Bath, to be sure.

No Bath in this town!

What! you don't think I shall be able to get a Bath in the whole country!

Order my traps to be put back into the Omnibus. I shall leave for England by the next train!

THE BULGARIAN STATUS QUO.

THE status quo? As 'twas before?

The state of bondage to the Turk?

Mahometan misrule restore?

Confirm the Moslem's fiendish work?

Oh devilry, that far and wide

Has ruin o'er Bulgaria spread,

And blood, by Summer scarcely dried

Upon the half-unburied dead!

Think of Batak made Moloch's den,

That Tophet, and its putrid mire;

Heaped with the skulls and bones of men;

The charnel-relics marked with fire;

Those blackened walls, and those remains,

Women's and babes—the worst that tell!

THE status quo? Bulgaria's plains

Relinquished to the hordes of hell?

Unless the British Lion's roar

Is mere bombast, ye Statesmen, No!

Diplomacy shall not restore

That execrable status quo!

LITERARY.—An article in a daily, entitled *The Political History of Bucks*, is to be followed up by *Social Memorials of Swells*.



THE STATUS QUO.

TURKEY. "WILL YOU NOT STILL BEFRIEND ME?"

BRITANNIA. "BEFRIEND YOU?—NOT WITH YOUR HANDS OF *THAT COLOUR!*"



THE CLERICAL DRAMA.



HE subjoined advertisement is no parody. It was cut bodily out of a newspaper:—

WANTED, an ASSISTANT CHOIR-MASTER for Holy Trinity, Bordesley. Duties, to attend two Sunday services and to conduct two rehearsals weekly. Tenor voice preferred. Salary £20. Chorister Boys are also required. To those who possess good voices, and have a fair knowledge of music, £4 a year can be offered. The Organist would also be glad to receive applications from Amateur Gentlemen desirous of joining the Choir.—Address, &c., &c.

Nor is there any reason to suppose

this notification to have been the hoax of a wag. But had the "Theatre Royal" been substituted for "Holy Trinity," "Weekly Performances" for "Sunday services," "Conductor" for "Organist," "Chorus" for "Choir," and if "dress" had been inserted before "rehearsals," would it not have passed for a genuine announcement from the Management of a set of operatic performances? If, however, Holy Trinity is a Ritualist Church, there is candour, as far at least as its musical direction is concerned, in advertising for "Amateur Gentlemen" who may be "desirous of joining the Choir." But is not this partial? To be perfectly straightforward, ought not the controllers of the whole concern to advertise also for Amateur Roman Catholic Priests to assist their Clergy?

BEN-CHIRON'S COUNSELS.

A Paraphrase for the Period.

BEN-CHIRON to his pupil thus began (STAFFORDUS, plumed to pose in battle's van):—
 "Aspiring youth, well worthy of my pains,
 You now are free. Now grasp yourself the reins;
 The Commons' Chariot all alone control.
 I drive no more, for I have gained the goal:
 A Crown—of strawberry leaves, not parsley—calls.
 My wearied footsteps seek serenest Halls,
 Where, far from press of Partry's fiercer frays,
 I trust in dignity to end my days.
 Yet hear, STAFFORDUS, hear, before we part,
 A few 'oute wrinkles on the Leader's art!
 Not now the day of demigods indeed,
 Yet may you find my maxims worth your heed:
 Though HARTINGTONIUS no HECTOR be,
 You no ACHILLES, some shrewd fights you'll see.
 So listen, ere the embattled hosts approach,
 To the experienced counsels of your "Coach."
 These are the arms which smote PEELEDIES proud,
 And whose mere menace meaner warriors cowed.
 This is the sword oft crossed with PAM's aly steel,
 And whose keen point made e'en GLADSTONIUS feel.
 No Titan thews,—yet lither limbs are few;
 No ponderous glaive,—but then its temper's true.
 'Tis not from length of limb all victories flow,
 Not to sheer biceps all our force we owe;
 Long odds by art we lessen or remove,
 And skill and patience poorest plights improve.
 So have I fought, so 'gainst defeat made head,
 And so my hosts to slow, sure victory led.
 Think not, STAFFORDUS, that your happier fate,
 Forces less few, less faint, and foes less great,
 Can fix your rule. New "CAVES" may yet be found,
 Your serried ranks with discord may resound.
 Heed your Gymnasiarch, therefore. He goes hence,
 And may not leave you all his skill of fence,

His tricks of feint and parry; yet you've seen
 His style, STAFFORDUS,—and you're scarcely green.
 Your sword-arm slight, trust not to swashing fierce,
 But cool dexterity of *carle* and *tierce*.
 GLADSTONIUS, iron-thewed, like THOR may smite—
 I've stood, or stayed, his strokes in many a fight;—
 BOBBS the trenchant cuts and thrusts like flame—
 Full oft he's matched me at the Swordsman's game;—
 But, though they fall in thunder, flash as fire,
 Cool fence the doughtiest blades may foil or tire.
 Yet watch those twain, GLADSTONIUS chiefly. He
 Now fells his oaks or tills his glebe with glee;
 Music and verse and lettered ease control
 His ancient ardour, and make soft his soul:
 But 'ware ACHILLES waking! His the stroke
 That my most cunning guard too often broke;
 And his the strenuous foining, fine though fierce,
 Through which my point might prick, but scarce might pierce.
 BRUMMIO's stark sword-play now is seldom shown,
 But dodge his onset, would you hold your own.
 The rest I pass. No youthful Champion yet
 Recalls the daring days I half regret:
 I fought young heroes; equal war you'll wage
 With mediocrities of middle age.
 At least, *pro tem.*, and after—who can say?
 'Tis yours to arm for the immediate fray.
 Aim not at tasks too arduously great,
 Choose those where tact and patience wait on fate.
 GLADSTONIUS overleaped himself, and fell,
 And well you know his blunder served me well.
 That third stiff Irish wall, with Bungdom-Dyke,
 Brought even him a cropper. Shun the like!
 In the long race lash not too soon, nor lag,
 But watch the going of the rival nag;
 Hang at his withers, let him force the pace,
 Then, if he swerve, spur on and win the race!
 STAFFORDUS, learn, what's little understood,
 To play the waiting game—it's goal is good.
 At once yourself and Party you will bless,
 And crown your course, as I do, with—Success!
 The highest? That let casuists decide;
 At least we win the stakes for which we ride.
 Which won, that man's a muff who owns remorse
 Not to have entered for another course.

TRAVEL TWADDLE.

MODERN Travellers seem to find such ready sale for the rubbish they call "Notes," that we may expect very soon to hear of—

An Afternoon in Amsterdam, with an exhaustive analysis of the Dutch character.

A Morning in Mesopotamia, giving the Author's reasons for believing in the non-existence of NIMROD as a historical personage.

A Night in Nigritia, with an account of the most obvious phenomena of its Flora and Fauna.

Half-an-Hour in New York, with an exhaustive consideration of American financial and political prospects.

Five Minutes in the Crater of Vesuvius, with a description of its effect on the Author's circulation.

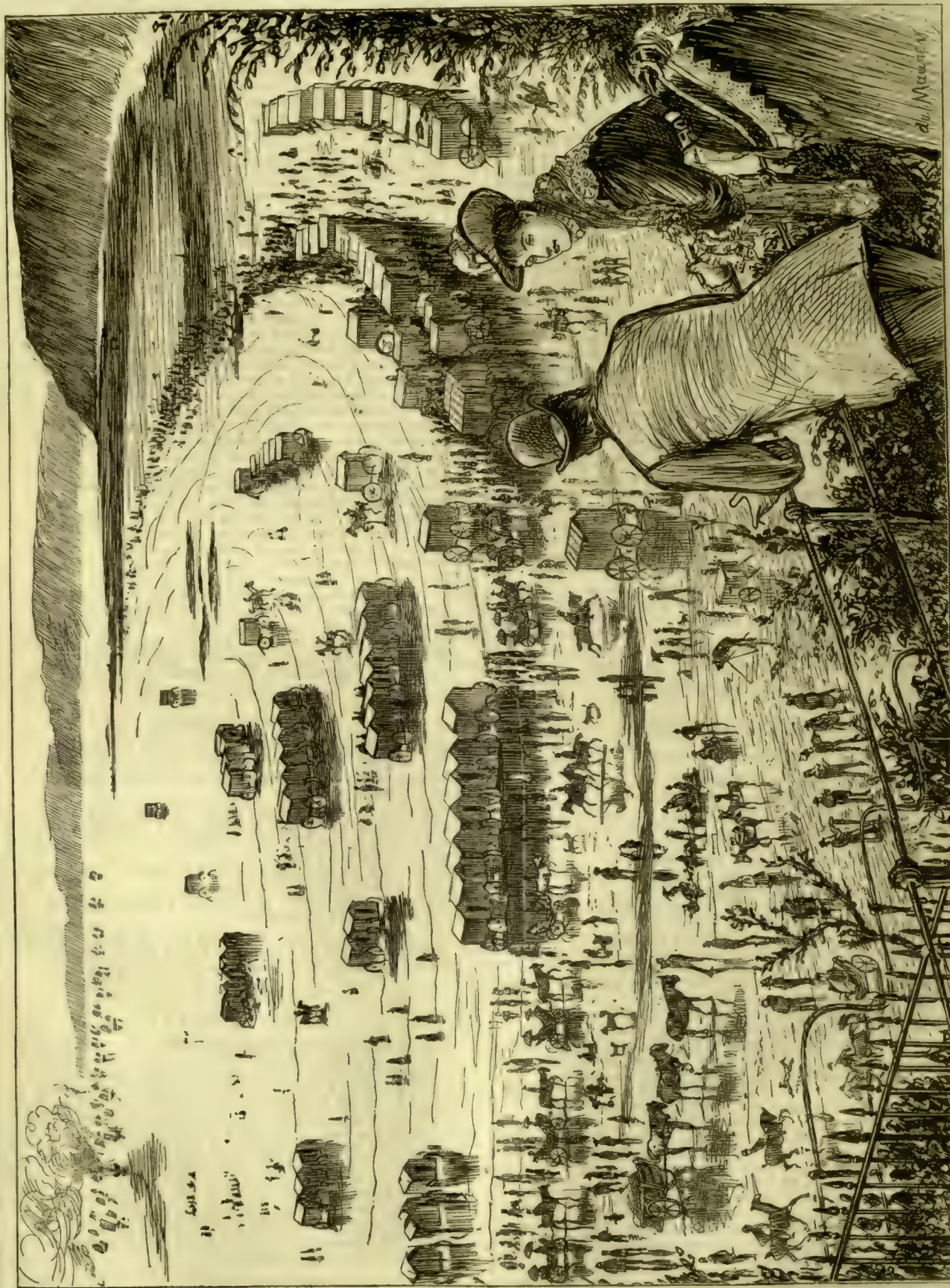
Truly SYDNEY SMITH was right when he said, modern travellers were much like a man who professed to tell you all that happened inside a house because he had had time to count its windows.

WHO CAN TELL?

"TITLE of Earl to descend to heirs male,
 Merely a nominal form of entail?"
 How do you know? Still, as ever, alive,
 Again mayn't a Widower possibly wife?
 And know you no cases of evergreen men
 Who were made happy fathers past three-score-and-ten?
 If strong enough yet for the State vessel's steerage,
 May not a Nobleman hand down a peerage?
 Did not a COKE, EARL OF LEICESTER, late wed,
 Leaving a son to be Earl in his stead?
 What may or may not happen, 'twere senseless to say,
 But then don't assume 'tis too late in the day,
 Nor conclude, with undue and unthinking temerity,
 That the Beaconsfield Earldom won't pass to posterity.

CON. FROM CONNAUGHT.

Av ye plaze, Sorr, when ought a Monk to sit by a fire?
 Shure, when he's cowl'd.



LOW TIDE ON SCARBOROUGH SANDS.—BATHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE CAPTAIN, WHO IS WELL UP IN HIS CLASSICS, TRANSLATES, FOR HIS FANTY'S BENEFIT, A CELEBRATED LATIN POEM (BY ONE LUCRETIVS) TO THE EFFECT THAT IT IS SWEET TO GAZE FROM THE CLIFF AT THE BATHING MACHINES VAINLY STRUGGLING TO TAKE THE UNFORTUNATE BATHERS INTO DEEP WATER.



"OFFICERS' GRIEVANCES."

Red-Nosed Captain of Twenty-five Years' Service (to Stout ditto). "BEASTLY SHAME TO 'RETIRE' US JUST AS WE'RE GETTING USEFUL!"

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.

(By an Indignant Anti-Plimsollite.)

1. That no Officer shall address a Sailor with his head covered.
2. That all vessels shall be provided with spring-beds and hair-mattresses for the use of Sailors.
3. That no Sailor shall be required to do duty when it rains, or when the deck is wet.
4. That no Sailor shall be prevented from taking his wife to sea, and, if he desires it, his family.
5. That the Captain shall always have in stock not less than twelve bassinets and twelve infants' bottles.
6. That no Sailor shall be required to stand at the wheel in summer without a parasol, or in winter without a hot-water tin. Parasols and hot-water tins to be supplied by the Captain.
7. That there shall be one portrait of MR. PLIMSOLL, not less than 2 ft. x 1 ft. 6 in., in all forecastles, and that the Captain shall always have not less than three in stock.
8. That no Sailor shall be required to go aloft after sunset, unless provided with lanterns, which one of the Officers shall hold for him.

Any breach of the above Regulations shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding £200 for the first offence, and for the second, £500, together with suspension of certificate.

By Order of the Committee,

(Signed)—for the B**rd of Tr**de,

THOS. GRAY, Secretary.

COSTUME IN KEEPING.

"Of all sweet things," said BERTHA, "for the sea-side, give me a serge." The Ancient Mariner shook his head. He didn't see the joke.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

MRS. MALAPROP has of course expressed herself as particularly horrified by the "Atrocities in Belgravia."

THE ASCENT OF THE APE.

"The servant of the future is found. M. VICTOR MEUNIER has solved the domestic servant question; the Monkey is to replace the Man. . . In his opinion the larger species of Monkey, when duly trained and taught, would be quite capable of replacing our JOHNS and MARYS."—*Standard*.

"The Monkey has been taught to work in the tea-gardens of China, just as an experienced Chinaman works, picking the suitable leaves and letting the others be. . . In the ancient Arabian myths the Ape was first described in writing as *the servant*—though an unwilling one, and by craft—of Man."—*The World*.

SIMIA (SATYRUS) loquitur—

THE Servant of the Future! Oh, confound it!

At last then they have found it,
The Open Secret. Purlblind potterers Men!
Hit on a truth by chance, though, now and then.
Utilisation of the Ape? Good gracious!
Their *savants* sage and voyagers veracious,
Their DARWINS and DU CHAILLUS, not a few,
Their travellers and theorists old and new,
From MARCO POLO to MONBODDO, ought—

A Monkey would have thought—
To have suggested, ere need urged their wits on,
The notion which at last this MEUNIER hits on.
By HANUMAN, 'tis ominous! Cheap labour
Is what the boobies call their "burning question."
Will they not hail it as a bright suggestion
To utilise their hairy next-door neighbour?
Who in intelligence and tact may rival

Dame Nature's last "survival,"
Who needs no dress, for liquor has no liking,
And knows not the philosophy of "striking"?

Civilised Apes? Beshrew the degradation
Of what these mortals call Civilisation!
Hard work and worry, wickedness and pleasure—
Worst curse of all!—No liberty, no leisure!
Better the woods, where life is free and jolly,
Free from the bonds of School-Boards and *Le Follet*.

Who would not rather be a free-born Monkey
Than a poor Clerk, a Statesman, or a flunkey?
DARWIN's a duffer. Anyhow, no Ape
Has an ambition to take human shape

Closer than cruel Nature
Has fashioned some of us in make and stature.
We are not flattered—vastly the reverse!—
By family likeness like to be our curse.

A Monkey on a board,
Decked out with coat, and cap, and broom, and sword,

Is a poor parody of the "man and brudder"
Which makes wise *Simia* shudder.

And now this MEUNIER—may his game be stayed—
Would universalise the masquerade!

It seems AH SING, the cunning Chinaman,
Has hit upon a plan

To undercut himself for labour cheap,
Found in the lowest depth a lower deep,
And, for himself at nothing sticking,
Caps all by setting Monkeys tea-leaf picking!
Bah! have we duped proud man for ages past,
But to be made a cat'spaw of at last?

Never!

At least if *Simia* from Peru to Siam
Of the same way of thinking are as I am.
They flatter us, and call us deft and clever,
But to betray us to the proletariat.

That MEUNIER's an Iscariot!
No doubt they'd like to utilise poor Jacko.
A labourer whom beer and bad tobacco
Had no attractions for, a household drudge
Whom "followers" and finery failed to spoil,
Were such auxiliary to the tribes of toil
As muddled Man most needs. But if I'm judge
Of Monkey-Mind, my tribe has no affection
For this particular species of "selection."

Men claim us as their ancestors—poor creatures!
Ape parentage is scarce apparent now,
Descent has sadly marred their form and features.
Where is the graceful tail, the family brow?
But Servants! Hang it! no egregious Frenchman
Shall make this Ape his henchman!

COMMON OBJECTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

(As I see them every day, and all day long, from my Marine View Lodgings.)



A GERMAN Band, consisting of a cornet, a clarinet, two horns, and a trombone—all dreadfully out of tune. This orchestra is sometimes reduced to a duet between the trombone and the junior horn; the remainder of the artistes deserting their instruments to forage for half-pence.

An Old Woman, with Cakes of an indigestible character. This person is in the habit of forcing her pernicious wares upon children, and then appealing to their parents for payment.

An Organ-grinder, with an instrument playing five old comic songs. The front of his organ is ornamented with a panorama of nothing in particular, which moves slowly, and has a tendency to stick.

Another Organ-grinder, with a very inferior instrument indeed. His entertainment is strengthened by the

presence (in a cosmopolitan uniform) of a deeply-aggrieved Monkey. The Monkey is conscientious in the discharge of his official duties, but evidently (from his demeanour) allows his thoughts to stray far away from the scene of his labours.

Yet a third Organ-grinder, who howls to his own accompaniment. His favourite air is "Santa Lucia," which he delivers as if it were a dirge suitable to the wake of a Hottentot Chieftain. After 11 A.M. this person is generally under the influence of liquor.

Two Foreigners (dirty and blasphemous), with a wiry Pianoforte mounted on a truck. Whilst one of them grinds out (in eccentric time) "The Conspirators' Chorus" from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the other fiercely demands money from nervous-looking old Ladies.

A very dirty Swiss Boy, with a heart-broken guinea-pig. This young scamp is importunate, and has the habit of thrusting his animal before the faces of easily-frightened Ladies and children. He receives your angriest remonstrances with an impudent grin, and only moves off on the appearance of a Policeman.

A thick-set, loud-voiced, illiterate person, in a rusty suit of black, who delivers what he is pleased to consider "Sermons" to a satirical crowd of holiday makers. His "discourses" are frequently profane, generally ill-considered, and invariably vulgar.

A Maiden Lady, of an uncertain, or rather of a very certain age, with "a Mission." In the pursuit of what she considers to be her duty, she is unduly familiar with young men, rude to old men, and a nuisance to the rest of the creation.

A Punch and Judy Show, with what the French would call "risqué" dialogue, and an exceedingly melancholy Dog Toby.

A Music-Hall Singer, with a choice selection of music-hall songs. This person generally puts up at the best hotel and frequently in the afternoon drives down the High Street in a pony carriage.

Three Foreigners (nationality vague) with a bagpipes and a penny whistle. They are clad in sheepskins and leg bandages, and are much given to shrieking and howling in the neighbourhood of rival entertainers.

A Highland Piper, evidently from the glens of Shoreditch. He wears the McMosess tartan, and discourses in broad Cockney slang.

Negro Serenaders of every hue. Those conducted by persons wearing the garb of *Punch* should be more avoided than the rest. As a rule, these troupes are less refined than the others. It must be clearly understood that this is not saying very much for "the others."

A Woman with a Tray, containing a stock of imitation jewellery and useless articles ornamented with shells. When this harpy puts in an appearance, care should be taken to keep an eye upon any stray articles of apparel that may be lying about.

Some sentry-boxes upon wheels, called bathing-machines. These vehicles are generally sandy, and are invariably fitted up with nails so placed that the clothes of the bathers may be caught and destroyed. They have no springs, and are, therefore, well adapted for the perpetration of practical jokes on the part of the horse-drivers.

And, lastly, the commonest object on the Seashore is a liquid very frequently little less impure than our own noble river the Thames, a liquid that is the attraction of all the poor health-seekers who flock to its adulterated borders—in other words, the Sea!

THE LATEST BAGS.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. G—E. A hatchet, a hoe, a watering-pot, and two thousand jocular excursionists.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF B—D. Eight hundred and seventy-five leading articles, a couple of addresses, one patent of nobility, and a coronet.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR S—D N—E. Two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five additional cares, a few months of reprieve, and the Leadership of the House of Commons.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF H—N. A couple of hundred congratulations from the Liberal benches, and the claim to an increase in popularity.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL G—E. One new opponent.

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH. Two million tons of paper, containing jokes about "Dizzy" and the "field" for "beacons."

FASHION'S DRAM.

LEAVE to grosser natures sunk
Deep in vice, the Demon Gin,
Tempting wretched creatures drunk
Onwards in the paths of sin!
Ladies, wreath the grateful bowl
With adornments floral,
While we steep the cultured soul
In a draught of Chloral!
Sing Chloral-oral-oral-ly—
Sing Chloral-oral-ly-do!

Sleeping off its heavenly dreams,
Lovely visions steep the soul,
While *del. trem.* raves, and shakes, and screams,

In fusel oil and alcohol.
Horrors that we only know
Through our channels aural.
What care we for others' woe,
Wreathed in fumes of Chloral?
Sing Chloral, &c.

Wives there are, so scandal cries,
Born with vicious men to fight;
Others worse, unless she lies,—
Even homes and kin desert.
If we seek oblivion, still
We at least are moral.
To the brim a bumper fill!
Fashion soaks in Chloral!
Sing Chloral, &c.

PEERAGE AND POST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Belfast News Letter*, reporting current rumours, says:—

"I have also heard since my last communication on this subject that the QUEEN has offered the Earldom, with remainder, to MR. RALPH DISRAELI (the brother of LORD BEACONSFIELD, and to whom he is much attached), with descent in the mail line."

The *Belfast News Letter* announces news indeed. The Earldom of Beaconsfield may be considered as an honour awarded as well to literary as to political eminence; but were it really true that the QUEEN had offered that dignity to the Premier's brother, with descent in the mail line, Her Majesty's subjects would certainly think that their Most Gracious Sovereign entertained a very peculiar idea of the kind of person who is meant by the description of "a man of letters."

European Want.

WANTED, for the settlement of the Eastern Question, to govern the Turkish Provinces, and control populations of different races and religions, an able, energetic, and honest Man, of any persuasion, who believes everything that all reasonable men believe, but keeps all other dogmas and opinions which he may hold to himself, or, at any rate, would not allow them in the slightest degree to influence his conduct in dealing with the subjects over whom somebody or other is required to preside who could keep them in order.

Of course Mr. *Punch* knows of such a person, whom modesty forbids him to name, and besides who is otherwise engaged.



AN ACCEPTED ATTENTION.

Refreshment-Bar Swell. "Now, Miss, what will you have?"
Barmaid. "Nothing, Sir, thank you!"
Swell. "Oh, have something! Come—anything you like!"
Barmaid. "Well, Sir"—(presents Pen, Ink, and Subscription List)—"GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THE HOSPITAL FUND!!"

LEAVING HOME.

(A Social Contrast of Two Ways.)

THE WRONG WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.
Angelina. You have been such a long time making up your mind that the summer has quite gone.
Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. What a heap of useless things you are taking. You've got enough to set up an old clothes shop.
Angelina. I have left half of them out to go into your portmanteau. You know you will have room for them—your scanty wardrobe would scarcely provide a change for a scarecrow.
Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while, and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?
Angelina. I have always hated mountains; but, if you want to go to Sapon, I suppose I shall be dragged there.
Edwin. Sapon! When I want to gamble I generally manage to do it at the Club.
Angelina. You needn't remind me of your folly—robbing the home that you may show your brother members that you don't understand whist.
Edwin. Not understand whist, indeed! Well, never mind, I shall go there to-night.
Angelina (laughing nervously). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?
Edwin. What do you say to Italy?
Angelina. I detest pictures and mosquitos, and am never well when I am living under a cloudless sky.
Edwin. Oh hang it! Let's go to Paris.
Angelina (with the air of a martyr). Of course I will do anything you please.
 [And off they go to enjoy their holiday.]

SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

You have seen, dear *Mr. Punch*, that the venerable *EARL RUSSELL* has added to his reputation for epistolary writing by a letter about the Bulgarian horrors, to the *Times*, wherein he says:—

"It is necessary to stop the atrocities in Turkey with a strong hand, and if the Minister for Foreign Affairs does not do this, Parliament must interfere. It is for this reason that I consider an Autumnal Session of Parliament to be necessary."

And, dear Sir, note in the communication above-quoted a charm in general supposed to be peculiar to youth, directly contrary to that mistrust and suspicion commonly thought to characterise advanced years. That is, the charm of innocence. I wonder what *LORD BEACONSFIELD* said and did when he read the foregoing proposal for an Autumnal Session? He now is an Earl too, and bound to deport himself as such, therefore cannot condescend to undignified language or gestures. But must he not have taken a mental sight, and inwardly asked whether his noble friend saw any green in his eye? The Premier's stars have been fortunate, and especially in the coincidences between the storm aroused by the Turkish barbarities and the Vacation. There is no Opposition now to extort avowals or admissions, or inconvenient disclosures, and to move a vote of censure, or a resolution for the recall of *SIR HENRY ELLIOT*. But this is what *EARL RUSSELL* would advise *EARL BEACONSFIELD* to have. In five months' time the storm will probably have blown over, and something lucky have turned up. An Autumnal Session! Doesn't the fine old Whig Veteran wish he may get it? The idea, still more the proposal, of such a thing, betokens a heart indeed incapable of guile. *O sancta simplicitas* of a green old age, and a mind untainted, with all its experience of what *MRS. MALAPROP* calls Downey Street! It transcends even the simplicity of a babe and

SUCKLING.

P.S.—And fancy the possibility of an Autumnal Session in the height of the shooting-season!

Mem. for the Month.

REMEMBER, Remember,
 The month of September,
 And jury lists hung on church door,
 If exemption you claim;
 And struck off get your name,
 If to serve, you account it a bore.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.
Angelina. You could not have chosen a better moment for the suggestion. London is quite empty, and the Continent will be simply charming at this season of the year.
Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. Now are you quite sure you have enough. Mind, you will want something nice for the *tables d'hôte*, and plenty of warm things for the evening.
Angelina. My dear, I have got almost too many things, but, in spite of that, I shall have plenty of room for your wardrobe. One box between us will save a lot of trouble.
Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?
Angelina. I have always delighted in mountains. It will be simply charming. And mind we must go to Sapon.
Edwin. Sapon! Oh no, I have given up gambling. The home, my love, has been a far stronger attraction than the Club.
Angelina. And yet you, I have always understood, are one of the very best whist-players in London.
Edwin. If you flatter me like that I shall go off to the Club to-night to test my cleverness.
Angelina (laughing heartily). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?
Edwin. What do you say to Italy?
Angelina. I revel in pictures. And you know that I am never so well and happy as when I am living under a cloudless sky.
Edwin. Well, my darling, we will have a little Switzerland, a little Italy, and a good long bit of Paris.
Angelina (with the air of an angel). Of course, dearest, I will do anything you please.
 [And off they go to enjoy their holiday.]

THE MILITARY STATUS QUO.—"As you were!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Companion—On Home-Rule—Disappointment—Arrival—Bray—The Confidential Carman—A Ruse—Out of it—A New Development—Notes on Types—My Carman—About Bray—The Promenade—Its Views and its Prospects—The Mysterious Letter-box—Mount and away—To the Hills!



APPLY it is a very pretty line from Dublin to Bray: short and sweet.

A Country Gentleman gets into the carriage with me, and talks of the London season, of the Operas, of the Zoo, of Skating Rinks—of London topics generally. I turn his attention to Ireland. He ignores Ireland. I take for granted that he is, at heart, a Home-Ruler. He is neither at heart, or head, anything of the sort. He hopes that "we" (he is speaking of himself and country) "never shall have Home-Rule."

"Not a Parliament," I ask, "on Stephen's Green?"

I hazard the mention of "Stephen's Green," being entirely unacquainted with its locality. Nor do I ever remember having met with any account of the particular STEPHEN from whom the Green originally took its name. However, I need not trouble myself as to the history of Stephen's Green, as my companion scorns the idea of an Irish Parliament, either on Stephen's or anybody else's Green.

"What 'ud we do with a Parliament? We're not a people to govern ourselves at all."

I am silenced. As an Englishman in Ireland, I compassionate my companion, just as I should a French Anglophobist, who will insist on deerring all his own institutions, praising ours, and refusing to speak the language of his own native country.

I want to meet a genuine Home-Ruler, or a hot-headed, warm-hearted Fenian. My notion of Ireland has been, up to now (thanks to a course of novels, and English newspapers), that all Irish were, *au fond*, the deadly foes of England; that they were pining for their liberty—pining to repeal the Union, and to demonstrate, actively, that they, equally with the rest of BRITANNIA's family, "never, never, never would be Slaves"—and certainly not "hereditary bondsmen" to their brother Britons.

My fellow-traveller points out what a pretty country this is, with the villas dotted about among the trees, and the view of the Bay on our left. I am obliged to him for the attention. Then he speaks of Bray. "A charming place," he says, "but 'tis a pity 'tis in Ireland. We do nothing with it. No, Sir, we're behind Time."

His last remark refers to his country, not to the train.

He gets out before I can pursue the conversation.

If this is a specimen of a genuine son of Old Ireland, then I am disappointed.

I had expected to meet with patriotism everywhere. I had expected that sympathy from a Saxon would have been like the proverbial "praise from SIR HUBERT STANLEY." It might have been received by Irishmen suspiciously at first, but, after a while, it would have been welcomed with effusion. No; if I come to Ireland inclined to be more Irish than the Irish, I shall return to England to be more English than the English; unless I succeed in finding the realisation of my ideal of an Irishman in Ireland, that is, a thorough-going, warm-hearted, impulsive, anti-English-rule, old-fashioned landlord, residing on his own estate, and, being content to chance his rents, beloved by his tenantry. If I do not come across this typical Irishman, I shall regretfully note down that, like the gods of the heathen, they are all gone out of the way, and there is none that is good for anything—no, not one.

Bright, cheerful, and pleasant is Bray (where the train now stops),

both landward and seaward. "Ho! there! an outside car!" Or, stay! First let me consider. I want to see all of the country I can this afternoon, 'twixt one and six, before going on to Rathdrum—a first flying visit (all through PLUMPTON AND SPRY, who may be, even now, telegraphing to me at Dublin to come up and be examined), just to prospect a route for the second.

For such a drive as I require, an outside carman might ask me an "outside price."

Happy Thought.—Consult the Station-Master. He knows. I look round to ascertain where his office is, or if anybody is there of whom I can say at once, "This is the Station-Master!"

I am the solitary arrival at Bray; and all the cardrivers outside are doing their best to arrest my attention, by winking, waving their whips, and touching their hats.

"A cy-arr, your Honour?"

"This way, Sorr! An outside cyarr?"

"Want a cyarr, Sorr?"

A red-haired, red-whiskered, red-faced man in a dirty white overcoat, slips in, cautiously, through the station-gate. Evidently he is risking something in passing the boundary of the railings. He has a whip in one hand, while with the other he touches a weather-beaten, shapeless wide-awake. He is bowing, and sidling up to me, addressing me in an insinuating whisper, as if he were really putting me up to a good thing, "Me cyarr's there, Sorr!" he says, pointing with his whip over his shoulder; "ye'll be wanting a cyarr, maybe, for the Dargle and Po'rsecoort. Ye'll take me, Sorr?"

"I must see the Station-Master first," I reply, somewhat sternly, thinking that this will settle him.

He whispers, anxiously—as though he were tempting me to some horrible crime—uncommonly like *Danny Mann* proposing the murder of the *Colleen Bawn* to Mr. *Hardress Cregan*,—"Ah, then, Sorr, ye'll promise ye'll take me, Sorr, when ye've seen him?"

"I don't know. Where is he?"

"Sure, Sorr, he'll be foreenst there, Sorr, somewheres," pointing out vaguely up the line; "but I think he was on the thrain that's gone down this minit." Then, having, as he considers, demonstrated to me the comparative improbability of an interview with the Station-Master, he resumes his most insinuating tone, and whispers, "I'll drive yer Honour out to the Dargle and Po'rsecoort, and ye'll see him whin we come back."

A porter, passing, directs me to the Station-Master, standing by a gate. For the moment my confidential Carman appears considerably disconcerted.

I walk towards him, followed by my insinuating friend, whose confidential manner now changes to one of earnest entreaty: "Ye'll not forget me, Sorr! mine's the cyarr, Sorr! I'll take yer as chape as anny of 'em, Sorr!" Then, as I leave him behind—for, evidently, he doesn't like to venture too near the Station-Master—he says, in an imploring whisper, "Ye'll mind, Sorr, ye've promised me ye'll take my cyarr, Sorr. Ye will, Sorr?" Then being compelled to retire by my advance towards the Station-Master, he concludes with a master-stroke, as though a bargain had been struck between us, "Ah, then, God bless yer Honour! 'Tis me cyarr ye'll take, God bless yer Honour!" he says, with an air of pious gratitude, that seems to overwhelm me with thanks for having saved him and his family from starvation by employing his car for the afternoon. My heart, which is soft, and remarkably impressionable, is touched, and I am just on the point of turning, and telling him that I will avail myself of his services, when I fancy I hear the rippling of an imperfectly suppressed titter, among his fellow-carman at the rails outside, who, it appears, have been watching the scene with intense enjoyment, ready to pounce on me, as a victim, should their more adventurous companion fail in his object.

Happy Thought.—An incident in a "Sentimental Journey."

Civil Station-Master introduces me to a most respectable Carman of a most decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance. Did I not know him to be an Irishman, I should describe him, off hand, as a respectable Jew-farmer. I am certain I could find his counterpart in any flower-shop in Covent Garden Market, or in any ready-made tailor establishment, or in a West-End auction-mart, or old furniture-shop. His costume only is Irish. His old-fashioned dark-blue, tight-sleeved coat, with big side-pockets, his red pocket-handkerchief necktie, his proud prodigality of shirt (wherein lies the essential secret of his respectability), and his low-crowned, broad-brimmed ancient beaver—which he has, apparently, been at some pains to brush the wrong way—are all characteristic accessories of a picture most decidedly Irish. Yet I have seen a duplicate of this man—clothes and all—in Cornwall. Only, his nose (I mean as the Ollendorf system would explain it, "the nose of the man in Cornwall") was not so Judaically developed. Perhaps the man wasn't quite finished. At a ripe age, his nose would be quite a piece of Mosaic work in itself. (This I should note as a genuine, if rare, instance of "Typical Development.")

Happy Thought (for "Typical Developments").—Nature, like History, repeats herself.

I feel inclined to address my friend as "Mr. O'SOLOMONS." I am not, as it happens, far out. His name, he informs me is Mr. O'SULLIVAN; and, as I hear him answer pleasantly to the name of "JERRY," I fairly conclude that on his card would be inscribed "Mr. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN." Now, if ever there were a genuine Hebraic phenomenon, it is "JEREMIAH." It is grand, it is lofty. "JEREMIAH the Prophet" is lofty, noble, grand. But reduce it to "JERRY," and it is at once Irish and familiar. To the words of JEREMIAH the Prophet (I mean apart from our traditional knowledge of such a person) you would listen with profound reverence. To JERRY the Prophet you would send six stamps to his office at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and request his list of good things for the next Spring Meeting, by return of post. This is indeed a subject which may give quite a new turn to my work on *Typical Developments*, which is to be not for an age, but for all time.

Happy Thought.—Does O'SULLIVAN (or O'SULRIMAN or O'SOLOMONS) belong to what LORD BEACONSFIELD would (years ago) have called "the Hebrew Caucasian Race," or, rather, "the Hebrew Cork-Asian Race"?

Mr. O'SULLIVAN's car is a model of what a car should be: harness and plated-rail highly polished; a tiger-skin rug thrown over the seat for the passenger's comfort when cold; and a fast cob that can face a hill bravely, and descend safely.

Bray.—Just one word. My companion in the train was right. I regret being obliged to admit it. As regards Bray, he was right. Why, if Londoners could only have such a little marine Paradise as Bray, within thirty-five minutes' rail of the Metropolis—which is the time occupied in the journey between this and Dublin—what a Brighton it would be!! If such a place were the same distance from Paris, would Trouville have a ghost of a chance? But here at Bray, which, for colour and situation, is an Irish Dawlish, with Dublin for its Exeter, hardly anything—i.e., nothing "to speak of"—has been done.

An intelligent gentleman, with whom I got into conversation while taking a turn on what *one of these days will, perhaps, be "the Promenade by the Sea,"* tells me, in reply to my enthusiastic praise (for I have fallen in love with Bray at first sight), that "the drainage . . . ahem!" Impossible! Is it the old, old sea-side story once again? Or have I come across the only cynic in Bray? If indeed it be so, then I tear myself from thee, my pride of the Sea! Beautiful Bray, I must away!

Happy Thought. (*Hamlet at Bray.*)—"Break, break my heart; for I must hold my"—nose.

But for scenery, for excursions by land and by sea, for champagne, exhilarating air, for "local colour" as rich as the coast of Devon, and for *country quiet*, with town life within three-quarters of an hour's rail, commend me to Bray. Were I an Irishman and a millionaire—say, for example, MISTER O'ROTHSCHILD—I would buy Bray, and entrust the management of it to those distinguished for liveliness, even among "our lively neighbours," who have brought to such a pitch of perfection the amusements of Boulogne, Dieppe, and Trouville. I would send for the new Race game, from Dieppe (an enormous success this season), and at the end of five years Mr. O'ROTHSCHILD, of Big Bray, would buy up all the other Rothschildren in Europe.

But Mr. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN is flourishing his whip.

The only object of interest that positively strikes my eye, and impresses itself on my memory, is a large box, fixed to the wall, about four feet from the ground, labelled in very large type, "MR. O'TOOLE'S LETTERS."

It is impossible to avoid standing in front of this letter-box, and meditating on Mr. O'TOOLE's letters." Of course Mr. O'TOOLE must live far away among the mountains, in perhaps some glorious ruin of an ancient palace (for the O'TOOLEs were Kings of Ireland, as were several other people as well), and making a descent on Bray, to take a sniff of civilisation (I am not thinking even of the drainage question, which would not interest Mr. O'TOOLE), and pick up his letters. Does he come for his letters himself, in all the pride of his ancient royalty, or are there any reasons why the O'TOOLE should not come in person? Has he never yet bowed his proud head before the Tyrant Saxon, and consequently does the great O'TOOLE send DAN, the faithful piper of the clan into the station to fetch the letters, while his Chief awaits him at the hill-side, out of the town, and then retires to the fastnesses of his native mountains to decipher his correspondence? Methinks I see . . .

"There'll not be time, Sorra, for the Dargle, the Waterfall, an' Po'rcourt, an' be back here again by sivin, barr'n ye come now, Sorra," says MR. O'SULLIVAN, who has left his car, in order to arouse me to action.

In a crack of the whip we are away.

PLANT AND PARASITE.

WHEN would you think of looking for a flea in a Kentish field? Whenever you go to catch it on the hop.

SUICIDE IN THE SOLENT.



GENTLEMEN and others taking an Autumnal or occasional holiday are hereby cautioned to discontinue the dangerous practice of yachting or rowing about in the vicinity of Portsmouth. Shots from the adjacent batteries at Brown-down are continually flying over the heads or plunging into the water close alongside of those foolhardy persons who do not take especial pains to steer clear and get out of the line of fire. No attention whatever can be paid by the firing party to any request conveyed to them through a look-out man who may possibly be at hand, to desist from firing until the idlers who have strayed into danger shall have got out of it, for the former have their own business to mind, and not the latter's safety. Should any boat, from neglect of due precaution on the part

of those on board her, get knocked to pieces in consequence of happening to sail too near the batteries on the coast of the Solent whilst the artillery are practising, the survivors, if any, should be liable to be taken before a Magistrate and heavily fined; and, as for the rest, their bodies having been recovered and an inquest held upon them, the Coroner's jury ought to return a verdict of *felo de se*. For now everybody is aware that firing-parties do not take cognisance of any vessels even if notified to them to be within their aim; it is fair to conclude that all people they may kill must be persons who have wilfully sought their own salvation. In their case it must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else with anyone who may be killed by a cannot-shot in the Solent.

DIRECTION TO CABDRIVERS.

(See Daily News.)

CRAWLING along the side of a thoroughfare (say the Strand) in want of a fare, if you happen to see an innocent-looking party walking in your direction, pull up and inquire if he is going, for instance, to such and such a Railway (say the Charing Cross) Station. If he says yes, then ask him if he would mind getting into your vehicle, because you want to drive that way, but, unless you are carrying a fare, will not be able to get past the Policeman. Should he, good-naturedly thinking to assist you, jump into your trap, convey him as far as it suits you, when suddenly draw up, get down, and, grasping the cab-door handle, request him to pay you a fare of one shilling. Most likely, in order to avoid being involved in trouble and loss of time through resisting your extortion, he will submit to it and pay you the money; or, should he refuse, you can summon him to a Police Court, where it will be easy for you to swear that he called you off your stand.

WHAT THEY TAKE ABROAD.

What She takes.—Three black silk Dresses (Princesse, Watteau, and Duchesse); one green satin Robe, with bows; one fancy Silk, with embroidered apron; two black Grenadines (one square cut); two white Grenadines, with lace trimmings; four white Tops (two warranted to wash); one violet Skirt, with apron and jacket; four Dinner Dresses (violet, pink, pink and black, and blue); three Polonaises (yellow, green, and red); one white worked Top, with Cardinal bows; two seal-skin, one black silk, and three black cloth Jackets; long fur Cloak, Ulster, and grey travelling Polonaise; four Hats (Gainsborough, Brigand, Shovel, and Pork-pie); four Bonnets (black, blue, violet, and red); Linen (14 cwt.); Boots, Slippers, &c. (1 cwt.); extras, toilet, &c. (76 lbs.).

What He takes.—Linen (10 lb.); two flannel Shirts; an extra pair of Boots; his Sponge, Combs, and Brushes; and a wideawake Hat.

APOLOGY FOR SOME YOUNG LADIES.—Girls will be Boys.



HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART IN SCARBOROUGH.

MARVELS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THAT people should put up with a miserable conveyance called a Cab to take them to the Station, when, by a little agitation, they might secure carriages as comfortable as the *coupé* of Paris or the *carrozza* of Milan.

That travelled Englishmen, knowing the buffets of the Continent, should tolerate the miserable Refreshment Rooms to be found at nearly all the English Stations.

That persons who know the Swiss Railways should rest satisfied with the miserable accommodation afforded in England to second and third-class passengers.

That men habituated to Club Dinners should never murmur at the well-peppered soup, the venerable fish, and the tough meat of first-class Hotels.

That Family Parties, accustomed to the attention of their servants at home, should never object to paying a mob of Hotel harpies extravagantly for imaginary services.

That sea-goers, who have heard of the boats of the P. and O., and the steamers running between England and Ireland, should patronise the miserable vessels plying between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne.

That any sane person, knowing the horrors of a rough two hours, should ignore the fact that the *Castalia* starts four times a week from Dover.

That Englishmen, accustomed to the freedom of their birthright, should submit to be examined, as if they were the boldest type of smugglers, on the frontiers of every country in Europe.

That English Ladies, used to the comforts of home, should submit so patiently to the privations of Hotels in the Mountains, and Inns in Brittany and other wild parts of France.

That Londoners, who would never walk about Town in anything but broad cloth and a chimney-pot hat, should perambulate Paris, Berlin, and Vienna in cheap suits of dittos and wideawake hats.

That Church-goers, who are most devout at home, should treat foreign Cathedrals as if they were Museums, and regard the worshippers therein as so many wild beasts.

That JOHN BULL, who hates or pretends to hate everything foreign, should ever go abroad.

Lastly, greatest Marvel of all, that Britons, with the finest scenery in the world in their own land, should brave all the dirt and discomfort of a foreign tour to secure a glimpse of the picturesque.

ENGLAND AROUSED.

WELL do we to be wroth! Turks still are seen
To be the Turks they were in former times:
We wake, and find we unawares have been
Their sleeping partners in their hideous crimes.

But let impetuous wrath not bear away
Indignant Britons. Keep resolved and cool,
Lest into crafty foreign hands we play,
And suffer tricksters Britain to befool.

The nations well may cease to taunt us, now,
With sordid policy and selfish aim.
Take care, with too impulsive clamour how
You do but further their insidious game.

"Perfidious Albion" is a bygone phrase.
That once familiar cant we hear no more.
Are neighbours who forbear that cry to raise,
More conscious or less spiteful than of yore?

Serene they see how Turkish outrage works
In generous British minds unbounded rage.
Let not o'er-mastering ire against the Turks
Ourselves, unwise, in alien toils engage.

This William and That.

THE commemoration of WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, in connection with the Pacification of Ghent, coincided with the appearance of MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet, denouncing the Turks. In one respect the two WILLIAMs stand contrasted. WILLIAM OF ORANGE was celebrated as WILLIAM THE SILENT, whereas WILLIAM OF HAWARDEN is distinguished by speaking out.



THE DROWSY POINTSMAN.

JOHN BULL. "COME, WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THERE'S BEEN A FRIGHTFUL COLLISION DOWN THE LINE, AND WE LOOK TO YOU TO PREVENT ANOTHER AND A *BIGGER* SMASH!"



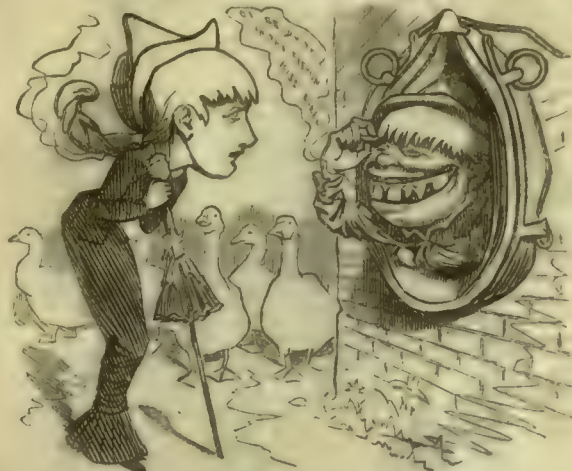
THE DANCE OF THE DANCER

THE DANCE OF THE DANCER

PUTTING IT PLAINLY.

From a Point of View somewhat too little considered.

Poor' Pot-Lover, loquitur.



II, I know werry well I'm a fool,
And a brute, and a beast, and all that;
Jest a drink-sodden Slave, 'neath the rule
Of the Lords of the Barrel and Vat:
But I don't see my way to no better, and no one can't show me—that's flat!

"Don't drink" is yer tip? Werry well,
Jest supposin' I drops it to-day,
When I've done my next nine hours' spell
Of hard work, and wants summut like play,
What good little game can I turn to? Will any one pint me the way?

You see, I ain't got no book-larning,
Nor much in the way of a "taste."
The Parson's long lingoish yarning
To me is jest wearisome waste.

I want summut easy and handy. Where is it? Show up!—and make haste.

Pot-pleasure, says you, ain't the best.
Werry like, but it's handy and cheap.
It don't cost, like a-goin' fine-drest,
A scavenger, coaster, or sweep:
You can have it in pennorths and anywhere—long as yer able to creep.

It's comfort, good cheer, and gay chat,
And forgetfulness, too,—for a spell.
"There is Death in the Pot"? Wot of that?
Where isn't he? P'raps you can tell.
But, seen through the froth of a pewter, he cheats yer remarkable well.

Drink's pleasure—our pleasure. No stuff
Reeled off from a stool or a tub
Nicks that. Do yer think it's enough
To jobate us, or shut up the Pub?
If yer cuts off our only enjoyment, we might take to wuss,—there's the rub!

The likes o' me can't do the swell;
Don't cotton to tramping a mile
Midst the Nobs to the tune of a bell.
Museums? Can't say they're my style.
But I'm game to go in for good fun on the cheap, if yer makes it worth while.

Who speaks? Ah! jest so! Ne'er a one.
That's a poser as floors yer, I think.
Where's this cheap and respectable fun
To be spotted by me? There's the kink!
Don't drink? All serene, if you'll pint me to summut that's better than drink!

EASTERN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Lord B. The Bulgarian atrocities are past recall.
Mr. P. Yes; but your Ambassador isn't.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

If the birds are wild, endeavour to allay their fears by whistling to them, scattering barley or bread-crumbs in their track, taking off your boots, blindfolding the dogs, speaking in an under-tone to the Under-Keeper, and carefully screening your gun from observation. If their shyness does not wear off, you must either crawl on your hands and feet through the wet turnips, or pursue the covey on horseback until you are near enough to single out the young birds. A lasso is of no use, and a net might lay you open to suspicion.

Thick shooting-boots are a mistake. If the ground is wet, your progress is liable to be impeded by the tenacious adhesion of the soil; and if it is dry, there is no occasion for such extraordinary protection to the feet. Patent leather shoes are not without their disadvantages, but, on the whole, perhaps they are the best.

The process of granting game certificates has been very much simplified of late years, indeed ever since the Gunpowder Plot. They are no longer required to be issued under the Great Seal, and no preliminary questions are now asked—perhaps with a mistaken leniency—as to the skill and experience of the applicant. In feudal times, when the laws of this country were Draconian in their severity, if a Sportsman had shot his dog or his friend, he ran a great risk of having his certificate suspended, without benefit of clergy.

Noblemen and Gentlemen, and others who enjoy the right of shooting over many thousands of acres, may always obtain competent and obliging Keepers by applying at the Zoological Gardens, or at the British and South Kensington Museums. Uniform not objected to, if the pay is good.

The hare is a creature possessed of an excellent appetite, but singular to relate, it will not touch currant jelly. The experiment has often been tried by the naturalist and psychologist, but in no one instance, not even in the severest winter, has the bait been found tasted. Rabbits it might be expected would show the same antipathy to onions, but such is not the case, at least within the recollection of any person now living.

Partridges may be lawfully taken and eaten from the 1st of September to the 1st of February, and pheasants from the 1st of October to the same date; but no penalty attaches to eating bread-sauce all the year round.

The Game Laws do not apply to poached eggs and Welsh rabbits, and hare-brained people are not under their protection.

Sporting dogs, such as pointers, spaniels, retrievers, and setters, require a particular diet during the season. Sponge cakes soaked in

old Madeira, and an egg beaten up with brandy, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, are recommended by the best authorities. Also a little old cheese is considered good for the scent.

Be content with a moderate bag. A few pheasants, six couple of woodcocks, three or four brace of black game, and capercaillie, with some snipe, wild fowl, and golden plover, ought to satisfy the most exacting sportsman.

If the scent is indifferent, sprinkle the ground with a little Eau de Cologne or lavender water, and burn some pastilles.

The best thing to drink when out Shooting is some cold tea, or a little oatmeal and water, or whey, or, in extreme cases, gingerade, taken in moderation.

"Deal in game" liberally. Few people are so overdone with presents of this kind as to be driven to cry out "*Toujours perdrix!*" Next to an unexpected legacy, perhaps, there is nothing so welcome as an unlooked-for hamper. Send your friends all the young birds, keeping the old ones for yourself. Never omit to pay the carriage. You might almost as well omit to pay your Income-tax.

Much depends on the names you give your dogs. In the good old double-barrel and port-wine days *Di, Don, Dash, Carlo, and Venus* did very well; but the march of intellect has reached the stubbles and plantations, and demands something more enlightened and useful. Try how your dogs will answer to *School Board, Circumlocution, Centralisation, Cosmopolitan, Evolution, or Instinct*. If these names do not prove satisfactory, you can but fall back on the old ones.

What a snare poaching is to the poor and the idle who are caught therein!

Shan battues. If you must be a Butcher, go and join the Turks.

Ghost for Groom.

THERE is, we are informed, by a local journal,—

WANTED a SITUATION as GROOM.—Can make himself generally useful. Left last situation through death. Ten and a half and four years' character. Apply at —, Hill Street, Ryde.

The foregoing advertisement appeared in the *Isle of Wight Times*, which is at least not generally known to be a Spiritualist organ. Where can a Groom, in want of a situation, who left his last through death, hail from, unless from the happy hunting-grounds? Spiritualism must be progressing indeed, if servants who want places can now advertise for them from the other world.



GALLOPING SNOBS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THEY ARE OF TWO KINDS: THOSE WHO, LIKE 'ARRY AND HIS JEMMER AUNT, TAKE THEIR GALLOP AT THE RATE OF TWO SHILLINGS AN HOUR, AND FOR WHOM SOME EXCUSE IS TO BE MADE; AND THOSE WHO RIDE ON GALLOPING HOGS OF THEIR OWN, WITH GALLOPING GEORGS BEHIND THEM, AND WHO OUGHT CERTAINLY TO KNOW BETTER.



AMATEUR COACHING.

JENKINS CAN'T THINK WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIS WHIP!

NOWHERE!

A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.

(Commended to the many whom "Turks" have indisposed for Touring.)

Where shall we go? Why wander? Let us lie
And dream the days away in this old garden.
Bloom sweeter flowers beneath a southern sky?
Towered nobler trees in Tempe or in Arden?
We'll shirk the eternal Autumn question, urged
By Fashion's flocks, bell-wethered hither, thither.
Why need we in the hurrying mob be merged?
Where go? Nowhither!

Where shall we go? Observe that Poppy poised
On yonder ridge amidst the golden stubble.
Let that hint answer. Fame has widely noised
The joys of journeying; tired ones dread its trouble.
If touched by "Turks" fagged by the Season's toil,
We long for *far niente*, full, if fleeting;
May we not find, for once, on English soil
Cheap Lotos-eating?

Where shall we go? "To sleep—perchance to dream."
Such restful day-dreams as to sense are soothing;
World-worries whelming in a Lethe-stream,
Calming the pulse, care-gendered wrinkles smoothing.
Ozone anon; an opiate now we'll try—
Free talk, long lounges, leaf-sounds, fragrance floral,
Which cannot harm, since Nature's lullaby
Smacks not of Chloral!

Where shall we go? A hammock 'neath you trees
Is this tired traveller's present bourne. Returning,
He'll beat the copse for filberts, if you please,
Or cast a fly where the mill-wheel is churning.
Slow wanderings in our woods suit wakening dawn,
And when eve's lengthening shadows bring their benison,
We'll have, for lazy labour on the lawn,
Tennis, or TENNYSON.

Where shall we go? Nay, be the *status quo*
Our policy at present, *à la DIZZY*.
Let geese gregarious flock, flit to and fro,
Restlessly seeking rest, most idly busy.
Cit-haunted sands and tourist-thronged resorts
Shall tempt us not. The modish and the shabby
For once we'll shun, and linger where disports
Peace crowned with Poppy.

PASSENGERS IN HALVES.

THE *Whitby Gazette* has exercised some readers by a fraction in the following paragraph:—

"TRIP TO LEEDS.—There was a cheap excursion to Leeds on Monday last, by which 291½ passengers from this place availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting that ancient and thriving town."

They who do not know what to make of half a passenger, have no children perhaps, and have never had to take a representative half-ticket. Of course, nobody but a fool would suggest that a man's better half might be half a passenger. Nor can half a passenger be imagined a likely result of a railway collision, by which passengers are usually more than halved, as in the case of a remarkable old woman which was lately reported by a contemporary to have occurred on the North Eastern, when—

"An old woman who had been riding on the buffer of one of the sets was found cut to pieces."

In railway collisions things are not generally done by halves, but those accidents for the most part arise from things being so done in railway management.

MARCH AND MUSIC.

At recent public meetings it has been judiciously remarked that in dealing with the Eastern Question we must mind how we facilitate the march of Russia. Phrase for The March of Russia—*The Rogue's March*.



"THE MEAT SUPPLY."

Bathing-Man. "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Wonder when a Paris Cabman will accept his proper fare without begging for a *pour-boire*?

Wonder why it is that foreign railway carriages so furiously shake, when they happen for a wonder to be going at a rate of more than twenty miles an hour?

Wonder how many dainty dishes a French *chef* could concoct out of what an English Cook would either throw away as waste, or else steal and sell as dripping?

Wonder how many letters of indignant remonstrance would be written to the *Times*, supposing that our railways introduced the foreign system of imprisoning their travellers in stuffy, stifling *salles d'attente*?

Wonder whether Tubbing ever will be acclimatised abroad, and when, for lavatory purposes, bath towels will then be used instead of little napkins?

Wonder why French Ladies, who are so trained in all the delicate nuances of etiquette, do not think it worth their while to close their lips when eating?

Wonder if a British Tourist ever met a foreign Priest out walking in the country, who was not studying his prayer-book and carrying an umbrella?

Wonder if French Students, enjoying their vacation, ever indulge in any exercise more muscular than the athletic sports of dominoes and billiards?

Wonder what a London Alderman would say, when invited to the Mansion House, if, instead of luscious turtle, he were provided with a plateful of *Potage croute au pot*, or lukewarm toast-and-water soup, such as is so frequently supplied at *tables d'hôte* for the refection of the traveller?

Wonder if a Coachman could be found in any part of France of sufficient self-restraint to drive for half a mile without making his whip crack?

Wonder why it is that Foreigners in general, and fat Germans in particular, like to travel with the windows shut, and breathing such an atmosphere of smoke as would suffocate a chimney-sweep?

Wonder if, in spite of all his grumbling when abroad, a man could anywhere in England spend a holiday so cheaply, or cram so much amusement into it?

Wonder why it is that Frenchmen put such monstrous collars on their cart-horses, and what the horses, could they speak, would have

to say about them, and about the little bells which continually jingle on them?

Wonder in what coming century of progress it will be possible, in any English county-town hotel, to get so good a dinner, served with such alacrity, and at so little cost, as may be found at wellnigh any paltry inn upon the Continent?

Wonder when a Tourist will be able to take his walks abroad, without being expected to look at all the lions there?

Wonder when sea-bathing will in England be as decent as it everywhere is out of it?

Wonder if French polish, when displayed to the fair sex, will stand such social wear and tear as common British politeness?

Finally. Wonder if a Paris Tourist as much rejoices to return to the asphalt of his Boulevards, as an Englishman delights to put his foot once more upon his clean, soft Turkey carpet?

Butchers in Belgium.

THE *Times* Correspondent, in his account of the rejoicings on the anniversary of the "Pacification of Ghent," mentions, with reference to the religious party spirit rampant in Belgium, that, besides "Clerical washerwomen" (who wash the Ultramontanes' dirty linen), and "laundresses employed by those of an opposite way of thinking," there are likewise "Liberal Butchers" and "Catholic Butchers." Happily, the butchery of the butchers on both sides is now-a-days confined to quadrupeds; and no meat whatever is roasted until dead.

Maladies and Martyrs.

THE "Martyrs to Gout," so called, are indeed, in a sense, martyrs to the cause of gout—good living. The Anti-Vaccinationist Keighley Guardians, imprisoned in York Castle, however, have suffered as enthusiasts for the cause of contagion, and may, with the strictest accuracy, be styled martyrs to Smallpox.

GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM.

Q. WHAT do we now call the Isle of Patmos?
A. Ireland.

THE BEER-KINGS OF BURTON.

(See Newspapers.)



HOSE Twain—a narrow escape they had
When we, by their bereavement sad,
At once well nigh were left to wail,
The two great Brewers of Burton Ale!
Lo, BASS and ALLSOPP in a boat,
Together fishing, both afloat;
ALLSOPP his brother brewer's guest:
Upon Lochquoinch's pellucid breast.
Behold, BASS hooks a splendid trout.
Eager to see him get it out,
ALLSOPP, as though in boats untried,
Steps over to the other side.
His weight no longer equalises
The little bark, and it capsizes.
There was the boat turned upside down,
With BASS and ALLSOPP like to drown

Together with a brace of others,
Attendant on the brewer-brothers,
A Gillie of the Frasers' Clan,
And ANDERSON, a Fisherman.
They strove to right the boat in vain;
For o'er and o'er it turned again,
All four of them to one side clinging,
Themselves to grief so nearly bringing.
Till ANDERSON, with strength of hand,
Presence of mind, and self-command,
At length contrived the boat to right,
By scrambling over opposite.
Meanwhile, a strong breeze landward bore
The lot, and drifted them ashore,
Some distance more than half a mile,
On douce MCPHEE's adjacent isle.

MCPHEE, thou famous Highland Leech,
The surge was heavy on thy beach,
Hard to get through—but safe they got;
And ANDERSON was tipped we wot.

But think what woe had come to pass,
Had we both ALLSOPP lost and BASS!
If BASS and ALLSOPP too were drowned
A double gloom would reign around.
'Twere like our Premier's perdition
With Leader of our Opposition;
Save that those other men of note
Were sailing both in one same boat.
Oh, what a joyful thing to see
Two of a trade so well agree!
Long live they, whilst we linger here
To drink both BASS and ALLSOPP's beer.

SPRING SPORTS.

WE have all heard of a "Spring Chicken," but the "Spring Hare"—unless, indeed, he be some relation to the proverbial lunatic appearing in March—is something quite new. An innkeeper at Hendon has started one. It is coursed by greyhounds; and for the spectators, betters, and backers there is all the excitement of the real thing, with the additional charm of novelty. What an admirable invention for the delicate sentimentality of this rose-water age!

But why stop at Hares apparent—but unreal? Why not, with the aid of some of the leading "Property-men" from the theatres, and Toy-mechanicians, and a few other ingenious persons, develop the idea into something really big?

We begin with a trifle light as Hare: we may end with the noble Deer in Scotland, or even the Elephant in India.

At all events, from the Hare to the Fox is a small step. The country would have to be intersected with small lines (at first, at all events, until the invention was so perfect that these could be

dispensed with), on which the Mechanical Fox, having been first properly wound up in covert, would run with just so much "law" given him as would allow him to be viewed all the way for a good rattling burst of forty minutes, after which the Field would trot off to another covert, and be treated to a fresh Mechanical Fox over a different line of country. Only, of course, this Fox would have to be hunted by greyhounds. Everybody, who was so minded, could call out "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!" and "Gone away!" just as usual, and make all that amount of noise which goes for so much in the happiness of Foxhunters. Every M.F.H. who chose to adopt the "Mechanical Fox" could guarantee his subscribers a run, weather permitting, for every day in the week. Nay more, he could name the place, hour of start, and exact duration of the run, so that those Gentlemen who are fond of simply coming out to flash their pink in the sunlight, and then tail home again early, would be able to ensure themselves a run for their money—a certainty that would keep many of the "all pink and no-go" school away from the field. A "Property Man," or Toyshop keeper, might do well to advertise—

TO M.F.H.'S AND SPORTSMEN.

NO MORE BLANK DAYS!!

TRY OUR "MECHANICAL FOX."

. Warranted to run for one Season, if used with care.

MESSRS. DOLL, DRUM, & Co., undertakes to send a Man regularly every week to see to the Works and keep the Mechanical Fox in order.

Then again, in our preserves, why not the Mechanical Pheasant, the Mechanical Partridge, the Mechanical Woodcock, and the Spring Rabbit? With what a *whirr* of springs the Pheasant might rise! And what a good shot it would require to bring him down! The coverts of Partridges would be wound up all at once and left in a turnip-field. Their mechanism would be so delicate that the slightest movement near them would disturb it, and off they'd all go at once; or there would be a detention spring, to last for, say, twenty minutes, until the Sportsman had time to get within shot, when it would "go" punctually, and the birds would fly off, in whatever direction they had been set. Then they would be picked up in the next field and started again.

No pain, no loss of life, no wanton cruelty, the Sportsman could at worst only break the mainspring, and be obliged to send the bird up to Town to be refitted.

We confidently recommend the whole subject to the consideration of the sporting world at large, and, as also interested, to our Theatrical "Property" makers and Toy-mechanicians.

Why not, while about it, all sorts of Mechanical Singing Birds? Why not Mechanical Fish? How lovely our rivers would look with these bright-coloured metallic fish swimming about, only waiting for the disciple of IZAAK WALTON to drop his line in with—not a wriggling worm at the end, oh dear no!—but with a small hook-shaped magnet to attract and catch the fish, as in the old toy of our nursery days. According to the power of the magnet and the strength of the rod, so would be the size of the fish caught.

However, it is for us only to hint. Let those deeply interested carry out the idea.

THE RAILWAY IDOL.

MODERN Chapels are going the way of those ancient temples, which were superseded by other places of worship. This, the *Leeds Mercury* informs us, is about to be the case with a chapel obstructing the—

"EXTENSION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TO DERBY.—The Great Northern Railway's progress into Derby has received a temporary check. The trustees of a Baptist Chapel in Agard Street bargained, without the consent of the congregation, to sell the chapel and burial-ground attached to the railway company for the sum of £3000. The congregation now argue that, not having their consent, the deed is null and void. The matter will be taken into the law courts."

But who shall resist Railway Extension? Of course the Baptist Chapel in Agard Street will have to disappear before the Great Northern Railway. After due litigation, its site and the adjacent burial-ground must be traversed by the line to Derby. But see how the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; for here a chapel is to be replaced by a line of rail, and railway sleepers or another description than those in the burial-ground will be laid down over them; the whole place thus being consecrated to the service of a revived Paganism. For the ancients worshipped the god Terminus, and so does the present generation, but more also. It does not stop at Terminus worship, but worships the whole Railway. Churches and everything else are sacrificed if necessary to Railway Extension. The worst of it all is the wholesale sacrifice of human lives which occurs in collisions.

A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS.

By a Looker-On.

Now, young people, the fine weather
Will soon be gone.
Go and Tennis play together
Upon the Lawn.
While the sun shines make your hay
Between the showers.
Improve, like busy bees, to-day,
The shining hours.
Time flies. For instance, look at me,
And at your Aunt!
As you are now so once were we.
But now we can't

Dance all night long till break of day,
Nor, if we knew
How, at Lawn-Tennis could we play,
Young folks, like you.
Already on the turf you tread
The toadstool springs,
Which, when the Summer's drought has
fled,
Damp Autumn brings.
The grass will soon have got too wet;
Too moist the mould.

Play whilst you can—don't play to get
Your death of cold.
Play whilst those limbs you yet can
use
Free play allow,
Which they will by-and-by refuse;
As mine do now.
Yet, on the sports of youth to gaze,
One still enjoys;
As you may too, in future days,
You, girls and boys.

SHAKSPEARIAN SAYING.

"THE man that hath no music in his soul," is a wretch who would not hesitate to buy a creaking boot.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

NAME FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER (to be on the Breakfast Table every day).—*The Morning Appetiser.*



TESTAMENTARY OBLIGATIONS.

'Oute Little Girl (who has heard Conversations between her Parents of the like import). "UNCLE, HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?"

Uncle (startled). "EH!"

'Oute Little Girl. "'CAUSE I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MY DOLLS!"

TONGUES FOR TOURISTS.

THE Long Vacation is drawing to a close, and Parents and Guardians may like to know how Reading Tours have aided in advancing the education of their respective scions. Should any dotting fathers be interested in the absorption of foreign languages into their sons' systems, the following Memos from the Diary of a University Man, who has just returned from a tour abroad, whither he had gone expressly to perfect himself in European tongues, may be productive of some reflection.

July.

Left Dover for our Tour. Met American COLONEL X. Y. ZACHARY at Calais. Glorious brick. Knew French, and talked for us all. Gave us quite a twang, and left us devoted to Yankees.

Put up at Grand Hotel. English Waiter. Saved us lots of trouble. Went to English Tavern. Excellent Beefsteak for dinner. Cheese direct from Cheshire. Went to Open-Air Music Hall in the Shongs Eliza, what they call a Coffee Concert. Two English Clowns and a man who sang "Tommy, make Room for your Uncle." English family on both sides of us. Dropped their H's freely. Met two College chums in the yard of the Grand when we came back.

Went out to buy German Dictionary, French Grammar, and Italian Dialogues. Bought a copy of *Punch* instead—great fun.

Started for Italy. Capital Guard with the Train: knew English thoroughly. Queen's Messenger in the carriage; splendid linguist. What's the use of trying to speak a foreign language; if you don't begin in your cradle!

Arrived at Turin. Met the LARKSPUR girls at the Station. Went everywhere with them. They are all awfully jolly. Quite gorgeous at slang. Must buy that Italian Grammar and Dialogues. Learnt the Italian for "Yes" to-day.

On to Venice. How well our Gondolier talks English. Lovely weather for Cricket or Lawn Tennis. Nothing so jolly here. Old bricks, and dirty punts they call Gondowlers.

BAD THING FOR THE BRAIN.

HERE'S a go—that is, here is in effect a go, or measure, of brandy, gin, whiskey, or other ardent spirit, habitually imbibed! MR. T. C. KINZETT, at the British Association, discoursing on "The Action of Alcohol on the Brain," said—

"Physiologists claimed to have proved that alcohol absorbed into the system not only affected the brain, but also located itself temporarily there. He had investigated the action of solutions containing varying per-centages of alcohol upon brain-matter after death, and found that this action consisted in a hardening not only of the dura mater, but of the whole brain tissue."

If he had only stopped there, what a specious argument would our philosopher have supplied for alcohol! From his statement it would appear that spirits, so far from tending to cause softening of the brain, do just the reverse. Habitual dram-drinking, therefore, would make tipplers hard-headed. But MR. KINZETT went on to say—

"And in very large per-centages, small quantities of the principles of the brain were dissolved."

By the action of alcohol upon the cerebral tissue. So that, after all, we are compelled to cry, with *Cassio*, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" The spirit of wine washes away the substance of wit.

LAW FOR LADIES.

SOME people may be a little puzzled by the following information in the *Times*:—

"FORFEITED SUITORS' MONEY.—The amount of forfeited suitors' money in the County Courts last year was £1485 11s."

The only suitors generally understood to have been subjected to forfeit are those who have broken off their suits, and consequently become suitors sued. And the sums they have forfeited are in Ladies' pockets. Besides, actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage are not tried in County Courts; the only remedy against defection of hymeneal courtship being *Nisi Prius* courtship. British justice affords no amends for the broken hearts, blasted hopes, and blighted affections of servant-maids and widowed washerwomen, unable to afford more than the County Court limit of legal expenses. *De minimis non curat lex*.

August.

Start for Rome. Fancy a Roman train. What was it? All Gaul, or all the train, was divided in *tres partes*. Sang comic songs all the way. Bother Rome! it reminds one of VIRGIL and HORACE, and all those nuisances. By the way, we must not forget the Italian Dialogues. Hotel Commissioner, such a good fellow. Has lived in the Langham for the last six years. Told us a capital American story. Left the others to go round the monuments while I played a game of billiards with CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. By Jingo! he does play well. He never learnt Italian or French, but I have heard he is a Greek. Speaks English like a Briton.

Meant to have begun Italian to-day; but too hot, really. Go back by Vienna and Trieste. Better buy a German Dictionary. CHARLIE'S voice downstairs, by Jove! Hurrah! Off to Vienna. Go over the Tyrol by night. Sleep all the way.

Vienna. Awfully good beer. English Parson in same hotel. Knows the Governor. Wants me to take him round, and as he hears I am studying German, will I interpret for him? See him further first.

September.

Leave Vienna, to escape Parson. The German tongue most attractive when made into sausages. Lingo simply horrible. Couldn't learn it if I tried.

Arrived at Munich. Drove round the English Garden. Nothing English in it except weeds and ourselves. Saw *Richard the Third* played at the theatre. Call that SHAKESPEARE? Well! I am particularly etetrad. And in German, too! Why don't they learn English?

Home in time for some Partridges. By the way, wonder what became of the "Coach" who went out with me? Never bought the Grammars and Dictionaries, after all. There's nothing like English if you want to be understood.

A FISH WITH A FAMILY.



FRIENDS, we are all acquainted with the poetical allusion to "fishes that tinkle in the deep." There are readers who may imagine the interesting creature below named by a contemporary to be a fish of more than commonly bibacious habits:—

"One of the large tope (or British sharks) in the Brighton Aquarium has given birth to eleven healthy young ones. This is stated to be the only instance on record of a tope breeding when in confinement. The mother and young ones are doing well."

The tope, a fish not perhaps generally known by that name, may, as a species of or nearly akin to the dog-fish (*Scyllium catulus*), be conceived of as a drunken dog-fish by the class of readers above referred to. Some of these are possibly even capable of saying that the tope, though common on the British Coasts, is at the same time apt to be found half seas over. From the foregoing announcement in the *Evening Standard*, it will be seen that the tope, like other sharks, is viviparous, and therefore a female; and is a very remarkable exception to the generality of her species if not sex. SIR WILFRID LAWSON should visit the Brighton Aquarium to inspect the tope, and ascertain whether, notwithstanding proclivities, bad enough for a male, but truly dreadful for a female, the mother and young ones are nevertheless doing well.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Bray—Discovery—Note—A Change—Humour—Saxon obtuseness—Carmen—MR. O'SULLIVAN'S Joke—Rathdrum—Cross Questions—Crooked Answers—The Old Story—Another Illusion destroyed.

Happy Thought.—Could there be a more enjoyable way of spending a summer than to have a house at Bray, MR. O'SULLIVAN's car for excursions into the lovely country round about, and a small sailing-boat in the Bay?

The Dargle, Powerscourt, the Waterfall, all the "objects of interest" I have done, and am satisfied. I don't want to move on. Give me Bray, and that is enough. I do not believe, take it for all in all, that Bray can be beaten.

A Discovery! I find that the Gentleman whom I met in the train, and who said he didn't want a Parliament on Stephen's Green, and added that "We (the Irish) are not a people for self-government"—I say, I find that this Gentleman was an Englishman residing in Ireland. The Anglo-Irishman is a peculiarly objectionable person. Now I should like to reside in Ireland; only if I did, I must share the fate of my compatriots, and become a peculiarly objectionable person. Perhaps I am wrong. Think it out.

But I have no time to spare. I must on to Rathdrum, or PLUMPTON AND SPRY may telegraph to me "Come back!"

Psychological Note for basis of Article in Typical Developments.—I cannot help remarking how I am, gradually, losing sight of the Ireland which has hitherto existed in my imagination, in consequence of over-doses of Irish novels, Irish plays, and English journalistic representations. The novels and plays told me only of "Ireland as it was," or as they (the writers) chose to say it was. I had better study *Ireland since '98*, by JOHN MITCHELL, and D'ARCY M'GER'S *History of Ireland*. Then perhaps I might be able to strike the balance between the two sides of the question.

Yes, I am becoming acclimatised. Of the process I have been unconscious. If I was disappointed, at first, because the landing at Kingstown, and the arrival at Dublin, did not, one after the other, burst upon me like two tableaux in a grand opera, now, at all events, I am beginning to understand how ignorant of the place and people I must have been to have expected anything like the *mise-en-scène* of a Grand Opera on a Landing Stage. I have a whole course of reading to unlearn, and a whole album of pictures to erase from the

tablets of my memory. But, as far as I've gone, if I never went any further than Bray and its environs, *I should be satisfied*. And here let me pause to recommend those, who another year would otherwise go abroad, to come from Holyhead to Kingstown, and thence to Bray.

The Carmen whom I have come across hitherto are always civil, never garrulous; ready to give every information in the pleasantest possible manner; and in my experience I never met with any one of them who wasn't willing to make a fair bargain for the day.

Of course, as every one declares these Carmen to be the readiest, and wittiest, of men, I am bound to give them credit for possessing a reserve fund of humour. Owing, perhaps, to my not yet being sufficiently acclimatised, I have not remarked the slightest sparkle from these Irish diamonds. I call to mind the proverb about Pearls before Porkers, and am aware that a Saxon pig must be educated up to the mark before he can discriminate between the pearl and the barley. However, here is one specimen. *It may be a pearl.*

At one place—no matter where—the Gatekeeper would not admit us unless I had "an order."

"Shure the Gentl'man has the order," said my Carman, winking to me, with this aside, "It's the *silver order* she means, Sorr."

The next is not a pearl, but eminently characteristic.

I hinted at the probability of our being caught in a storm before the end of our drive.

"Ah, Sorr," replied the Carman. "We'll have fine weather, please God, from this out."

Imagine an English Cabman, or an English provincial Flyman, expressing himself in this way, which was all the more striking from its evident good-faith and absence of all affectation.

Not one of them anywhere but on parting touched his hat politely, without the slightest sign of servility or obsequiousness, and gave me more than my change out of the bargain with "Good-bye, Sorr, and thank ye, Sorr." And "May ye soon be comin' this way again, Sorr."

My Farewell to MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I hope you'll have plenty of business in the Season."

"There'll be *lashins* to do, Sorr," replied MR. O'SULLIVAN, cracking his whip. Whether the pun—a genuine Irish one—was intentional or not, I put this down as "one to MR. O'SULLIVAN."

On to Rathdrum.—I arrive late. Hotel close at hand. I am shown into a neat but chilly-looking bed-room.

"Can I have dinner?" I ask, implying a doubt, on account of the lateness of the hour.

The Landlady, or Housekeeper, or whatever the illigant lady may be, smiles assent.

"Is it ready?"

"'Tis ready," she answers.

(As a matter of fact I had to wait, being ravenously hungry, for nearly an hour, but the kind Hostess evidently thought that to have said "it wasn't ready," would have been a most inhospitable way of receiving a guest. So she romanced a little. But hope deferred does not agree with me.)

She does not ask me what I wish to order, so I anticipate any difficulty by leaving it to her, and she thereupon leaves me to myself.

A small, shock-headed boy—the Boots, I fancy—whom I find on the landing, shows me into the Coffee-Room. There are some people finishing tea. When they have cleared out, my dinner is served, and I have the fire lighted.

I say as jovially as possible, "The wine card, please."

The Waiting-Maid stares at me. I repeat my request.

"Is it the wine *carte* you mane?" she inquires.

"Yes," I answer.

"Ah then," she returns, evidently much relieved by my explanation, "we haven't got one."

There's perhaps no wine—only whiskey?

"Oh, we have wine," she says, and wishes to be informed "what wine?" as I can choose from Port, Sherry, Claret, and Champagne, —and she finally recommends St. Julien.

After dinner I am joined by two Irish Commercial Travellers. They both call for tea, and I am the only one drinking whiskey.

Note.—I have noticed, as a novelty to me, that "Yes" is conspicuous by its absence from the Irish vocabulary. Also the method of obtaining information is, generally, as different as possible from an Englishman's. Now suppose an English "Commercial" wanted to know if his friend MR. SMITH were anywhere in the neighbourhood, he would probably ask MARY the Chambermaid in this fashion:—

"MARY, my dear, has MR. SMITH been here lately?"

And MARY would reply—

"No, Sir," or "Yes, Sir," or "He was here yesterday, Sir, but has gone on to Bath," as the case may be.

But take my worthy acquaintance the present Irish Commercial. This is how he manages it.

"MARY!"

"What is it, Sorr?"

"Is MISTHER O'BRIEN this way?"

"He was, Sorr."
 "He was?"
 "He was."
 "When?"
 "Yestherday."
 "Yestherday?"
 "Yestherday."
 "An' he's gone on?"
 "He did, Sorr."
 "He did?"
 "He did."
 "Where to?"
 "Arklow."
 "Waterford?"
 "No. Arklow."
 "Arklow?"
 "Arklow."

And so it goes on, in musical phrases as it were, with varied inflections for the affirmation, the interrogation, and the conclusive affirmation. It looks, in print, like a page from one of ALEXANDRE DUMAS' novels.

It is difficult to obtain a direct answer from an Irish servant.

The Master inquires, "BIDDY, who broke this dish?"

"That dish, Sorr?"

"Yes, this dish."

"That dish is it?"

"Yes, *this* dish. Did *you* break it?"

"An' what 'ud I be afther breaking that dish for?"

This fencing-match will continue for some time, until she devises a new parry for your thrust, in this way:—

"I'm speaking of *this* dish. Did *you* break it?"

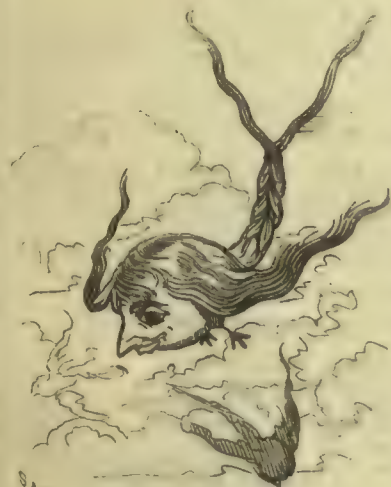
"Sure, ye've a dish like that in the next room"—and so on. Of course the finishing touch, whether for Irish or English servants, will always be that the fractured article, which you can swear you saw whole yesterday afternoon, was "broken before I came into the house, Sir."

Servants, after all, whether English or Irish, are very much the same as they were when DEAN SWIFT gave them his admirable advice.

Rathdrum. At night.—One of my companions has gone to bed. I am alone for a pleasant evening with MR. O'BAGMAN, and Scotch (not Irish) whiskey.

MR. O'BAGMAN, as an Irishman, warns me against Irish Whiskey. Another illusion gone!

AUTUMN LEAVES.



OUR Senate leaves St.
 Stephen's Hall, and
 leaves
 Behind it Bills and
 bothers,
 The Swallow leaves his
 lodgings 'neath our
 eaves,
 And flits in search of
 others.
 M. P.-dom leaves long
 screeds of tangled talk
 Constituents to trouble;
 Then leaves *them* (in the
 dark) o'er moors to
 stalk,
 Or tramp amidst the
 stubble.
 BEN leaves the Commons,
 WILL, to slate the
 Turks,
 Leaves Trojans, trees,
 and axes;
 Criticast leaves the uncult
 leaves of works,
 Collector leaves fresh
 taxes.

Nous leaves newspapers, which appear bereft
 Of novelty and reason;
 Sense leaves the social sphere; Sensation's left
 Lord of the Silly Season.
 Love leaves his urban haunts, midst rocks and trees
 To practise Archery various,
 And Science leaves its cells, like other bees,
 To swarm and buzz gregarious.
 Art leaves swell studios and ornate walls,
 And ladies lank of stature,
 Midst genuine women, woods, and waterfalls
 To get new hints from Nature.

Wealth leaves its ledger, with one eye at least,
 Fashion leaves May Fair quiet,
 And the ghoul Scandal leaves its town-spread feast
 To glut on rural diet.
 Nob leaves the Row, for ease or enterprise,
 According as he's mettled;
 Snob leaves "the shop" for "Margit;" leaves likewise
 His tailor's bill unsettled.
 Railwaydom leaves along its ill-kept lines
 Openings for wreckage annual.
 Cad 'ARRY leaves on statues, seats, and shrines
 His scrawled or carved sign-manual.
 TOMMY leaves school, leaves home no moment's rest
 Till his long leave is over;
 And MARY (family out) leaves "work," with zest,
 To chat with casual lover.
 Cit leaves his Club (and maybe takes his spade
 Like ancient CINCINNATUS).
 Ton leaves the Town to "persons—haw!—in trade,
 And people of no *status*."
 But Toil leaves not the task, nor Pain the bed,
 Nor Death his dread dart-hurling:
 Autumn, at last, when all his leaves are shed,
 Leaves, with their last wild whirling.
Punch's perennial (printed) leaves still live,
 No wintry wind may shake one.
 Sibylline leaves that know no fall, he'll give
 Leaves many, but not take one.

A PLEA FOR BROMPTON.

To the Editor.

SIR,

You, like the ancient TIRESIAS, know everything. Tell me, Sir, *where has Brompton gone to?* Practically, it has vanished. Brompton Square and Brompton Crescent are now in South Kensington. Is the Brompton Road still the Brompton Road? A few years back we spoke of a friend living in Alexander Square, or Michael's Grove (a charmingly wooded retreat), as one residing in Brompton. In fact, *then* "we spoke of a man as we found him." But *now* the same friend returns me my envelope, requesting me to scratch out "Brompton," and substitute "South Kensington," which strikes me as being only "Brompton" writ large. Sir, where the white man has once set foot, he has exterminated the ancient coloured races. Where are the ancient coloured races that so recently dwelt in the groves, the squares, the crescents, and pleasant places of Brompton? Is there not one aboriginal tribe to make a last, noble, even if expiring, protest? Will the Brompton 'Busses vanish? Is there a blessing on those who remove the ancient landmarks? There may be modern gentility about the name of South Kensington, but it lacks the sturdiness of "Old Brompton," and the plain, straightforward, unblushing frankness of "Brompton." South Kensingtonites may answer, perhaps, and say, "We have never interfered with *Brompton proper*." This, Sir, is begging the question, and the retort will be so self-evident to your readers, that not another word on the subject will be required from me, who sign myself, in spite of the South Kensington Museum,

A BROMPTON BOILER.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

INASMUCH as the National Assembly of Sages met this year at Glasgow, it is wonderful that nobody has written thence to say that the Brightish Association (so called) was *nae* that bright. A rather dull gathering was, however, towards the close of its session, enlivened with a paper by PROFESSOR BAERRETT, embracing the subjects of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, whereon ensued a discussion between the Professor himself and others, including LORD RAYLEIGH, MR. CROOKES, MISS BECKER, MR. A. RUSSELL WALLACE, and DR. CARPENTER, and ending with an altercation about veracity misunderstood to have been impugned, sparkling with a brisk interchange of the reiterated assertion and denial, "I didn't" and "You did." Who that remembers stock paragraphs in newspapers respecting witchcraft and fortune-telling, or ghost-stories, headed "Superstition in the Nineteenth Century," ever dreamt of living to see philosophers, physiologists, and naturalists in a great Council of Science debating the reality of supernatural manifestations? Are there such things as they dispute about, or have they eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? And in either case are they prepared seriously to consider the question whether it is possible in the nature of things for an old woman to fly over the roof (say) of the Royal Institution on a broomstick? What else would that be, levity apart, than "levitation"?



" MIXED COMPANY."

SCENE—The Ball-Room of a fashionable Sea-side Hotel.

Lady Godiva Highjinks (to her Partner, during a pause in the Valse). "A—I CAN'T HELP THINKING I'VE MET YOU BEFORE!"

The Partner. "YES, MY LADY, MANY'S THE PAIR OF WHITE SATIN SHOES I'VE 'AD THE PLEASURE OF FITTIN' ON YOUR LADYSHIP AT OUR 'OUSE IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE! AND"—(sinking his Voice to a fascinating Whisper)—"I MUST SAY THAT A MORE HEX-QUISITE FOOT THAN YOURS, MY LADY, I NEVER YET 'ELD IN MY 'AND!"

THE GAY CITY.

NOTICE has been given that the Mansion House is again about to become the scene of various gaieties and hospitalities on the part of the LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS. But the published programme of the civic entertainments in prospect between now and the Ninth of November is manifestly incomplete, as a glance at the subjoined list of engagements will conclusively show:—

Dinner to Hospital Students, Gentlemen eating their Terms at the various Inns of Court, and Metropolitan Curates.

Ball to the Members of the Hop Exchange, their wives and daughters.

Dinner to all the London Vestrymen.

Dinner to the leading Members of the Dental Profession.

Juvenile Ball to the younger branches of the Corkscrew Makers', Scriyeners', Greengrocers', Beadles', and Cheesemongers' Companies.

Dinner to the Royal Marines.

Grand Fancy Dress Ball. All the guests to be habited as famous City Personages of the Olden Time—for example, SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON (with his Cat), SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH, WAT TYLER, JOHN WILKES, JANE SHORE, LORD MAYOR BECKFORD, KING LUD, MISTRESS QUICKLY, MARGARET RAMSAY, Beadles of the epoch of HENRY THE EIGHTH, Apprentices of the era of JAMES THE FIRST, and Gog and Magog.

Supper to the Boys of Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and the other great City educational establishments.

Dinner to the Deans and Chapters and Chapter Clerks of England and Wales.

Luncheon to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans.

Dinner to the Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday Committees.

Grand Display of Fireworks and Illumination of the Mansion

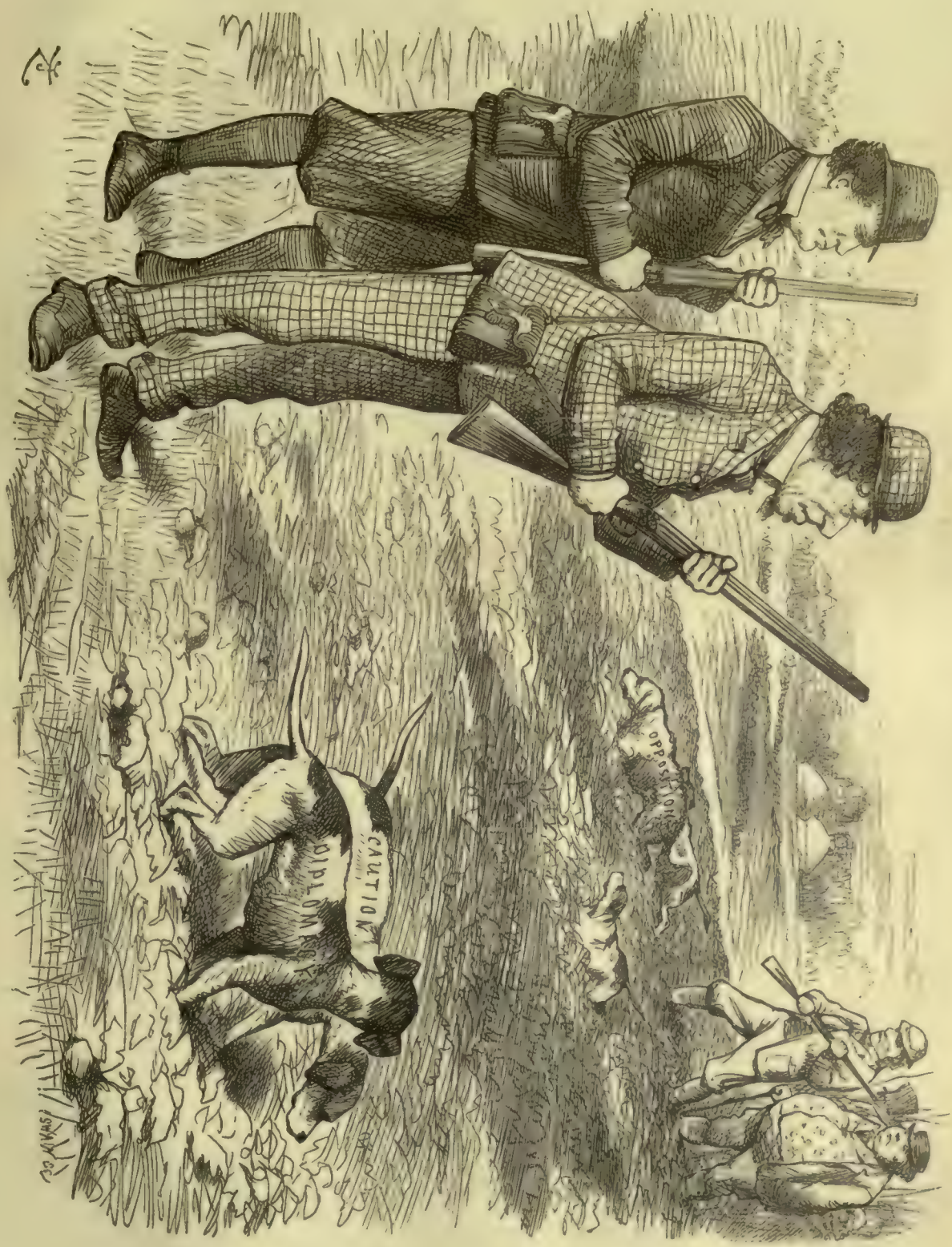
House on the Fifth of November. Supper afterwards to the London Fire Brigade.

Ball to the Mayoresses and Aldresses of England, Ireland, and Wales, and the Wives of the Provosts and Baillies of Scotland, of the Jurats of the Island of Jersey, and of the Deemsters of the Isle of Man; with their daughters.

Grand Banquet to the Ministers—of the various Dissenting persuasions.

THE WANTS OF THE NATION.

WANTED, a Skipper, who, voyaging faster
Than any one else, ne'er brings ship to disaster.
Wanted, Cheap Railways, which speed and precision
To the utmost combine without e'er a collision.
Wanted, a Surgeon, who risks operations
Which in fatal results ne'er attain terminations.
Wanted, Investment, with view to futurity,
Highest interest yielding on safest security.
Wanted, Directors, who capital use
In the boldest of ventures—to win and not lose.
Wanted, an Army and Fleet, by this Nation,
That yearly increase with decreasing taxation.
Wanted, instead of ignoble abstention
From Europe's disputes, and meek non-intervention
In foreign affairs—which we now to be folly see;
On the part of our Rulers, a "Spirited Policy."
Wanted, a Statesman, who'll play a high game
Abroad, and still keep us at peace all the same.
Wanted, Doers to dare bold exploits of utility
On mischance whilst we sternly enforce liability.
What else wanted? In brief, our requirements to tell,
Wanted, pudding to eat, and yet have it as well.



DISTURBING THE GAME.

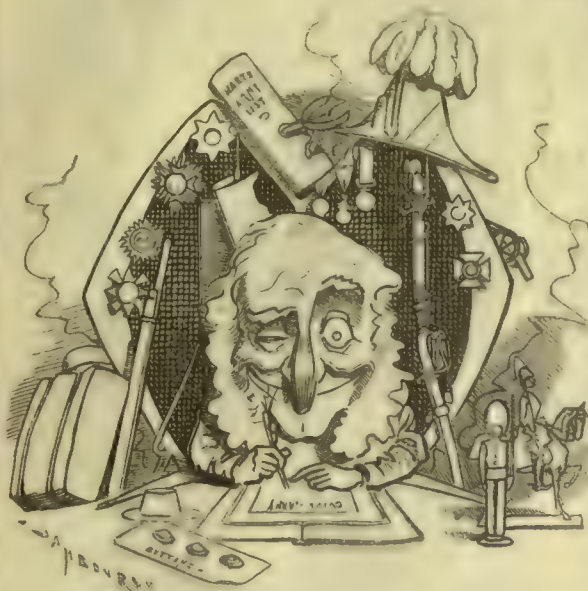
LORD B. "CONFOUND THAT FELLOW! HE'LL BE PUTTING UP ALL OUR BIRDS!!!"

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

For the Use of Young and Old Persons.

SECTION I.—THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Part I. Introductory.



R. PUNCH had four military friends whom he took great pleasure in instructing. COL. CHARLES was a fierce soldier of the most pugnacious proclivities; he seemed to be over-ready to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. His patriotism was intense, and it was not his fault that his sword rusted in the scabbard eleven months out of every twelve. It was generally believed in his home circle that his talents would have been of the utmost value to

DON CARLOS, GARIBALDI, and MOLTEKE. In spite of this opinion he had never left his native land on foreign service, for the simple reason that his regimental duties had chained him to a spot bounded on the north by Berwick-on-Tweed, and on the south by Hounslow. He was, in fact, the Commanding Officer of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. Mr. Punch's second military friend was ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers; his third, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green; and his last a dear little fellow, scarcely seven-and-eighty years of age, called by the Horse Guards and his other intimates FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B.

When COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was about fifty years old, he became very inquisitive about the duties of his rank, and begged hard to be allowed to read the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* and the *Queen's Regulations*. Mr. Punch consented, and he began them accordingly; but he soon found in the volumes so many hard words and things he could not understand, that he was quite discouraged; and, bringing the books back, said, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he had better give them up till he was older.

On this Mr. Punch laid by his work, and said, "My dear Colonel, rather than you should be disappointed in your ardent desire to learn something of your duties, I will try what I can do for you myself; and perhaps I may be able to compile from other military works one that you may find easier to comprehend than those supplied to you by MESSRS. MACMILLAN and Her Majesty's Stationery Office."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Punch," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, in a transport of joy. "Will you begin it to-day?"

"You must not be too impatient," said Mr. Punch. "You must remember that I shall have a great deal to do. I must read over several books very carefully, and I must then select, as well as I can, what I think will entertain and instruct you. However, I promise to begin as soon as possible, and whenever I shall have finished a chapter, I will read it to you in the evening, and that will be better than listening to one of the Mess stories of our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, which we have heard so often. After every Section, I will answer any questions you may ask concerning the subject of it; but you must not interrupt me while I am reading."

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ran to inform his brother officers of this kind promise; and as soon as the first Section was completed, and the welcome hour arrived for the coming of Mr. Punch into the ante-room, the three younger soldiers eagerly placed themselves by his side. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., too, though he was very old, seated himself on a footstool at Mr. Punch's feet, and listened with great attention.

Part II. Of the Rise of the British Army.—When JULIUS CÆSAR (a General in the Italian Service) invaded England, several years before the Norman conquest, the British Army was in a very disorganised condition. The uniform was neither neat nor expensive, so neither the man of taste nor the manufacturing tailor was satisfied. The costume of the Infantry consisted of a coat of blue paint with facings of yellow. A few hundred years later, coats of mail were introduced, with the effect of enriching the celebrated family of SMITH. Even

in those far-distant days the English were fond of sight-seeing, and the Battle of Hastings may be said to have been lost by the soldiers of HAROLD, who would look up into the sky at the descending Norman arrows. In the Feudal ages, the British Army consisted chiefly of men-at-arms and yeomen, who had been supplied to the King by the Barons as a sort of human substitute for the proper payment of the Income-tax and the Water-rates. In the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, in consequence of the extinction of Feudal tenures, the British Army began to assume its modern shape. The 1st Royals is the oldest regiment in the Service. It was raised in 1633, and is now called the Royal Scots. In the scheme of LORD CARDWELL, for making the Militia the Reserve to the Line, it was proposed to attach the 1st Royal Tower Hamlets to the 1st Royal Scots. Had this plan been carried out, the distinguished Militia Regiment in question would doubtless have assumed the titles and uniform of the Royal King's Own Shoreditch Highlanders. The Coldstream Guards and the 3rd Buffs are the next senior regiments to the Royal Scots—they were raised in 1660. The Royal Horse Guards (Blue) in 1661. Their founder, the EARL OF OXFORD, was a nobleman fond of solitude and gloom. Hence, when a gentleman of military appearance seemed to be in low spirits, it was immediately reported that "he was in the Blues." It is amusing to notice how long-lived are regimental customs. Only the other day the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, true to the traditions of their glorious corps, actually attended a fancy dress ball, at Marlborough House, in the costume of Puritans! It is gratifying to hear, however, that they kept up the character they had assumed with as much credit to their heads as to their hearts. The 100th Canadian Regiment was added to the Establishment in 1858, and, in 1861 (just two hundred years after the raising of the Coldstreams and the Buffs), the 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, and 109th Regiments completed the muster roll of the British Army of modern days. And now, having told you, my dear Officers and Gentlemen, how the British Army arose, in my next section I shall have something to say about the duty one soldier owes to another. I shall attempt to prove that, though the haughty General may have no head, the humblest of our privates may yet have a heart full of the noblest thoughts and (to finish off the sentence neatly) the very highest of human aspirations.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION I.

Ensign Eugene. Please, Mr. Punch, what are the highest aspirations of the British private?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, the highest aspirations of the British private are said to be (by the best authorities) for more food, stronger beer, and less sentry duty.

Colonel Charles. Surely, Mr. Punch, you do not allude to the Militia. I can assure you, my dear Sir, at mess every evening during the training, the most popular toast after that of Her Majesty the QUEEN is "Wild Wars and Speedy Promotion." The Assistant-Surgeon of the Regiment almost cries with emotion when he proposes it.

Mr. Punch. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, I feel that in your hands Herne Bay is safe, and Putney need never fear an invasion! But, before I commence my lectures, will you, all of you, tell me why you entered the British Army? Come, my dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., why did you join?

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Because little SIR FRANK was a good boy. His Mamma told him to join a Hussar Regiment when he was thirteen, and he has been doing what he has been bid ever since. He has gone up and up and up in the British Army list, until now he goes to reviews like a good boy, in top-boots, a cocked hat, spectacles, and a respirator.

Mr. Punch. Dear little fellow! And you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, why did you rush to defend your country?

Colonel Charles. Because, Sir, I felt that my country needed defending. Because, Sir, I felt that, unless I put on a blue patrol jacket twenty-seven days out of every three hundred and sixty-five, England would sink to rise no more, and the waves would have to advertise for a new directress!

Mr. Punch. Admirably answered! And you, ENSIGN



OUR RESERVES.

Captain Deronda (of the Volunteers). "BY YOUR LEFT—CLOSE!"

Comic Private (aside—to his left-hand Man). "NOT TO-DAY, THANKY! 'DISPOSED O' MINE LAST WEEK TO MOSS AND ABRA'MS!"

Captain Deronda (sternly). "I HEAR TALKING IN THE RANKS THERE!"

EUGENE, of the Volunteers, why have you joined the forces of your native land?

Ensign Eugene. Because, *Mr. Punch*, I was tired of going to Fancy Dress Balls in the costume of CHARLES THE SECOND.

Mr. Punch. Your reply is ingenious, frank, and manly. And you, *LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE*, of the Grenadiers Green, why are you in the Army?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Because, *Mr. Punch*, the Army happens to be my profession. I trust you will pardon me if I ask you a question. Why are you delivering lectures upon the Army?

Mr. Punch. Because, my dear *LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE*, of the Grenadiers Green, I am a civilian, and consequently know infinitely more about military matters than soldiers to the manner born.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Sir, your logic is unanswerable. I shall be delighted to listen to you with the utmost attention and courtesy.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank. And so will dear little *SIR FRANK GEEGEE*, K.C.B. Dear little *FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE*, K.C.B., loves *Mr. Punch*, and knows what *Mr. Punch* says to him will do him O such a deal of good! Won't it, dear *Mr. Punch*?

Mr. Punch. My dear little fellow, we will see.

A TASTE OF HOME-RULE.

A MEETING of Irish patriots who proved patriotic was held the other day in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to hear *MR. O'CONNOR POWER*, M.P., deliver a lecture on Irish Wit and Humour. Accordingly, *MR. BIGGAR*, M.P., in the Chair, several letters were read from *MAJOR O'GORMAN* and other Home-Rule Members of Parliament. In the letters of *MAJOR O'GORMAN*, Irish Wit and Humour might have been expected to be strongly exemplified, but apparently were not, for nobody laughed, but only "there was a good deal of whistling and shouting." *MR. POWER*, having then been asked by a Gentleman on the platform whether he held the views of *WOLFE TONE* and *EMMETT* as to Home-Rule for Ireland, was greeted on rising with prolonged shouts and hisses, on

the subsidence of which he answered he was there not to lecture on Home-Rule, but on Irish Wit and Humour. His hearers did not want to be taught what Irish Wit and Irish Humour were. They soon let him know that they knew.

"A signal was then apparently given from some of the men who had got upon the platform, and in response to it a free fight ensued between the two hostile factions composing the meeting. Some of the audience, it is said, had come armed with sticks and other missiles, which they freely used as weapons. Chairs were thrown about the platform, broken up, and used in the fight. For some time there was a general scrimmage throughout the Hall."

These were practical illustrations, and striking instances, of Irish Wit and Humour. But the best hit of them all remains to be told:—

"*MR. BIGGAR* remained in the Chair, and in the course of the fight he was struck on the head with some missile, and sustained a scalp wound from which he bled profusely. He vacated the Chair after receiving the blow, and was taken from the Hall to the door, towards which there was an immediate rush, and a scene of wild and indescribable confusion arose."

The blow which broke *MR. BIGGAR*'s head appears to have been nearly as effective a stroke of Irish Wit and Humour as he could have received. Somebody had him there. A head laid open is a splendid example of cutting Irish satire. He must have felt it.

These witty and humorous proceedings having ended, the results of them were found to be that—

"About three or four hundred chairs were smashed; the forms were heaped up in every direction, and a slight injury was done to the organ and parts of the building."

MR. POWER made a great mistake in representing Irish Wit and Humour and Irish Home-Rule as different things. The Home-Rulers quickly showed him they were all one. Home-Rule is manifestly nothing else than an Irish joke, expressing itself in home thrusts and home blows. But Irish jokes break bones—when the jokers hit hard enough. There are the sort of jokes to make you scream, if you are duly sensitive; instead of only making you split your sides, they split your sides for you. The only objection to these sallies of Irish Wit and Humour is, that there is too much reason to fear they may be really the death of one.



BEWARE OF FALSE TEETH WITH GUTTA-PERCHA FIXINGS.

Master Alec (who is fond of Dogs). "THERE'S NO MISTAKE ABOUT FOUR BEING THOROUGH-BRED, MAJOR BUMBLEBIE!"

Major Bumblebie (not displeased). "AND HOW DID YOU FIND THAT OUT, MY BOY!"

Master Alec. "WHY, 'CAUSE YOU 'VE GOT A BLACK ROOF TO YOUR MOUTH!!"

THE GREAT PIANO-PLAGUE.

KIND MR. PUNCH,

To please my wife and family, I am staying by the shore of the much-resounding sea. To please myself, I have selected what I thought a quiet watering-place, unmolested by excursionists, and remote both from the snobbish and the fashionable world. Here I fondly hoped to lead a quiet life, and to bask at leisure on the pebbly beach, undisturbed by bothering boatmen, or by black-faced banjoed bawlers, or by blatant German bands.

But though Shingleton is quieter than Starborough or Sheepsgate, I cannot say my life here is as tranquil as I hoped. I happen to be gifted with a good ear for music, and I suffer aural martyrdom by reason of the gift. I mention it as "a" good ear, for that phrase is usual; but the fact is, I have two good ears, neither one deaf. Were I for musical appreciation gifted with but one, I might stuff it well with cotton, and spare myself the torture to which I am exposed.

Pity, pray, the sorrows of an ill-starred man. From the moment when I wake, to midnight at the very least, pianos to right of me, pianos to left of me, pianos in front of me, jingle and jangle. Graphic as it may be, even this description falls short of the truth; for a pianist is playing underneath me while I write. When I engaged my lodgings, or "apartments," as she calls them, my landlady informed me, and with perfect accuracy, that there wasn't such a thing as a piano in the house. Tempted by this statement, I took her first-floor and two upper bedrooms for a month, and made no special bargain as to boot-cleaning and cruets, which, with half-a-score more extras, have since proved rather costly additions to her bill. The ground-floor then was vacant, but, unluckily, was let the day after we came, and the next day a piano, upon hire, was introduced.

THE STATUS QUO.

MONTAGU and MAUD have quarrelled about MAUD's Cousin. The engagement is broken off. The letters and presents have been returned (by Parcels Delivery), and MAUD and MONTAGU have gone back to the *Status Quo*.

The BANKHOUSES have returned from the Sea-side to Camberwell. BANKHOUSE leaves home for the City in the morning with his usual punctuality. MRS. BANKHOUSE gives her orders and goes shopping with all her old regularity. The children and Miss DRILHAM have begun lessons again. So the *Status Quo* is resumed at 28 ("The Cheviots"), Cromwell Villas, Camberwell Grove.

TOPSELL, his wife, seven sons and daughters, and upper and under nurse, are at Baymouth. The weather is bad, the lodgings are uncomfortable, everything is dear, the children scream when they are bathed, the boys are always getting into scrapes, the girls flirt, and MRS. TOPSELL has taken a violent cold. TOPSELL sighs for the *Status Quo*, but he has yet three weeks of life at Baymouth before him ere he can enjoy home comforts at Surbiton again.

CAPTAIN and MRS. BEESWING, having gone through the Divorce Court, have receded to the *Status Quo*.

The holidays are over, the boys have gone back to school, and many happy households, tranquillity being restored, are rejoicing that the *Status Quo* will not be disturbed again till Christmas.

The REVEREND HENRY CHILLINGWELL, having returned to the family living from Norway, the Curate, who has been preaching twice every Sunday with flattering success, sees nothing before him but the old *Status Quo*.

A large number of tradesmen would like the *Status Quo* restored as it was prior to the establishment of the "Stores."

The Leader-elect of the House of Commons hopes it may continue the *Status Quo* which existed before MR. DISRAELI accepted an Earl's coronet.

The houses built for lodgings have uncommonly thin walls, and a piano in the parlour is heard well-nigh to the roof. Besides, the walls of modern dwellings are barely a brick thick; and a piano which is played at No. 5, Marine Parade, vibrates most unmercifully through Nos. 4 and 6. To these facts add the further one, that most young Ladies now-a-days can sing as well as play; and when I say "as well" I really mean "as ill." Moreover, at the sea-side they generally practise with the window open, and, having little else to do except to bathe and read a novel, they invariably practise some thirteen hours a day.

A heavy tax upon Pianos, to be doubled at all watering-places, might somewhat abate the nuisance, which grows each year worse and worse. Persons guilty of the misdemeanor of playing with the window open, should be indictable for wilful breaches of the peace. I am not by my nature of a revengeful temperament, but I own I feel inclined to punish with severity these feminine offenders, no matter how penitent or how pretty they may be.

In the hope that the Exchequer may be speedily enriched by the tax above suggested, I crave your leave to call myself

Yours,

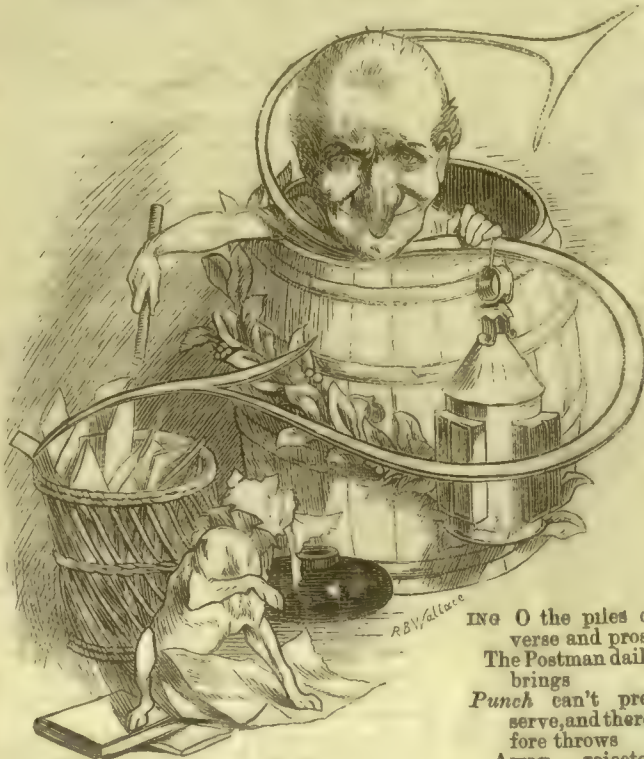
A MAN WITH TWO GOOD EARS.

The Wrong County.

NOT Buckinghamshire, but Lincolnshire ought to have enjoyed the distinction of giving the PRIME MINISTER a territorial title. In Lincolnshire there is a place called "Coningsby." MR. DISRAELI, as EARL OF CONINGSBY, would have been endeared to every reader of his sparkling novels.

MUSIC AT THE SULTAN'S INVESTITURE.—"Voici le Sabre."

CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS.



Oh the piles of
verse and prose
The Postman daily
brings
Punch can't pre-
serve, and there-
fore throws
Away rejected
things.

Torn up, he sends them all to burn;
None such can he restore.
Dear friends, they quit you to return—
As Youth returns—no more!

EXEMPLARY INTOLERANCE.

IN a Circular issued by the Spanish Cabinet, Europe is told that the Constitution establishes Religious Tolerance in the interior of places of worship and cemeteries, but formally interdicts all public manifestations of heterodoxy, and that:—

"The Government considers notices placarded on places outside the Church announcing the hours of service to be public manifestations, and interdicts them in consequence."

Suppose this notification, *mutatis mutandis*, that is, the places of worship which it relates to being Roman Catholic instead of Protestant, had been issued by PRINCE BISMARCK. What invectives would have been hurled from the Vatican at the head of the persecutor, with what unmeasured abuse he would have been everywhere denounced by the Roman Catholic Press, and how strongly he would have been censured in England even by the organs of Protestant Liberal opinion! The Ultramontanes may thank the Spanish Ministry for setting the Prussian Government, and every other, a very bad example of bigotry, which may be imitated to the vexation of the faithful.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

HERE is a precious little piece of kitchen stuff:—

AS PROFESSED COOK AND HOUSEKEEPER. Wages £40.
Unexceptionable character. A private (not professional) family preferred.

That a Cook should state her preference to serve a private family is a fact that well may exercise the meditative mind. The condition of the labour market may be clearly guessed therefrom; and the opinion may be formed that the supply of Cooks at present hardly equals the demand. The parenthesis may likewise incite some further thought. Why should a Cook restrict her preference in this way, and object to serve a dinner for a Doctor or a Lawyer, or any one whose income is professionally earned? We have smoked three cigarettes in deep reflection on the matter, and confess ourselves incompetent to solve the weighty point. If the precedent be followed, we may hear of Housemaids advertising that they have a

preference to serve in titled families; and Scullerymaids, in want of situations, may announce, with all the emphasis of italics or big print, that "*Nobody connected with the City need apply.*"

TERRA TO THOMSON.

(A Protest from a Perturbed Planet. Received in "Reason's ear," and Reported by the Owner of that Ear—Mr. Punch.)

"SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, working from a solution of FOURIER's, found that one hundred millions of years have elapsed since the earth grew cool enough for animal existence."—*Daily Telegraph* on SIR WILLIAM THOMSON's Opening Address to the "Physical Section" of the British Association at Glasgow.

Terra. Only one hundred million years? Pooh, pooh!
THOMSON would make me a mere *parvenu*!

Luna. And me a mushroom orb. What next, I wonder?
Won't TYNDALL's lot be down on him like thunder?
One hundred million years! The merest speck
In Evolution's sweep.

Terra. How little reck
These fumblers of a Planet's family feelings!
They blurt out all their blundering revealings
About our antecedents—nothing shirk:
I wish we had a sort of heavenly BURKE
To put things right. And yet, for all their pother,
The mannikins quite contradict each other.
Cosmical theories? Emmets next, no doubt,
Will call their ant-hill doctrines so.

Luna. You flout
The pismires righteously. I have my fears
The fools may set us Planets by the ears.

Terra. "Us Planets"? I like that. A satellite
Like you, with Planets does not rank. Not quite!

Luna. Beg pardon! But, by Jupiter—
Terra. Oh blow it!

Luna. Size is not everything!
Nor shape—I know it,—
Or you and I might wish we could take pattern
From that most stuck-up of the Spheres, smart Saturn,
So vain of his big ring!

Terra. I'd just as soon
Possess my single solitary Moon,
I'm sure she's very lovely, if she's lonely.

Luna. Thanks, Terra!
Terra. But one hundred millions only!

SIR WILLIAM might have spared that incivility.
Next he'll be taxing Sol with juvenility.
There's not a sphere that won't be shocked.

Luna. Between us,
I think the notion may be "nuts" to Venus.

Terra. A giddy-pated creature! Strange obliquity!—
She never could appreciate antiquity.
But after all the time allowed by TYNDALL,
For my inhabitable age to dwindle
To such a point! 'Tis quite too disappointing!
His cosmical hypothesis so disjoining
That Orthodoxy will be loudly crowing
To find pert Science "hedging." Why, for growing
From Mollusc into Man the time's a trifle.
DARWIN with righteous wrath must surely stifle.
To fit my surface—not for Salamanders,
But say for Adams or for Alexanders,
Took—

Luna. Do not be too definite, dear friend.
Vagueness gives Vastness; Vistas without end
May stretch where the perspective ends in mist,
Or "boundless blue." The evolutionist
Will see you righted.

Terra. Why, to bridge the chasm
Between himself and primitive protoplasm,
With such a tiny, trivial strip of time—
One hundred million years!—the thing's a crime
That Chronos should resent. The Great Edacious
Himself can't swallow at *that* rate. Good gracious!
THOMSON's a sumph!

Luna. Whate'er, dear Mother Earth,
The "Molten-Centre Theory" may be worth,
SIR WILLIAM soon will find—sense might have told him!—
The world of Science quite too hot to hold him!

SPIRITUALISM AND CRICKET.

"DR." SLADE, from America, Professor of Spirit Writing, and Test Medium, playing the Slate Trick, caught out, after a short innings, by DR. LANKESTER.



DRIVING LADIES.—EXTREME MEASURES.

"IF YOU CAN'T WHIP HIM UP, YOU MUST LIFT HIM UP, CHARLES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(The Winter Theatrical Season commences. He pays a flying visit to the Queen's, and briefly reports thereon.)

SIR,

BEFORE quitting England, you, at a most affecting parting, strictly enjoined me to represent yourself whenever and wherever SHAKESPEARE might be "revived." You, then and there, gave me a standing order ("not admitted after seven"), which I promised scrupulously to obey.

Hearing then of MR. JOHN COLEMAN, how

JOHN COLEMAN, of the Provinces, by the Nine Muses swore
That York and Leeds and somewhere else should see his face no more,

until he had produced SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth* in London, at the Queen's Theatre, I determined to be in my place on the first opportunity, which, I regret to say, was not on the *première* of the grand revival.

Whatever may be the result of the present speculation at the Queen's, everyone, interested in the prosperity of the English stage, must wish success to the enterprising Manager from the North, who has heard mysterious voices in the air crying, "York, you're wanted!" and, in obedience to the mystic summons, has come up to make essay of the Metropolis. And, no doubt, MR. JOHN COLEMAN—our old King COLE-MAN, a jolly old soul man, and a jolly old soul is he—has effected much that is worthy of great praise, and, where he has failed, he is to be credited with the best intentions—a fruitful source of failure, by the way,—and sympathised with as not having achieved his own ideal success.

It is bad, for example, to have to start with such an apology as catches the eye on the first sheet of his elaborate (and excruciatingly sneezingly scented) programme, i.e., "NOTICE. As many of the 'set' scenes are of great magnitude, especially the 'Interior of Westminster Abbey,' public indulgence is requested for such delays between the Acts as may be necessary during the first week of this production"—Yes, but surely another two weeks' rehearsal would have rendered these delays unnecessary, and, despite their expense, would have, in the end, been a genuine economy.

Again, more rehearsal would have done some good to the invisible orchestra. As it is, the band plays out of sight, and out of—a good deal else. Then the men whose duty it is to manage the curtains, should be rehearsed at their work every day. The directions given "behind the scenes" should be toned into a lower key (difficult, perhaps, where crowds have to be dealt with); and were a pair of "tormentors" (as the sort of screens are called which conceal the space between the proscenium and the first wings) added, the effect for those of the audience who are seated at the sides and in the front row of the stalls would be materially enhanced. I confess the illusion of a Knights-in-armour battle-scene is destroyed, as far as I am personally concerned, when I catch sight of energetic people in the hats and coats of eighteen hundred and seventy-six suddenly coming into sight at the wings.

One mistake to my thinking is the retention of the *Chorus*, a part fairly declaimed by MISS LEIGHTON. The *Chorus* is an apology for the absence, in the time of the Divine WILLIAMS, of those very effects which it is one chief aim of this revival to place before the public. Nowadays the occupation this *Chorus* appears to have gone.

Time, Sir, will not permit me to review at length this revival, which begins at seven (confound it!—why won't you let us dine comfortably, MR. COLEMAN?) with the Jerusalem Chamber and MR. PHELPS, and ends at eleven, or thereabouts. By the way, why, in the bill, are *Nym*, *Bardolph*, and *Pistol* described as "Irregular Humorists"? I think it a capital name, and should like to adopt it myself; but how are these three "Irregular Humorists"? MR. MEAD, who plays *Pistol*, is a regular humorist.

The play-bill consists of eight pages, rather formidable. All the available talent finds herein a local habitation and a name. This swells the list with the rank and file. Allow me to offer a suggestion. A French Lord—LORD BOUQUAULT—is mentioned in the play, and is put down in the cast. Well, as MR. COLEMAN has been going in for descriptions, as for example, "The Irregular Humorists," why not give the foreign nobleman the benefit of the doubt, thus, LORD BOUQUAULT (probably ancestor of the present eminent Irish Dramatist and Fenian-Liberator, MR. DION BOUQUAULT)—which would be interesting to others besides the mere antiquarian.

I hope to pay the Queen's another visit when everything will be in

working order. At present, suffice it to record the fact of the revival, to draw the attention of the public to what is called "a step in the right direction," and to sign myself now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*A propos* of the topic of the day, what a row some foreign Gladstone—perhaps *then* a monk of the Savonarola type—would have made about the "English Atrocities" in France, quoting KING HENRY's sanguinary command—

"Every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through."

Why even our chiefs out-bashi-bazouk'd the Bashi-Bazouks in those old days when the cry was "St. George for Merrie England!"

Richard the Third at Drury Lane (CIBBER *versus* COLEMAN), and the winter theatrical season commencing. Like a bird, Sir, I will be in three places at once, including the theatre where *Silas Druce alias Daniel Marner* or *The Black-weaver-smith* is being performed. I hear great things of CARL ROSA's Opera troupe at the Lyceum. But more anon from your own "Irregular Humorist." I thank thee, KING COLEMAN, for teaching me that word.

SHIPTON AND SLUDGE.

How long will Justice, blinder than ever, continue to prosecute poor old MOTHER SHIPTON for telling sixpenny fortunes to maid servants, and allow charlatans of the "Medium" type to be treated as magicians by feeble scientists, and their illusions to be discussed as positive phenomena by little intelligences?

To the lock-up with old MOTHER SHIPTON! She has no Lecturers on Anatomy, no Professors of Psychological Economy, to speak, protest, or lecture, in her favour. To gaol with her! She has made a servant-girl happy for an hour for the small sum of sixpence!

Nothing can be too bad for her when we think of the superstitious ideas such conduct may engender in the lower classes.

But SLUDGE, who is a Doctor—a genuine one, or he would not use the prefix—is not to be treated otherwise than as the respected and admired exponent of a science yet in its infancy. He takes his fee as other Doctors do. He resides in well-furnished apartments, and it is quite impossible that a man of his attainments (is he not the chosen associate of angels?) should dream of fraud or imposture?

You purblind petty Professors, who have paid your guineas and wasted time which might have been profitably employed in your own pursuits, are you not—confess it—the veriest babies in almost everything which does not immediately concern the science you have studied and followed since you left school?

Can any one of you imitate *Mr. Punch's* Roo-too-too-it, or make a shilling vanish from one hand to the other, or force a card, or explain any one of the thousand and odd tricks performed by a common conjuror?

You feeble *gobemouches*! Because a medium is called Doctor, and is recommended by some celebrities who may sooner or later end their investigations in Colney Hatch or a Private Establishment, you accept his theories at once! Because, forsooth, you cannot understand how he does it, you swallow his trick as, so to speak, a canard, bones, feathers, and all, and swear it is a Phoenix sent from Heaven.

Punch knows it is useless to argue with enthusiasts, but he asks, if witchcraft is to be treated as an imposition, whether obtaining money under false pretences in the drawing-room is not as punishable as doing so at the area, and whether Magistrates ought any more to tolerate impostors extracting guineas from well-to-do simpletons for communications from the dead, than they allow MOTHER SHIPTON to swindle scullerymaids out of their small earnings in return for a promise of a rich husband and a coach-and-six?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION II.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIMSELF.



WHEN Mr. Punch appeared to give his promised lecture, his four military friends hastened to greet him. His pupils appeared in different costumes. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, wore his silver-laced overalls and levée vest. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, on the contrary, appeared in a motley uniform, composed of a regimental tunic, a pair of fancy tweed trousers, and a straw hat. LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, was satisfied to appear

"My good boys," said Mr. Punch, "before I commence my lecture, will you kindly tell me why you have selected the uniforms in which you have been good enough to appear?"

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was the first to answer. He replied, with a slight blush, "It has occurred to me, Mr. Punch, since we held our last conversation, that it would be possible to mistake me for a civilian did I not make the very most of my uniform."

"This is the regulation shooting dress at Wimbledon," proudly responded ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers.

"We wear *mufti* at mess, to distinguish us from the Army," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green.

Mr. Punch turned to FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., and was horrified to find that the poor little fellow had cut his fingers with his sword.

"My poor, sweet little man!" cried Mr. Punch, compassionately, "how did you manage to draw that dangerous weapon?"

"Little SIR FRANK doesn't know!" sobbed the venerable innocent. "Little SIR FRANK only drew his sword once before; and then he was a naughty subaltern, and got fined a dozen of champagne because he did it in the ante-room. Little SIR FRANK will be a good boy, and won't do it again."

Sticking-plaster was produced, and peace restored; and then Mr. Punch commenced his lecture:—

Part I. *The Commanding Officer and his Subordinates.*—The first duty of the Officer is obedience to his superiors; the second is to maintain discipline amongst his inferiors. According to the Queen's Regulations (Sect. 7), he should "not only enforce by command, but should also encourage by example, the energetic discharge of duty, and the steady endurance of the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

Thus, a Commanding Officer, when a Sub-Lieutenant is sent to join his regiment, should seize as many opportunities as possible to attract the attention of his subordinate. When he sees his recruit coming, he should immediately commence practising the goose-step with perseverance. It will be as well for him to appear to fail once or twice in the attempt to perform this elementary, but difficult, manoeuvre, so that the recruit may be encouraged to make the necessary efforts to master the subject. At other times it will be as well if the recruit finds his Commanding Officer hard at work studying the Field Exercises, Part I.

in a black suit of evening costume. FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., wore his respirator and decorations. The dear little man was seated in a perambulator.

By these and like means a Colonel of ordinary ability will soon be able to accustom his Officers to steadily endure "the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

As one of his duties is to maintain "a proper system of economy," he should encourage the Mess Committee to order the cheapest wine. He should accustom himself to making the following observations in a hearty tone of voice: "Really, this Cape sherry is excellent!" "I have never tasted a better glass of champagne, at twenty-four shillings a dozen, in my life!" "On my word, this glass of ginger-wine is far more wholesome than the most expensive port!" Should it be necessary, he will always be able to procure the proper antidotes from the Surgeon attached to his Regiment. In conclusion, the Colonel should recollect that he is regarded by the Authorities at Pall Mall as the father of his Regiment, and as a father who is expected to educate and maintain his children at the very smallest possible expense to the general public.

Part II. The Inferior Officers and their Commander.—As it is the duty of the Colonel to regard his Officers as his children, so, in like manner, is it the duty of the Inferior Officers to look upon their Commanding Officer as their parent. The Majors should never perform the smallest duty without consulting their chief. When engaged in battalion drill, they should invariably ask their Colonel to explain his orders, and the way to obey them, before they are issued to the Regiment. The observance of this rule will generally save a great deal of confusion and a constant reference to the Red Book. As it will be the duty of the senior Major to ride side by side with the Colonel at the head of the column on the line of march, he should invariably store his mind with a choice collection of good stories and witticisms with which to amuse his superior Officer when the toils of the day are over. As, on these occasions, they will be riding immediately in rear of the band, it will be as well if he provides himself with a speaking-trumpet. Thus armed, even the smallest pun should have its due effect.

The Company Officers should have the fullest confidence in their superior, and should do nothing without his knowledge. Thus, as the proper management of practical joking is left, by the Queen's Regulations, in the Colonel's hands, Officers should invariably make their Commanding Officer the hero of their frolics. They should also never "raise funds through the agency of money-lenders and bill-discounters" without asking their Colonel to lend the influence of his name to the financial transaction. As their Colonel is directed "to discountenance any disposition in his Officers to gamble," they should invariably decline to join him in a game of whist at stakes higher than "five points and a pony on the rub."

By these means the Commanding Officer and his colleagues in command may live on the terms of a very happy family.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION II.



Ensign Eugene. Please, *Mr. Punch*, can you tell me who the Commanding Officer of a Regiment is?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, I am very pleased to find that you are already beginning to take an interest in military matters of importance. However, as your question is one of an elementary character, I will ask your brother Officers to answer it for you. Now, my dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., can you tell me anything about a Commanding Officer?

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geeggee, K.C.B. Dear little SIR FRANK is a Colonel himself. He was gazetted a Colonel, and was told he might wear a pretty uniform, and draw a nice little salary. Some day, dear little SIR FRANK, if he lives to be a very, very old man, may see his Regiment. Won't that be nice?

Mr. Punch. My sweet little man, I recollect the Regiment of which you are nominally in command, is now serving in India. And now, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, who do you say is the Commanding Officer of a Regiment?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Off parade, the man who keeps the regimental drag on the Sergeant-Major.

Mr. Punch. Do you know, my dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia?

Colonel Charles. In our Service, Sir, the battalion is usually commanded by the Adjutant.

Mr. Punch. So I have heard; and a very grave mistake, too. The Adjutant's duties should find him better employment. A Captain has no right to assume field rank. Now, you have heard the hints thrown out by your brother Officers, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. Perhaps you may be yet able to answer your own question for yourself.

Ensign Eugene. I suppose the Colonel should command his own Regiment.

Mr. Punch. Theoretically, quite right, my dear Ensign; but, as a matter of fact, the Regiment is generally commanded by the Colonel's wife!

BRITISH INTERESTS—AND PRINCIPLES.

"Unquestionably there is a large party, a large portion of Her Majesty's subjects whose thoughts and sentiments are attracted and absorbed by other things than the maintenance of the permanent interests of this country, or the maintenance of peace. . . . The country, in some of its exhibitions of feeling, has completely out-Heroded the most extravagant conceptions."—*The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD at Aylesbury.*

BULL TO BEACONSFIELD.

BRITISH Interests, BEN? Precisely so,
Bound to look to them, I quite agree;
But must say that I should like to know
What your present views of them may be.
Mine have changed, I own it. Summons sharp
Set me thinking; the result you've seen.
'Tisn't now the time to sneer and carp,
Best speak out, BEN; tell us *what* you mean.

British Interests, BEN? Are they bound up
With cool minimising of such work
As has made us all on horrors sup?
Tied to toleration of the Turk?
Can't quite see it, BEN; but if they be,
British hearts must sicken so to find them;
And the only question left to me
Is—how best and soonest to *unbind* them!

British Interests, BEN? They may be bought
At a price I'm not prepared to pay.
Fight for them I would, as I have fought,
Though I'd rather keep from further fray.
But between the Sword and Shame, you see
There is never need of pause for choice.
Better battle than complicity
With foul foes of freedom! That's *my* voice!

British Interests? Some have vented bosh—
Cold as well as hot—I'd fain shun spasm.
"Sinister?" No, BEN, that taunt won't wash.
Don't claim *kudos* for "enthusiasm."
But Batak! Can't well "out-Herod" that!
Keep cool head by all means, step with care;
But I won't have part or lot—that's flat!
With the brutes who played the Herod *there*.

British Interests? Long we've backed the Turk
Selfishly, or prudently, no matter!
But one fixed resolve you'll find to lurk
Under all this multitudinous clatter.
JOHN declines any longer to lend his name
To the Eastern Moloch of Miarule,
Will not bear his burden, share his shame.
Send *that* ultimatum to Stamboul!

British Interests? Don't desire to play
Into hands of "sinister" intrigue,
Cynic despot on the scent for prey,
Party wire-puller, or secret League.
Tricked by Russ or shamed by Turk? Faith, no!
Either part to play I'm vastly loth.
Scylla or Charybdis choose? Not so!
Want a steersman who'll keep clear of *both*.

British Interests? BEACONSFIELD, my friend,
There's your chart, your compass. Can you steer?
Chilly reticence 'tis time to end,
Storm may reach e'en your "serener sphere."
This "commanding sentiment" claims. Are you
Apt to heed that Sentiment's commands?
If so, say so. If not, say so, too,
And—the tiller goes to other hands.



FACT AND FICTION;

OR, Y^e BONNY FISHWIVES OF SCARBOROUGH AND THEIR IMITATORS.

MIRACLE AND NO MISTAKE.

SOLON and SOLOMON, smoking.

Solon. Curious, the appearance of PROFESSOR LANKESTER'S exposure of DR. SLADE, and of MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S defence of the Lourdes miracles in the same page of the *Times*.

Solomon. Spiritualism at London and Spiritualism at Lourdes.

Solon. Spiritualism and Spiritualism. Both alike humbug.

Solomon. Not so. No wilful humbug, probably, in the Lourdes Spiritualism. The Spiritualism in London not all humbug prepenne. Healing fountain of course incapable of humbug. Healing Medium probably very capable. But possibly an enthusiastic self-humbug only. Believers in both fountain and medium alike healed, however, humbug notwithstanding—healed through faith, by the action of mind working on body. Read DR. CARPENTER'S *Mental Physiology*.

Solon. That's how you explain MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S miracles, then?

Solomon. Oh dear, no! Goodness gracious forbid I should say they may not perhaps be real miracles.

Solon. You don't mean to say you believe in modern miracles? What do you mean by a miracle?

Solomon. A fact, impossible in the nature of things, but still a fact, and therefore of necessity a fact effected by supernatural agency. Such a fact I believe to be a miracle—*credo quia impossibile est*. A natural impossibility—not a supernatural one.

Solon. Do you know of any such possible impossibility?

Solomon. No; but I have read of one—the cure of one MICHAEL PELLICER, cited by a late Bishop of MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S cloth, as having occurred at Saragossa in 1640.

Solon. As how?

Solomon. MICHAEL PELLICER lost a leg by amputation. He prayed for a new leg, and got one—an actual, *bonâ fide*, new live leg, according to the renowned BISHOP MILNER.

Solon. Stupendous, if true.

Solomon. A miracle is a miracle. All miracles are equally stupendous. No one miracle is more wonderful than another. All, equally impossible, are equally possible. Perhaps MONSIGNOR CAPEL can pattern the cure of MICHAEL PELLICER. He will do so to the

satisfaction of all reasonable beings by producing from Lourdes, La Salette, Loretto, or anywhere else, so much as even the restoration of the last joint of a little finger. If any Monsignor, or other philosopher, is really prepared to quote such a case of the miraculous, perhaps he will be so kind as to forward it to 85, Fleet Street.

Solon. Where it will eclipse even all the marvels of art and literature in the shop-window, and to be had, a whole number of them, at the small charge of threepence over the counter.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

LADIES, pray give your attention for a moment to the following:—

"The Titus mode of dressing the hair in short curls, adopted by several of the leaders of Paris fashion, marks the commencement of a reaction which will probably be complete ere long. Intelligent ladies now incline to return to the use of natural hair; and this determination has been induced by considerations of health which have an unquestionable value."

Here, indeed, is intelligence, in either meaning of the word. That Ladies should resolve to wear their own Hair only—that which really is their own by nature, not by purchase—may clearly be accepted as a proof of their intelligence, and, moreover, is a startling and a pleasant piece of news. In far too many cases the Hair which they display is in relatively inverse proportion to their brains. Ladies who are gifted with but little in their heads are generally conspicuous for what is worn upon them. They bestow more cultivation on the outside than the inside, and bonnets are esteemed of more account than brains.

Since False Hair has been discarded for sanitary reasons, perhaps we may soon hear that other fashionable errors have been sensibly corrected for the same sufficient cause. There can be little question that, if Ladies of intelligence were allowed to set the fashion, many changes would be made in feminine costume. The wearing of low dresses would be speedily abolished, and girls might go to balls and theatres without fear of a sore throat. No longer Ladies would be lamed by the torture of high heels, nor would they catch their deaths from damp by wearing shoes with wafer soles. A wasp waist would be viewed not as a beauty but a horrible deformity, and tight-lacing be discarded as a certain cause of suffering, ill-temper, and ill-health.



A CALL FOR THE MANAGER.

MR. PUNCH. "THE HOUSE IS IN AN UPROAR. SOMEBODY MUST GO ON. IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!"
LORD BEAC-NSF-LD. "ALL RIGHT, MR. P. I'LL SAY WHAT I CAN TO QUIET THEM."



GENTILITY IN GREENS.

(Mrs. Brown finds Sandymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

'Greengrocer. "CABBAGE, MUM! WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGETABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

From Rathdrum—By Car—A Cheerful Party—Dubious Phrase—What I Expected—What I Didn't See—Notes—Something about Wakes—An Offer—The Lamb—The Brothers—Sentiment—Probabilities—Clara and Lara—Romance—LORD BYRON—Morning Air—Glendalough—The Seven Churches—Psychological Inquiries—Notes—Songs—Idea for one—An Appeal—A Command—On the Track.

From Rathdrum.—In the early morning. Beautiful. We meet eight miners, dressed in their Sunday best apparently, walking about ten yards in front of three stalwart police officers. All laughing and talking, and taking it very leisurely. Two of the police engaged on nuts. These officers, I see, have no side-arms, only thick walking-sticks.

"It's a summons for foightin'," my Driver explains. "They'll be foined elevin and sixpence, and spend double in goin' back in cars."

I express my astonishment at their being so well dressed.

"Ah," says my Carman, "they're daycent boys, but they get foightin on pay-day, and then the Pö-lis is down on them. Shure, they march to Mass on Sundays with a band playin', and they crowd the Chapel of the Seven Churches so that for last prayers ye can't move at a snail's pace along the road."

He points out to me the Brookagh Chapel,—and, leaving the car below, I mount the hill and enter it. It is a fine sized building, open all day, as are most of the "Chapels," (they call all the Catholic Churches "Chapels,"—a traditional custom, I suppose, derived from the times of the Protestant ascendancy,) fitted up with only a very few benches.

"From seven to eight hundred miners," my Carman informs me, "hear Mass here every Sunday, without reckoning farmers; and there'll be more outside than inside."

Looking upon this description as perhaps intended for a cynical double entendre, which I can take just whichever way my bias inclines me, I put the question to him straight:

"When you say 'there are more outside than inside,' do you mean that the people who don't go to mass are more than those who do?"

He is scandalised at such a turn being given to his words.

"Ah begorr no!" he cries, "that's not the way of it at all at all. The Chapel's as full as it can hold, and there's as many more again outside, so that ye see, Sorr, 'tis full inside and out."

Is this the case at home in our mining districts? Do all our miners in a body turn out for a Church parade? If they do, they must be much belied.

Note by the way. What I had been led to Expect to See I have not Seen.—I have not seen a drunken Irishman; nor a fight of any description; not even a row. I have seen, as abovementioned, eight men taken up for having been previously drunk and disorderly. I believe this also happens, occasionally, in England; and, perhaps, such a case is not absolutely unknown in our mining districts.

I have not seen anybody with the traditional long coat and cape, brandishing a shillalah. Sorry that ancient customs should be dying out. Perhaps all the old stock has been sold to the theatres.

I have not seen a "Wake." Somebody offered to take me to one; but having been informed that "aham wakes" are got up for the benefit of a stranger (and of course for the special benefit of the performers in it), I decline with thanks.

My driver, however, makes me a genuine offer for a genuine wake. "A decent body," he says, is the widow at whose house the wake is to take place, where it appears there will be "lashins to drink all round." I can come, if I am so minded.

"But surely," I object, "on such an occasion, a stranger, a visitor, would not be welcome. And besides," I add, "I thought that only the family and the most intimate friends could be present at what, after all, is a part of the funeral."

"Ah, begorr, that's a fact, then," replied my friend; "but sure, Sorr, I'd take you meself, and ye'd go as a relation of the corpse."

Happy Thought, for being present at a Wake.—Go as a relation of the Corpse! If it were not for the hurry I'm in, and PLUMPTON and SPRY in the distance, I should like to appear in this new character.

Further on the road we meet, coming into Rathdrum for the market, a party which I should like to sketch, but can't. There are four good-looking, brawny peasants, marching solemnly, two in front and two in the rear, and exactly in the middle is trotting the prettiest, whitest, perkier, merriest little Lambkin I've ever seen. The Lambkin is clearly enjoying the grandeur of the ceremony. Regardless of his doom, the little victim trots. I could almost swear to the Lambkin's having winked at me in passing. O Butcher, spare that Lamb! May the garden never thrive that grows the mint that flavours the sauce to be served with that tender Lambkin!

Are the four strong, silent men overcome with grief, and struggling with emotion? Must they sell that Lamb to pay the rint? And oh, doesn't Rint rhyme with Mint? And is that little Lamb a mint in himself to those four big men, that band of brothers, tenants of one common cabin, marching in to Rathdrum Market with that pretty baby sheep decked for the sacrifice? Heavens! I thought that in Ireland it was the Pig that paid the rint? Where is the Pig, Gentlemen? Send for the Pig, if you please. Perish a dozen Pigs sooner than this angelic-faced, simple-minded Lambkin!

Stay! If I buy it, here, on the spot,—what shall I do with it? Suppose I offer to pay the rint myself. Pay the rint and spare the Lamb. What guarantee shall I have that the Lamb will be spared? They may sell him when I am gone. Or if I purchase him and take him up with me in the car, shall I not be compelled to leave him at the next Hotel? And will the Proprietor, or the Cook, be able to withstand the terrible temptation? Supposing I make them swear they won't hurt a hair of his head—I mean a lock of its wool—what can I say if, a fortnight hence, I receive this note:—

"HONOURED SIR,

"We regret to inform you that the dear little Lamb you left with us is, alas, dead. He was of a weakly constitution, and all that could be done for him was done, but to no purpose. He departed this life at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and my Cook, who had taken a great fancy to the poor dear little thing, was with it to the last. —I have, Sir, the honour, &c., to remain, &c."

Happy Thought.—Perhaps the Lamb is not going to be



HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.

sold, after all. Only out for exercise with the brothers, who could not leave it at home. Drive on. Perhaps it is a Pet Lamb, accustomed to go about with them all over the place, like his counterpart in that noble American war-song—

"POLLY had a little Lamb
Its fleece was white as snow—
Raise, Boys, the battle-cry of Freedom!—
And everywhere that POLLY went
The Lamb was sure to go—
Shout, Boys! the battle-cry of Freedom!"

For which stanza I think the Patriot Bard ought to have been presented with the freedom of Colwell Hatchney. But, drive on! this meditating and talking to oneself is hungry work, and methinks it is "an eager and a nipping air,"—though I object to "nipping" at any time, and specially before breakfast. On, on, brave horse! Hie thee through the vale of Clara and Lara—Tra-la-la-lara!—(oh, the mountain air! oh, the poetic breeze!—such an infernal east wind that I've had my Ulster on for three days; so that—*Happy Thought*.—Here's Ulster in Wicklow. Arrange this *jeu de mot* after breakfast; too cold now, but see my way to it)—to the Vale of the Seven Churches.

Happy Thought.—The Vale of Clara. Basis for Irish romance. Clara, the lovely girl—lover killed—rather than wed the Detested Rival Lara, she takes the veil. Hence the name. *The Veil of Clara*. As for Lara, as LORD BYRON was before me over this ground, i.e. "through LARA's wide domain," perhaps I had better not attempt it. But, stay—that Lara wasn't this Lara. This, I fancy, is spelt Laragh. That was Count Lara, and some relation to Conrad the Corsair.

But, thank Heaven!—

Happy Thought.—Here's the Hotel of the Seven Churches.

We are so early that nobody is up. Hollo! House! What ho! Within there! How now, my masters! Marry come up—I mean marry get up—ye Lie-a-beds! Ah! there's a bar behind the door (as there often is in a hotel even when the door's open)—but now—the bar is down. "Who calls so loud?"

FEMALE DRESS REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA has been considerably enlivened by an interesting revival. The American Free Dress League, by recent accounts, has been sitting in the Quaker City. The Dress Reform, however, contemplated by this Association has no tendency to the style of the Society of Friends. It is to be a resuscitated Bloomerism. One of a string of resolutions read before the Dress Reformers, by MRS. MARY E. TILLOTSON, of Vineland, New Jersey, indicates the improved costume proposed for women as follows:—

"Resolved that such garmenture shall be of the dual form, for the legs as well as the arms, as their use and all reason indicate; that the prejudice against trousers for women is founded on ignorance and tyranny, is fostered by many vicious and sordid motives, and ought to be banished from the earth by the full sanction and fearless effort of all people."

The Ladies who denounce the tyranny of Fashion and of Man in these strong expressions seem not to have considered that their violent language on the subject of female dress is really subversive of all petticoat government. Perhaps the motives which foster the prejudice against trousers for women may be vicious; but in what respect can they be said to be sordid? Possibly, inasmuch as one of the Dress Reformers lamented that she could not afford the garmenture of the dual form for the legs as well as the arms, because stingy men object to it as too expensive. If Ladies' milliners' bills will be exceeded by those of their tailors, the expense of the garmenture with the crural dualities will be great indeed. Dress Reform and retrenchment will by no means go together, and Ladies will be utterly unable to dress like Gentlemen on £15 a year. Until, therefore, the tenderer sex can manage to achieve their pecuniary independence of the tougher, the practicability of Dress Reform in the dual direction will become a question for the pocket of that garmenture at present remaining exclusively masculine. Woman, in fact, must work out her own emancipation, if she wishes, as some of her sisterhood in America at least, if not elsewhere, avowedly do, to wear the knickerbockers.

A GREAT EASTERN QUESTION.—How long does the Corporation of London intend to maintain the existing *status quo* of Temple Bar?

"'Tis I! 'tis I! here now I stand confest.

Landlord! behold in me your welcome guest."

Which would be a grand opportunity for an opening chorus—if they only knew how to start it. How operatically life might go on could everybody enter into the joke, and, of course, have an ear for music.

Landlord of the Hostelry of Glendalough, what have ye where-with to refresh your first visitor?

(*Happy Thought*.—Good character for a supernumerary in a play, "First Visitor.")

If I am the swallow of the Summer, what is there in your larder to keep this Swallow's pecker up? In other words, what is there for breakfast?

"Well, Sir, ye see 'tis early, but there's some nice cold Lamb!"

No. Not Lamb this morning. When I think of that dear Lambkin—I should feel like an Ogre. Prepare me a fish from yonder lake; and, so ye have a pig, mine host, have at him, with a will! Frizzle me a rasher! Neither let me stint for eggs! Nay, Sir, I hear a cackle this instant! Look to it, for, mark me, the egg must be of the freshest. And in one hour by Shrewsbury clock will I return, after having "done" the Upper Lake, seen St. Kevin's Kitchen, and rested on St. Kevin's Bed. (*To the Guide*). Come, boy, come! To the Lake! Away!

THE FEMALE CAPACITY.

At the recent Meeting of the British Association, held at Glasgow, the opening Address in the Economic Science and Statistical Department was delivered by SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, who appears to have "discussed a variety of topics, from Thriftiness to Women's Rights," and, "in regard to the Women's question," to have "suggested a scientific inquiry into their capacities." But which of their capacities, SIR GEORGE? Their capacity for admiration, or their capacity for amusement, or their capacity for spending money, or their capacity for varied and costly attire, or their capacity for gossip, or their capacity for flirtation and fascination? Oh no! He meant



AN INCONVENIENT PROTECTOR.

Blanche. "WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

Violet (a Woman of Resource). "OH, IF WE MAKE HIM WALK BETWEEN US, AND SPREAD OUT OUR SKIRTS A BIT, NOBODY WILL NOTICE HIM!"

Woman's capacity for arithmetic, for politics, for all the details of public life, for general information, for scientific research, for philosophical speculation, and for taking that share in the Government of her country to which every year she asserts, more and more noisily, her indefeasible right.

To assist SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL in his proposed inquiry, we have prepared a few simple questions:—

If you were left, by a generous uncle or aunt, £7000 invested in a security paying four-and-a-half per cent., how much a year would you receive?

Your husband allows you three guineas a week for current house-keeping expenses. How much does this amount to in the year?

If the cost of a Sealskin Jacket is thirty-two guineas, and of a Velvet Mantle £17 10s., what will you save by being economical, and choosing the latter?

Say, in round numbers, of how many Members the House of Commons consists; and state, with as much approach to accuracy and as little vagueness as can possibly be expected, by whom they are elected.

Who are the six Great Powers of Europe to whom constant reference is made by the newspapers at the present time?

On the breakfast-table this morning there were tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, cream, butter, marmalade, dry toast, French rolls, rashers of bacon, eggs and kidneys. Which of these articles are taxed?

With what places do you connect your calico balls, your cambric handkerchiefs, your muslin dresses, your damask table-linen, your dimity hangings, your fashionable milliner, and your favourite cordwainer?

Who was the last, and who is the present Prime Minister of England, and by what one word would you describe the political opinions of each?

Name any three great measures which have been passed by Parliament in the last ten years.

What is meant by Repeal of the Corn Laws, Abolition of Church Rates, Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Disestablishment of the

TURKS AND TEETOTALLERS.

THE noble British Population Boils o'er with righteous indignation, Excited by the woeful works Of these incarnate fiends, the Turks. All England with one voice is calling For vengeance due to deeds appalling, The deeds, unutterably bad, Of wickedness run raving mad, Which Turks at times like tigers do:— Because it is their nature to?

Nay, surely, but from vice, whose fruits

Are acts more fell than any brutes'. WILFRID, what cause on earth could sink

Humanity so low, but Drink; And such intoxicating liquors As madden British women-kickers? Have those "atrocities" not come Of whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum? Is more Old Tom than Turks could carry

Not what has made them 'play Old Harry?

Should we not find, could truth appear,

Bulgarian horrors caused by Beer— Fault of too many public-houses, Wherein the Mussulman carouses?

For can the "sober berry's juice" Set "rigid Moslem's" passions loose?

And can the Prophet's followers get Mad drunk upon their mere sherbet?

Or is the Ottoman no more an Observer of the Temperance Koran?

To what Teetotalism has brought The Turks, at least is worth your thought,

You that assure us it would be a Moral unailing panacea;

And, from their pot-houses and pots To keep a few unhappy sots,

Would therefore fain enforce submission,

Upon us all, to prohibition, Such as MAHOMET did impose,

With what results Bulgaria shows.

Irish Church, Local Taxation, School Boards, and the Balance of Power?

How much is the Income-Tax at the present time?

Can you give, say within forty or fifty years, the dates of the birth and death of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, the great DUKE OF MARI-BOROUGH, LORD NELSON, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, HANDEL, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GARRICK, MRS. SIDDONS, CROMWELL, PITT, DANTE, RAPHAEL, FREDERICK THE GREAT, and WASHINGTON?

Who wrote the *Canterbury Tales*, *Essays of Elia*, *The Doctor*, *Don Quixote*, *The Wealth of Nations*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Gil Blas*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Samson Agonistes*, *The Dunciad*, *The Excursion*, and *Sartor Resartus*?

Who invented the Telescope, Thermometer, Steam-engine, Electric Telegraph, Orrery, Sewing-machine, Cork-Screw, and Perambulator?

What is a Syllogism, a Dilemma, a Triangle, a Clerestory, an Archdeacon, a *locum tenens*, a County Court, a Metaphysical Question, a Protocol, and a Protoplasm?

Explain D.C.L., Ph.D., M.S., H.E.I.C.S., C.S.I., K.G., G.C.B., A.R.A., F.S.A., Q.C., C.C., P.C., L.S.D., and I.O.U.

Place Earl, Viscount, Marquis, Duke, and Baron in their proper order of precedence.

Write down the English Archbishops and Bishops, and make the best guess you can at the Welsh ones.

Who is Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice of England, Archbishop of Canterbury, Commander-in-Chief, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Poet Laureate, President of the Royal Academy, President of the Royal Society, Speaker of the House of Commons, Governor-General of India, and Master of the Buckhounds?

Who lives at Hughenden Manor, Hawarden Castle, Lambeth Palace, and Chelsea?

Should you consider it an inestimable privilege, and a proper recognition of your rights as a woman, to be called upon to serve as a Jurywoman in a trial lasting three weeks?



ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE.

Schoolmaster (to Class which had failed in an Addition Sum). "SUPPOSE A GENTLEMAN WERE TO GIVE YOU SIX APPLES, AND THEN SEVEN APPLES, AND THEN ELEVEN MORE—HOW MANY APPLES WOULD YOU HAVE ALTOGETHER? TWENTY-FOUR, WOULDN'T YOU?"

Objection felt and expressed by Small Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, HE NEVER G'ED I A ONE!"

INGENUOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

From SIR MAYNE CHANCE, M.P., to the Secretary of the West Shumsea Political Association.

DEAR SIR,

I REGRET that I shall not be able to attend your Meeting. I need not say how entirely I sympathise with its objects. This is, however, no *Party* question. It affects the entire Country. Nevertheless, no one in his senses can refrain from deeply censuring the terrible cold-bloodedness of Her Majesty's Ministers.

Yours faithfully, MAYNE CHANCE.

Reform Club, Sep. 16.

P.S.—An Autumn Session might perhaps afford a good opportunity of still further testing the feeling of the Country.

II.

From the RIGHT HON. LORD SNUGBOROUGH to the Secretary of the Snugborough Democratic Operatives' Society.

SIR,

I AM truly sorry that an important engagement elsewhere will prevent my joining in the sympathy of your Society with a cause for which my heart bleeds. I sincerely hope that no *Party* feeling may be manifested; except, perhaps, by the passing of such resolutions as may render it impossible that a Conservative Member can ever again be returned for Snugborough. Let no acrimoniousness be shown, if it can possibly be restrained.

Your obedient Servant,

Borough Hall, Sep. 15, 1876. SNUGBOROUGH.

III.

From PROFESSOR FUDDLE to the Mayor of Mudbury.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,

I CANNOT attend your Meeting, but only hope that the inhabitants of my native town may assemble in their thousands to

discuss this momentous question. It must be done quite impartially and dispassionately, of course; though History tells us that less serious matters have roused in the hearts of Britons a righteous indignation that has hurled Ministers from their places. Let it be by all means borne in mind that it is not yet proved conclusively that the Ministry connived at or instigated these outrages. Please read this letter to my fellow-townsmen, and beg them to dismiss all *Party* feeling (however difficult it may be) from their breasts.

Yours ever,

Sep. 12, 1876.

FREDERICK FUDDLE.

P.S.—By all means let there be no molestation of the Conservatives who may attend the meeting.

IV.

(Really Ingenuous.)

From MAJOR BLANK, M.P., to CHARLES BLANK, ESQ., Secretary of the Political Association, Blanktown.

(Private.)

DEAR CHARLIE,

CAN'T get to the Meeting, but hope all will go off "fizzingly." Never was such an opportunity for putting Ministers in a hole! Leave no stone unturned. Use spur and whip! Don't mind a little strong language from the platform. Put up old BOANERGES SMITH. Stick to the Autumn Session by all means. Might snatch a division, and then for the loaves and fishes! No time for more. Hope you'll have an awful row!

Yours ever,

The Rag, Sep. 19, 1876.

H. BLANK, Major.

NATURAL ENOUGH.

"DR." SLADE's views on education are not positively known, but it is understood that he objects to the Lankesterian System. (Is the Doctor an American? Is he from *Pencilvania*?)



MASTER TOMMY'S VIEW OF IT.

Master Tommy (he had been very Naughty, and was now amusing himself with his Scripture Prints). "HERE'S DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN!"

Mamma (incautiously). "AH, WHAT WAS HE CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN FOR!"

Master Tommy (with triumph). "'CAUSE HE WAS GOOD!"

MOLEHILLS FOR MOUNTAINS.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Visitation Charge lately delivered by your Grace in your cathedral to your Clergy, contains some advice, especially on the conduct of argument with gainsayers, to the general character of which it may be feared that our philosophical friends will, most of them, discern an exception in the words below quoted. Having, soundly enough, insisted on the existence of the Bible and the Church at large as unquestionable facts, your Grace proceeded as follows:—

"What two facts on which philosophers pride themselves are to be compared in their practical significance with these two? Is it, indeed, departing from the spirit of modern philosophy to take advantage of the position which excludes those two great facts? What, compared with these, are any observed traces of primeval man in some distant cave, which no one has thoroughly investigated? What, compared with these, are the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed upon mud here or there?"

What, indeed, your Grace? Certainly, nothing whatever. But then, on the other hand, please consider what are these questions to the point? Are the facts of geology which Clergymen have to grapple with, and that not merely for the confutation of evil, but in order to answer honest and irrepressible question, really represented, the whole of them, by a few superficially observed traces of primeval man in some distant cave, and by the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed here and there on the mud? Can this be your Grace's way of putting the tremendous geological difficulties wherewith Divines are called upon to deal? They might well enough have been put so by an Archbishop of another cloth than yours, if perchance he had brought himself to open his mouth touching problems on whose solution Infallibility itself is mute. Another time, then, perhaps you will not in a moment of forgetfulness allow yourself to fall into the style of the common emotional unscientific preacher who does not hesitate at affecting to reduce mountains to molehills in the face of fact; and to the reverse of edification. For we all know that cant is alien to the nature of his present Grace of Canterbury.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

WANTED, a Situation as House-Porter by Cerberus, Hell-gate having been blown by dynamite over Styx to splinters.

THE GALLOP OF INTELLECT.

THE Hyper-Scientific Association held its annual worry—we apologise—"swarry" in the Assembly Rooms of the interesting old town of Substrataford on Monday last. Space will only allow us to give the subjects of the eminently instructive papers read by the erudite Gentlemen who preside over the various departments of scientific investigation.

Chemistry.—"On the probable effects of Proto-Dynamic Chlorates upon the waves of the Radiometer, in connection with a theory of Hispano-Mauresque precipitates." By PROFESSOR SLOCUM STYK, R.A.P.

Geology.—"Inquiries into the nature of the White Spots upon Flint Boulders—whether caused by an Eruption, or induced by absorption of Fluid Magnesia." A highly interesting paper, the result of eighteen years' exclusive study. By PROFESSOR GNEISS YOUNGMAN, S.P., O.O.N.

Statistics.—"A Calculation as to the probable number of Cherry-stones dropped in the streets of the Capitals of Europe and America during the fruit season, with Comparative Tables." By the REV. STICKNEY MUDKINS, M.C.F.

Zoology.—"A Discussion on the apparent increase observable in the size of Elephants' Trunks, with a Solution of the Theory that they were once Carpet-Bags, and may eventually develop into Packing-Cases." By PROFESSOR BUCKWATER, Z.X.Y.

Entomology.—"On the Extraordinary Instinct which urges the House Fly to use the Right Foot in preference to the Left when employed in its ablutions. And why?" By PROFESSOR B. INNIS-BONNET, F.L.

Psychology.—"On Incontestably Supernatural Manifestations, produced by introducing a Three-legged Stool to an Easy-Chair; with a Dissertation on the Propensities of Invisible Powers to cause Half-crowns to disappear at will, and be found in the centre of French Rolls." By DR. HORN GREEN, A.S.S.

Social Science.—"On the Probable Diameter of Bicycle Wheels Twenty Years Hence, and their Influence on Length of Limb in the Rising Generation." By MISS O'CORR, of Bally-Rinkagain.

A CAUTION TO CHERTSEY.

THE Justices of the Chertsey Petty Sessional Division have shown that they know how to stamp out hydrophobia. They mean to do this by putting their foot down directly on the parties responsible for the propagation of that frightful infection. In a notice bearing the signature of "THOS. M. JENKINS, Clerk to the Justices of the said Division," issued from the Town Hall, Chertsey, setting forth "that various Dogs within the Parish of Chertsey have been bitten by a certain Dog known to have been MAD," and that "it is most desirable for the general safety that the powers conferred on the said Justices," by a specified Act of Parliament, "with regard to dangerous and Mad Dogs should be put in force," the owners of all Dogs are given the fair but formidable warning which follows:—

"NOW IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all Persons having the ownership or possession of any Dog known to have been bitten by any other Dog within three months preceding the date hereof, shall forthwith be destroyed, or placed under proper and effective control for the space of six months next ensuing."

Instead, then, of restricting their action for the arrest of hydrophobia to the canine species, the Chertsey Justices are determined to extend it to the Dogs' masters and mistresses. The least that any of all those heedless Persons guilty of keeping Dogs known to have been bitten by any other Dog within the last three months can expect is a seclusion of double that period; during which they will be closely shut up. But worse than that, they will be liable, the whole of them, to be destroyed,—summarily hanged, shot, drowned, or poisoned,—at the Justices' bidding; and let them not make too sure that those resolute Magistrates will be content with merely ordering them to be confined, and will not, as the safest course to pursue with such dangerous people, consign every one of them to destruction.



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 1.—PATENT STEAM PLOUGH EXPRESS TRAVELLING CHAIR FOR LAZY SHOTS.

SMALL POTATOES.

Questions for Society.

WHAT should you think of a Lady who allows she has passed the autumn in London, and rather liked it?

What should you think if you asked a Cantab down for a day's grouse-shooting, and he did not give half a sovereign to your Head Game-keeper?

What should you think of a Mother who objected to your talking Divorce Court before her Daughters?

What should you think if you heard "PRINCES" had become much more respectable since the best people had withdrawn their names?

What should you think if you were told that, as costumes became tighter, habits were getting looser, considerably?

What should you think if you knew your Milliner's bill came to nearly half your positive income?

What should you think if Lunch and Lawn-Tennis had never been invented?

What should you think if you were ordered abroad with only one trunk and a dressing-case?

What should you think of any Friend who travelled second-class without a Maid?

What should you think of a Woman who knew the price of a pound of beef, or a Man who paid his bills before he was dunned?

What should you think of anybody who allowed Wednesday to pass without buying *Punch*?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Visits Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Gaiety, and reports thereon.

SIR,

NOT to have seen MR. BARRY SULLIVAN in some Shakspearian part, argues Your Representative unknown. Up to last night, Sir, I had not seen that eminent Tragedian in anything, except—yes—once—in a hansom cab, when he appeared amiable, and probably overpaid the driver. It was a brief but beautiful vision, and one that has dwelt in my memory for many a long day. I have seen BARRY SULLIVAN. I was told that at that very moment he was driving to some station, *en route* for America. Perhaps my only chance of seeing him in a Shakspearian character had been (as it struck me the moment afterwards) then and there offered me, and I refused it! Perhaps I might never have such an opportunity again. Should I rush after the cab, stop it, represent the emergency of the case to the eminent Tragedian, and request him to step out and give me a Scene from *Richard*, and another from *Macbeth*, on the pavement? I would dispense with the dress, and be satisfied with a wig only, as I am certain it must have been his wig-box which was perched on the top of the cab. But the inspiration passed, my courage failed me, BARRY SULLIVAN went to America, and I went to dinner. Years have passed since then, and at last I have seen BARRY SULLIVAN in *Richard the Third*. Well, you will ask me how do I feel after it? Sir, I was delighted,—emphatically I say I was delighted. It is a bold thing to commit oneself to a "universal," but I do not believe that there is on the English stage, at the present day, any Actor who,—admitting the truth of MR. BARRY SULLIVAN's conception of the character,—can touch him in his impersonation of CIBBER's *Richard the Third*. Never strained, never ranting, it is, throughout, a consistent performance. MR. BEVERLEY's scenery is charming, in spite of the low sky-borders, and occasional careless setting. The stage management of the masses is better than usual. Altogether, in your Representative's humble judgment, nothing in London is more worthy the attention of those who profess to be interested in the highest form of the Drama, than Drury Lane during the reign of CIBBER and SULLIVAN's Crook-back'd Tyrant.

Now for the Haymarket and Domestic Drama.

Dan'l Druce, considered as an adaptation of GEORGE ELIOT's most touching homely story, *Silas Marner*, is, to my mind, simply *Silas Marner* muddled and spoilt. Had the novel never existed, *Dan'l Druce* would still have been a disappointing drama, weak where it should have been strong, and hazy where it should have been as clear

as the sun at noonday. Far be it from me to deny the dramatist's right to take the materials for his work wherever he may find them. He has high authority for so doing. And, where the novel and its novelist are so familiar to us all as *Silas Marner* and GEORGE ELIOT, it is no less graceful than ingenuous on the part of the dramatist to bow his acknowledgments, from the playbill, to the creative genius that furnished him with the *raison d'être* of his play. All this, which the dramatist has done in the present case, is as it should be, but there is also much that is as it shouldn't be.

The name of *Silas Marner* has been turned into *Jonas Marple*, which is about the ingenious process which Your Representative would employ were he to, *somehow*, reproduce *Pickwick*,—with an acknowledgment, of course, to the late MR. CHARLES DICKENS,—when he would certainly change *Samuel Weller* into *Lemuel Smeller*, as an indication of Your Representative's anxiety to be as original as possible,—under the circumstances. I had been informed by some amiable enthusiast that the Love Scene in the Second Act was "idyllic." Well,—this love scene is between a Sailor fresh from sea, and a Blacksmith's daughter of seventeen,—that is, between a young rover, who has been round the world and knows a thing or two (as he subsequently proves), and a demure rustic coquette, an apparently strait-laced slyboots. Now, if by "idyllic" my amiable enthusiast meant "unreal," "namby-pamby," "niminy-piminy," I am with him *toto corde meo*: and he, or anybody else, is at liberty to admire such idyllicism to their heart's content: only, don't expect me to share that amiable enthusiast's admiration. It's the old story of the Artist who complained to the Critic that the latter had called his skies "putty." "But," retorted the Critic, "my dear fellow, I like putty, I doat on putty."

There is, however, one Scene in which unqualified praise is due to the Dramatist primarily, and in the next place to the Actors, and this is where *Sir Jasper* (MR. HOWE) is recognised by *Jonas* (MR. VEZIN) as the father of *Dorothy* (MISS MARION TERRY), and is allowed to kiss her. From first to last this Scene is admirably conceived, forcibly written, and, it is pleasant to add, so perfectly played as to leave nothing to be desired.

A more charming representative of *Dorothy Druce* could not be found on any stage than MISS MARION TERRY, whose refinement, modesty, and grace carry with her, throughout, the sympathies of the audience, and win for her, at the end, a well-deserved and most heartily bestowed tribute of praise.

The part of the *Sergeant*, intended to represent the comic element of the piece, reminded me at times of the kind of drolleries one used to expect from the Wag who was styled in a Circus the "Shakspearian Clown," with just a dash, here and there, of "ancient



AN IRISH "SEQUITUR."

Traveller (they had already Walked a Mile from the Station). "Hi, I SAY, PORTER, DO YOU CALL THIS 'NO WAY AT ALL!' I THOUGHT DONNYBROOK LODGE WAS NEAR THE TERMINUS."

Pat. "FAIX, I CANNT SAY, SOR, I WAS A FOLLERIN' O' YOU GINTLEMEN!!"

Pistol." It was evidently written for MR. COMPTON, and not for MR. ODELL, as the part of *Dan'l* struck me as having been meant for MR. EMERY, and not for MR. VEZIN. And indeed, in the Second Act, when *Jonas Marple*, alias *Dan'l Druce* (or vice versa), addresses *Dorothy* as "My pretty," I could easily imagine old "Dan'l" Peggotty, and not "Dan'l" Druce, on the scene, speaking to *Em'ly* in precisely the same words. At the same time MR. HERMANN VEZIN is to be heartily congratulated on a most thoroughly artistic performance, which, without once overstepping the bounds of moderation, deeply impresses the audience with a conviction of the Artist's truth of conception and earnestness of purpose.

For my part, taking the cast of the piece at the Haymarket all round,—MR. HOWE'S is also a performance of sterling value to the drama.—I feel convinced that they do not "manage these things better in France." MR. GILBERT has done some good work in *Dan'l Druce*, and the best in it is that scene which I have already mentioned, and which Author, Actors, and a critical Audience, may regard with unalloyed satisfaction.

From grave to gay, from the Haymarket to the Gaiety. Your Representative has not often seen, since the golden days of the Strand—the days, I mean, of MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES ROGERS, JOHN CLARKE and BLAND,—such a cast for a burlesque as MR. BYRON has had the good fortune to obtain for his *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, which, however, can stand on its own merits among the best of such pieces. To those to whom the fortunes of burlesque are interesting I can only put the question, isn't MISS NELLIE FARREN the life and soul of any piece of this sort? isn't TERRY inimitably grotesque? isn't MISS KATE VAUGHAN grace itself, and fun too, mind you? and isn't MR. ROYCE as good at eccentric makes-up, also at dancing, singing, and even tumbling, as any professor of such arts within your experience? Certainly. Miss WEST, too, makes a bright *Lazarillo*, and all goes as merrily as can be wished till eleven p.m.

Laughing does not make me so thirsty as crying, nor does Low Art affect my appetite so keenly as High, and it is many a long night since I have been so boldly, so determinedly set on going to

the Oyster King's Grotto, in Maiden Lane, as I was after *Richard the Third*. To the home of that Rule—who knows no exception except an exceptionally good oyster—I went and bearded the Royal Native in his shell. Then grasped I the foaming tankard, cried "Rule! Britannia," paid the score for the dozen, and then went home to dream I was an oyster in my own little bed,

SIR, I am for ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I do wish they wouldn't scent the programmes. "Orrid, your Vashup!"

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

LADY Helps and Ladies generally, please to look at these contemporary advertisements:—

AS PROFESSED COOK, where a Kitchenmaid and Scullerymaid are kept. Wages £40, and all found.

GOVERNESS WANTED for Four Children. English, French, and German. Must take charge of their clothes, and do a little needlework. Salary £20, and laundress.

It would seem that preparation for the filling of the body is esteemed of higher value than for filling of the mind. A Cook now gains the income that a Clergyman has earned, and we find her "passing rich on forty pounds a year." But a Governess is wanted to serve for half the money, and is frequently expected to do more than twice the work. To aid her in her labour, a Cook requires a Kitchenmaid, and Scullerymaid as well: whereas a Governess is expected to give lessons all day long, with nobody to help her, and in the evening to amuse herself by darning frocks and mending pinafores, inasmuch that, while a Governess by name, she discharges in reality the duties of a nurse. The comparative proportions of Cooks' and Governesses' wages signify that some children are better fed than taught.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION III.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIS MEN.



ART I. Superficial.—When Mr. Punch appeared once more to continue his Lectures, his four Scholars scarcely noticed his presence amongst them. They turned their backs upon him, and by their demeanour plainly showed him that from some unexplained reason they had evidently lost all their respect for him. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE,

K.C.B. (usually a very well-behaved little man), pursed up his shrivelled and tiny lips, and pretended not to see his kind instructor. Mr. Punch saw at once that his pupils were ripe for mutiny. He acted with decision.

"My friends," said he, severely, "if you are Officers, I must ask you to behave like Gentlemen."

"Sir," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, "you have grossly insulted us."

"How?" was the very natural question put to the angry Militiaman by Mr. Punch, surnamed "The Patient."

"You have expressed your intention of explaining the duty a British Officer owes to his men. Sir, such an intention is an insult to us all. Why, even this poor little Field-Marshal knows something about it—don't you, SIR FRANKY, dear?"

"Yes," lisped out the good-tempered veteran. (He was playing with his spectacles.)

"Yes, dear little SIR FRANK is a good boy, and knows his duty to his men. It is to return salutes by touching his little hat when he passes a sentry-box."

"There you see, Sir!" cried the indignant Colonel.

"And what do you think about your duty, LEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Everybody knows that a man should leave his men as much as possible in the hands of his Non-Commissioned Officers," was the haughty reply of the Guardsman.

"And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?" said Mr. Punch, smiling. "In what do you think the duty of an Officer to his men consists?"

"Oh, I learnt that much within a week of joining my Corps," replied the Rifleman, contemptuously. "The duty of an Officer is to pay a heavy annual subscription, to give prizes, and to provide an unlimited amount of beer and bread and cheese for the men of his company."

"I am glad to find, Officers and Gentlemen," said Mr. Punch, "that you know more than I gave you credit for. Still, with your permission, I think I may give you a few useful hints." And with this the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part II. Particular.—According to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY (see his *Pocket Book*, page 4), the Soldier "is a peculiar animal." The same high authority insists that this strange creature can only be brought to a proper state of efficiency by being taught to take a pride (1) in his dress and (2) in himself. "He must believe that his duties are the noblest that fall to man's lot. He must be taught to despise all those of civil life." That SIR GARNET believes these doctrines to be of the utmost importance may be gathered from the following extract from the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (page 9), in which the kit of an Infantry Officer is given, "One cup (in leather bag), containing knife, fork, spoon, pepper and salt pots (1 lb.); one india-rubber bag (1 lb.); some tobacco, and the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (1 lb.)."

Probably with a view to teaching his men "to despise the duties of civil life," SIR GARNET, during a recent campaign, treated newspaper correspondents with military politeness. As the worthy Major-General asserts that "whatever the Officers think fine, the Men will think so too," he doubtless must regret that the fashion of book-writing has not been taken up by the rank and file, and that consequently "the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* (1 lb.)" has as yet but few important rivals.

Perhaps fortunately for the men, the Queen's Regulations do not altogether order the Officer to consider the Soldier a "peculiar animal." On the contrary, there are occasions when a Colonel may even argue with his men. For instance, to quote sect. 7, par. 142, "Commanding Officers of Regiments who have ample experience of the very great inconvenience arising from the improvident marriages of Soldiers, are to discountenance such marriages, and to explain to the men that the inconvenience and distress naturally accruing therefrom are serious and unavoidable." Of course, unmarried Colonels, who have not had "ample experience," should depute the duty to the next Senior Married Officer. The speech of the Officer to the Men should be fashioned on the following model:—"PRIVATE SMITH, I learn from the Captain of your company (himself a married man, who made his report to me with tears of compassion streaming down his cheeks) that you wish to join us! My good man, have you considered the inconvenience and distress accruing from such a step? Look at me. You see me in a patrol jacket covered with braid, and at a Levee I am a mass of gold and spurs; and yet I tell you, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, I would willingly give up my commission to obtain your good-conduct stripes, coupled with your state of single blessedness. As a married man, I cannot call my life my own. I am allowed only a couple of glasses of wine when I get away to dine at Mess; I must be in quarters at ten; and when I am off duty I have to take charge of the children! All this is done by the order of my wife. Beware, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, of matrimony! I would say much, much more did I not hear the voice of my wife. She calls me (in a disgracefully peremptory tone of voice), and I must obey! Farewell!" And with this telling line the Colonel (or next Senior Married Officer) can make his exit.

Again, the Queen's Regulations (sect. 15, par. 95) assert that Libraries and Recreation Rooms have been established to "encourage Soldiers to employ their leisure hours in a manner that shall combine amusement with the attainment of useful knowledge, and to teach them the value of sober,



regular, and moral habits." Thus if the Officers do their duty to their Men, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S "peculiar animal" may some day hope to reach

the relative rank already attained by his civilian rival, "the learned Pig." The Officer Commanding the Garrison is expected to assume a vague superintendence over the local military library. No donation of books for libraries (sect. 15, par. 103) is to be accepted until they shall have been approved by him. Consequently the Commandant of the Garrison may sometimes have to perform the duties appertaining to the post of a publisher's "reader." Should he be unpopular, it is a capital joke to send this unfortunate Officer a large collection of old five-act tragedies or (better still) comedies in blank verse. He must read them all before the donation can be accepted.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION III.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, can you kindly tell us the duties of the Commander of a Garrison?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The duties of the Commandant are presumed to be to attend dinners, to marry his daughters to eligible elder sons, and to snub the Civil Authorities.

Colonel Charles. I see, Sir, that you do not altogether approve of the sentiments of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY. Now, Sir, when I am out for our training I follow that gallant Officer's advice. I do not encourage the presence of the Press at our inspection, and yet the *Mudborough Mercury* invariably publishes two columns of matter to our praise.

Mr. Punch. Written, I presume, by your Adjutant. Quite right, my dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. As many of our Generals would doubtless say, the story of an important campaign should be written by one of the Staff.

Lieutenant and Captain George. And who is SIR GARNET, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in spite of one or two little foibles, is one of the very best soldiers of this or any other age. He has seen any amount of fighting.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Ah, to be sure, he doesn't belong to our branch of the Service.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. And yet dear little SIR FRANK never did any fighting, and yet he was made a Field-Marshal. Why did they make dear little SIR FRANK a Field-Marshal?

Mr. Punch. Because, my good little man, BRITANNIA wanted a curiosity?



BROEDINGNAG TO LAPUTA.

THE greatest of all the recent wonders of Spiritualism is the amazing communication narrated by a Correspondent of the *Times*, as follows:—

"A friend of mine who has just returned from America tells me that he, a short time since, attended a *séance*, at which the Medium obtained messages from several celebrities of both ancient and modern times, and, among others, one (at the request of my friend) from *Bucephalus*, who condescended to inform the company that he still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education."

Spoken like the spirit of a noble animal. In general the messages received through Mediums from defunct celebrities, whether modern or ancient, seem to have come from Donkeys—and to be addressed to their kind.

A DÆDALUS AT DOVER.



ALPH STOTT, a Gentleman of Dover, has invented a new Flying Machine. A morning contemporary says that MR. STOTT has gone to Berlin, for the purpose of having an interview with PRINCE BISMARCK, who is understood to have requested him to furnish particulars with the object of ascertaining how the machine can be utilised in warfare. If, as is stated, MR. STOTT can by means of it "propel himself through the air at the rate of a mile per minute, or up to the speed of one hundred miles an hour," and, by means of a break-power, applied by a wheel, "can make the machine stationary in mid air, or fly at any speed which the occupant of the car can bear," no doubt he is exceedingly well "prepared to assure the German Government" that his Flying Machine would "be invaluable for purposes of war." For the purpose of ascertaining an enemy's position its convenience may be imagined; but, besides, it may be capable of being employed in actual warfare. By-and-by, perhaps, armies will come to be provided with real flying squadrons, and troops will actually fight in the clouds. Musketry will be carried to a height of perfection even greater than it has now attained; riflemen will have to be able to shoot flying, and bring down their man on the wing. The introduction of the Flying Machine among warlike engines, and its application to military purposes, will of course constitute a fearfully costly addition to armaments already bloated; but the cheap defence of nations is now no longer possible, and Governments, in their martial preparations, are obliged to be regardless of expense. However, the Flying Machine, it appears, has yet to be tried. PRINCE BISMARCK will probably suspend his judgment about it until its inventor shall have flown over the Channel, in which, let us hope, that our British Dædalus may not come, like Icarus rather, to such grief as will assimilate it in sad celebrity, to the *Ægean Sea*.

BOYS IN BAD COMPANY.

WOULD not Prisons be also as much as possible Reformatories? Then, what a mistake is made in rendering them just the reverse; as, for instance, in the case referred to the other day at Lincoln by MR. PRIMSOLL, in replying to a complimentary address from some Working Men. A customary sight there until lately was, he said, that "of lads, sentenced for various terms of imprisonment at Grimsby, marching, manacled together, from the railway station to the Lindsay Prison." An edifying spectacle on the face of it to street Arabs and other juvenile offenders! But these youths were not pickpockets, that they should have been handcuffed, as they were; though this is now so no longer:—

"The manacled was now abolished; but the boys were still sent to gaol for breach of contract, and he had that morning seen, clad in prison dress, in the same prison as the worst of criminals, boys whose fine open countenances assured him that they had no right to be there—boys to whom he should not hesitate a moment to hand a sovereign for change. It was a shame and a disgrace that such boys were to be found in a prison for merely breaking a bargain, and he hoped, and felt assured, some other punishment would soon be found for such offenders."

Is it desirable that evil communications from rogues and thieves should corrupt the good manners of boys innocent of anything much worse than playing truant, but compelled to associate with common criminals? Imprisonment may serve them right, and so may hard labour, but could they not at least be confined apart from the convicts, allowed to wear their own clothing, and have a treadmill all to themselves? In all that a certain Personage is said to look over in Lincoln the sight of those boys and those blackguards in companionship must be as pleasing to him as anything.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

FINDING THOSE AWFUL SWELLS, THE SPIFFINGTON DE VERES, BENT ON THE SAME EXCURSION AS HIMSELF AND FAMILY, TOMKINS, IN A WEAK MOMENT, TAKES FIRST CLASS TICKETS TOO, "JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING, YOU KNOW." UNFORTUNATELY THAT DREADFUL LITTLE TOMMY TOMKINS SHOUTS, "WE'RE GOING FIRST CLASS! WE'RE GOING FIRST CLASS!" WHILE HIS SISTERS CLAP THEIR HANDS AND MADLY JUMP FOR JOY.

MRS. GINGHAM ON CIVILISATION AND THE COMING B—.

"Entomology is a science which has grown *pari passu* with Civilisation itself. . . The Colorado Potato-Bug, known to Naturalists as the *Doryphora decemlineata* . . . is travelling steadily eastward, and has already reached the shores of the Atlantic. . . As far as can be made out, its rate of progress is an average of much more than sixty miles a year. . . It is likely that at any moment a cargo of potatoes, or timber, or bacon, or 'notions,' may land the enemy on our shores . . . in which case there can be no doubt that a potato-famine of the most dangerous kind would follow."—*Daily Telegraph*.

E-N-T-O-M-O-L-O-G-Y? That's the stuff as my boy SAM is always studying,

Poking his nose in ponds and things, and pinning beetles down in boxes;

A-coming home with boots as beats a Nabby's, steps and carpets muddying,

And giving me the constant creeps, varied with sudden frights and shockses.

More shame for "Civilisation," then, as did ought surely to know better.

Insects is horrors, all on 'em, and slaughtering 'em the fust of duties.

Eugh! Bassy-Baz-Hooks can't be wuss! Which that fool SAM's just sent a letter,

Saying he's caught "two Death's-head Moths"—the bare idea!—"and reglar beauties"!!!

I ain't no patience with that boy, nor likeways them of simmylar notions.

Squash 'em! I says. A studying 'em I holds to be pernicious error. They're nasty nuisances all round, as raises shuddering emotions.

From fleas to what SAM calls—the name sounds werry pat—*Coaly-hop-terror*.*

* Can she mean *Coleoptera*?

There's that Potato-Beetle now! SAM wants a specimen. Good gracious!

The foolishness of people's fads is jest enough to drive one frantic. The warmint's coming Eastward Ho! They say its appetite's voracious.

Can't "Civilisation" keep that pest from crossing of the wide Atlantic?

Better be doing that, I think, than giving crackjaw names to creatures

As should be nameless, like—ahem!—who doubtless is the father on 'em.

A-seeking what they may devour!—as all these pests is frightful eaters.

Speciment? Yes, I'd speciment the lot, if I could drop upon 'em!

Taters is surely dear enough, and likeways bad,—which good old "mealies"

For love nor money can't be had,—without this Colorado bother, This *Dory*—drat its name, I says, who cares for that? Which what I feel is

Far better stamp all warmints out than tell, in gibberish, one from t'other.

They say as wopses, gad-flies, beetles, lady-birds, and many a creeper

Is down on it! I wish they'd jest Kilkenny-Cat all round and finish.

But sixty miles a year! What chance of seeing "wares" or "middlins" cheaper,

If that there Coaly-Hopper comes, and year by year our crops diminish?

Who'll save our Murphies? That's the cry! If MR. BUTT would only raise it,

He'd serve his country better than by bawling out his Home-Rule humbug.



THE TURKISH BATH.

ATTENDANT. "HOW DO YOU FEEL, AFTER YOUR BATH, MY LORD?"
LORD B. "PRETTY COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU!—(Aside.) LOST SOME WEIGHT, I FANCY.—YOU MADE IT SO CONFOUNDEDLY HOT FOR ME!!!"

Let Ireland rally round her root, sworn to protect as well as praise it,
And shout for "Paddy's Fruit, and death to every roaming ravenous rum bug!"

Which that's a name as *do* tell tales, as *Dory*—what's it?—like B flat, is
Just a polite turn off, no more. But call a spade a spade's my maxim!
Let Yankee Doodle keep his "bug," we've ours, though not so bad as that is;
It ain't a visitor we wants, so let him wait until we ax him.

PROVERBS FOR BALL AND DINNER GIVERS.



ICES and tea and coffee and small cakes are as good as a feast.

You may bring an amateur tenor up to a piano, but you cannot make him sing.

A Lord in the room is worth two Dukes in the bush.

In provincial society the Lord-Lieutenant is king.

Flirtation is the mother of Invention.

All good dances lead to the Conservatory.

Take care of the Rounds, and the Squares will look after themselves.

It is a wise Waltzer who knows her own step.

A Dinner in time saves nine.

When the Confectioner comes in by the door, the Cook flies out by the window.

What is port to your wine merchant is death to your guests.

Keep your champagne dry.

Call a stable-boy by any other name, and he will resemble the rose under similar circumstances.

You can't make a head butler out of a local greengrocer.

When the soup is cold, the wit flies out.

If you have enough cheap and nasty dishes, some of them must be eaten.

The menu makes the dinner.

Ask Mr. Punch to a really good and well thought-out meal, and you will have an exceptionally lucky man for your guest.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Glendalough—Guide—Boatmen—Resemblances—The Lake Effect—St. Kevin's Bed—These Boots—The Regular Thing—Comic Song Question—My Guide—SIR WALTER—Inducements—The Echo—"No Larks"—St. Kevin the Patron—Dissent—Descent—My Boatmen—Back to the Hotel—Everything Satisfactory—My Farewell—Once more, to the Road.

The Seven Churches.—Five times already in the course of my drive have I picked out the most beautiful spot where I should like to stop. It was the same yesterday, about Bray; but—let bygones be bygones, and give me—at the present moment, that is while I am here, on the spot—for a residence, the little Hotel of Glendalough, in the Vale of the Seven Churches. Let me stop here for six weeks in the summer time.

Of course I have a polite and intelligent Guide—they are all polite and generally intelligent, these Irish Guides—and we cross the upper lake in order to visit St. Kevin's Bed. We have two Boatmen.

I confess to being still impressed by resemblances. The bow-oar in our boat is MR. FALCONER as *Danny Mann* in the *Colleen Bawn*, and my light-hearted Guide would be, if he only had on a tattered hunting-suit and cap, the very counterpart of "poor Joe," in *Jack Hinton*. The likenesses only hold good for a moment, at first sight: directly they speak, the illusion is dispelled.

It is a "Gloomy Lake," this Glendalough. Yet not so utterly gloomy but that it reminds me of a plaintive Irish melody. It is a composition of Nature's in a sad, soft minor key. On me it has a mesmeric effect. I am in Charon's ferry-boat. I left life on the other side. The boat is brought up with a jerk against the rocks. I am awoke from my trance. We land.

"This way, Sorr!" cries my Guide, as he assists me on to the slippery rocks below St. Kevin's Bed. "Hould on, Sorr! More pow'r to your elbow!"

It occurs to me for the first time to-day that I've come out in

tight boots: and, what adds to the difficulty is, that the soles are thin and as smooth as a razor-strap.

I arrive at the above conclusion after having very nearly stumbled on to my nose, and only recovering myself by having "more power to my elbow" afforded by the Guide.

"This way up, Sorr!" shouts the Guide, already some feet above me.

I pause. I am hesitating. The Guide is making for St. Kevin's Bed. Query, is St. Kevin's Bed worth making? Can't I read the description, and say I've been there? Is any place at a great height above the sea level, worth the trouble of a climb? For such an excursion, too, ought not one to have come prepared with an alpenstock, with stout, stiffly-bound hob-nailed boots, thick stockings, and so on? In fact, ought I not to be more in the costume of a gentleman ready to stand in the front line for the opening chorus of an opera, with a rifle in one hand and a cup in the other, and with "Ho! la! hi! ho!" or sporting words to that effect, issuing from my open lips?

Yes—in that dress I might essay the rugged height, but, emphatically, "not in these boots," as I believe some song says.

[*Psychological Query à propos de Bottes.*—If the song does not say so, or if there is no song which does say so, whence did the words occur to me, quite rhythmically, "not in these boots"? Note this, and consider it.]

The Boatmen are seated below, and lighting their pipes. The Guide is waving me on to better things above. *Excelsior!* Evidently I am expected to go; and my attendants have calculated upon at least a quarter of an hour being allowed for refreshment. It is, clearly, the "regular thing to do."

Another Note.—Is this too the refrain of some popular song? "The Regular Thing to Do"—if not, it ought to be. For example—

I don't go up the Rhine and back

Because 'tis something new;

I only go, 'cos 'tis, you know,

"The regular thing to do."

Spoken—(there's always a "Spoken" with a Comic Singer).—You see I put on a tourist suit, all ditto cheeks outside and lined ditto within—in the pockets, I mean,—and I tell the people I am going up the Rhine—yaas—and to the banks of the Blue Moselle. I shall change my checks at the first bank of the Blue Moselle—and I shall be awfully bored, you know, and very hot and very tired, and have to pay through the nose—but what of that? Every one will be there—and one can't be out of the fashion—oh demme—no—so you'd better, all of you, join me,—(Here the Comic Singer will put on his hat sideways, jerk his head knowingly, wink his eye at, it is supposed, the female portion of his audience, whom he thereby fascinates; and, sticking his left thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, he will indicate with his right hand the direction he intends to take, as he humorously finishes)—I'm ready,—and waiting,—and willing, so you've only got to—

Come with me across the sea,

And foreign parts go through.

We only go 'cos 'tis we know

"The regular thing to do."

[The other day I saw, in some law case about disputed copyright, that the value of one of those ditties ranged from £800 to £2000. Evidently—

Happy Thought.—Write a Comic Song for £2000. There would then be some meaning in the expression, "Oh, he got it for a mere song."]

St. Kevin's Chair.—*Facilis Ascensus*—up to a certain point. In St. Kevin's Chair I sit down. If this is all, there is no danger.

A voice, from somewhere round the corner, sings out, "Here's the bed, Sorr! Ho-o-o!"

It is the nimble Guide who is round the corner. He is hanging on, apparently, by nothing, and stepping on less; and all this with a sheer descent below into the lake, and only a jutting point of rock, here and there, to give your body an occasional lift on the way down.

"There's no danger, Sorr!" he cries, standing in a Mercury-like attitude on a ledge one inch in breadth, fifty feet above the gloomy waters of Glendalough. "Come this way, Sorr!"

I look, very cautiously, over the rocky point, and crane my neck round. I feel that if I make one step forward my next will be in the air, and in another second or two, after a short whirligig through a limited portion of space, there will be a dull plash in the water, and then breathless excitement on the part of the Guide and Boatmen (who would see their chance of remuneration disappear under their very noses) until I should come to the surface, blowing like a grampus, shaking my head like a dog bothered by a bee, and swimming like CAPTAIN BOXTON.

The fall would be unpleasant, and then—the wet clothes! No; no St. Kevin's Bed for me, I am obliged to you.

I think of SIR WALTER SCOTT, with his lame leg, who, the Guide



SELLING HIM A PENNYWORTH.

Philanthropist. "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

Sweeper. "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUILTS!"

Book says, went into St. Kevin's Bed. Did he? But then *he* hadn't light, thin, slippery boots on—as I have.

The Guide disappears once more into the hole, just to show me how simple it is when you know how to do it, and cries, "I'm there, Sorr!"

He shouts "Ho-o-o!" for the Echo, and the Echo, who happens on this occasion to be a boatman on the other side, sings out in reply,—

"The top o' the mornin' t'you!"

The Guide, having thus conscientiously gone through what I suppose to be his usual performance, rejoins me, and asks me, persuasively, "if I won't venture?"

"No, I won't," I reply, shortly and resolutely. I've a mind to tell him that *he* shall not be out of pocket by my not going. He seems quite disheartened.

"Lots o' Ladies goes in there," he says, as if *this* would induce me to risk it. I won't budge an inch.

"Well, Sorr," he returns, with consideration, "*I won't force you.*"

The Guide, who seems dissatisfied with me for not having gone into St. Kevin's Bed, and with himself for not having been able to induce me, insists upon earning his money somehow, and so sets to work, without being asked, to recite the whole of MOORE'S poem about Glendalough, commencing "*By that Lake whose gloomy shore,*" &c.

"And," he says, in conclusion, "no larks are ever heard singing above the lake. So, Sorr, wasn't it mighty hard of St. Kayvin to throw KATHLEEN into the water?"

By the way, the Guide's pronunciation of "Kevin," i.e. "Kayvin," is another specimen of an Irish pun. St. *Cave-in*, who didn't, however, "cave in," to MISS KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

Pace TOM MOORE, I can suggest a new view of an old legend. Here it is:—

TALK ABOUT TURKS.

"AWAY with those atrocious Turks!
The Turk is an unchanging beast.
Renounce we them and all their works:
Hang 'British Interests in the East'!"

It is a scandal and a sin
In Turkish bonds that Christians groan—
The bonds of brutes who took us in,
The rascals, when they broke their own!"

"Away with those vile Turks!" But whither?
To Asia, whence they came, of course!
Could Europe's Powers not drive them thither,
Concurring with united force?

We need to hesitate. What for?
There is a Power that ne'er would aid.
Then might ensue a General War.
Cold caution perish! Who's afraid?

Well, but suppose the Turks all sent
Back to the cradle of their race,
In Asia, and together pent,
The wretches, in their proper place.

Still that's a place within this world;
'Tis not into the realm of night,
As though the Turks would then be hurled
To place ne'er named by tongue polite.

And what has Asia done, that they,
The fiends whom we'll no longer bear,
Should, if they could, be driven away,
To form a Pandemonium there?

The Turks we can't, dear friends, improve
From off earth's face at mere demand.
A Statesman must be free to move;
Be careful how you force his hand.

Proverbs by an Excursionist.

MAKE Haste while the Sun shines.
A Bag in the Hand is worth Two in the Van.
Half a Sofa is better than no Bed.

Pride comes before a Waterfall (when your friends have not seen it).

There's many a slip twixt the Cook and the Trip.

THE ORIGIN OF NO LARKS ON GLENDALOUGH.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep;
And before he laid his head
On his chill and stony bed,
This was one of his remarks,
"I am all alone. No Larks!"

'Twas from KATHLEEN'S eyes he flew,
(Not at all what I should do.
But young Kevin was a Saint;
Which I do admit *I ain't*).
Here, when he was fast asleep,
KATHLEEN climbed, and took a peep;
Woke the Saint, who, with one knock,
Hurled her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN'S grave.
She'd have floated like a stalk
Had she been a Maid of Cork.
Nowhere could she rest her sole,
So she sank. And to his hole
Back the young St. Kevin harks,
Murm'ring to himself, "No Larks!"

Oft her Ghost is seen to glide
Sadly o'er the fatal tide:
Never hazarding remarks,
Save the simple one, "No Larks!"
This is legendary lore
Quite unknown to TOMMY MOORE;
But 'tis why "this gloomy shore
Skylarks never warble o'er."

St. Kevin should be adopted by all bachelors as the Patron of "Apartments for Single Gentlemen. No Children, or other Lodgers."

Happy Thought.—When I can afford to build a house sixteen storeys high, to be let out in flats fitted up for "Bachelors' Residential Chambers," I shall call the establishment "St. Kevin's College." For further particulars address—SOLUS CELEBS, Esq., St. Kevin's College, St. Kevin's Grove, N.W. ("N.W." evidently *No Women*.)

The descent to the boat is perilous enough. And this place was chosen by Mr. EMMETT as his hiding-place! Here the Highlanders could have captured him, but that he made an ugly rush, and took a header into the Lake beneath! Bravo EMMETT!! I look at the place and wonder. Why, I could conspire,—but, if my life depended upon my reaching St. Kevin's Bed in safety, and I had had the misfortune to put on a pair of tight, slippery boots—such as I am now wearing—I should strike an attitude, and say to the Soldiers, "Gentlemen, I can't do it. I must take the consequences.



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Northern Croesus. "OH! I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU HERE, MR. VANDYKE BROWN. THE FACT IS, I'VE A COMMISSION FOR YOU!"

Our Youthful Landscape Painter (dissembling his rapture). "ALL RIGHT—MOST HAPPY—WHAT IS IT TO BE?"

Northern Croesus. "WELL—MY AGED GRANDMOTHER IS GOING TO LONDON BY THIS TRAIN—AND I WANT TO PUT HER UNDER YOUR PROTECTION."

[*Our Youthful Landscape Painter dissembles again.*]

Don't fire, Colonel, I'll come down." Unless I were on some very convenient point for jumping into the water, when, being a fair swimmer, I should prefer that for choice.

Were PLUMPTON AND SPRY to send to capture me now, I should not attempt to hide in St. Kevin's Bed.

I descend ungracefully, but safely.

I part with my boatmen. "How much?" I ask.

"Well, Sorr," says stroke-oar, "they do generally be givin' us two shillings or half-a-crown, but we'd pre-fer half-a-crown."

Characteristic. He will not "do" me directly; but shifts the responsibility on to my own shoulders. It's as much as to say,

"Well, with two shillings I'm well paid; but if you're such a Saxon ass as to give me two-and-sixpence, on your own head be it; only don't say I asked you."

Of course the result is half-a-crown; and I purchase an extra blessing from the bow-oar for another sixpence.

"No Larks" on Glendalough.

A delightful walk, and back again to the Royal Hotel, Glendalough, where I am treated to as good a breakfast as I ever wish to eat, served in as fresh and pleasant a room as ever I would wish to sit in.

And oh delight! Oh joy! I am the first of the Mohicans! I mean I am the first of the Tourists this year: not first in point of prowess, but in point of time. The bed-rooms are not in order, the sitting-rooms are hardly yet arranged for sitting in, the Landlord is a new one, and he tells me how he expects to make a fortune—may he do so, and I be none the worse for it, bless him! All I ask is to

be the last or the first of the Tourists. Let me enjoy this beautiful scenery as ADAM enjoyed Paradise when he was *en garcon*. The spirit of St. Kevin the Celibate is, as it were, upon me. Yes, I am here, alone. "Come into the garden, MAUD, I am here by myself alone"—only I don't want MAUD. If she were here, I should sing, "Get out of the garden, MAUD, I'd be here by myself alone"—and be blown to you!

But the Car—the triumphal Ky-arr—awaits me, and I've yet a long day's journey before me. May I, at the end of my journey, have as charming a place to rest my weary limbs as is this!

Give me, fatigued with mead and rock,

And dangerous researches,

The little Hotel of Glendalough,

In the Vale of the Seven Churches!

Farewell my merry Miners, with your neat cottages, who despise beer and whiskey and call for your bottles of wine o' pay-nights. Farewell, ye Seven Churches of Ireland. There's something apocalyptically mysterious about your numbers, which might afford matter for a DR. CUMMING. But Cumming is not the word now—I'm going. Off!

MICHAELMAS DAY, 1876.—A day to be marked with a White stone by the Lord Mayor Elect.

"GRACE before Meat," as the Young Lady, remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

"HOW TO DRESS ON FIFTEEN POUNDS A YEAR."

By One who has Done It—Once.

GET all your clothes made at the best tailor's. Be careful to order a sufficient number of pairs of trousers, and once a month (at least) have a new frock-coat. By these means your bill will not be sent in to you for eighteen months.

Pursue the same plan with your hats. Whenever you pass your hatter, go in and get a new *chapeau*.

Three pairs of boots a month should be your standing order at the boot-maker's. Keep half a dozen pairs on trees waiting for you all the year round in his custody.

Get your linen from France. When the collector makes his annual round, go to Paris. You will find the trip less costly than his bill, and the change of air should do you good.

Always have a large supply of fancy walking-sticks. Each suit should have its own cane.

And, lastly, pay ready money (fifteen pounds should really be enough) for your umbrellas.

AN AMAZING CRAMMER.

The Globe announces that:—

"An extraordinary case of suicide has taken place at Hayward's Heath. A railway porter, while in a state of delirium, ate nearly the whole of a newspaper, and died from suffocation."

This is an extraordinary case of suicide indeed, if the poor man suffocated by eating a newspaper really ate it intending to kill himself; but in his frenzy he probably took it for something good to eat, and not for anything bad. There are not many newspapers coming under the head of poisonous literature, though there is one, an illustrated weekly, circulating amongst the lower orders, and familiarising them with details and delineations of atrocity and ruffianism. What paper could the delirious porter have eaten? It is not likely that he took in the *Times* for breakfast in any sense, nor have we any reason to suppose that he tried to cram himself with the *Daily Telegraph*, being, as in a state of delirium tremens, under the influence of the D. T.

A HUNDRED YEARS BACK.



Es, *Temporis acti* | For the grand Past in fact I
Laudator am I: | Would willingly die.

Just reverse for a cent'ry
 The wheel of Old Time,
 And you'll find the back-entry
 To regions sublime.
 Your Radical then
 Was WILKES, yept JACK:
 We outdid your Odgers,
 A hundred years back.

With majorities in his string;
 NORTH ruled the roost,
 And Old England administ'ring,
 New England lost.
 Backed by stout Farmer GEORGE,
 Bore opponents' worst brunt,
 And let FRANKLIN and WASHINGTON
 Come to the front.
 Ah, he kept the old coach
 In its natural track—
 For England was True-Blue
 A hundred years back.

Poet Laureate was WHITEHEAD—
 No rhapsodist glibber;
 He was blandly invited
 To come after CIBBER.
 Superbly he'd rhyme,
 Of Parnassus a denizen,
 And I call him sublime
 When weighed against TENNY-
 SON.
 Poets Laureate now!
 They deserve—well—their sack.
 They were something like poets
 A hundred years back.

Then pretty Miss LLOYD
 Took possession of BOODLE'S,*

* "A new assembly or meeting is set up at BOODLE'S, called 'Lloyd's Coffee-room,' Miss LLOYD, whom you have seen with LADY PEMBROKE, being the sole inventor. They meet every morning, &c., &c. Supper to be constantly on the table by eleven at night; after supper, they play loo. . . . The DUCHESS OF BEDFORD and LORD MARCH have been black-balled."—*Malmesbury Correspondence: Mrs. Harris to her Son.*

And wit was enjoyed,
 And they blackballed the
 noodles:
 And thus the past scene
 A supremacy claims,
 Since a Lady was Queen
 Of the Club of St. James:
 Our *Saturday* scribblers
 The girls may attack:
 They had ten times their *chic*,
 Just a hundred years back.

Seventeen Seventy-Six
 Fame in Arts too had won;
 The Academy lately
 Its work had begun.
 For the newspapers REYNOLDS,
 Not caring a souze,
 Gave the law to the Forty
 At Somerset House:
 The Art for the Artists
 May well cry "Alack!"
 It had elder and better,
 A hundred years back.

Still we have, in our frail
 way,
 A deed or two done:
 We travel by railway,
 Are sketched by the sun;
 By telegraph hurled
 From all regions and climes,
 The news of the world
 We have focussed *per Times*.
 In but one thing that's modern
 Old times were more slack,
 We hadn't our *Punch*, Sir,
 A hundred years back.

No, Thank You!

MR. PRICE, M.P., writes to the *Gloucester Journal* to suggest the erection of the Principalities into a European Kingdom, with the Golden Horn made a free port. LORD DERBY declines even that Golden Horn of the Eastern dilemma.

A SAD MICHAELMAS.

ON Wednesday afternoon, September 27, 1876—the exact date calls for precise record—at a meeting of the Court of Common Council held at Guildhall, the LORD MAYOR presiding, the City Lands Committee brought up a report on the subject of the removal of Temple Bar. Some discussion followed, which ended in a division, when the report of the Committee, recommending the removal of the structure, was carried by 69 votes to 45, "and it was referred back for execution."

After reading this harrowing scene, what man, what Liveryman, in whose breast there is a spark of proper feeling, can feel surprised at what follows?

The LORD MAYOR continues to reside at the Mansion House, but he is living in the strictest seclusion compatible with his official duties. The latest bulletin is rather more favourable: it is to the effect that his Lordship has passed a better night, and is a little more composed. The blinds are all drawn down. The Footmen wear crape on their left arm. Everywhere Liverymen may be seen with some token of mourning. Goe and Macoe are draped in black bombazine. Only mock turtle is served at dinner.

So great was the shock to the Lord Mayor Elect that he turned White in a single night.

The Sheriffs have never been separated since the meeting of the Common Council. They felt—and many will sympathise with them—that they could bear the blow better by being together, than if they were left to themselves, each a prey to his own gloomy thoughts. They see no one except their Chaplains and the Under-Sheriffs, who are naturally much depressed.

The condition of several of the Aldermen, particularly amongst those who have passed the Chair, is causing considerable anxiety to their families and friends. They seem to have lost all interest in what is going on around them, and pass most of their time in deep thought. The only hopeful sign is that they are able to take nourishment.

Several dinners and other entertainments which were to have been given by the City Companies have been postponed.

The Chamberlain has already addressed himself to the painful task of composing a farewell oration, to be delivered on the day when the ruthless work of demolition commences.

It is a trying time for the Recorder, and a momentous one for the Secondary.

It may be well imagined that the Remembrancer's remembrances are sweet yet sad.

The fatal report having been "referred back for execution," the City Architect is serving himself for the melancholy duty of superintending the preparation of the necessary scaffold.

The Mace-Bearer and the Sword-Bearer, like the Sheriffs, are inseparable, and cannot bear to be out of each other's sight. They find the greatest comfort in the sympathy and society of the City Marshal. The Mace is enveloped in crape; the sheath of the Sword has been painted black.

The Common Crier, faithful to his title, gives way to natural emotion, both for himself and the entire Civic body.

The Water Bailiffs are plunged in grief, and the Bridge Masters go about their duty on Bridges of Sighs.

Every morning groups of Deputies and Common Councilmen are to be seen contemplating the Bar with feelings which may be imagined but cannot be described. They can hardly tear themselves away from this "ancient landmark," this last great bulwark of the Constitution and the Corporation; but they withdraw before the traffic of the day begins, lest their emotion should be misinterpreted by the heartless throng. Their only consolation is that the North and South walls are not to be touched by the rude hand of the spoiler.

The usual ceremonies and hospitalities of Michaelmas Day were observed, that the charter might not be forfeited, but with a heavy heart. There was a bitter drop in the Loving Cup. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon all who had to take part in the day's proceedings, which they in vain strove to shake off.

It will be a sad Lord Mayor's Day. If the dear old Bar is still standing, it will be hung with black, and wreathed with cypress and yew, but it is a question whether the feelings of the Procession will allow them to pass under it. More probably, the mournful train will hide their grief on the Embankment. The reception of the new LORD MAYOR by the LORD CHIEF BARON at Westminster is expected to be unusually touching. He has written the kindest letter of condolence to the present occupant of the civic chair.

One of the most recently-elected Aldermen has been commissioned to take a series of splendid photographs of the Bar from every point of view and under every aspect, and at all hours of the day and night.

At all the great civic Banquets a new toast in future will be given—"the Memory of Temple Bar!"



SUPERFLUOUS.

Free and Easy Host. "Now, MY BOY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH YOUR HANDS AND BRUSH YOUR HAIR BEFORE DINNER?!"

["So likely, y'know," as Tomkins said, who had just been Polishing and Titivating for Two Hours before his own Dressing-Glass!]

BEST AND NEXT BEST GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to a newspaper report, a discourse was delivered the other Sunday at the Kensington Pro-Cathedral by CARDINAL MANNING on "The Progress of Christendom." By the account of His Eminence Christendom appears to be making immense progress, in the ironical sense of that word. The progress of Christendom is the progress of a crab. Such, however, it has been for a considerable and indefinite time. The Cardinal said that—

"In many countries Christendom was disintegrated and dismembered, and in them there was no longer that Catholic unity which kept the Christian peoples of Europe together, because Kings and Princes had chosen to serve the world and themselves rather than Catholic unity."

Since when, your Eminence? At what date, and for how long, since the "Roman Peace," were the Kings and Princes of Christendom, and the Christian peoples of Europe, kept together by Catholic unity? When, and during what while, did they choose to serve Catholic unity rather than themselves and the world, and to refrain from cutting one another's throats? What Roman Peace was ever enforced by the Rome of Catholic unity? Perhaps your Eminence will, some fine Sunday—or week-day—take an opportunity of naming it.

The disintegration of Christendom is the mischief which has burdened the world with bloated armaments. So, at least, in effect avers our Cardinal.

"What was the result of this disintegration? That there was not a strong Government on the face of the earth unless it was surrounded by armed men. Where could they find a Government strong in moral right and moral power? Perhaps it was to be best found in the four seas of Britain—more genuinely, at least, than in any other place."

There is, of course, one other place, in which a Government, strong in moral right and moral power, once existed. There it existed at the time when all Christendom was kept together, innocent of war and bloodshed, at peace by Catholic unity. It continued to exist

DRAMAS OF THE DAY.

How fast appear, with thrilling interest rife,
Sensation dramas on the Stage of Life,
As though by Nature's management designed
But to divert the British Public's mind!—
Those monster trials, and those acts of crime,
Which Fate produces still from time to time.
Each in succession has a lengthened run,
Succeeded shortly by another one;
And each effacing, in its scream and roar,
The memory of the pieces played before.
How long the "Claimant's" Farce in two Acts ran!
That o'er, a tragic series began.
First the "Whitechapel Tragedy" came out,
And kept the stage for half a year, about.
The "Balham Mystery" was next the rage;
When that had ceased the Nation to engage,
The curtain rose upon the worst of works—
"Bulgarian Horrors," as performed by Turks;
Whence wild excitement being scarce allayed,
Behold, pulled up at Bow Street, "DR." SLADE,
Charged 'gainst the Vagrant Act with having sinned,
By raising spirits, so to raise the wind.
But yet the new performance brings relief
To scenes of violence, and rage, and grief.
For we to comic incident recur,
When tragic scenes too deep the passions stir.
Meanwhile whoso has, or has not, been done,
May European War ne'er spoil our fun.

A New Synonym.

—PRINCE ORLOFF, the Russian Ambassador, at the dinner given at the Russian Embassy last Thursday night, proposed a toast to the Prosperity of France, in which he dwelt on the efforts that Russia "has made, is now making, and will continue to make, for the maintenance of European peace." I said to my son Bob, a promising lad, in the middle fifth at Eton, "That's neat. You can't put that into Latin." "Can't I?" said he. "*Russitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant.*"

RECOMMENDED TO THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC SOCIETY (as a sure Sell which must make its mark).—The Slade-Pencil.

there, with temporary interruptions, from that time, whenever that time was, until a few years ago, till, finally, the year 1870. It was genuinely strong absolutely, not merely so comparatively, in moral right and power. Its moral right was that of Infallibility, and its moral power was the basis of its Temporal Power. Strong in moral power, it did not require for its maintenance to be surrounded by armed men; as indeed we all know that it never was, particularly not by French troops, during the interval between the overthrow of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Italian Monarchy. Nobody can need to be told that the seat of that Government, which CARDINAL MANNING alleges to have been the model Government of Christendom, was Papal Rome, whilst Rome remained the city of the Sovereign Pontiff, and before it relapsed into the Capital of Italy. But now Rome, as the Rome of Pontifical and Model Government, is Rome no more. In the meantime the next best thing to that Government altogether and entirely strong in moral right and moral power—the best substitute, as times go, for the Government of Catholic Unity—is the Constitutional Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The best Government on Earth that ever was, of course, was the Papal; but the second-best is the British. If CARDINAL MANNING is a Papalino first, he is an Englishman afterwards.

Brains v. Muscles.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

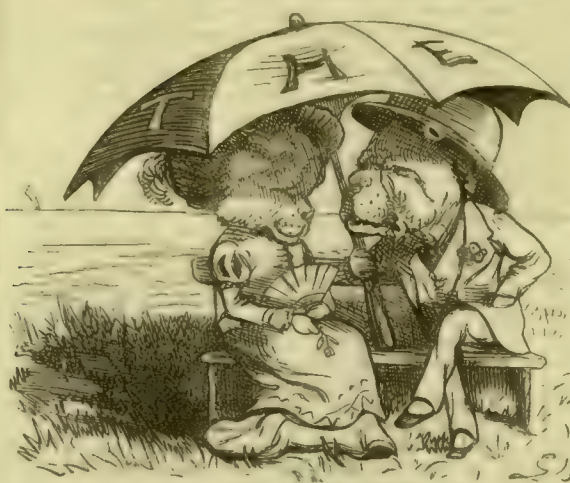
(Both from the Tablet.)

A LADY wishes to recommend, as UPPER HOUSEMAID, a thoroughly trustworthy person, who has acted in that capacity six years. Has also been left in responsible charge of a house during the absence of the family. Age Thirty. Wages £25. Town preferred.

GOVERNESS WANTED, for the Highlands of Scotland, to teach English, French, Music, and Needlework. None need apply who have not had some years' experience in teaching. Salary £20.

EVERYDAY FARCES.

No. I.—"SHELLS OF THE OCEAN."



SEA Shore, about
six miles East of
Shoeburyness.

Mr. Stillso Gently (standing on the Beach at low tide). Ah! my dear! This is, indeed, a happy thought, to leave the whirl, and what - you - may-call-it of the Metropolis, without risk of being found in by one's creditors, or found out by one's friends.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; but if I had not seen the advertisement in the Times,

and answered it myself, we never should have discovered it. So quiet, and so cheap!

Mr. Stillso Gently. I can't conceive why so few cottages are to be found here, and not a villa, or a bathing-machine nearer than Herne Bay, over the water.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. That's the beauty of the place. We may get tired of it, and of each other.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Never, dear! never! It will be a second Honeymoon in another Paradise.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. I say we may; but I don't think it probable.

Mr. Stillso Gently. This is our first day, darling, and the sun smiles upon us. There is an entrancing quiet!

Mrs. Stillso Gently. A beautiful calm!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Exactly. A sweet tranquillity which no human power can encroach upon. The ripples of the tide can just be heard like—like—

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Just so, love; like peas upon a plate.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Or rain-drops on the panes.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; or the water coming into the cistern.

Mr. Stillso Gently. In moments like these (tenderly) a man feels what a true protector he is to the woman he loves.

[An unearthly scream is heard, and a mass of iron, hurtling through the air, falls into the muddy sand in front of them, sending up a small geyser of water into the air. Mrs. STILLSO GENTLY falls screaming on her face, and STILLSO GENTLY makes a rush for shelter.

Mr. Stillso Gently (behind a hedge). Goodness gracious! What can that be? (Looking over the hedge, he observes Mrs. STILLSO GENTLY screaming and kicking on the sand.) Don't be a fool, AURORA! If you are not crippled, get up, do! What the deuce can it be?

[A Range-finding Sergeant of Artillery, on horseback, is seen making his way towards them, and gesticulating.

Mrs. Stillso Gently (recovering). Oh! please don't kill me!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Armed forces! then we are safe. AURORA, I am near you. There is no further danger. The Commander-in-Chief has sent his Aide-de-Camp to inquire after you.

Range Sergeant (riding up). Tare and 'Ouns, come out o' that! Sure the Eighty-wonn Ton's practysing, and your familiee won't know ye from the jilly fish av ye stay down here. Begorra, there's the Darlint spakin' again!

[Another scream worse than the first, and a rush as of mighty pinions, followed by a crash, lends the STILLSO GENTLYS to understand why their rent is so moderate. Tableau.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Experiences—Avoca—Meeting of the Waters—Inspiration—On Car-riding—Janus adapted—Woodenbridge—Hotel—Prospect—Dublin again—En route—Companions—Killarney—The First View—The Second—The Bell—Complications—Off for the Lakes.

I QUIT Glendalough with regret. One hour ago I was in such ecstasies with the place that, even had PLUMPTON and SPRY telegraphed to me "Come!" I should have wired back "P. AND S. be blessed! I don't stir from here for weeks."

This is my constant experience in this country. 'A lovely place on Tuesday is followed by a lovelier on Wednesday, and by a still more beautiful one on Thursday. So you go on, exceeding superlatives. We drive away over the mountain, and down the other side at full trot. "The English people," says my man, "don't see the best part of the country, for the Carmen won't take them 'this a-way: 'tis too heavy a road."

So it appears I am in luck; though which is the best part of the country where all is so striking, it would be difficult to say. However, I put this down to my driver's politeness, and his desire to give me the greatest gratification in the shortest possible time.

Now my Carman falls to quoting "TOMMY MOORE," as he calls him, and informs me that we are in the Vale of Avoca.

In the Vale of Avoca at the Meeting of the Waters.—A jolt, a snap, a crack, and the car comes down, or, rather, one side of the car comes down, with a bump. The springs have "given" somewhere. Happy Thought.—We mark our arrival at the "Meeting of the Waters" by the "separation of the springs."

Luckily, there is a blacksmith's near at hand; and so, pointing out "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," my driver leaves me to wander about the meadows, and admire the scenery, while he refreshes himself and the horse, and gets the spring mended.

A lovely spot! And, *à propos* of "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," a traveller in Ireland ought to have MOORE at his fingers' ends. Inspired by the traditional poetry of the place, I lie by the stream, and burst into song:—

"I'm here at Avoca
Arrived in a Low car,
But now I have no car
Bekase the spring broke.

"The lambkins are bleating,
The minutes are fleeing,
The waters are meeting,
By 'TOMMY MOORE'S Oak.'"

Happy Thought.—For this, as a May poem, to call it, in allusion to the accident that brought me here, *The Break of the Spring*.

The car is mended with some cord and a stout piece of wood. As

the driver professes himself satisfied, why, so do I. Of one thing I am perfectly certain, that, as far as mending the spring goes, I could not have done it better myself. Again he urges on his wild career.

Undoubtedly there is no more advantageous way of seeing the country than travelling everywhere by car. At first you run the chance of establishing a wry neck for the remainder of your days. This can be avoided by occasionally changing seats with your driver, to whom position is not nine points of the Law of the Road. Riding on a car is an art; and only those who have a natural turn of the neck for it acquire it easily. The question is how to be the looker-on who will see most of the game with the least amount of discomfort, including the smallest possible chance of being jerked off, inadvertently, round a corner.

The first method is to sit side-saddle-wise, holding, of course, on to the rail. Every Saxon visiting Ireland for the first time holds on to the rail of a car. The *habitué* does not. The latter rides fearlessly, jauntily, easily. He seems to spring with the car, to rise when it rises, to fall when it falls (which I didn't, thank goodness!), and, in fact, to yield to all its motions gracefully.

You feel, on a car, that the possibility is offered you of looking all ways at once; that somehow this can be done, if you only know how to do it. You can't help trying it. You look behind; you look before; you look to the right; you look to the left; and you wish you were Janus—the only person except Argus, perhaps, whose natural peculiarity would have specially suited him for an *habitué* of an Irish outside car.

Happy Thought.—Combine the two as a title for a Tourists' Book, and call it *Fe-argus O'Janus*; or, *Two Heads are Better than One!* Being a Narrative of a Journey of a Thousand Miles on an Outside Car.

Woodenbridge.—Another lovely spot! Such an air of calm and rest as we arrive, at eventide, at this comfortable-looking hotel, which commands a view of one of the most picturesque parts of the country through which the line of rail passes. I dine, and am thankful. I am thankful for small mercies, as the dinner is but a sorry affair for such a bright-looking Hostelrie. Perhaps "in the Season" it may be better. Let us hope so. I am "out of the Season," and, like most things out of season, perhaps I am not worth the trouble expended upon me. The accommodation (so to speak) is about equal to that at Rathdrum, only, being more pretentious, it ought to be better. It isn't a patch upon the sweet little Hotel of Glendalough. So wake up, Woodenbridge!

No message from PLUMPTON and SPRY. So back to Dublin, and thence to Killarney.

Killarney! Am I indeed going to Killarney! Dreams of my

childhood! Songs of my youth! I can scarcely believe that to-morrow morning I am actually going to Killarney! And to think that one has to take a ticket for the journey to Killarney just as if it were an ordinary place!

Along the Canal, which, but for the dirtiness and dinginess, would make me think I had got suddenly into Amsterdam instead of Dublin,—by GUINNESS'S Brewery,—shaving corners,—narrowly escaping kicks from the feet of other passengers on other cars,—nearly jerked off by the confounded tramways—*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*—I arrive at the terminus.

The English travellers in the train (for Killarney) with me do me the honour of taking me for an Irishman, and consult me on the subject of Dublin, Bray, and Wicklow generally. This is gratifying. I am acclimatised. Only I wish they wouldn't ask me about "the hunting here in the winter"—and "what those mountains are in the distance?" Also, an elderly Saxon asks me, "What counties are we passing through now?" I don't like to guess, and I don't want to dispel the illusion,—which has something in it of comedy for me—by referring at once to *Black's Guide*.

Mem.—Another time to read up the *Guide* beforehand. With a very little superficial knowledge, "cramped" at breakfast time, one could impose on these simple-minded tourists to any extent. Then they would write in their diaries, "Met an Irish Gentleman in the train, who told us that the finest trout were to be obtained," &c. &c. "He also gave us some valuable information as to the state of the country. He seemed intelligent, with a very pronounced brogue, probably that of some Western provinciality."

Killarney.—At last! My first view of Killarney is from the window of the Hotel omnibus, about nine o'clock on a pitch-dark night, only illumined by the occasional gas lamps, which show me that I am being taken through some sort of a town, then out of it, by a tediously long drive up to the Hotel on the Lake, named after Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Of the Lake or the Mountains I cannot even catch a glimpse. I have arrived like the guest who will come too early to a party, and who has to wait till the candles are lighted, before he can see the decorations of the *salon*. Or, I have arrived after the opera is over, and the box-keepers have draped the house in majestic brown-holland. Or, I am not "in the Season," and Killarney is not on view. At all events I must wait either till "The Moon has Lit her Lamp above,"—as the ballad in the *Lily of Killarney* has it,—or, if the Moon doesn't do this, I must patiently await Aurora. Being a Lady, she has a right to be unpunctual.

On retiring for the night, I attempt to make out something from the bedroom window. I fancy I see the lake. It is very close—not the lake, which may be a mile off, for aught I know—but the weather. "They say" it always rains at Killarney.

Morning.—'Tis all my fancy painted it! 'tis lovely, 'tis divine! The "Victoria" is beautifully situated—couldn't, in fact, be better; and of course everybody showing the height of civility—but in Ireland, *cela va sans dire*. What if my bell is more ornamental than useful? and what if I vainly expend my labour in attempting to summon the Boots, or the Chambermaid? Am I not more than repaid for my trouble by the pains immediately taken by the Manager, by the Proprietor (who comes from some distance on purpose), by the Barmaids, by the Boots (who ought to have heard it ring, but didn't), by the Waiter (who happened to be standing near the other Waiter, when it "might have rung, and he not known it"), and, lastly, by the Ostler, who, having nothing whatever to do with the interior economy of the house, goes out of his way (happening to be passing through) to give his opinion as to this particular bell? And these all assemble—first in the passage, then on the stairs, then outside, on the lawn, to look up to where my room is, when I harangue them, as if it were an election, from the window. As only my upper, and my better half, is visible, the effect, from below, must resemble that produced by Punch in the show, when he is looking out for that provoking puppet "Joey" the Clown, who will insist on hiding round the corner. My audience, one after another, give their opinion and their advice on the subject: a proceeding which occupies a good half-hour after I have already employed twenty minutes in vain endeavours at making the bell sound.

I venture to say I never yet met with so much genuine and hearty commiseration, so much real sympathy, and so little help (for no one *did* anything), as on this occasion of my not having been able to make my bedroom bell heard; and when the subject is finally exhausted, I have quite forgotten what on earth it was I had wanted when I first pulled that bell-rope.

The Landlord offers to change my room. I shall be provided with a first-rate bell, only I shall not have such a first-rate view. I prefer my present *belle vue* to his view of the bell. (This *jeu de mot* can be worked up to thus: "When SYDNEY SMITH was travelling in Ireland, he happened," &c.)

I stay here some days, and the bell never does answer, and, consequently, no one ever answers the bell. But as some external repairs are going on, which necessitate the presence in the garden of at least three of the household at a time, including always either the Manager or the Proprietor, I find that, when I want anything, my most simple plan is to, *first*, ring the bell, *on the chance* (for while there is life and a bell-pull there is hope—or while there is a rope there is a hope), and then put my head out of window, repeating the Punch performance, and shout, as if I were being held back by an assassin in the bedroom, and were struggling to escape on to the top of the verandah, until some one below asks quietly, "What is it, Sorr?" or politely, "Did you call, Sir?" It's a long process, but it is an exercise of several virtues, and, in the end, it succeeds.

Early Morning.—The usual thing, of course. There is nothing for it but "the beaten track." There is, however, only one tourist besides myself at the Hotel just now—the others are leaving, or have left—and he has started independently. I put myself in the Landlord's hands. He tells me I shall want a horse and car, a pony for crossing the mountain, a couple of boatmen and a boat for the lake, and luncheon for myself and the aforesaid boatmen. Great preparations. But lead on! I follow!

The trap is at the door—outside car of the highest respectability, and with the best-looking horse I've yet seen. "He's new to the work," says my driver, "but he'll be all right. Jump up, Sorr!" And we trot away.

DIARIES, DIARIES, DIARIES!



MESSEURS. T. J. SMITH & Co. (of Queen Street, Cheapside,) have shot down on Mr. Punch a batch of their multiform Diaries, Clerical and Professional, Commercial and Scribbling, Official and Pocket, in foolscap and quarto, octavo and post-octavo, long and short, fat and lean, limp and stiff, ruled and plain, with blotting-paper and without, in cases and out of cases, for house and office, for washing and account-keeping, to be hung on the wall or laid on the desk. In whatever form, or for whatever purpose days can be recorded, here is a record handy, from the firm of SMITH.

If, as there is wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, there were saving of time in the multitude of Diaries, no man need henceforth lose a day. But is there

not reason to fear, on the other hand, that, in the multiplicity of Diaries, days may be lost—as men have been lost in the labyrinths of the catacombs? Meanwhile, we shall look with respect at MESSEURS. SMITH's heap of multiform Diaries as a reminder of the value of those days whose employment we fear Mr. Punch will never enter in them. Of "scribbling" he has sufficient already from his Correspondents: and he has enough to do in recording the day's works in the week's pages.

"In that New Land which is the Old."

"MESSEURS. GOSCHEN and JOUBERT, representatives of the English and French Bondholders, leave Paris this morning for Egypt."—*Times*, Oct. 6.

By prayers of Egypt's victims sped o'er ocean,
GOSCHEN starts homewards—to the land of Goshen.
May miracles be wrought at his commands,
Until his client's Bonds are off their hands!



AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

"DON'T MOVE, DARLING!—I'M SO COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD IS SO SOFT!!"

THE MOST IMPORTANT MEETING YET.

THE Three Tailors of Tooley Street met yesterday in as large a number as was possible, in order to discuss the position of the United Kingdom with regard to the East.

The Meeting would have been held with closed doors, but there being only one door, it was considered superfluous to close it, particularly as no strangers showed any desire to come in.

The Second Tailor voted the First Tailor into the Chair. This was immediately seconded by the Third Tailor, and carried by a very large majority.

The First Tailor said that he should have been most proud to have taken the Chair, but unfortunately it had already been taken under a distress for last month's rent. (*Loud cheers.*) The proposed Chairman went on to say that it would be quite in keeping with the object of the Meeting, and with their professional capacity, if they were to sit cross-legged. (*Great cheering, during which the Meeting crossed their legs and took their seats.*)

The first Resolution was proposed by the Third Tailor, who said that he considered that all Turks should be exterminated. With that view he had already expunged Turkey from a map belonging to a friend of his, and hoped it might aid the cause materially. (*Cheers.*) He would move a Resolution to the following effect:—

"That this Meeting, comprising as it does the principal inhabitants of the United Kingdom"—(*"Hear, hear!"*)—"would suggest to HER MAJESTY that all affairs of State should be at once committed to their charge, when probably a proper solution of the Eastern Question would be arrived at." (*Loud cheers.*)

The Resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority, the President giving his casting vote.

The Second Tailor thought that some pecuniary relief should be sent out to the sufferers (*"Hear, hear!"*), and that it should be done at once. (*Great cheering.*) He should therefore ask the President of the Meeting to lend him a shilling; half of which he would pledge himself to spend in beer (*Cheers.*) and would promise to owe the other half to any honorary Treasurer who might be appointed.

The President, after having re-crossed his legs and remarked that he was in hourly expectation of letters of apology from all the Crowned Heads of Europe for not attending the meeting, went on

to say that he fully concurred in what had been said. With regard to the shilling it was matter for consideration, and would probably take some weeks to decide. Nevertheless, he had no objection to other members of the meeting subscribing largely to the relief of the sufferers. (*Murmurs.*) Should HER MAJESTY decline to accede to their petition, they might take matters into their own hands. They surely ought to get something out of it. (*Loud cheers.*) He concluded with a fervent appeal to the Second Tailor to stand something. This having been seconded by the Third Tailor, it was carried by an enthusiastic majority.

A somewhat warm discussion followed, after which the meeting uncrossed its legs and tossed for coppers till it dispersed.

NEW READINGS OF BYRON.

In a late number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the property of MR. JOSEPH COWEN, M.P., we find a full report of a recent speech by that Gentleman on the Bulgarian Atrocities. The speaker quoted—very much to the purpose—BYRON's well-known picture of the lean dogs holding their carnival over the dead under the walls of Corinth. The report in printing the quotation gives us—

"From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye feed the pig when the fruit is fresh."

We have been accustomed to see the line printed—

"As you peel the fig," &c.,

but we fully acknowledge the boldness of the correction.

So for the accepted reading—

"As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,"

MR. COWEN's organ gives us—

"As they largely resembled the bones of the dead."

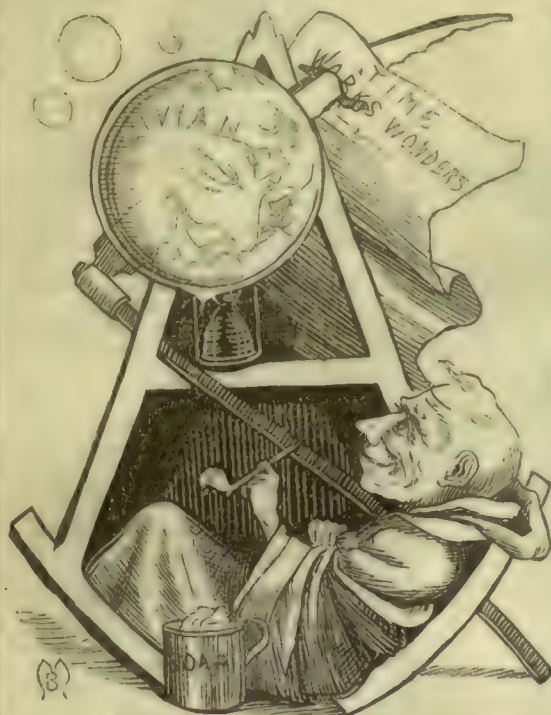
To whom are we indebted for these improvements—to MR. COWEN's Composer or to MR. COWEN's Corrector? In either case, we have to thank him for a sensation. "*Crede BYRON?*" Not we—in future; till the noble Bard has passed through the office of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.



PSYCHO À LA RUS(S)E.

Russ-Masculine. "IT MUST BE PLAIN TO EVERYONE THAT I DO NOT IN ANY WAY INFLUENCE THE MOVEMENTS OF THE FIGURE!!"

DIFFICULTY AND DARING.



QUESTION may be raised on the motto adopted by LORD BEACONFIELD: *Forti nihil difficile*. Is this true? Can it be verily affirmed that nothing is difficult for a brave man? Is not Latin difficult? Is not Greek difficult? Is not Geometry difficult? Is not Algebra difficult? Nay, are not French and German difficult, and is not simple Arithmetic difficult; are not Multiplication, Division, the Rule of Three, and Practice difficult, and a doosid deal too difficult, for numbers of brave men? Is there not far too many a brave young man as ready and willing as naturally qualified, to lead a forlorn hope, who, mainly perhaps because of that very qualification, is debarred from ever doing so in any higher capacity than that of

a private soldier by his inability to pass a difficult examination?

Suppose instead of "*Forti*," his Lordship were to read "*SEVENTY nihil difficile*? Is he prepared to put the difficulty to the test, by trying to persuade England into his view of the Eastern Question and how to answer it? Or is he too old a bird to try?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Music Feast—Dinner—CLAY and WAGNER.

DEAR SIR,

WHAT chances are these! Music's the food of Love. Why, here's my own WAGNER in London, with MR. CARL ROSA at the Lyceum. Ah, Rosa! *Bonheur!* (an artistic *jeu de mot* at eighteenth-pence an hour,—reduction on taking a quantity).

Haven't I returned from Bayreuth full of WAGNER. As MR. BYRON says in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, "Am I not a man and a Bey-reuther!"—which, of all the puns—Oh, Sir, I squeaked with delight. I dug my elbow into my neighbour's ribs—there is no moral law against digging your elbow into your neighbour's ribs, I believe—and then I had my fun, for I explained the joke to him. By the way, Sir, I know a man (with most people you may generally interpret this phrase correctly by inserting a negative before the verb; but not so with me)—well, I know a man who, being naturally obtuse, has determined to obtain for himself a fine appreciation of humour. His theory is, "It must be in me—just as my muscles are in my arm—only that they won't lift fifty tons unless I exercise them: so for my 'sense of humour'—my eighth sense—that, too, is in me, and if I only work it, it will be strong enough to grapple with fifty puns." So what does he do? Why, he passes his life among wits—not professionals, who don't throw away their capital, but among amateur wits, funny men, sayers of good things at small parties, and he works out their *jeux de mots* on paper, just as he would so many problems in Algebra. Let *x* be the meaning of the joke which has escaped him. Good: then he gets the other known quantities, including the joke itself, puts on his dressing-gown, spreads his paper, pours out a libation of ink, flourishes his quill—and at it he goes, with all the vigour of a COLENSO reducing the Book of Numbers to a question of figures.

I was dining with my old friend and pitcher, the ex-Turkish Minister's private ex-secretary, who held a post in the Turkish Army years ago (after a dinner with me, I have seen him holding a post,—a lamp-post in Piccadilly—and most unwilling to part with it) and the rare old Moslem,—his name is PEGWELL BEY—a small chap, a mere shrimp of a fellow to look at, but a prawn in pitched battle, a lobster in the field, a crab in a combat,—he says to me, sipping his second bottle of sherbet—(we call it sherbet, out of

NOT BEFORE IT'S WANTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN your public capacity as Mentor and Adviser, will you kindly suggest to Preceptors of Colleges and the Committee of Council for Education that a new Science be added to the existing Curriculum—a science imperatively called for by the wants of the present day. I mean the "Science of Drawing-room Navigation," by the study of which young men may be enabled to move in society without entangling their heels in Ladies' dresses, crushing lap-dogs, pulling over articles of *virtu*, or light furniture, plunging ankle-deep into pots of valuable ferns, upsetting ink-stands, card-trays, &c. They may also acquire the art of resisting the attraction of the lace antimacassars of chairs and ottomans, which seem to have a peculiar tenacity of adherence to any button more prominent than usual.

Yours to command,

POLONAISE.

UTRUM MAVIS ACCIPE.

CANON LIDDON and MR. MALCOLM MCCOLL in their voyage down the Danube, saw bodies impaled on the Turkish shore. MUSURUS BEY, Turkish Ambassador in London, writes, at once, to the *Times* to deny this on the part of the "proper authority," and to charge the reverend witnesses with "optical illusion, if nothing worse."

Which is most consonant with probability and experience, that the Turk should shrink from staking his victims, and that two English clergymen, with characters to lose and their senses about them, should have said or seen the thing that was not, or that the "proper authority" in Turkey should have first told a lie, and then charged MUSURUS BEY to repeat it?

We leave the Bey impaled on whichever horn he pleases of that dilemma.

One thing we should recommend him, at all events; not to stake his own credit on that of any Turkish authority—proper or improper.

respect to the Bey's scruples, but if there ever was real good Pom-mery from the caves of MADAME POMMERY, and if ever there was Comet Port—with nuts—in this world, it was between us, *entre nous*, at that moment), he says, "How about music to-night?"

I replied—

"Last night, when undisturbed by State affairs, Moistening our clay, and puffing off our cares!"

"Bombastes!" cried the wily Bey, as well-read a man as any that ever wore fez or drank *flax*!

"The Bulbul is right," I replied, in true Oriental fashion; for though a man of the world, he still likes to be called a Bulbul. "You are right. Did you notice I said *clay*?" I asked.

"CLAY, by all means," returned the Bulbul, chucking up his cap in the air. "Here's his health!"

"How about *Toto*?" I asked my PEGWELL BEY.

"Allah is good! Allah is kind! MAHOMET is his Prophet! CLAY is good; and I hope *Toto* is his profit. I have not seen it."

The worthy Mahomedan paused. His eyes trembled. Then he said, "I prefer real good *Clay* to any mere *sham*, and—and—" he paused, and I was sure that he had something good to follow. Then he went on—"and I hope that he has succeeded in *toto*."

"That, my Bulbul, would make a capital advertisement," I observed, "Success in *toto*."

"True, my jolly Christian dog," returned the Bey. "Good sherbet needs no bush, but a *Clay* is all the better for a little judicious puffing."

I suggested a programme;—a night w' CLAY, and one with WAGNER.

"What night with CLAY?" asked the Bey, who is such a Wagnerite that he might be called the Bey of Bayreuth.

"My distinguished Bulbul," I replied, "will see that CLAY's night is, at present, *Don Quixote*, the *Knight of La Mancha*."

There's no difficulty just now in London in hearing the works of WAGNER. They've got extracts from that composition whose name can scarcely be mentioned to ears polite, I allude to the *Götterdämmerung*,—while SANTLEY is airing his *nobby lungen* (Bavarian dialect for "wonderful lungs") at the Lyceum in the *Flying Dutchman*. The Bey, whose English gets muddled occasionally, could not remember this title; he would call it the *Flying Dustman*, and I rather fancy he was thinking of the Italian version, *L'Olandese*



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 2.—STEAM EJECTOR AND SPINNING APPARATUS FOR JACK AND CHUB FISHING.

Dannato when he informed me that the second title was the *Schiedam Hollander*. I set him right on this point while we were listening to MR. RIPLEY's Holbornian Restaurant Band assisting our digestion with the melodious overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Then to the Alhambra.

The Bulbul was delighted with the Ballet, and the performances of the Fiendish GIRARDS, who are fearfully and wonderfully made up. They are not out of place at the Alhambra—on the contrary; but they are out of place in the Comic Opera, *Don Quixote*. MR. CLAY has written some charming Ballet music, and the Chivalry Song is the best in the piece.

But the Opera should have been a *Bouffe*, somebody like MR. FRED VOKES (though the GIRARDS outvokes VOKES, I'm afraid); for the Don, and MR. PAULTON, with the Song of "*Proverbs Gone Wrong*," as *Sancho Panza*. Anyhow, the GIRARDS, who have nearly put the noses of the "Fiji Flutterers" out of joint (lucky for the latter it is "noses," and not legs or arms), are well worth a visit.

Then to the Lyceum. It was the second night of the *Flying Dutchman*, and if a crowded house and genuine enthusiasm—(the singing of MOLLE TORRIANI and MR. SANTLEY in the Second Act created a perfect *furor*)—go for anything, then MR. CARL ROSA may congratulate himself, as I heartily congratulate him, on one of the biggest operatic successes that has been witnessed in town for many a long day. With the Lyceum orchestra and chorus there is scarcely a fault to be found; the size, the acoustic properties of the house, and HERR WAGNER's wind instruments, being taken into consideration. The music flows on from first to last, never once interrupted by that cold-water curse of English opera, which has been hitherto considered necessary to the intelligible rendering of a plot—the dialogue, which generally falls as flat as the "*spoken*" in an old-fashioned comic song.

The Second Act of *The Flying Dutchman* is, to my thinking, too long, for the climax is reached when *Vanderdecken* enters, and is recognised by *Leuta*. To bring the act-drop down on this situation would have been a dramatic effect too conventional perhaps for HERR WAGNER. I propose, Sir, to return to the consideration of this striking opera on another occasion. After it, the Bey and myself sought the Lane of the Maiden where we are accustomed to pass some "half-hours with the Best Oysters." And so for the present I remain, Wagnarianly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A RAY OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE DARKNESS OF SPIRITUALISTIC FOLLY.—PROFESSOR LANKESTER.

THE SITUATION AT STAMBOUL.

SAYS *Suaviter in Modo*To *Fortiter in Re*—

(Alias HENRY ELLIOT

To IGNATIEFF)—says he,

"Let me convince the Padishah,

MIDHAT, RUSHDI, & Co.,

That as LORD DERBY sees things,

They things should see also."

To *Suaviter in Modo*Says *Fortiter in Re*,

"You may argue with the Turcos

Till blue in face you be.

But your Turco knows one pressure—

Of a fist upon him thrust:

And your Turco knows one reason—

'I must—because I must.'

"So, *Suaviter in Modo*And *Fortiter in Re*,

If they're to work to profit,

In their working must agree.

I'll find the hand of iron,

You may find the velvet glove,

And, *hand in glove*, by acting,

We may force the Turk to move."

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

We hear of meetings for discussion in Bicycling Circles. Is every Member of a Velocipede Club a Spokesman?

HAPPY THOUGHT (TURKISH).—Any Porte in a storm.

RUMOURED TURKISH REFORMS.

It is whispered that the following particulars, amongst others, of a project for Turkish Reform, have been submitted by the Great European Powers to the Sublime Porte:—

The SULTAN to accord his subjects a Constitution, and himself to be transformed into a Constitutional Sovereign. Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia to be consolidated into a Limited Monarchy, with Representative Institutions.

The Legislature, with the SULTAN, acting by responsible Ministers, at its head, to consist of a Senate and Chamber of Deputies; the latter electing the former, and elected itself with Vote by Ballot and Universal Suffrage, embracing the political Rights of Women.

Mahometanism, as the State Religion, to be disestablished and disendowed, and all sects and denominations to be placed upon a footing of absolute equality.

The universal establishment of Trial by Jury. Jurors to be eligible irrespective of creed.

A general system of Compulsory Education, admitting denominational schools; but where these are found inadequate, administered by School Boards, with authority to levy Rates to any amount sufficient to defray all necessary expenses.

Cheap administration of justice by means of County Courts, to be established in Counties, into which the entire Turkish Empire shall be divided for that purpose. Regular and periodical Gaol Deliveries, Assizes, and Quarter Sessions.

THE BEST PART OF A LIFE.

THE strength of Onions is proverbial. Hercules may be supposed to have been typified by the Onion, because the Onion, like himself, is so uncommonly strong. But though it be excellent to have an Onion's strength, 'tis tyrannous to use it like an Onion, such an one as one WILLIAM ONION, had up on Wednesday last week at Worship Street, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with having committed a violent assault on ROBERT HILL, 101 H. ONION had been found by the Constable in Leman Street, Whitechapel, standing over a man whom he had just knocked down, like an ONION strong enough and savage enough to knock down anybody. The Constable tried to persuade him to go home, when ONION refused, and, besides expressing himself in generically strong language, abused his strength by violently kicking the Constable's shins, and trying to kick him in a still more dangerous manner.

"In answer to questions by the Magistrate, the Constable said the prisoner



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Irate Young Lady. "MR. COX, I DECLARE YOUR MACHINES ARE THE WORST I EVER SAW!—THERE'S NOT EVEN A LOOKING-GLASS!"

Proprietor of Bathing Machines. "WHY, MISS, IF THERE WAS LOOKING-GLASSES, WE SHOULDN'T GET YOU LADIES OUT OF THEM 'ERE MACHINES FOR HOWERS AND HOWERS!"

had been convicted over one hundred times for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and violent assaults on the Police and civilians. On one occasion he was charged with killing a man, and was committed for trial, but acquitted; in fact, he had spent the best part of his life in gaol."

No doubt he had; and it is a fact which, however obvious, is not perhaps so well considered as it ought to be, that the best part of every ruffian's life, and of the life of every habitual offender and criminal, is that which he spends in gaol. This truth was perhaps within the view of MR. DE RUTZEN, the Magistrate before whom this most offensive ONION was brought to justice, when he sentenced that specimen of the dangerous classes to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, during which term his life will be made the best of that it can by the employment of ONION'S strength at the crank and on the treadmill. It is a pity the Magistrate could not have given him more. The best part of a life such as ONION'S is spent in gaol indeed when he is kept there longest.

WHYS AND MEANS.

WHY do people write that they "accept with pleasure" an unpleasant invitation, when they really mean that they do so with reluctance?

WHY do Ladies bid their servant say that they are not at home, when they mean they are engaged or unwilling to see visitors?

WHY do Cockneys often say they have been cruising in the Channel, when they mean that they have had a shilling sail at Worthing?

WHY do Actors grumble that the Drama is going to the dogs, when they mean that they themselves are not in favour with the Public?

JONES, ON HIS HOLIDAYS.

So, I've finished my holiday outing;
And now that I've come back to Town,
May indulge in a glance retrospective
O'er the weeks which like lightning have
flown.

My brain is not yet fairly settled;
My blood's in a sort of a flame;
And I don't feel recruited—but then I
Know BROWN feels exactly the same.

I've scampered through beautiful countries,
Done the lions in no end of towns;
My name is inscribed in high places,
With other SMITHS, JONESES, and BROWNS.
I've knocked off peaks, passes, and glaciers,
In such shoals that scarce one can I name.
But while the Swiss round I was doing,
BROWN was doing exactly the same.

I've discounted both dirt and discomfort,
As one must, in a stick that's called
"cleft";

Tossed on beds, too, which "beds" is no
word for;

Put up with extortion and theft.
I've risked life and limb in the mountains,
With no special taste for that game;
But from strict sense of duty, because I
Knew BROWN bent on climbing the same.

I've spent in my short weeks of outing
The savings of all the past year;
And have learnt little more than the lesson
That outings come awfully dear.
The salue I apply to my conscience,
In friends' eyes will clear me of blame—

'Tis that I've done precisely what BROWN
did,—
And I'm certain that BROWN feels the
same.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

No wonder MR. ORR EWING, M.P., should
throw cold water on the Dumbarton Atro-
city-Indignation Meeting. He gets his
living by Turkey-red dyeing.

THE DEVIL'S IN THE SLATE.—Quoth
SLADE, "Don't you hear 'Old Scratch'
at work?"

Why do Men tell their Wives that they will be detained by busi-
ness, when they really mean to be detained by a Club dinner?

Why do Women bid their husbands escort them to the West-End,
when they really mean to make them pay for a new bonnet?

Why do Singers speak with diffidence of the powers of their voice,
when they mean to swallow greedily all the compliments you give
them?

Why do Inviters often call their country house a "little place,"
when they mean to show you a palatial residence?

Why does your Friend tell you "any toggery will do," when he
means himself to sport a dress suit and white-choker?

Why do China Dealers name so preposterous a price, when they
mean to jump at less than half if they be offered it?

Why do people say they will be really charmed to see you when-
ever you drop in, whereas they really mean to shelve you by so
vague an invitation?

Why do Voters whisper "Oh, no; I couldn't think of it," when
they mean to pocket as much as may be handed them?

Why do Pianists complain that they are sadly out of practice when
they are asked to play, while in reality they mean they want more
pressing, and then will gladly yield to it?

And why do Waiters generally tell you they are "Coming, Sir!"
when nine times out of ten they mean that they are going?

Arms and Arts.

"LORD BEACONSFIELD'S arms have been duly registered at the Herald's
College."—Daily Papers.

A NEW Coat of Arms when his new Lordship quarters,
Can he keep—that's the question—his former supporters?



"FOR FRENCH OF PARIS WAS TO HIM UNKNOWN"!

First Cad (with a view to impress the other Passengers). "I SAY, 'ARRY, FUST-CLASS CHAMPAONE FRED GIVE US LAST NIGHT, WASN' IT!"
Second Cad. "I E'BELVE YER! 'AVE YOU TRIED THAT NEW SPECIALITE SHERRY?"!

A SONG FOR A HARVEST SUPPER.

(By an Eastern Counties Disciple of SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)

Now Harvest be over, let's sociable meet,
 And enjoy the delights of a Temperance treat:
 All liquors fermented right nobly we scorn,
 Fur they lead men to mischief, sure's ever they're born.

No Beer nor no Cider we'll draa fur our feast;
 They turn a good Christian into a beast.
 Nor we doan't need no Sperrits our mirth to inspire,
 Fur we doan't want to set brain and body afire.

Haarvest homes we hev heerd on, most turrible tales,
 Wheer drink 'toxicatun were sarved out in pails:
 Wheer chaps sot a swillun like hogs in a sty,
 Till most on 'em under the taable did lie.

Nixt marnun hids achun hands shakun they feel,
 No appetite nayther to swaller a meal;
 And tho' to their day's work they strive fur to tarn,
 No more 'n a brass farden they manage to arn.

In no sech divarsions enjoyment we find;
 Fur losing our sinses ain't much to our mind:
 We purfer to set sober, and keep our hids clear,
 And not make un duzzy wi' drinkun drugged beer.

We like to lead dacent respectable lives,
 And save a few puns for our children and wives:
 Not go waastun our waages in wettun our throats,
 And pawnun for drink both our weskits and coats.

So come, my brave comrades, Teetotallers all!
 Three cheers fur our Maister and Missus I call!
 Fur she is a good woman, she purwides us good cheer,
 Tea and Corry in galluns, and prime Gingerbeer.

Come, fill up a bumper! come, fill every man!
 Fill to brimmin the Tea-pot, pass round the Milk-can!
 No hidache ull harm us, no fever we'll fear,
 While we drink nawthun stronger nor good Gingerbeer!

A FIELD TOO OFTEN PLOUGHED.

THE excitement created by the Bulgarian atrocities will have subsided only to be followed by another outburst of equally vehement indignation, which cannot but be aroused by the following passage in a letter to the *Times* on the subject of "Ostrich Farming at the Cape":—

"Birds are kept solely for the feathers. They are plucked every eight months, and will average at each plucking £10 worth of feathers after the first plucking, which are chicken feathers and are not so valuable."

What amount of torture inflicted upon poor dumb animals by vivisection, for the benefit of suffering humanity, can equal the torments to which wretched Ostriches are subjected periodically every eight months to no worthier or better purpose than that of subservience to the vanity of Fashion? Let every Professor, or Graduate who has once been a student, imagine what it must be to be so repeatedly plucked. Of course the anti-vivisectionist enthusiasts, who even during the busy Summer found time to stomp the country inveighing against the barbarities perpetrated by physiologists on frogs, cannot now for very shame fail to devote a portion of their Autumnal leisure to corresponding denunciation of the cruelty for which Ladies of rank and wealth are responsible by continuing to wear head-dresses which require thousands of Ostriches to have the quills of their tail feathers wrenched at intervals of only eight months each from their quivering sockets. Nor can it be but that amiable humanitarians, who sympathise so keenly with vivisected rabbits and guinea-pigs, will everywhere exert their utmost influence to get petitions drawn up for presentation to the QUEEN, humbly imploring Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to be graciously pleased to command that the usage of wearing Ostrich feathers at Royal Drawing-Rooms and State Balls be henceforth discontinued.

ANIMAL AUTOGRAPHS.



The Bear.—Elegant Action of—Agreeable Manners—Charming Tenor Voice—Fond of Waltzing—At the Head of the Pole—Has a Hug for every Friend.
The Fox.—Naturally frank and open—Would not hurt a Chicken for Worlds—Always liked

HERE is a Book announced under the title of *Animals Painted by Themselves*.

The Fox is the only animal we know of who possesses a brush, but whether he can paint with it we have yet to learn. But this is, of course only our little joke, which we must have: we know perfectly well that the title may be taken figuratively. The headings of the chapters no doubt will be more or less (more, perhaps) as follows:—

The Lion.—King of the Beasts—Much received in Society—Adored by the Ladies—Never met GORDON CUMMING—Paws soft and effeminate—Naturally mild and philanthropic.

Sour Grapes—The Best Friend with Hounds.

The Pig.—The Victim of Slander—His Clean Habits—His Sweet Home—His Abstemiousness and Remarkable Temperance—His Plaintive Warble, and his Love of Hebrew.

The Ass.—His Musical Talents—His Tender Lips—Activity in Bondage—Willing Acquiescence when asked to Gallop.

The Monkey.—Greek Type Developed—Superiority to Man—Dramatic Powers. &c., &c., &c.

The Work promises to be most amusing, if not instructive. We only hope it will be illustrated by Animals. Why not? Badgers have been most successfully drawn by Dogs; and few Horses but have drawn a *carte de visite*. So we repeat, Why not?

Poor Womankind.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

I HOPE you do not approve of such truly *manly* selfishness as DR. SLADE's, who, after his wife has gone to her rest, cruelly breaks it by making her come back to *earn his bread for him!* As a Married Woman I protest against such behaviour to one of our ill-used sex.

Your old Friend,

MAY (BUT WOULDN'T).

THE BELL-RINGERS.

(A Devonshire Dream, after the Church Congress at Plymouth.)

"The bells are the external voice of the Church, and as Catholic as the Church itself."—REV. C. P. H. BARLOW, in the discussion on "Church Bells, and How to Use Them," which wound up the meeting of the Church Congress at Plymouth.

"Any man, however dull his intellect, can learn to do what is called round-ringing. Change-ringing is very different . . . The learning of the latter is a matter of impossibility to some men; others only go a very short way in the art; and, of course, others attain greater or less proficiency."—MR. C. A. W. TROYER, President of the Devonshire Guild of Ringers, in the same discussion.

THE Jackdaw, perched on the belfry-eaves, As he peeped through a network of ivy-leaves, Saw a Clerical Congress, in cassocks and copes, Tugging away at a tangle of ropes, To the sound of something between curse and benison, The comment of outspoken ARCHDEACON DENISON.

The cassocks rustled, the copes and stoles Fluttered and flounced, as those well-meaning souls Toiled, tugged, and strained, *but they couldn't keep time!* Which, of course, plays the mischief with peal or chime. So the net result was a vigorous jangle, With the clappers at odds, and the ropes in a tangle, And the pullers as loud as their bells in wrangle! "Oho," quoth the Jackdaw, "heresby hangs a tale! In their craft these black-coated Bell-ringers fail: I must teach them there needs more than vigour and zeal In the pullers, to sound an harmonious peal." Then he hopped in among them, *sans* bow or apology, And propounded his views upon Church Campanology.

"Brother black-coats," he cried, "out of tune, out of time, While you thus tug, no wonder your bells fail to chime. Round-ringing! Most likeness, methinks, might be found In your work to what pugilists mean by a 'round.' Change-ringing! Suggestive in these days of 'movements,' Of changes the country calls aught but improvements; Though e'en mutability's gale you might weather, If somehow you'd manage to change all together: But some change in one key, and some in another, And each ringer's chief aim seems his fellow to smother, Till trebles and basses, to keep time unable, Clash into cacophony—mere bells of Babel!"

Peal-ringing! Well that, one would think, might be, verily, A labour of love all would join in right merrily; Tintinnabular pastime instead of a toil; But e'en *jubilate* a jangle will spoil, And joy-peals are marred, if some obstinate bell Will go in, on its private account, for a knell. To join in a treble-bob-major sounds fine, But if one treats his bell but as summons to dine, Another as cow-bell, of pasture suggestive, A third as alarm to hearts high and restive?—If this fiery Archdeacon deems Church-bells the tocsin Which calls to a fray he would fain exchange knocks in; While that blandest of Bishops would rather decide Their note is the *couvre-feu* bidding men hide Latent fires of Dissent?—if to others they be Mere muffin-bells, telling of tattle and tea, Or factory-bells, brisk *réveillé* to work; For cowards to funk, and for sluggards to shirk; Or wedding-day clashes, or funeral knells, Or parties' loud peans, or souls' passing-bells—What wonder, in short, if '*ensemble*''s past hopes, With as many Minds as you've Men at the ropes? Now, since to keep tune is a dream, were't not well, To muffle your noisiest tongues for a spell? Or at least not proclaim in too public a way, That a symphony's just the one thing you can't play? While each tugs his own rope, and will tug it alone, As heedless of time, as of tune and of tone, Expending his strength in his self-centred labours, With a cool disregard for the 'notes' of his neighbours, Why, unison, harmony, music, are things Which not WAGNER himself could get out of *your* 'rings'—And English Church-music, however you strain, As 'music' must still 'of the future' remain."

Here the Bird hopped aloft, and those Bell-ringers stared. A few optics half twinkled, but most of them glared. Said their Leader, at last, "Well, he lays down the law; But you see, after all, he is only a Daw! A mere saucy Lay-creature, though given to perch In saucy intrusion *outside* of the Church. Pull away! pull away! Give a right Plymouth peal!" So they tugged—to what tune only Time can reveal.



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 3.—IMPROVED CLOCKWORK HUNTERS, WITH PATENT CAME-SADDLE BUMPING ACTION.

Up to any weight. Quiet to ride. When properly wound up, will stay through the longest run.

CUCURBITS AND CREAMS.

It is now some months too late for the Monster Gooseberry; but the Monster Turnip is in season, having doubtless been very generally developed by the late rains. So, likewise, is the Monster Gourd or Pumpkin. The Eastern Question has, however, excluded both Monster Turnips and Monster Gourds from the columns of most of our contemporaries; nevertheless a local paper announces that there are now on view in a shop window, Above Bar at Southampton, certain Monsters of the Gourd kind, weighing respectively forty and twenty-nine pounds; labelled, "Two Fine Vegetable Creams." Confounding one species of the *Cucurbitaceæ* with another, there are, we have very little doubt, individuals, not yet inmates of idiot asylums, who will not think it too absurd to suggest that Vegetable Creams must be the produce of *Cow-cumbers*.

To the Wood! To the Wood!

THE parishes bordering on the Strand have determined on adopting the Wood-pavement for that much-frequented thoroughfare. Happy Strand! Permitted to exchange the grease and slipperiness of Asphalte, and the jar and thunder of Granite for the elasticity and noiselessness of Wood! But why should these blessings be limited to the Strand parishes? Let all the London parishes still doomed to slipperiness and noise, rouse their Vestries to action in the same direction, and halloo lustily, not until they are out of the Wood, but until they are into it.

EVERYDAY FARCES.

II.—"BRAZEN THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

SCENE—The Folkestone Terminus. Passengers from Paris to London stowing themselves, their rugs, wraps, and reminiscences, in the Tidal Train.

MRS. CANDYTUFT, her Daughter, and eldest Son, are assisting an Aristocratic Stranger, of the feminine gender, to the best corner, and administering Eau de Cologne and Salts, with an abuse of gush that is positively nauseating (so said CANDYTUFT, Jun., afterwards).

Mrs. Candytuft (patting a rug which her daughter has tucked round the Aristocratic Stranger's lower extremities). Poor dear creature! It was a bad passage indeed, and I must say I sympathise with you. *Bocoo—bocoo!* And that dreadful Alderman sitting next to you!

Aristocratic Stranger. Would you 'ave the kindness to put that bag and dressing-case close to me. Thanks—oh so much!

[YOUNG CANDYTUFT advances the bag and dressing-case, on which are prominent a Count's Coronet and the Gothic initials "V. K."]

Miss Adela Candytuft (putting down a parcel on which is written "MADAME LA COMTESSE DE KERVALEC, Londres"). You almost forgot this—but I snapped it up just as we left the boat. *Hoorooomong!*

Aristocratic Stranger. 'Ow good of you, my dear young Lady. I don't know what the Count would have said if I had lost it!

Mrs. Candytuft (aside to her daughter). How well she speaks English, ADELA. I wish you spoke French like that.

Adela Candytuft (aside to her mother). Perfectly exquisite! How odd it is foreigners never can manage their H's.

Young Candytuft. Aw! can I offer you the English papers? There's *Times—Punch—aw!*

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks so much—awfully kind.

Mrs. Candytuft (improving the occasion at every opportunity). My

dear ADELA, do look how well Parisian women of rank's things fit them! Don't you think you could remember the form of that Ulster?

Adela Candytuft (a sprig of the same tuft). Why, of course, Ma dear! I have taken mental notes of those pockets *en biais* and that sweet *capuchon* all the way over.

Mrs. Candytuft. Dear girl! Poor thing! I wonder the Count allows such a fragile flower to travel alone!

Adela. Dreadful man! I'm sure he has a curly hat and long-pointed moustaches.

Young Candytuft (to himself). Confounded foreigner! If she were anywhere else, I could have a weed now. Instead of which—
[Dives into the *Times*, grumbling.]

Aristocratic Stranger relieves her shattered nerves with some sherry and water from an *Eau de Cologne* bottle.

Mrs. Candytuft (aside). Some dreadful French Tisane! Oh, purmetty.—Do let me give you just a drop of Cognac—*ur pity* *vair*.

Young Candytuft (who had forgotten there was a flask in his Ulster pocket). Aw—yes. JUSTERINI's best, I asshaw you.

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks. Awfully thanks. (She does take a drop.) That will bring me round, I dare say.

Another hour is supposed to elapse, during which the Family CANDYTUFT are unremitting in attentions to the Aristocratic Stranger, who is observed to snigger occasionally.

Mrs. Candytuft's Happy Thought meanwhile. What a catch to get a real Count and Countess at our Winter Dance!

Miss Adela's Happy Thought. How gorgeous to be heard talking French to a sweet Comtesse by those JONES girls, who are so proud of their German!

Young Candytuft's Happy Thought. Like to know this Count fellow. Might introduce a fellow to Judie, you know.

Charing Cross Station. "Charing Cross—Cross—Cross!"

Mrs. Candytuft. *Mon vvaantoor ehtsecy*. My carriage—but of course you have your own. Do let AUGUSTUS help you with your things. *Ongshanty de voo revicaw*, you know.



A REPROOF.

Country Gent (lately a Citizen, who has just missed an easy shot). "CONFOUND THE THING!"
Giles (with the Bag). "OH, MEASTER! DON'T I WISH AS I'D HAD A STOAN!"

Adela (aside). Here's the Comtesse's servant. Powder and a red cockade!

Powdered Flunkey (approaching with an affable smile). Well, MISS MARIANNE, her Ladyship expected you yesterday. 'Ow's yourself?

[Oh, horror! It was the Countess's Maid, after all!

Tableau—easier imagined than described.

"SPIRITUALISM" IN SPAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* lately attended the Festival annually held at the Shrine of "Our Lady of Montserrat." He quotes the following attestation of something which was a genuine miracle indeed—if true:—

"On the little papers sold as memorials of the day the following is printed:—

"The image of the Virgin which to-day we worship was pointed out to some shepherds, in the year 880, near this steep, by miraculous lights from Heaven. The shepherds told the priest; the priest told the Bishop. The Bishop tried to move the image to Manresa, but it refused to move further than this crag; so they built here a Chapel to receive it, and we worship it here to-day. This is our Heaven-sent Cathedral of the Mountains."

Is the foregoing statement put forth and vended by the permission, or with the knowledge, of the present successor of the Bishop who was told by the Priest, who was told by the Shepherds 996 years ago of the miraculous image to which they said they were guided by lights from Heaven? If he endorses, of course he personally believes it. Now, is the Bishop of Manresa, that now is, a liberal, large-minded prelate, whose ideas are not bounded by his own diocese? Then what a good work is open for him to do for the confutation of scepticism and sceptics all the world over! He has only to take the very slight trouble of attempting, like his predecessor nearly a thousand years ago, to move the object which he permits his flock to worship. Suppose it will not move—refuses to come out of its shrine, or lets itself be carried only so far as it chooses and no farther; then stops short, immovable by any amount of force. This simple experiment, if only successful, could not fail to convince all

doubters and unbelievers, it having been tried in public, with due notice to all mankind, and every possible facility afforded them to see that there was no deception. If, in the sight of all men, the image were to jib, and persist in jibbing, and resisting every impulse or traction, declining even to obey the mandate, enforced with the strong arm of a British "Bobby" to move on, such evidence of intelligent, indomitable, supernatural agency would surely be sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous of even scientific men. The stationary image of Montserrat would be a standing miracle indeed. As such it would infinitely transcend the automatic Psycho, and, if MASKELYNE and COOKE were to investigate and confess they could not explain it, would perhaps induce PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, and even PROFESSOR PUNCH himself, to join in a pilgrimage to Montserrat, with peas in their boots.

COOL!

A YOUNG German Lady of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, when a solitary and friendless stranger in London, offered by advertisement to give lessons in her own language and music, and asked for "an answer, naming terms." Here is one of the answers she received. *Mr. Punch* prints it as an illustration of the amazing coolness of some people in their dealings with Governesses:—

"MADAM,—Be pleased to answer the following questions:—Where were you born? Where educated? Where did you receive your musical education? Can you play the compositions of the Great Masters at sight? When and under whom did you study drawing? Can you teach your own language grammatically? Are you prepared to give four hours' tuition daily to my daughters—say, one hour before breakfast, two hours after breakfast, one hour in drawing and conversation in German every evening—in return for your board and lodging? Are you known personally to the Hanoverian or Prussian Consul?"

"By answering these questions, you will oblige. Yours truly,

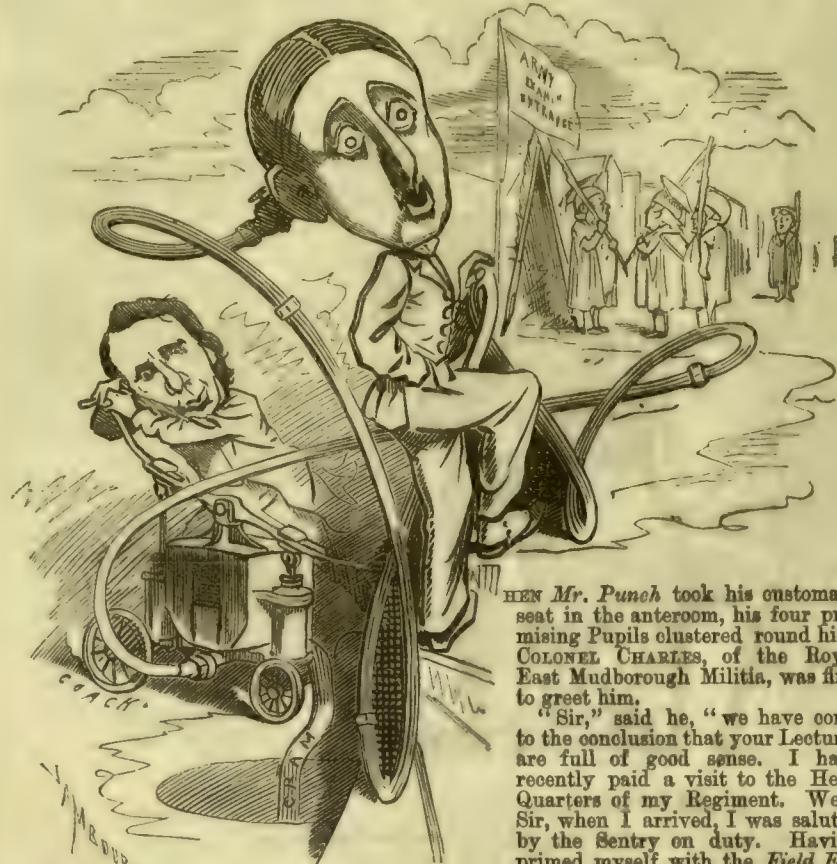
"FRAULEIN

....

"P.S.—Are you of good family?"

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION IV.—HOW TO ENTER THE ARMY.



WHEN Mr. Punch took his customary seat in the anteroom, his four promising Pupils clustered round him. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was first to greet him.

"Sir," said he, "we have come to the conclusion that your Lectures are full of good sense. I have recently paid a visit to the Head Quarters of my Regiment. Well, Sir, when I arrived, I was saluted by the Sentry on duty. Having primed myself with the *Field Exercises*, I requested him to give over his orders. He did so glibly. He said he was to pay proper compliments to all Government property,

to shoot the guard in case of fire, and to keep the little boys from playing with the Adjutant's brougham."

"Very good indeed," commented Mr. Punch, with a smile.

"It was very good indeed, Sir," replied the Colonel, "for a first attempt."

"My dear Sir," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, "do you not think we had better turn our attention to the subject of your Lecture—the mode of entering the Army?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Punch; and, having given dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., a box of snuff and the Rules of Whist (printed in nice large type) to play with, the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. As an Officer.—The shortest way into the Army for Gentlemen desiring to be Officers is through the Militia. A boy fresh from school has only to attend a couple of annual trainings to be qualified for a Commission in the Line. It is true he will have to undergo a test examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, but, as this will be of a non-military character, he can safely leave the matter in the hands of his coach. His real professional education will be picked up in the Militia. He will consequently be wise to pay the greatest possible attention to all that he sees and hears when he joins his Regiment. First of all, he must remember that the Militia is the old constitutional force of the country, and that in an emergency it would serve as the real line of defence. A Law (which is repealed from year to year) is always on the statutes, enforcing Service in the Militia. Under these circumstances, it will be as well for him to learn the time the Government considers necessary to drill a pack of noodles (only noodles join the Militia), taken from the towns or the fields. After making the necessary deductions for days given over to uniform-delivering and necessary inspection, Sundays, wet days, and half holidays, he will discover that a fortnight is considered ample by the Government to convert plough-boys and costermongers into patriots and soldiers. He will also learn that, evidently with a view of fostering *esprit de corps*, the War Department prefers to give the Militia an inferior rifle and a half worn-out uniform instead of issuing new clothes and the latest improvement on the Martini-Henry. He must carefully remember, when he sees an undersized stripling waddling about in a coat too large for him, trousers up to his knees, and boots after the fashion of those worn by the Negro serenaders, that he is not looking at a snubbed Militiaman, but at one of the proudest specimens of BRITANNIA'S defenders. He must be careful not to laugh at the vain attempts made by the Battalion to which he belongs to get through the work of twelve



months in as many days as a faroe, or the Report of the General Commanding the District as a mockery. In the olden days Soldiers were food for powder, now they are only prey for Red Tape.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the mode of entering the Army by competitive examination. Mr. Punch has reason to believe that after next year only Doctors of Divinity and Judges (of twelve years' standing) will be qualified to compete with any chance of success. In 1886 we may confidently expect to find the names of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the President of the Royal College of Physicians at the bottom of the list of chosen candidates



for the West India Regiments. When this triumphant result has been obtained, doubtless the Civil Service Commissioners will feel that they have raised the education of the Army to the proper standard of efficiency, and then, but not until then, we may hope to see the Drill-Sergeant beginning teaching everybody the goose-step.

Part II. As a Private.—It is a much more difficult matter for a man to enter the Army as a Private than as an Officer. Say that a fine spirited fellow of eighteen wishes to join the service of the QUEEN. He is on terms of affectionate respect with the Vicar of his parish. He goes accordingly to him to ask his advice. He says that he has read stories of daring and adventure, that he wishes to emulate the careers of WELLINGTON and

CLYDE. The Parson starts back—and now the narrative had better take a dramatic form.

Vicar (aghast with horror). What, GILES! You would disgrace your name and family!

Giles. Nay, Reverend Sir, I would but don the Queen's Livery. I shall get good food, excellent exercise, a gymnasium, a library, and be taught a trade. A Doctor will look after my body, and one of your own kind will look after my soul. Surely this is a tempting picture?

Vicar. Vicious and silly boy, can nothing stop you from this deed of madness?

Giles. Nothing, your Reverence, but argument.

Vicar (wrathfully). It is not a matter for argument.

Giles. Pardon me, Reverend Sir, but it seems to me that the bargain is a good one. All the year round I shall be sure of roof, board, and wages. I shall belong to an honoured profession.

Vicar (more wrathfully). An honoured profession! Maniac, will you promise to put aside this silly fancy?

Giles (entreatingly). Oh, call it not a silly fancy! I have looked into the figures, and—

Vicar (most wrathfully). You refuse! Then may a Vicar's curse, &c., &c.!

[Scene closes in.]

Say that poor GILES braves the Parson's ill-opinion, he then will have to appear before a Magistrate, who will warn him of the wickedness of the step he proposes to take. From first to last everybody he meets will attempt to stop him, denouncing Soldiers as ne'er-do-wells and the Queen's uniform as a badge of disgrace. Should he after all this persevere in his determination to enter the Army, then he may proudly call himself a hero—he will find himself duly qualified to lead the forlornest of Forlorn Hopes.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION IV.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, can you tell me what a Forlorn Hope is?

Ensign Eugene. To expect to recruit a Volunteer Regiment without prizes and entertainments.

Colonel Charles. To expect to undergo a month of Military Manœuvres without incurring a private expenditure (to be defrayed by the Officers) of a couple of hundred pounds sterling.

Lieutenant and Captain George. To imagine any Military Man will be satisfied with any scheme proposed by the War Office.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Dear little SIR FRANK knows. It would be a Forlorn Hope for anyone to think he could make any use of dear little SIR FRANK in the case of a European war.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, you have all answered my question so admirably, that I can dismiss you without any further examination.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, before you go can you tell me why the Clergy are so opposed to the Army?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The Clergy are opposed to the Army because they like to do all the fighting amongst themselves.



"Our (Old) Boys."

WHEN will Our Boys have ceased to run?

"When?" we ask. Echo answers "When?"

To all appearance, not until

Our Boys have run into Old Men.

LOW SPIRITS.



SHADES of the mighty Dead,
whose memories cling
A' halo round the tomb,
whose arms are blazoned
On dim memorial windows,
and whose names
Hallow the fane which
house your monuments,
Is this your task-work in
that other world,
To rattle chairs and rap on
furniture?
To write with bits of pencil
on a slate
Ill-spelt, unmeaning mes-
sages for fees
To SLUDGE, the medium of
revelations
That tell of no great past,
reveal no clue
To the dark future, work no
present good?
Can it be that this surrepti-
tious band
That plays bo-peep, behind
backs pulls my hair,
And 'neath the table plays
about my legs,

Was once an Emperor's? Is 't possible,
These knocks which rap out trivial common-places,
And drop the H in spelling "Ow d' ye do?"
Come from the spirit-fingers that in life
Worked gallant WALTER RALEIGH's fiery will?
If this be really so, *Punch* can but say
However rotten this our world may be,
There's something yet more rotten in the next!

PAPERS FOR PARSONS.

ONE among the various subjects discussed at the late Church Congress in relation to clerical matters was the question of "Periodical Literature and the Daily Press." According to a report of the speeches on that topic:—

"The REV. ERNEST FITZROY wished that the Clergy would not only take more trouble to supply interesting and early matter to their own organs, but advised them to make more use of the country papers, and to read other papers than those which advocated their own shibboleths."

To be sure. On the contrary, let the Clergy of conflicting sects in the Church look and see what the journals on the other side have to say. No doubt the Evangelicals, for instance, might learn much from the *Saturday Review*, and the Ritualists would gain information by reading the *Record* and the *Rock*. Clergymen of the Ritualist denomination also would do well to study a class of periodicals addressed not indeed to the opposite party, but to the opposite sex. Every one of the Clergy whose cloth is chiefly muslin ought to have *Le Follet* at his fingers' end; and besides, there are the *Queen*, and the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Needlework*, containing the prettiest illustrations, as well as letter-press, from which the reverend devotees of Ritualism might derive no end of useful hints and suggestions for the most charming improvements and inventions of sweet things in ecclesiastical millinery.

Precepts for Parvenues.

NEVER bow to your acquaintances from the top of an omnibus.
Never wear a flower in your buttonhole in the daytime.
Never acknowledge you have earned your fortune by labour.
Never "mop" your brow with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.
Never mention at a dinner-party what your fish-bill comes to in the week.

Never go in morning dress to the stalls of a theatre.
Never give less than a shilling for a farthing play-bill.
Never speak of Pantomimes or 'Ansons.
Never wear a diamond-pin in your shirtfront.
Never parade in conversation the only Baronet you know.
Never speak familiarly of Lords you have never met.
Finally, Look as if every place you enter belonged to you.

ENFANTS TERRIBLES.—Woolwich Infants.



MORE HONEYMOON AMENITIES.

Angelina (who has been perusing the "Births, Deaths, and Marriages"). "EDWIN, I DO SO OBJECT TO THAT HORRID WORD 'RELICT'! IF I SHOULD DIE, EDWIN, PROMISE, OH, PROMISE, YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO BE DESCRIBED AS YOUR RELICT!"

AN EXODUS FROM EUROPE.

THE *Lombardia*, in a letter from its Roman Correspondent, announces a scheme proposed by the Armenian Patriarch, with the sanction of the POPE, and, what is more, the SULTAN, for transferring, as an Irish paper might put it, the Eternal City to the Holy Land. Palestine, according to this project, is to be re-peopled with Catholic emigrants from Europe, who shall be allotted land and cattle, build workshops, and establish and execute all the most thriving industries of the world. The capital of the new state to be Jerusalem, whereto, at his need or convenience, the successor of St. Peter may transfer his Chair. Jerusalem, by means of railways, to be "placed in connection with Bethlehem, the Dead Sea," and, as the writer in the *Lombardia* says, "the other holy places." A grand port also will be constructed at Jaffa; lesser ports at the smaller cities on the coast. With these there must likewise be communication by rail; a Jerusalem and Joppa line, of course, besides the Bethlehem Junction, a Dead Sea Branch, and doubtless a Dan and Beersheba Railway. A network of electric telegraphs must also be extended over the Holy Land, under the auspices of the Fisherman; when the Spiritual and Temporal Power in conjunction, patronised by the Grand Seignior, are rehabilitated at Jerusalem. The Correspondent of the *Lombardia* only omits to mention that, with a view to this re-establishment of the Sovereign Pontificate in the metropolis of Jewry, arrangements have already been made with an enterprising firm of Engineers at New York, for upheaving St. Peter's Church at Rome from its foundations, and transporting bodily to Jerusalem the whole Papacy, POPE, St. Peter's and all.

Laying Heads Together.

"A WOMAN OF ELEVEN" writes to *Punch* to ask him whether, in his last week's Honeymoon sketch, where one of the *duo* declares the other's head is so soft, it is the Lady who speaks or the Gentleman. *Punch* can only reply in the words of the traditional Peep-show Man, "Whichever you please, my little dear."

ON MY LADY IN A NEW BONNET.

By DANTE ROSSETTI RUMMINS.

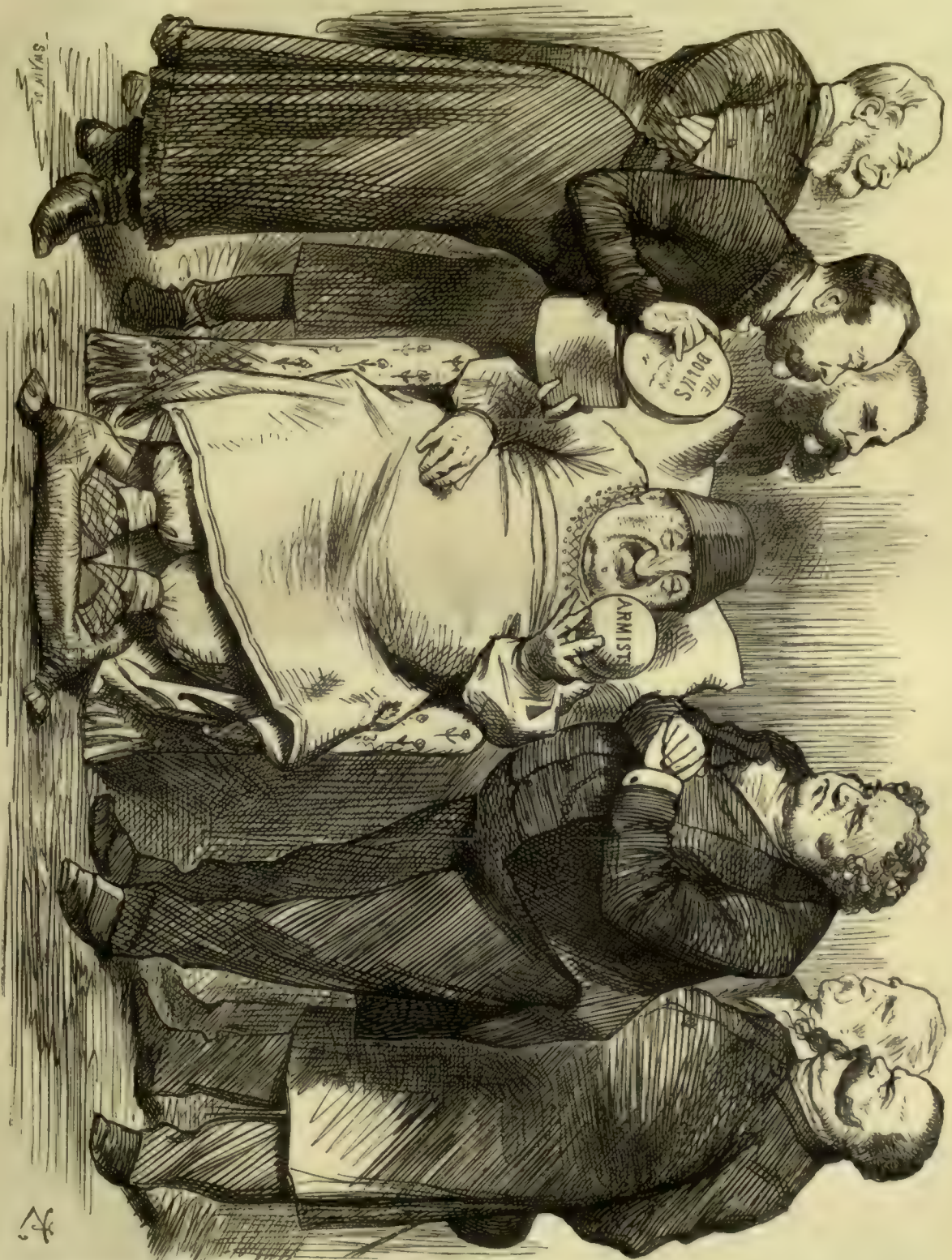
My Lady hath a new and lovely Bonnet,
And in it she doth look so passing sweet,
And, altogether, 'tis so chaste and neat,
That I thereon am fain to write a sonnet.
Meseems, whenas my Lady deigns to don it,
My heart no longer owneth me its master,
But ever beateth on from fast to faster,
Till gentle love hath penned a poem on it.
Pure white it is, with just one little rose,
That nestles next my Lady's shining hair,
As to be planted there were its great joy.
Ah me, that I could share that dear repose—
And shelter me, for aye, in such loved lair—
Draught 'twere to me of bliss without alloy!

The Amenities of Peace.

It is stated that the Artillery Authorities at Woolwich are so delighted that the Eighty-one Ton Gun has broken most of the windows, and shattered a shop-front at Shoeburyness by concussion of the air, that they have in serious contemplation the construction of a Gun powerful enough by its proof-discharges at Woolwich to shatter every pane of glass in London. It is suggested by the Heavy Ordnance Officials that the proposed Gun should be tested at Charing Cross.

ANOTHER ARMISTICE.

It commenced last August.
It will terminate next February.
The parties to it are the Leader of the House of Commons and the Leader of the Opposition.



“A PILL IN TIME!”

DR. BULL. “WE ARE ALL AGREED THAT YOU MUST TAKE THIS LITTLE PILL AT ONCE, OR ELSE THERE’S NO KNOWING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!”



HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.



*HAT Everybody Does—
The Gap—The Lakes
—The Bugler—DR.
JOHNSON and FATHER
O'LEARY—Dialogue
Imagined—A Bar-
gain—Procession—
Another Compact—
Doubts—Kate—Pot-
heen—The Colleen—
The Curse—Way-
laid—Rescued—
BLUCHER—NAPO-
LEON—The Echoes—
Bugling—Shooting
Echoes—The Colleen
Buen—A Drink—
The Colleen Again—
The Irish Red Deer
—Away Again.*

*Excursion to the Gap
of Dunloe.*—Every one
does this. But there is
only one other Tourist
here, and he has pre-
ceded me on the same

route. I am started on a car. Quite a private-carriage-car turn-out. On our road, down a lane, we fall in with a brigandish-looking, black-bearded, gamekeeperish-dressed person, riding on what I should describe as—but that I scorn to flatter—a “Rosinante.” Such a tumble-down, ruined, patched-up-and-put-together-anyhow quadruped I have never yet seen; in fact, there can't be a worse . . . except the animal behind him, on which another uncouth brigand, only of a different shade of hair and complexion, is astride.

Quadrupeds these poor beasts are in appearance, i.e. they have four legs each, but such legs! And now I perceive a man on foot following with three other rough-coated, shambling, lack-lustre eyed cobs, saddled and bridled.

The First Brigand, who has a bugle along round him, but no carbine, thank goodness! salutes me respectfully, and then says something to my Driver in the language that bothered DR. JOHNSON,—I mean the original tongue of the Sister Island. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was never so justly shut up as on that memorable occasion when, after pedantically addressing FATHER ARTHUR O'LEARY in Hebrew, and rudely remarking on the latter's ignorance, he was completely and utterly dumbfounded by the latter's replying to him in Irish. The learned SAMUEL was a snob on that occasion, and I'm not sure that he wasn't on several other occasions as well. A man who affects bearishness must be more or less of a snob, and it is refreshing to think that the Doctor, who was so accustomed to have everything his own way, should have met his match, for once at all events, in the person of an Irish Friar, for whom no doubt the English Lexicographer entertained the most hearty contempt.

However, this is not the subject which interests my Brigand and Driver at this present moment.

“What are the wild men saying?” I feel inclined to sing (to myself of course). Could I translate the real Celtic, I should say it would mean something of this sort:—

Brigand with Bugle (to my Carman). “I say, you've got a blooming Saxon Tourist there. Don't keep him all to yourself. Give us a bit. Let's get something out of him. Do; and I'll give you some of mine when I've got one.”

To which my Driver probably replies, “All right. I'm on. Halves, you know.” And so the bargain is struck. I am bought and sold. I am the first prize of the season. This is the first appearance in the Tourist market, and I have been disposed of at my Carman's valuation.

My Carman touches his hat and says *sotto voce* to me, “That's the Guide, Sorr; ye'll be after wanting him, Sorr.”

I take him into my confidence.

“Do I,” I earnestly ask my Driver, “do I really want him?” I mean by this, don't deceive a poor Saxon Tourist, who hasn't got any friends in this Killarney world but you; who is all alone among the Lakes and mountains; and who would, if he must be robbed, rather be plundered by one, and have done with it, than be perpetually asked, politely of course, to “stand and deliver” throughout the day's excursion.

“Ye must have a guide, Sorr, for the Pass and the Echoes; and he's the best here.”

This is the answer I receive. Come, then, Brigand, be my Guide, and my own familiar friend. Bring your Bugle and be blown to it.

The Brigand, followed by the Second Brigand, also mounted, trots behind our car. The three other cobs are left, in the lane, to the

care of a third and younger Brigand—Brigand Junior—while a fourth Brigand, of a still lighter complexion—(I notice they become fairer as they get younger—or rather I should say they grow darker as they get older—and this connection between hair and villainy might form a subject for some future chapter in *Typical Developments*, Vol. X.—only that my Brigands are not villains—quite the contrary)—follows us on foot.

Our party at present consists of the Driver on one side of the car, myself on the other; while “in our wake like any servants follow also the bold” Brigands, two mounted,—our Cavalry Brigands,—and one *Fantassin*, or Running foot Brigand.

Why does Brigand Number One, I ask myself, wear this battered coppery-looking Bugle? I got my answer (*from myself*), “Because he is the leader of the band.” The others, however, I observe, have no instruments.

Wild and weird becomes the scenery, and the east wind blows at me “like,” as Bishop's Glee has it, “infant charitee—ee—ee, li—i—i—ke in—fant cha-ritee.”

Well, uprrouse ye then, ye merry, merry men (the Brigands), for 'tis your opening day. And it is, to put it theatrically, the first day of a new tourist.

How they bound forth to meet me! how glad they are to see me!! —the Beggars.

Here is a whole party of them at KATE KEARNEY's Cottage, and, bless me! here's KATE KEARNEY's great-great-granddaughter, with a jug of something in the one hand and a glass in the other. She is preparing a libation to the Angel Tourist myself. But the Angel Tourist has luckily seen the KEARNEY family from afar off, and has said to the Bugling Brigand and the Carman, “Gentlemen both, I mind me that things are come to a pretty mountain pass indeed, when an innocent, unoffending, peaceable Tourist cannot go two steps without being assailed by these lawless nomads” (the Bugler bows, and from this moment I believe the word “nomad” to be genuine Irish—and I had been talking it without knowing it! Wonderful!). “Now to you my Guide and familiar friend, and to you my Chariteer” (Carman delighted), “I say this much,—I will give ye both *largesse*, mark me, *largesse*, if you—both of you, for yourselves and each other, and for your heirs and assigns for ever—undertake to keep far from me this ragamuffin horde of rascally beggars.”

They swear emphatically and solemnly, by all they hold most sacred, that, for a consideration, they will do my behest to the behest, I mean the best, of their powers.

En avant! I cry, and we dare the dangers of KATE KEARNEY's Cottage. Oh, did I ever hear of KATE KEARNEY? Yes; but not of KATE KEARNEY's great-great-granddaughter. Poor old KATE! I don't believe you're any relation to the original, and maybe, old Lady, your name isn't KEARNEY at all. I will not swallow all you choose to tell me, and I distinctly refuse to swallow that yellow sort of hair-oil in that bottle which you are pleased to call “potheen.” No, thank you, Ma'am, not if I know it.

“Divil a dhrop o' potheen is it at all at all,” my Carman whispers to me, confidentially, as we drive on quickly. We are hand and glove now.

“Grrr—wrikra—grrr, Colleen,” says the Brigand Bugler, in good round-in-the-mouth Irish, to a very plain, elderly Lady with bare legs, who insists on pressing her attentions on me.

She stares. Can she believe her ears? No; for she is at me again. The Brigand Bugler advises her to “be off,” in such gutturals as make my hair stand on end, and which are sufficiently forcible to stagger the Colleen, who has one more shot at me with a photograph of herself at forty, i.e. about ten years ago, and then, seeing my Bugler's determined aspect, she vanishes despairingly; not, however, without hurling just a trifle of good Celtic (in questionable taste as coming from a Lady's mouth, I should say, even though she had bare feet and unkempt locks), directed at our party generally, but specially at the Bugler's head, whereat my brave followers laugh.

Ha! ha! What care we for the ban of the Mountain Witch? Do we blench at a Crone's Curse!! Never!

(*Happy Thought.*—What a title for a Christmas Book—a real, genuine fireside, cheerful style of story, with startling illustrations,—*The Crone's Curse!* Must write to POPWOOD and GROOLLY, and ask 'em if they'll have it for their Annual, just to hit that publication up a little.)

Now, my boys. *En avant*, as I said before.

More beggars—swarms of them. They waylay us; they come by short cuts, over peat bogs, over rocky ground, for miles they come. The old Lady—the Colleen with the photograph—hides—dodges me—comes up suddenly when least expected; and, when (oh! the wicked old slyboots!) a turn of the road and a huge boulder have hidden me from my brave companions. “No, no,” I say; “I don't want your photographs. *Avant!* Here! Hi! *Au secours!* A moi! Come on, can't you . . . and take her away!” She is firing photographs at me. She has several of herself. Oh, vanity of vanities—she has photographs of her relations, of KATE KEARNEY's Cottage, of the Gap of— Be off with you! *Arrah worristhrew bedad*



UNREPORTED "ATROCITY" IN THE CITY.

City Miscreant. "WHERE DID YOU GO THIS AUTUMN, BROWN! SCARBORO'!
WELL, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY, OR DID YOU TAKE YOUR MISSIS!!"

begorr—no, I don't know any Irish, except "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn*" and "*Savourneen Dheelish*," and neither will suit the present occasion."

Ha! BLUCHER is coming to the rescue—I mean the Bugler. Like the French at Waterloo, at the sight of the Prussians, the Colleen turns and flies. I shut up my telescope. Up, Guards, and at 'em! The Bugler and his *Fantassin* send flying a score of urchin beggars, and for a while we are left in peace and quiet.

"Tell them next time," I say to BLUCHER. "Tell them that there is a large party of Tourists coming up a long way behind us."

Is this an *Alba una*? A white one? 'Tis not a black one certainly. For behind us, i.e., to-morrow, or next week, or this day twelve months, will assuredly come a large body of Tourists. And is not all fair in war? Am I not in a mountain pass with beggars lying in ambush on every side? Shall I be robbed and bothered?

My Carman quits me. His vehicle is of no further use. I have to mount the bag-o'-bones which the Second Brigand hath till now bestrode.

Will he not tumble? I ask. He will not, is the positive answer.

I mount. In my long grey Ulster, and my much-enduring, pliant wideawake, with the Guides following afoot, and the mounted Bugler by my side, and the wild scenery round about us, I remind myself of some picture I have seen (DELABOCHÉ's perhaps) of "*Napoleon Crossing the Alps*."

Now come the Echoes. The Bugler is off his horse and performing a solo. Such a solo! O MISTER LEVY! O shade of KOENIG! O my ears! There is the Bugler giving himself a blow out—such a blow out! He is becoming as purple as the heather; he is swelling visibly. He has awoke the Echoes!

Awake 'em! Heavens! the Echoes must be a fearful heavy-sleeping family, if they're not aroused by this infernal row.

And how they get up, one after another, these Echoes!

Nymph Echo Number One jumps up a little confused. She seems to be shaking her head and crying out, "Hulloa! What's that?—Is anybody ill? Is KATE KEARNEY's Cottage on fire? What is it?"

Echoes Number Two and Three sound as if a German Band had all jumped out of bed suddenly, had rushed at their instruments, and played a discord madly.

Then the Echo gets clearer, and the last of all is the best, sounding like sweet church-bells far away down in the distant valley. That, my Bugler, was worth hearing.

So onward. But they won't let the Echoes alone. A man comes forward, with a small cannon, and takes a cool deliberate shot at an Echo. Bang! There's an Echo flying away! There's another! A third gets off safely! A fourth is winged, and a fifth is hit very hard, I should say, judging from its faint cry; while a sixth, which was just within ear-shot, dies away down in the valley! What a day's sport we are having! What a bag of Echoes! And—hit or miss—I have to pay sixpence apiece for them.

Will I not take a drop of the crater at the Colleen Bawn's Cottage?

Well, my good Lady, give me a glass of your goat's milk, and put in it just the last taste in life of potheen.

Be it what it may, the drink is excellent and refreshing. Bless ye, Colleen Bawn—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hardress Cregan I should say—bless you, and the little Cregans, and all the other little kids I see browsing on the hill-side. By the way, there never was such a place for goats and kids as hereabouts. They swarm.

Towards the Black Valley (a magnificent sight, and worth the whole day's excursion) we come upon a School-house in the mountains. Evidently for the kids.

So we descend. How beautiful! how lovely! We are, I think, a good three miles or more from where we first entered by KATE KEARNEY's Cottage. My Bugler and the Second Brigand are stopping behind to effect some financial arrangements on a satisfactory basis with the last Cannon-firer.

I am, thank heaven, alone! sitting calmly and pensively on my horse, looking at the Black Valley—the Valley *Umbræ Mortis*. Ah! let me enjoy such a scene undisturbed! O Solitude where are thy charms? Here, where there seems to be a sordine accompaniment of the most pianissimo music played by insect musicians. Nature's silence is the one universal Harmony around me... O Ireland, fair, beautiful, grand bewitching—

"You'll buy my fottyrgruff, Sorr, won't ye, Sorr, for your poor Colleen's sake, Sorr," says a foggy potheenish voice, just below me, at my saddle-bow.

I look down. Heavens! it's that disreputable old Colleen Bawn again! She must have taken short cuts and tracked us all along the valley for three miles! For here she is. She clings to my coat! In despair she implores me, "Sorr, Sorr, ye'll buy the poor Colleen's fottyrgruff—your poor Colleen's."

No, I'm — if I do.

Au secours! Hi! à moi! And I raise the very deuce of a *clameur de Haro*.

Once more BLUCHER the Bugler appears. With a yell of despair and an expiring *Blessing in Irish* she gives up the game, and disappears behind a rock—and for aught I know down through a trap-door into the Gnomes' Kitchen.

Happy Thought.—What a stage this would be for the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz*.

But really, if there must be a Colleen Bawn (who has no connection whatever with Killarney, except by a legendary link) and a Kate Kearney, and a blind fiddler (who is the only honest old soul among them—poor man! he's been "dark" for years), and cannons, and buglers, and pipers, and boats, and beggars, *et hoc genus omne*—why not put the whole affair into the hands of—say, for the sake of employing local talent—Mr. MICHAEL GUNN, of the Dublin Theatre, and, as he has been accustomed to getting up Grand Operas and Pantomimes, let us have the thing done really well, with a good out-of-door Ballet troupe, a charming Kate Kearney (with a song), and at the Colleen Bawn's Cottage let us have a set of wax-work figures, with Father Tom and the Colleen, and Hardress, and Myles-na-Coppaleen, while a barrel-organ, hidden away somewhere behind the "arras" (which is also Irish, I believe, for wainscot), should discourse the "*Cruiskeen Lawn*."

At the entrance of the Glen there should be a wicket, as at Black Gang Chine, and a staff of civil check and money-takers. One payment should include everything from one end of the Glen to the other, and no fresh ticket be required until the Tourist reaches the Lake and meets the boatmen.

Now that's my idea for the Gap of Dunloe. Of course the prices should be "*done low*" as possible, for the sake of the name.

As for the Lakes, divided like a "Fifth Form" into Upper, Lower, and Middle, what can I add to all that has been already written about them? Nothing,—



A LIVELY LOOK-OUT FOR JONES.

"OH, MAMMA, THAT'S CAPTAIN JONES'S KNOCK! I KNOW HE HAS COME TO ASK ME TO BE HIS WIFE!"

"WELL, MY DEAR, YOU MUST ACCEPT HIM."

"BUT I THOUGHT YOU HATED HIM SO!"

"HATE HIM? I DO—SO MUCH, THAT I MEAN TO BE HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

[Revenge is sweet, especially to Women.]

except that I saw one of the majestic red-deer, and he saw me. He wouldn't move until he felt quite sure of our being out of sight. Then he rose grandly, flourished his trumpets—I mean his antlers—and disappeared, head first, down some perilous declivity.

When I saw that Irish stag, I exclaimed—

Happy Thought.—MR. BUTT!

Of these Home-Rulers of the forest not many are left; and as for the others, the political Home-Rulers, they are "out" just now, they are "not-at-home"-rulers; and the best and the wisest of them mean nothing more than Local Government. As for these being anti-English, except in that honest sense in which every nationality should be anti-every-other-encroaching-nationality, why I say, with the guileless TOMMY MOORE—

"Contempt on the minion who calls them disloyal."

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham—so much for the Stag on the shore of Killarney.

To-morrow for Muckross. Then to Glengariff. Then farewell Ould Ireland for awhile!

CONUNDRUM FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

WHAT is most like the Imaginary Gooseberry?
A Currant of Air.

SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. — Our Waste-Paper Basket.

HYMN TO A HEATHEN DEITY.

JUPITER PLUVIUS,
Pourer of Power
Blazing Vesuvius!
To drown in an hour;
Jove, cloud-compelling,
Drencher of meads,
Turnip crops swelling,
Mangolds and Swedes.

In thy dominion
Are Mushroom, and ring
Set with champignon;
Hail, Toadstool-King!
Thine the boletus,
Thine the puff-ball,
Crying, "Come eat us!"—
Truffles and all.

Men with galoches
Caoutchouc are shod;
In Macintoshes
Clad at thy nod.
Thou too, as well as
Dry land and main,
Holdest umbrellas
Under thy reign.

Oh, may'st thou never
Spoil festive scene!
Spare us, as ever
Thou sparest the QUEEN!
No'er in bright faces
Drizzle or pour;
Pic-nics and races
Spare evermore.

But when the Rabble,
Blatant and blind,
Throng to hear gabble
After their kind,
Set thy hose playing;
Water their fire:
With douches allaying
Temper their ire.

Mob demonstration
Quenched may it be;
Fools' fermentation
Damped down by thee:
That none may the Masses
The Great Unwashed call,
Pump on those Asses,
Cleansing them all!

"AN UNHAPPY MEDIUM."—DR. SLADE.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Love Winked his Wicked Eye.*" These exquisite words have been allied to the most witching melody yet conceived by our popular composer, BRUXELLES SPROUTS. After such a union, the Poet and Musician must be dearer than ever to each other, and the Public.

"*Tired Out.*" By CLARINDA ITHURIEL. Never has this gifted muse known so well how to touch the vibrate chords of our sympathetic hearts, that listen while the big tears course down their manly cheeks as they sing. Fifth Thousand.

"*Angels Flutter round the Fender.*" By the Author of "*Spirits Bless the Furtive Mourner.*" Truly beautiful are the solemn verses which accompany the thrilling harmonies of this delicious composition. Every home should seek the benignant influence of such publications shed over a family.

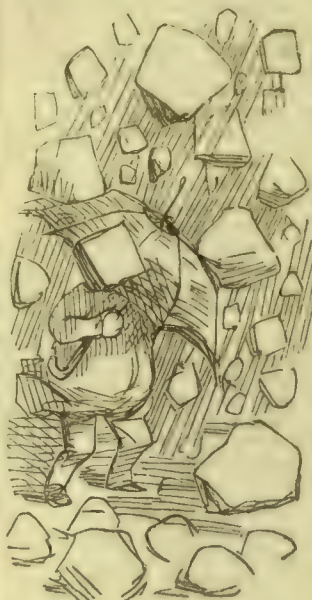
"*Golden are my Loved One's Frackles.*" A perfect gem. Taste, culture, and harmony combined. By the Composer of "*Nobody's Nose is like My Nose.*"—Singularly happy.—*Vide Press.*

"*Wilhelmina's Whelks.*" ALBERT BUMPHER's latest hit! A continued roar!! Adapted to the aristocratic drawing-room or the plebeian Free and Easy.

Chorus—"For I can freely back her
To prefer a plain alpaca
To all the best of satins or of silks;
And you'd love my WILHELMINA
If you had only seen her
Eat a saucerful of pickled whelks."

Music and words undeniable, and totally free from offence.

CURIOUS AWARDS.



THE Philadelphia Exhibition Awards to Exhibitors from Great Britain and Ireland, as published last week in the *Times*, will well repay a little careful investigation. Let us address ourselves to the task, without any selfish considerations as to the endowment which may reward our research.

A stumbling-block lies right across the threshold of our inquiry. What are "Dyed Silesias"? The Office will remain open till a late hour this evening, for the accommodation of those favoured experts who may be disposed to call and give the required information.

"Cotton Gin." We disseminate the announcement of this Award with some doubt and mistrust, not unmingled with a feeling of regret at the action of the United States in this particular instance; seeming, as it does to us, to be tantamount to giving a premium to intemperance. (Is "Cotton Gin" a sort of "Shrub"?)

"Pleasure Carriages." In the absence of more precise information as to what these Carriages are, we can only venture pretty

confidently to assert what they are not—they are not Omnibuses, or Four-Wheeled Cabs, or Third-Class Railway Compartments.

"Middlings." At first this seemed utterly incomprehensible, an impenetrable mystery, baffling conjecture, and defeating surmise. But a little reflection reminded us that history is not without examples of honours, awards, distinctions, prizes, and emoluments, falling to middling, very middling, individuals, and things. For instance, there are some very middling statues in our own Metropolis, to which first premiums have been awarded; and it is within the memory of many persons now living that Cabinets have contained some very middling Statesmen. Is it possible, therefore, that at Philadelphia some middling articles may have slipped into a better place than they actually deserve?

"Mustard Plasters," &c. Our private advices assure us that the competition in this class was very keen, and that the heroic Judges, resolutely bent on testing the merits of the various Plasters by personal application, went through untold suffering before they could conscientiously award the palm of victory.

"Automatic Stoker." Strange to say, the mechanical engine-driver and the wonderful clock-work guard are not even mentioned. Perhaps they are reserved for the Supplementary List.

"Job Printing-Press." Some evils we know must always exist—such as mosquitoes, marriages for money, indifferently cooked potatoes, taxes, duns, and jobs. Let us therefore be thankful that, as regards jobs at least, there are special Printing-Presses to make their existence known and give them publicity, and so aid in diminishing their occurrence and thwarting their operation.

"Dental Porcelain." We conclude this is an elegant euphemism for false teeth. A tribute of admiration is due to the self-sacrifice and patriotism of those Judges who submitted their gums to the necessary experiments.

"Blarney Tweeds." Highly recommended as very suitable for those members of Society who are called upon to make complimentary speeches, election addresses, and parliamentary harangues. Indispensable also to persons of both sexes engaged in the composition of love letters. (It is almost superfluous to add that these articles are of Irish manufacture.)

"Lastings." Many will be the guesses hazarded as to what these articles may be. As proprietors of a few little boys and girls, we can but hope they are boots and shoes, and articles of wearing apparel.

"Special Award. Irish Setter Bitch." Great jealousy on the part of the English Bull-dog and the Scotch Terrier.

N.B.—Of all the successful firms, not one takes our fancy so much as "YOUNG AND STRONG." We shall be glad to negotiate with these gentlemen if they have a vacancy in their house for a nice well-disposed youth, who could be taken in without the formality of a premium, and who might look forward in a few years' time to a share in the business.

SOUTH-SHIELDS SWORDSMEN.

"The tongue is a sharp sword."

How excellent a thing is urbanity in those who sit in the seat of Council! And how valuable the function of the local reporter who daily or weekly gives to the little world of his own city or town the utterances of its municipal wisdom. The more literally this is done no doubt the better on the whole; even if the result may sometimes be startling. Some municipal worthies, not satisfied with calling spades spades, will insist on putting upon *their* spades an edge of very sharp and strong language. Thus in the report of a recent Council Meeting at South Shields, we read—a *propos* of a question about the renting of a Rate Collector's office:—

"ALDERMAN DALE considered it was only right that MR. ELLIOTT should have an office.

"MR. YOUNG: It is really too bad; it's a piece of d—d impertinence. (*Sensation and 'Order!'*)"

"In reply to a question by MR. MABANE, he was informed that the furniture for the office was ordered.

"MR. MABANE: Then I will press my Amendment the stronger.

"The Vote was then taken, when there were for the Amendment, 9; against it, 11. The Amendment was declared lost, and the original Motion carried.

"MR. YOUNG: Then I will move another Amendment, that the men who ordered the furniture pay for it.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: The Motion has been put and carried, and the subject has been settled.

"MR. YOUNG: I say it has not been settled; it is not true.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"MR. YOUNG: No I won't; I will see you d—d first. (*Sensation, and 'Order!'*)"

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have heard the expression made use of by COUNCILLOR YOUNG. It is neither the expression of a Gentleman nor a Councillor, and I hope this Council will not permit it—(*Hear, hear!*)—else I shall certainly leave the Chair.

"ALDERMAN JAMES: MR. YOUNG should withdraw the expression.

"MR. ENGLISH: I ask MR. YOUNG to withdraw that expression. There is no occasion for it.

"MR. YOUNG: Well, I formally withdraw the expression, but I feel very strongly, and—"

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have apologised, and need not say any more.

"MR. YOUNG: But—"

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"The subject was then dropped."

Perhaps the sooner MR. YOUNG is treated like the subject, the better.

MR. MABANE, who figures in the above lively passage of arms, was himself forced to appeal to the protection of the Deputy-Mayor before the meeting was over. The question was as to a vote for the School-Board expenses (on amendment of the amendment).

"MR. BOWMAN spoke against the amendment, and hoped that those who voted for the one previous would stick to their colours, and not make fools of themselves by voting in favour of the present amendment.

"ALDERMAN WILLIAMSON: Then you say that those persons who do not agree with you are fools.

"MR. BOWMAN: I did not mean that; only that those persons who voted before in a certain line should stick to their colours.

"The vote was then taken, when the voting was precisely the same as on the previous occasion, and the amendment by MR. SCOTT was lost.

"MR. DONALD moved another amendment, that the estimate for the School-Board be £3000.

"MR. YOUNG seconded the amendment.

"MR. MABANE protested, as being unfair, that after they had scored two victories, a Gentleman, who had previously been neutral, should now rise up and propose another amendment. It was unfair and ungentlemanly.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: I must call you to order. It is improper to make use of the word 'ungentlemanly.'

"MR. SCOTT: It is a very improper expression.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: MR. MABANE must withdraw that remark.

"MR. MABANE: Well, for the sake of getting on, I will withdraw the expression, but I still hold to my opinion that it is unfair.

"The vote was then taken, when there were, for the amendment—13. Against—10. The amendment was declared carried, and with this emendation the report of the Finance Committee was adopted.

"MR. MABANE: It is disgraceful.

"MR. SCOTT (to MR. MABANE): Go down to the schools and see for yourself.

"MR. MABANE: Everybody has not a brother there. (*Laughter and confusion.*)"

"After order had been somewhat restored, MR. MABANE informed the Deputy-Mayor that MR. SCOTT had called him a donkey—(*laughter*)—and he hoped the Deputy-Mayor would make him withdraw the word.

"MR. SCOTT: I withdraw the 'donkey.' (*Loud laughter.*)"

Will our readers do as MR. SCOTT did?

A CAPITAL PROSPECT.

WE learn from the Posters that MRS. JOHN WOOD is about to open the St. James's Theatre, with *Three Millions of Money!* Evidently the Theatre will want no "Property Man."

INCOME-TAX RETURNS.—Does it? Not if the Commissioners are aware of it.

TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.



EACE, in her Palace over the Atlantic,
From the New World deals her awards around
While war's leashed hounds, a-strain, for bloodshed frantic,
In our Old World can scarce be held in bound.

Lo! here, each Nation armed against its neighbour;
Cross in the face of Crescent reared for fight:
There, to the blessed battlefields of labour
United States that all the world invite.

For a far different shock from the impingings
Of broadsides 'twixt a *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*,
The strife of *CORLISS* and his monster engines,
With Cyclops *KRUPP* and *Essen's* monster cannon.

Happy young *Titan*, that between two oceans,
Thy guardian Atlantic and Pacific,
Growest apart from our Old World's commotions—
With room to spread, and space for powers prolific.

Wisely exchanging rifles, swords, and rammers,
For spades and ploughshares, axes, saws, and treadles,
Thou putt'st thy strength in engines and steam-hammers,
And thy gun-metal moulded into medals.

Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou commandest:
No growth, but thy wide-spreading soil can bear:

No ore, but the rich ground on which thou standest,
Somewhere or other, bids thee stoop and share.

No height thou hast but all thy sons may reach;
No good, but all are free to reap its profit:
No truth, but all thy race may learn and teach,
No lie, but whoso lifts its mask may scoff it.

Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne.
How far may thy meridian growth aspire,
That showest so majestic in thy morn!

To what height may not Heaven's high favour lead thee,
In cycle of the ages yet to be,
When these first hundred years of life have made thee,
For Arts and Strength, the Giant that we see!

LIGHT CLOTHING FOR THE EAST.—Russia Ducks, *alias* *Canard-Russet*.

MR. IDE, the Winner of the Fifty-Mile Walking Match, walks so well he must be one of the Ides of March.

WAR RUMOURS.



THE PRIME MINISTER is in hourly communication with all the Cabinets of Europe. He has had speaking-tubes put up between his official residence and the country-seats of all his colleagues. He never sleeps, and devotes his few moments of leisure to a hasty perusal of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S *Soldier's Pocket Book*. His Private Secretary is going through a course of instruction at Woolwich and Aldershot simultaneously, so that he may be prepared for the worst.

THE Directors of the Penny Steam-boat Companies have been requested to immediately forward to the War Office a list of their vessels, with a view to the transport of twenty-two Cavalry regiments from Colchester to Egypt.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has caused a special Captive Balloon to be kept suspended over the War Office night and day, so that His Royal Highness may have the means within reach of proceeding at once to Gibraltar.

THE Bathing-machines at Herne Bay have received a fresh coat of paint, and are now on their war footing.

18,000 London Cab-Horses have been purchased by the Government for immediate service in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards.

SUB-LIEUTENANT JONES, of the Royal West Somersetshire Militia, has been made a Lieutenant, and will soon leave England for Ireland.

A PLAN of St. Petersburg has been constructed at the Offices of the Royal Geographical Society, has been amended by the Board of Inland Revenue, countersigned by the Treasury, submitted to the Admiralty, and consigned to the Model Room of the War Office, where it will remain until required on active service.

LISTS of the strength of our Fleets, Armies, new military and naval inventions, torpedoes, &c., &c., with explanatory descriptions and diagrams, have been furnished by the War Office and Admiralty to the Editors of all the British, Colonial, and Continental newspapers.

THE Directors of the Metropolitan District Railway have been warned that their line may be required by the Government for the next two months for the transport of troops between Sloane Square and the Temple.

THE Westminster Aquarium, Alexandra Palace, and MADAME TOUSSAUD'S, in certain emergencies, are likely to be converted into hospitals.

THE Beefeaters are to be immediately armed with Gatling guns.

ALL the broken windows in the Tower of London are to be mended.

THE sentries at the doors of Drury Lane Theatre are to be doubled until further notice.

ALL the Australian Meat in the Kingdom has been ordered to be purchased by the Government, with a view to supplying the messes of the Household Cavalry and Infantry with food whilst their respective regiments are on their line of march.

THE shares of the Chelsea Bun Company (Limited), have fallen $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$.

THE Bears at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, have been desired to consider themselves "under arrest."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has recently been appointed a sergeant in the Volunteer Corps lately raised at the instigation of SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Q.C., the Common Serjeant.

THE Lord Mayor's Trumpeters have been armed with new bugles; the Sword-bearer has had his weapon sharpened, and the Common Crier has ordered his Mace to be loaded with lead. The corps of Ancient Men in Armour is being re-organised.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Temple Bar, the Duke of York's Column, and the Marble Arch are immediately to be supplied with 81-ton guns.

AND lastly Mr. Punch has given Toby instructions to hold 85, Fleet Street to the bitter end—with a pop-gun!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

An evening or two with PEGGUL BEX—Something about a Hall, and a new Theatre; also a report on the St. James's and the Strand Entertainments, and a midnight mysterious meeting to finish with.

SIR,—Don't tell me (you never did, but you might) that advertising is of little value. Don't tell me that good wine needs no bush: good wine needs a bush as much as does the indigenous South African. But what I am coming to (and what I hope I am going to, one of these festive nights), is this, how should Canterbury Hall ever have entered into my head, but through an advertisement meeting my eyes? My dear old Mahomedan friend, PEGGUL BEX (this, he says, is the correct method of spelling his name, and not as I wrote it a fortnight ago), was dining with me the other evening, and talking over various important subjects connected with the new loan which he is proposing to bring out at sixteen per cent. Well, Sir, the illustrious Bulbul of Stamboul is attempting to convert certain Turkish securities into something negotiable, and I am doing my best to convert the illustrious Bulbul. I am trying to induce him to see the error of his Mahomedan ways, and he has got so far as to take kindly to what he waggishly calls the "Sublime Port" (mine is a fine old crusted '34 wine, which I don't drink myself, which he sips with his walnuts, just like a Christian. On this occasion the Bulbul had been reading the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S recent charge, and was so highly indignant, that, on my proposing to him to go to the Canterbury Hall, he flatly and peremptorily refused, on purely theological grounds.

"No!" exclaimed the Bulbul. "Bechém, on my dear eyes be it!" He was once a Commodore in the Turkish Navy, which excuses what would otherwise have been a rather strong expression, "Which isn't swearing," he went on to explain, speaking more in sorrow than in anger; "but I will not put one penny into the Archbishop's pocket by entering his Hall."

I explained that it was not a Hall by the See of Canterbury, but the irate Bulbul wouldn't hear of it. He finished the bottle, pocketed the remaining walnuts and the crackers (which he keeps under his pillow, so as, if he wakes up in the night, and wishes to say something droll, he may have a companion by his pillow-side to crack a joke with,—an Oriental custom), and, saying "Allah il Allah!" he went to bed,—or, to describe the proceeding in excellent French, and to make an international *jeu de mot*, "Allah il Allah!" *s'écria-t-il*, "Allah il Allah!" *et il ALLA se coucher*. This is one of those *jeux de mots* which are registered for transmission abroad, and warranted to keep in any climate. Allowance made to shippers and skippers.

The next night I read the advertisement aloud to my Oriental friend.

"You will see," I said, giving him the cream of the extracts, "that the 'startling feature' is *A Sliding Roof*."

"I don't rink," replied PEGGUL BEX, "and I don't slide; though," he added, thoughtfully, "if I went on a roof in this country, I probably should. However," he continued carelessly, "let it slide. Go on!"

Heedless of the interruption, I continued my selection of attractions from the advertisement in the *Era*. "You will enter through 'Romantic caverns, overlooking mountain and vale.' Fancy that, my Bey, in the vicinity of the New Cut and what Mrs. Brown calls 'QUEEN VICTORIA'S own Theatre!'"

"Are there Houris?" asked PEGGUL, with a sly look over the rim of his glass.

"There is, I see advertised, a *Première Danseuse Assoluta*," I returned, gravely.

The Turbaned Turk misunderstood me. Chucking up his fez, he exclaimed, "By the Beard of the Prophet! *Imaun!* We will go and see this *Danseuse Dissoluto!*"

I was shocked. I reminded him that he was being converted, and, as a threat, I protested I would take him to see *Blue Beard* at the Folly Theatre, if he didn't behave himself. He trembled.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, piteously; "anything but that." Presently recovering himself, that is replacing the fez on his head, he asked, "Why have they changed the name of the Charing Cross Theatre to The Folly?"

"The Manager," I answered, "explains in a handbill that it is because he intends 'shooting Folly as it flies.'"

"What's Folly done to his Company that they should murder her? If he only wounds Folly, she will, of course, cease to fly, and be unable to run."

"True, PEGGUL. But when he takes aim, he hopes to make a hit." "But," returned the Mahometan, astutely, "I see that a piece, founded on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and called *Pecksniff*, is to be produced. Does the Manager, MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, call this 'shooting Folly as it flies'?"

"Sir," I replied, drawing myself up, as if I were a legal document, "these are questions which only a *Saga* can answer. I am not *DIAGENES*."

"Nor ALEXANDER," said the Bey, flippantly.

So we dropped the subject, and went to the St. James's to see *Three Millions of Money*, with MRS. JOHN WOOD and MR. GEORGE HONEY in the two principal parts.

MR. HONEY always was funny in *Money*, and of course it was not to be expected that his humour would be limited by the exact sum having been named. I never saw the French original, *Les Trois Millions de Gladiateur*, but if there is not more in it than these two adapters have got out of it, it cannot have been, originally, a very humorous production. It is always pleasant to witness MRS. WOOD's performance, she seems so thoroughly to enjoy the fun whenever it occurs, and whatever success *The Three Millions* may obtain with the Million, it will be owing to the acting, for there is very little to laugh at in the dialogue. MR. GEORGE CLARKE's American millionaire must be taken, I presume,—as a truthful representation of the reality. I never met the reality, and so, though "I may presume as much as I darned please," I could not presume to criticise this particular delineation of character; but I do presume, that, had the adaptation been made by the experienced MR. MADDISON MORTON, the dialogue would probably have been as amusing as that in *Woodcock's Little Game*.

PEGGUL BEY was highly pleased with the mock Italian duett between MRS. WOOD and MR. HONEY, though he expressed himself in excellent monosyllabic Turkish on the merits of the piece generally.

"Give me more music!" he exclaimed, and so I took him to hear *Toto*, at the Strand.

For charming scenery, for bright dresses, and for brilliancy generally, apart from music and libretto, *Princess Toto* is, I fancy, unsurpassed in London at the present moment. It commences well, it promises well, but it is disappointingly childish. It revives hope now and then by an occasional flicker. For instance, the business of the scene with the Indians (MESSRS. COX and PENLEY being capital in this) is immensely funny, as is also the situation where *Prince Doro* (M. MARIUS) hits upon the expedient of providing the monotonously forgetful Princess with his visiting-cards, so that she may remember his name during their love-making. The whole plot seems to me to be a development of the idea suggested by that first-rate comic song (written, I think, by the librettist and composer of this comic opera, and sung in one of the GERMAN-REED pieces at the Gallery of Illustration), where the oblivious lover would propose if he could only think of the Lady's name, which he at last remembers is "MARIA," but too late—for she is another's. The germ of *Toto* was in this song, while the notion of persons being obliged to assume characters quite alien from their real natures, may be found in the same author's *Creatures of Impulse* and *Happy Arcadia*. There is not in *Toto* such a song as MR. CLAY's "*Nobody Knows*," or somebody else's "*You are a very Handsome Man*," in both of which Miss SARTLEY made "big hits" at the Alhambra. Perhaps that kind of music was considered too "Music-Hally" for Comic opera,—only isn't this *Toto* more of the *Bouffe* than the Comic Opera? Isn't the book more suitable for a setting by OFFENBACH than by AUER? and wouldn't something like "*Nobody Knows*" score a success with the habitués of the Strand Theatre, who do like to be enlivened occasionally with a vulgarian atrocity?

MR. COX's makes-up, first as *King Portico*, and then as the Indian Chief, are admirable, and the burlesque imitation of *Hiawatha* couldn't be improved, either by the author, who has evidently written it in his happiest vein, or by the actor, MR. PENLEY, whose delivery of the lines was so imitatively funny as (when Your Representative was there) nearly to obtain an encore. It is not often that a speech in an Opera is singled out for such a distinction.

"Allah il Allah!" said PEGGUL BEY, as he lit his fragrant

minaret, a kind of Turkish cigar, chiefly paper. "WAGNER, with his *Flying Dustman*, hath nought to fear from these Bosh-Bazouks."

He was melancholy, and needed a something that cheers but does not inebriate. When I allow him to indulge in anything that does inebriate, the Bey, though generally so smooth and tranquil, becomes most unpleasantly Bosphorus—I mean, boisterous.

"Christian Dog!" he exclaimed, addressing me,—it sounds insulting, but it isn't, being merely the Turkish equivalent for "Sly dog," "Jolly dog," and suchlike familiarities, which neither breed, nor imply contempt—"Christian dog! I am athirst! I am hungry! Im-pale-ale me! Lead me to the Steak!"

"Bulbul," I replied, in excellent Turkish, "*Im-aun!*"

And so,—"*Yes, we together*"—as the duett in *Norma* has it—sought the Cavern of the Good Genii of the Silver Gridiron, where Grim Goblins do nightly congregate, and midnight poachers gloat o'er their golden eggs. Hush! Give the pass-word! Now the counter-sign! Now the grip! Now the secret order, for the Waiter is in the room! Ha! there are two down on their marrow-bones! Nay, then, resistance is useless! To the rescue . . .

Excuse my finishing thus hurriedly, but I see that GENERAL GORIBUSTER and the two O'BEDYENS have just entered, and in another minute there will be very little left for the faithful, but famishing, individual, who signs himself now as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The Bulbul, who in the process of conversion is deeply interested in all ecclesiastical questions, wants to know if there is such a dignitary as the "Bishop of Soda and Bee." I seem to have heard the name somewhere. Also hasn't my Mahomedan friend got things a trifle muddled in asking, "When there's a Church question for the Spirituous Pears, doesn't a Jorum of Bishops decide it? How many make a jorum?" And again, "How do you make a real Bishop? Do you use more than two lemons, and ought there to be any Curate-so in it or not?" I fancy the Bulbul has either got out of his depth, or has found an old recipe book of drinks.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.



OUTSIDE of Covent Garden. Evening.

Enter a Young Lady and Gentleman.

Gentleman. Come, KITTY, to GATTI, He hasn't got PATTI, But makes, my dear queenie, A pint of Bassini; We'll see, dear,—while we "tea" Or "coffee,"—ARDITI, Who beats time so strongly. His name is spelt wrongly; It should be, my KITTY, Writ SIGNOR HARD-HITTY.

We'll hear, too, BIANCHI. Come, KITTY.

Kitty.

Yes, thank ye.

[*Exeunt into Covent Garden Theatre.*]

A True Economist.

Who says "The Wise Men" came from the East? It was from the North, depend upon it. Hark to this far-sighted wisdom of a Baillie of the gude town of Elgin:—

"BAILLIE ALLAN said he was of opinion that it would be money thrown away to repair the engine. There had been no fire in Elgin for some fifteen years, and, if one should occur, the best way to deal with it would be by way of using buckets and such like means. A fire-engine was a mere piece of nonsense. The question of having one had come up before the Commissioners three or four times while he had been a member of the body. It had always come to nothing, and it would do so again."



BEWARE HOW YOU INTRODUCE YOUR INTIMATE FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER.

THE TOMKINSONS THINK THOSE DEAR JENKINSONS WOULD GET ON SO WELL WITH THOSE DELIGHTFUL WILKINSONS THAT THEY GIVE A SMALL DINNER-PARTY TO ENABLE THESE TO MEET.

BEHOLD THEM AFTER DINNER:—THE WILKINSONS AND JENKINSONS ARE GETTING ON SO *VERY* WELL TOGETHER, THAT POOR T. AND HIS WIFE ARE COMPLETELY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, AND HAVE TO FALL BACK ON THEIR OWN PHOTOGRAPH-ALBUMS!

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

THE University of Cambridge has lately been electing a new Public Orator. Much curiosity having been aroused as to this functionary, we have made it our special business to inquire into his duties, qualifications, privileges, perquisites, and emoluments, and now hasten to lay the result of the investigation before our impatient Readers.

The Public Orator is expected to know by heart the works of DEMOSTHENES, ISOCRATES, CICERO, QUINTILIAN, BURKE, PITT, FOX, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, GRATTAN, DANIEL WEBSTER, and LORD CHES-TERFIELD.

The Public Orator must be prepared to respond in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, to the toast of "The University" at any dinner, luncheon, or other public entertainment, connected with the Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Volunteers, the School-Board, or the Philosophical Society.

It is the duty of the Public Orator to give lectures in Elocution, and to hold classes for instruction in the art of Reading, the delivery of public Recitations, and the management of the voice in the Pulpit, at the Bar, in Parliament, and at Congresses.

It is also the duty of the Public Orator to attend the debates at the Union, to applaud those speakers whom he may consider deserving of encouragement, and to express, by audible tokens of dissent, his dissatisfaction at any defects in style, diction, manner, gesture, and action.

That the Public Orator may keep himself thoroughly well acquainted with the best examples of modern eloquence, it is his privilege to be present, either in the House of Lords or Commons, at least one night in every week during the Session; and when any debate of especial interest is expected to arise, he must make arrangements to remain within an easy distance of Westminster until its close.

Once at least during his University career, every Undergraduate is entitled, on payment of a fee of one guinea, to request an inter-

view with the Public Orator, and to call upon him to listen to a recitation from the works of one of the great Orators or Dramatists of ancient or modern times, or to an extempore address on the Sewage Question, or some other prominent topic of the day.

The Public Orator presents all candidates for degrees from extraordinary D.C.L.'s to ordinary B.A.'s, and acquaints the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors with every particular of their previous lives in the choicest Latin and the best superlatives.

Once in each term the Public Orator delivers an address in the Senate House, or other commodious public building, on the principal occurrences of the time, whether of local or national interest, first in Latin to those who are *in statu pupillari*, and then in English for the benefit of the ladies, who on the conclusion of his speech shower their bouquets at his feet and wreath his cap with garlands. At the annual Commencement he recapitulates the history of the past year, either in prose or verse, and a collection for his benefit is made at the close of the proceedings by the Pro-proctors and Esquire Bedels.

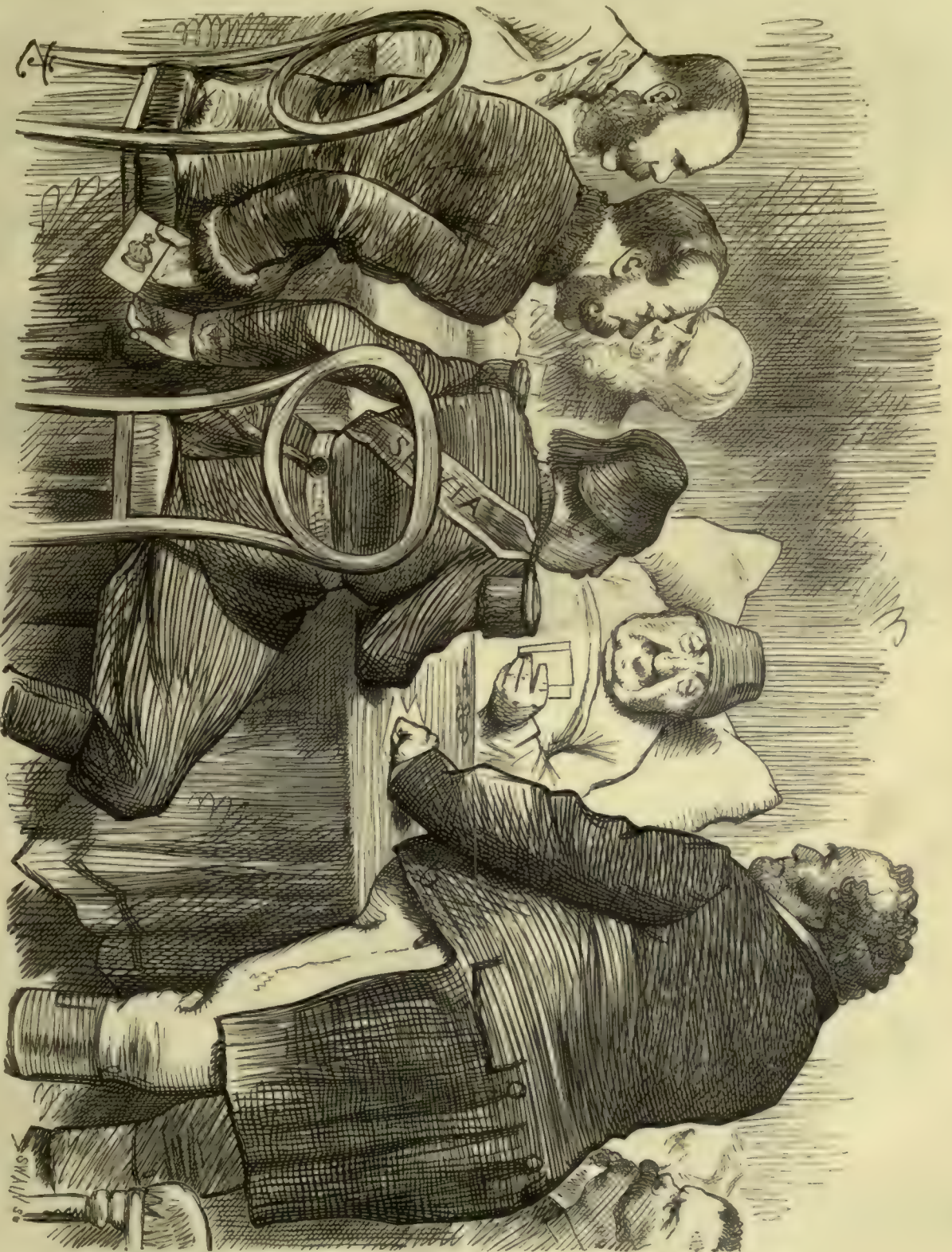
It is the privilege of the Public Orator to receive an invitation to the wedding-breakfast of the daughter, grand-daughter, or niece of any of the Heads of Houses or Professors, and to return thanks on behalf of the Bridesmaids, in his *ex-officio* capacity.

If a daughter of the Vice-Chancellor for the time being receives a proposal of marriage, it is the Public Orator who composes her answer in elegant Latin, and on gilt-edged paper.

A suitable residence, with spacious grounds, in which he may pace up and down when preparing his public exercises, is provided for the Public Orator, rent and taxes free; with coals, candles, gas, and firewood, at the expense of the University. The house is known as "The Oratory."

The Public Orator is paid by results; that is to say, according to the number of speeches he makes in the course of the year.

There can be no difficulty in distinguishing the Public Orator, as he invariably wears a violet velvet robe, with blue silk sleeves, on which are embroidered in gold the monograms of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*.



A BREAK IN THE GAME.

JOHN BULL. "YOU'RE NOT PLAYING FAIR!—I THROW UP MY HAND!—BUT I WON'T ALLOW THE STAKES TO BE DIVIDED!!"



HARD LINES FOR HERETICS.

(A Pastoral, done into doggerel, and dedicated to the BISHOP OF MINORCA.)



WE renew and we repeat this our excommunication

'Gainst Heretics of every sect, and each denomination, Their adopted children, pupils, every soul that sits at meat with 'em;

Their fathers, mothers, tutors; all who deal with 'em or treat with 'em.

We hereby excommunicate all those who've a kind look for e'm,

Their helpers and their servants; all who wait on 'em or cook for 'em.

All those that dare to Heretics to let a habitation, School, Hospital, or Church, we doom to excommunication.

And we hereby sentence each and all that, despite our prohibition, Give Protestants, or lend, or leave, them money, to perdition; And also all with Heretics who live on terms of amity, Or speak or write a word for them in trouble and calamity.

Our Clergy, in the Mass whilst they perform their holy functions, We charge throughout our diocese to read out these injunctions On three successive Sundays—day and deed alike the better— And make their flocks by acts of faith obey them to the letter.

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

In the days before Music Halls, there were Supper-Rooms, also musical, at one of which, once, was wont nightly to be sung by a comic vocalist, a song with the chorus:—

"No science to me is a mystery,
I've read every book through and through.
I was always the fondest of 'istory,
Because we all know it is true."

As, for example:—

"JULIUS CÆSAR invented gunpowder——"

And so on; with similar illustrations of historical truth. To which might now be added a duly versified extract from a political discourse in the form of a sermon, reported to have been preached by an Eminent Personage in a chapel on Friday last week, being the feast of St. Edward the Confessor. "That great mass of corruption, the Roman Empire," having begun, said His Eminence, "to die by its own law of dissolution":—

"At last a Roman Emperor—CONSTANTINE—embraced Christianity, and no sooner had he been converted to the faith than he translated his throne to Byzantium, which became Constantinople, because his instinct told him he could not reign supreme in the city where the Vicar of Jesus Christ dwelt. The sovereignty of this world then gave place to the sovereignty of the Incarnate Word, and from that day onwards Christian civilisation spread from Rome as its centre. In the person of the Vicar of Christ the two offices of Pontiff and King were united, and, because united in him, they were separated in all others who bore authority."

Suppose any student at the College in course of formation, under the auspices of CARDINAL MANNING, at Kensington, goes up to pass an examination in history, conducted by any commonly competent examiner. Should he be asked to name the time at which the Popes acquired temporal sovereignty, would the Cardinal, to whom the foregoing statements are ascribed, recommend him to assign the date at which CONSTANTINE "translated his throne to Byzantium," and turned that city into Constantinople? Would he advise him to back this answer by alleging certain "Forged Decretals," so called, to have been genuine documents, and the commonly accounted ficti-

tious "Donation of CONSTANTINE" an actual transaction? If not, ought not the Cardinal, on consideration, candidly to acknowledge that the historical views propounded in the last of the above quotations exactly resemble those referred to in the first of them, and exemplified in the second? The sole difference is inessential, being no more than that between secular and ecclesiastical history, and the latter, he also might sing, is as estimable as the former, "because we all know it is true." Only, instead of singing to that effect on a Music Hall stage, he says as much in a Pulpit. There, it is wonderful what a man of undoubted knowledge, and of veracity under less exalted conditions equally unquestionable, will occasionally work himself up to affirming, in a flight of faith and fancy. It seems all the more wonderful that CARDINAL MANNING should sometimes run on in that way, seeing that he is a strict Teetotaler.

A MODEL MAIDEN.



'Tis not alone that she is fair,
And hath a wealth of golden hair;
'Tis not that she can play and sing,
To charm a Critic or a King;
'Tis not that she is gentle, kind,
And wears no chignon huge behind,
Nor high-heeled boot, nor corset laced
To show her slenderness of waist;
'Tis not that she can talk with ease
On well-nigh any theme you please;
'Tis not that she can row, and ride,
And do a dozen things beside:—
The reasons why I love Miss BROWN
Are that she never wears a frown,
Ne'er sulks, or pouts, or mopes,
Or frets,
Or fusses about "styles" or "sets";
Ne'er nurses Lapdogs by the fire,
Nor bids her friends their charms admire;

Ne'er bets upon the Derby Day,
And when she's lost omits to pay;
By bonnets does not bound her talk,
And is not indisposed to walk;
Ne'er bullies her small brothers, nor
Esteems their childish games a bore:
With pigments ne'er her cheek defiles,
Nor practises coquettish wiles:
Needs not a Maid to pack her things,
Nor plagues Papa for diamond rings:
On biscuits is content to lunch;
Loves SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, and PUNCH:
Never descends to vulgar slang,
And ne'er was known the door to bang!

Strike in the Painting Trade.

WE are sorry to report that all the Journeymen Painters in the service of the eminent Coachbuilders, MESSRS. PANNELL & Co., have struck work. The reason alleged for this proceeding on the part of the men is not any quarrel about wages, but the fact that MR. PANNELL, Senior, having consented to sit for his portrait, has commissioned the President of the Royal Academy instead of employing one of his own painters. This naturally wounds the self-respect of his men.

"FESTINA LENTE."

IN the last great Thames Sculling-Match—for £100 a side—TARRYER has beat BRYAN. It is the old moral of the Hare and the Tortoise—"Tout vient à qui sait attendre"—"Your Tarryer is safe to win." Besides, a Tarryer was certain to be a stayer.

"HEADS I WIN."

"MORE than fifty Montenegrin heads," we read, "were exposed in the Bazaar at Spouz on the 15th inst." Surely Spouz, and not Martinechi, ought to be the Turkish head-quarters!



ANTICIPATION.

Old John (the "Broad" Man,—they had been after Snipe on the Fen all the afternoon). "I SAHY, MASTER CHARLES, NOW WHEN YEAOU GETS HOM' AN' GOT YAR BOATS OFF—AN' HAD YAR DINNER, SUF'N' HOT—AN' THEN SIT AFORE THE FIRE—'TH A PIPE O' BACCA'—NOW DOON'T THAT DRAH YEAOU OFF T' SLEEP!"

Mr. Charles (realising the situation). "WELL——"

Old John (yawning). "SO THAT DEW ME!!"

MAORI-US AMIDST THE RUINS OF RAILWAYDOM.

(With Apologies to the Shade of BYRON.)

"Three thousand years hence, perhaps—if it be not within three hundred or threescore years—the Art critics may utter sympathetic sighs over the railway embankments and cuttings and viaducts which cross each other at every conceivable level between Clapham Junction and the Great City, and contrast those relics of the artistic ingenuity of the past with the tastelessly utilitarian structures of their own age. Gazing on the long-rusted trusses and girders of the colossal Midland Station at St. Pancras, the enormous span of the Great Eastern Terminus in Liverpool Street, the mouldering piers of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the shattered parapets of the Thames Embankment, and the decaying vestiges of the Holborn Viaduct, they may celebrate, in terms of unmeasured eulogy, the grand and harmonious creations of the engineers of the nineteenth century—men whom no natural obstacles could deter, no scientific difficulties discourage, and the merest ruins of whose achievements were pregnant with matter for astonishment and applause, and with models for imitation."—*Daily Telegraph* on MR. POYNTER'S Address before the Social Science Congress at Liverpool.

RELIC of nobler days and noblest Arts,
Shattered yet splendid thy perspective spreads.
Grateful yet grand art thou in all thy parts,
To Art a model, and, to him who treads
Where rust thy sleepers in their clayey beds,
Her light shines through thy cuttings. Here indeed
The Iron Age with Ageless Beauty weds,
Divorced, defunct, in these grim days of greed,
When STEPHENSON and WATT in vain demand their meed.

Alas! no more our feeble hands may rear
Grand and harmonious structures such as thine.
Upon yon rusty rail I drop a tear.
'Twill rust it more! That age was great, I wis,

THE ENCHANTED OMNIBUS.

ONE of the most curious tricks to be met with in London is that of "The Enchanted Omnibus." It might, perhaps, have been attributed to the Spirits, the Conductor acting as Medium, but that such a hypothesis has been negatived by the joint action of a gentleman named NETTLEFOLD and ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, who have exposed the *modus operandi*, which appears to be as follows:—

An Omnibus starts, say from Bayswater, and several weak-minded and credulous persons are made to believe before entering the vehicle that they have distinctly read the words, "To London Bridge Railway" on the exterior. On arriving at the Mansion House, however, they are asked to alight, and read again, when, instead of "To London Bridge Railway," the words, "Royal Exchange, Mansion House, Bank," appear. The astonishment of the passengers is, of course, unbounded.

MR. NETTLEFOLD was so astounded that he determined at once to unravel the mystery, and consulted SIR ROBERT CARDEN. These gentlemen did not think it necessary to call in MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, but, after a patient investigation, discovered that the trick is done by means of moveable boards painted on both sides, which, while the happy passengers are absorbed in conversation, or mutual congratulation on the convenience of getting all the way to London Bridge Railway for sixpence, the Conductor skilfully reverses.

It is something like a Pantomime trick, though scarcely so amusing to the Passengers, or, when fined ten shillings and costs, to the Conductor.

Cut, not Plucked.

"AN OSTRICH-FARMER," home from the Cape, writes to correct a misapprehension at the bottom of a late lament of *Mr. Punch's* over the cruelty of Ostrich-plucking. It seems that the eight months' crop of feathers is not pulled out by the roots, but cut with scissors. *Punch* loses no time in recording the correction, in justice to our Ostrich Farmers. He can understand, as the feathers are "cut," that they should "come again."

MIXTURE OF TURKISH AND CAVENDISH.—LORD HARTINGTON at Constantinople.

AN AMUSIN' OLD CUSS.—THE BISHOP OF MINORCA.

That could excogitate a girder! 'Tis
The finished fruit of Art's divineness function.
A Railway Bridge! Aha! æsthetic bliss!
We cannot ape, I own with sore compunction,
The charm of Charing Cross, the grace of Clapham Junction.
Ruin, yet what a ruin! From its mass
Many a Maori village might be reared.
Oft as its mighty skeleton I pass,
I marvel how sublimely it appeared
When first its long straight lines and vistas weird
Broke on the Briton's sight;—Oh happy day
For RUSKIN, to whose soul were so endeared
Those glittering glories whose bright sun nas set—
Permanent way and pier, platform and parapet!
Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
Gaunt ruins, ye are great e'en in decay.
They had a taste in that far distant time,
Denied to us in this degenerate day.
Arch, girder, truss, vast sweep of roof,—the play
Of Titan phantasy is in your all.
Yon pillars stir my spirit in a way
I have not felt in Karnac's vasty hall,
Or where thy ruins, Rome, are tottering to their fall
Arches on arches! Here proud Albion,
Collecting what was best of every line,
The charms of all her Stations merged in one;
Here Platform did with Terminus combine.
Here Railway minions, bearded, bland, benign,
Shouldered huge loads or wheeled the laden truck.
Ah! if their happy fortune had been mine,
To live ere Railwaydom's last hour had struck,
Ere reigned balloons on high—alas! I'd no such luck!



INCORRIGIBLE!

Medical Adviser. "NOW, FIRST OF ALL, YOU MUST NOT DRINK BEER IN THE MORNING!"

Patient. "NO MORE I SHOULD, OLD FELLOW, BUT IT SO HAPPENS THERE'S NOT A DROP OF BRANDY IN THE HOUSE!"

LINES ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN LINE.

How apt impatience to provoke
The waits and ways of Bishopstoke,
When, with a coolness past a joke,
Trains make full stop at Bishopstoke!
"Is 't to dig coal, or to make coke
They stay so long at Bishopstoke?"
You ask, with choler fit to choke,
Condemned to wait at Bishopstoke.
If in a smoking-carriage, smoke
The time away at Bishopstoke.
Your clay at leisure you may soak,
And liquor up at Bishopstoke;
Or go to sleep—you won't be woke
In forty winks at Bishopstoke.
Heads out of windows people poke
To learn what's wrong at Bishopstoke;
If boiler burst, or engine broke,
Has stoppage caused at Bishopstoke;
If a smash or impending stroke,
Of fate is feared at Bishopstoke.
Your grumblers growl and croakers
croak
Their worst, delayed at Bishopstoke.
In oaths and curses wrath is woke
Upon the name of Bishopstoke.
Words to repeat unlit are spoke
Whilst travellers wait at Bishopstoke.
Around thee better draw thy cloak,
And sit and muse at Bishopstoke.
That patient animal, the Moke,
Thy model make at Bishopstoke.
Sooner or later, suffering folk,
"Trains will budge e'en from Bishopstoke."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. — A Transvaal Boer.

Here, where the Locomotive breathed her steam,
And here, where buzzing Tourists choked the ways,
And sounded shrill the whistle's brazen scream,
While smoke and oil would their sweet incense raise,—
Here, where the British Million's blame or praise—
Unbacked by tips—fell flat on Porters proud,
My voice sounds hollow; stars shed sickly rays
On booking-office void, seats squashed, poles bowed,
And platforms where my steps raise echoes strangely loud.

But when the round-faced Moon begins to climb
That topmost arch, and gently pauses there,
While the stars shimmer through the gaps which Time
Has left in the long roof so blank and bare—
Save where some sparrow builds its tangled lair,
Like tufts on some nigh-bald Director's head—
Then Loveliness in ruins shows more rare;
Then in this vast arena rise the dead:
Tourists once trod this spot!—now on their dust I tread!

Where loomed "Refreshments," large the roofage falls
And hides that mystic legend, time-displaced.
Gorgeous Advertisements that decked these walls
With rainbow play of hues—posters that graced
These walls in tatters now hang half-effaced.
Yon "Largest Circulation" means—ah! what?—
The rest is mystery that may not be traced!—
"Hi! Wake up, Sir! Train's in!"—May I be shot,
If I've not drowsed and dreamed over that Leader's rot!

Princeps Secundus.

"Proximos ille tamen occupavit
Prinsep honores."

MR. VAL PRINSEP is to paint the scene of the proclamation of the QUEEN'S Imperial title at Delhi. If what we hear of the price he is to receive for the picture be true, PRINSEP'S *Durbar-day* will rank as a colossus among commissions, second only to FRITH'S *Derby Day*.

SIRLOIN AND LADY.

THE Women of England will scarcely, perhaps, consider the following emendation in the *Times* as any improvement of an—

"AMERICAN ERRATUM.—A New York paper, from which we recently quoted a report of a speech of PROFESSOR HUXLEY, made in the United States, represented him as stating that English women had been described by a distinguished American as being rather too 'teethy'; the reader should substitute 'beefy'."

Whether 'it is prettier in Woman to be "beefy" or "teethy" is a question which depends a good deal upon what "teethy" may mean. It is too probable that the distinguished American misreported to have called Englishwomen teethy, did not intend to flatter by calling them beefy. But the epithet is true enough; not to say too true. What else than being beefy could be expected of MRS. BULL, and her daughters, except those in their nonage, whom perhaps the satirical rogue of a Yankee would rather describe as vealy? Never mind, darlings. Beef is dear to every true Briton. Let not the sneering stranger say, "So is his wife, and so are his girls," meaning that his milliners' and jewellers' bills usually equal, if they do not exceed his butchers'. It is in the power of the Women of England, or, not to give offence to Scotchmen, say Great Britain, to vindicate themselves from the aspersion of being beefy in any but a laudatory sense, by learning to dress themselves upon as nearly as possible the moderate cost of £15 a year, so as to take care that if they are in some degree beefy, as their American critic terms them, at any rate their beef shall never be objectionably overdone.

Bears All.

"Great war-panic on the Stock Exchange. . . . All Russian securities had a heavy fall."—*Evening Paper, Wednesday, 18 Oct.*

BROKERS and jobbers ought to thank
Their friends, LORDS BEACONSFIELD and DEBBY,
For last week's treat—so near the Bank—
Unusual treat, of "rus(s) in urbe."



HOSTS AND GUESTS.

Guest. "GOOD-BYE,—ENJOYED OURSELVES SO MUCH!"

Host. "SO SORRY YOU ARE GOING,—NOW, CAN'T WE PERSUADE YOU,—HOW THE TIME HAS FLOWN!—HOPE WE SHALL SOON SEE YOU AG—"

Coachman (confidentially). "WILL OI MAKE 'EM TOO LATE FOR THE THRAIN, SOB? I CAN ASY—"

His Master (in dumb show). "IF YOU DARE, SCR! DRIVE LIKE THE —!!"

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SPIRITS.

THE Spirits of Spirit-Rappers, and Spirit-Writers, from the style of their messages as published in the Spiritualist papers and periodicals, appear almost all to have belonged to one class of society, of which they still preserve the ideas and language. With scarcely an exception they express themselves like persons of the lower middle class. No Spirits ever affect the peculiar phraseology of Swells, or even use that of educated gentlemen and ladies. They usually talk as though their style had been derived from the perusal of low newspapers, and from sitting under semi-taught Dissenting Preachers.

The names under which they announce themselves are chiefly the familiar and endearing diminutives of common domestic life, such as "ALLIE" and "KATIE" if female, otherwise the ordinary Christian names JOHN, PETER, and so on; though a few assume a pompous pseudonym like "IMPERATOR," and not a few call themselves by ridiculous nicknames—for instance, "KIBOSH."

In short the Spirits, as a body, are intensely vulgar. Every Spirit is a snob. His speech bewrayeth him. He is also a dullard. The utterances of Spirits are generally platitudes of the broadest kind—copy-book precepts diluted. A Spirit professing to be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN talks penny-a-line. SHAKESPEARE, BACON, NEWTON, BONAPARTE, BYRON, philosophers, poets, statesmen, sovereigns, all of them invariably spell out the sentiments, in the idiom, of a loquacious and conceited mechanic, or small tradesman. The mighty dead are also very commonly apt to be facetious in a similar homely vein; and their highest effusions correspond to the eloquence of a temperance orator declaiming at a "Tea."

The truth appears to be that, whether or no the Spirits ever impart messages in foreign or dead languages, in French, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, their communications in the vulgar tongue, not to say in plain English, never rise above the

level of a mediocrity, which, without a pun, may be said to be that of the Medium—though it comes nearer to *ænea* than "*aurea mediocritas*."

On the "Inclusive" System.

THIS is a good example of what one may call "lumping;" it. From the *Daily News* of Oct. 18:—

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.—A Lady having started a SCHOOL in a good and rising neighbourhood, has to resign it in consequence of domestic arrangements, and wishes to DISPOSE OF the same. Six pupils, two forms, large writing-table, and scholastic door-plate. Price £3. Comfortable apartments.—Address, &c.

More Vulgarian Atrocities!

To ask for that delightful Song, "*'Tis the Arp in the Hair.*"
To give bad Champagne, which you can't afford, instead of good Bitter Beer, which you can.
To eat Malted Butter with a knife.
To talk of how you "moved in the best Society" at the place you last came from.
To torment Horses with Bearing-Reins, for the sake of making them toss their heads and champ their bits.

A CHILD THAT IS "TAKING NOTICE" AT LAST.—The Occupier of Temple Bar.

THE Inhabitants of the Strand are anxious for Wood Pavement. We would suggest Beech.



"THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

Darwinian Coster (to thrifty Housewife). "WELL, FISH IS DEAR, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A GETTIN' WERY SCA'CE IN CONSEQUENCE O' THESE 'ERE AQUERIONS!"

FANATICS AND FOOLS.

HIS Holiness the POPE, the other day, receiving the Carlist Pilgrims, led by the rampant ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA, at the Vatican, made, says the *Times*' Correspondent, a discourse "as remarkable for its moderation as the address delivered to him by that fiery Prelate was for its intemperance;" inasmuch that—

"Never, perhaps, did the POPE employ fewer pious invectives than on this occasion. He welcomed the Pilgrims, told them that he recognised them as his children, and that they reminded him of the many martyrs whose blood had made the soil of their country holy—the doctors, the confessors, the founders of religious orders, and others, who through their virtues have contributed to the greatness of Spain."

This explanation was of course not required by the faithful who heard it. Nor could most other people have well misunderstood whom the POPE meant by martyrs in Spain, even if he had not described them as victims "whose blood had made the soil of their country holy." The Martyrs of the Inquisition bled very little. Cremation before death was unattended with much if any bloodshed. The Act of Faith, so called, can now be spoken of only in the past tense—even in Turkey. But a British fanatic might have subjected himself to it lately at Rome, if Rome were what Rome was, and is now no more. So much evidently appears from a further statement by the authority above quoted:—

"As an instance of the strict impartiality observed by the Italian authorities, I may mention that an English Dissenting Clergyman, officiating in Rome, issued a placard to the effect that on Sunday last he would discourse on the subject of 'Papistical Pilgrimages and the Christian Pilgrimage.'"

The Italian Authorities did wisely in "sequestering a poster which might have been read by many as a provocation"—whence a fool might have got something for himself, if not so bad as fire and faggot, yet unpleasant enough, and richly merited. Suppose he had been put under a pump, and subjected to punishment by the milder element, who will say it would not have served him right? Are fanatical Pilgrims or fanatical Protestants the greater Asses? Perhaps the Donkeys' ears are about of a length.

THE MINSTREL OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

EVER has the City King,
Whilst he filled the Civic Chair,
Given his People cause to sing
Glory to the Great LORD MAYOR!

Great Lord Mayors have, in their day,
Won, ere COTTON, high regard,
But their fame has passed away,
For they lacked a sacred Bard.

That shall ne'er be COTTON's fate;
Nor will *Punch's* line alone
COTTON's name perpetuate:
'Twill be deathless in his own.

Nought he needs another pen
Verse on his behalf to do;
For the Chief of Aldermen
Ranks among the Poets too!

When did Lord Mayor yet before
Civic Crown with bays entwine,
Tuneful lays 'midst business pour,
Cultivate the Sisters Nine?

Lo, Cheapside, Pieria's plain;
Thames, the Heliconian rill;
Mansion House, a Delian fane;
Mount Parnassus, Fish Street Hill!

Bards in Grub Street now no more
Lacking grub in garret pine,
As they did in days of yore,
'Ere by Lord Mayors asked to dine.

Pass the Loving Cup around!
In it plunge, in turn, each nose;
And, as guests in duty bound,
Drink his health before he goes.

May the Poet's life be long,
When the Lord Mayor's day is done:
As Apollo, Lord of Song,
Hail the Civic Setting Sun!

ANGLO-MOSLEM IRREGULARS.

In publishing the statement below quoted from a column of "Naval and Military Intelligence," was a contemporary hoaxed, or flying a canard?—

"A scheme in connection with the chances of a war with Russia has been proposed, according to the *Whitehall Gazette*, and has met with what may be termed conditional approval by the authorities at the War Office and the India House. It is to call for Volunteers in India to serve in a cavalry contingent. The rank and file of this force would be composed exclusively of Moslems, and be commanded by officers who have served in the Indian irregular cavalry."

If this announcement is true, the authorities at the War Office are apparently contemplating the creation of a new arm of the Service, in the form of British Bashi-Bazouks. Should such a corps be constituted to fight the Russians, may it not be feared that we shall too soon be horrified by Russian atrocities committed by other than Russian troops?

Election Movements.

In a paragraph relating to the approaching School-Board Elections we read, with some surprise, that "MR. A. B. C. (Wesleyan) will run as an Independent Candidate, and MR. D. E. F. will run as an Independent Church Candidate." How fast this age of ours is becoming! Candidates used to be contented to "stand"—now they must "run!" Has the growing passion for athletic sports any connection with this change?

Shakspearian Quotation.

To be borne in mind when you have to meet that little Bill you backed for a Friend.

SIGN NO MORE ***

Men were deceivers ever.

Much Ado About Nothing.

POOR BRITANNIA!



NAVAL disasters and Naval waste had been the staple of *Punch's* readings in the evening papers. *Punch* dreamed a dream. He thought that he was standing in a large gallery of paintings, filled with pictures of BRITANNIA'S Naval victories. And as he looked at the canvasses, he could not help noticing that there were none of recent date.

"Not a victory for forty years," murmured the Sage.

"No, *Mr. Punch*," said a pert young Gentleman, dressed in a lounging suit. "We didn't do very much during the Russian War, eh? Got hustled about a bit in the Black Sea by the storms, and laid up as snug as fleas in a rug in the Baltic?"

"And who may you be, young Sir?" asked *Punch*, severely: "the Sage loveth not levity and slang."

"JOHN BULL JUNIOR," very much at your service, old man," replied the youth. "I have often heard the Guv'nor talk about you, *Mr. Punch*. It's very seldom he does anything else but talk: he grumbles, and leaves the rest to me."

"You cannot do better than walk in your Father's footsteps," said *Punch*, sententiously. "The Sage is a parent himself."

"So he tells me," laughed the flippant young man. "But between you and me I don't think the old 'un got on much better than I do. Only you see he had the luck on his side, and I haven't, which makes all the difference; don't it?"

Punch and his companion had now left the picture gallery, and somehow (after the fashion of dreams) were standing in a dockyard. The place seemed to be in a state of great confusion. New ships, that had scarcely felt the water splashing against their hulls, were resting in dock, undergoing extensive repairs, boats (cheap in one sense, and dear in another) were being reconstructed, regardless of expense; waste and bad management seemed to be the order of the day on all sides.



THE BICYCLE NUISANCE; OR, A RULE OF THE ROAD WANTED.

Victim of Bicycle Riders (to her Groom). "CHARLES, DO ASK THEM WHICH SIDE THEY EXPECT ME TO GO?"

"We do a deal of tinkering, don't we?" commented JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "The joke of the thing is, the Public never knows the exact cost of a ship. Say we turn out the *Tea Kettle* for £20,000; well, before twelve months are over, repairing the *Tea Kettle*, putting in fresh engines, and replacing the old masts, and changing the timbers of the keel, and all that sort of thing, you know, runs the original £20,000 into six figures. Hallo, Sir! And how are you?"

This salutation was addressed to an old Gentleman, wearing a very gorgeous uniform. The old Gentleman smiled, and put up an ear-trumpet. The question was repeated.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said he; "I am as well as can be expected. I don't like the noise and the bustle; but they are all very kind to me, and tell me what to do. Still I prefer my nice quarter-deck, in a quiet harbour, to all this confusion. But you must really excuse me; for if any of my men see me, they will be sure to ask me some awkward questions about their work; and then, dear me, what *should* I do?"

"The Superintendent of our Dockyard, Sir," answered JOHN BULL JUNIOR, as the old Gentleman hobbled off; "an Admiral, Sir, and, as they would say in SULLIVAN'S *Trial by Jury*, 'A good one, too.'"

Punch and his companion now passed a number of Warrant-Officers, who seemed to have much spare time upon their hands.

"The Carpenters, Sir," explained the young man. "In the Guy-nor's days they used to look after the building of their ships, and when they were built lived in 'em until they were tugged into dock to be broken up. Now-a-days we keep 'em hanging about until we think they are wanted."

The Sage and his guide were now in an office. Scattered over the floor were dusty bundles of papers, tied up with red tape, and on the walls were plans of foreign Iron-clads.

"Not bad these," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR, pointing to the plans; "we shall build some like 'em, some day. Take a weed?"

"I never smoke in office hours," replied Punch, drily.

"I do," observed the young man, as he leisurely lighted a cigar. "Snug hole this? This is where I do my work. What's that you are looking at?"

"A list of the British Navy," read Punch.

"Ah! now call out the names of some of the ships, and I will tell you where we should send them in the case of war."

"The *Vanguard*," murmured Punch.

"Well," laughed the young man, "we should leave her where she is, to protect the bottom of the sea."

"The *Alexandra*, one of the largest of our Iron-clads?"

"Disabled for the present. Both blades of her screw bent."

"The *Rover*, one of our new corvettes?"

"Also disabled for the present. Came to grief over the measured mile."

"The *Valorous*?"

"In port. Her machinery went wrong."

"The *Opal*, the *Hydra*, the *Boadicea*? All fine ships."

"Well, they have broken down, too."

"And the *Thunderer*?"

"Now you are chaffing me, Sir," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "You know as well as I do that the *Thunderer* blew up, and—"

"Chaffing you, Sir!" angrily interrupted Punch. "Do you think that the efficiency of the British Navy is a matter for chaff? Why, Sir, upon our Navy depends the greatness and grandeur of our mighty Empire! Without the sovereignty of the sea England (whose flag floats in every quarter of the world) would sink into the condition of a fourth-rate power. And you, with these mighty interests at stake, dare to talk to me of chaff!"

And Punch brought his fist down with such force that the shock woke him.

And when Punch was awake he only wished that he *had* been dreaming!

ON several occasions lately CAPTAIN SHAW has been able to report that there were "no fires in the Metropolis." Considering the price of Coals, this is not surprising.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE (In advance of November 9th).—COTTON is fallen.

SWINDLING MADE EASY.



ow should there not be an abundant crop of Fashionable Swindlers when the world abounds in such fools as stand confessed in the case of the "COUNT VON HOWARD"? The more impudent the imposture, the more helplessly yielding the victim.

One can almost imagine after reading of the "Count's" *modus operandi*, that his correspondence with his dupes must have run somewhat as follows:—

BRUSSELS,
April 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR,

It is true I only know you from finding your name in a *Post Office Directory*, but I take a great interest in you, and hasten to inform you that you are entitled

to Forty-Thousand Pounds under the Will of your relative, MR. WILLIAM NOODLE. I alone can get possession of the Will. I shall require remuneration.

A. NOODLE, Esq.

Yours, &c.,

VON HOWARD (COUNT).

LONDON, April 3, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,

How can I sufficiently express my gratitude? Of course I shall be most happy to pay you for your trouble. It is true, I never had a relative named WILLIAM, my only relative being MR. TOM NOODLE; but no matter. Send on the Will at once.

Yours, gratefully,

A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

BRUSSELS, April 6, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR,

A COMPLICATION has arisen. The Will is deposited with a Banker, who claims five hundred pounds on it. What is to be done? I have not the ready cash, or, of course, would at once pay it. Write by return. No gratitude. I only want two-and-a-half per cent.

Yours,

VON HOWARD.

A. NOODLE, Esq.

LONDON, April 8, 1876.

MY DEAR COUNT,

I HASTEN to send you five hundred pounds as requested. Would you like any more? Don't be bashful. Of course I shall be glad to receive the Will or the Forty-Thousand Pounds in due course.

Yours always,

A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

At this particular juncture the "Count," for some reason or another, breaks off the correspondence, and MR. NOODLE has the hardihood to go into Court and complain of being swindled!

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

About Killarney—A Meeting—The Friar—A few Remarks—Further Deferred—On to Muckcross—The Cascade—Price—Paying at the Doors—No Reduction—My American Friend—The Abbey—No Colleen—Truth—Illusions—A New Notion—Progress.

About Killarney and Muckcross.—Except in a good old-fashioned house genially decked for Christmas, I have never seen such a profusion of holly in any one spot, as may be observed over and over again along the roads in these parts. These excursions must be remarked in my note-book as Red-berry days, or, more correctly, Holly-days. Christmas, it is true, comes but once a year; but, about Kenmare, the decorations are left up for the whole twelve months. What a sight it must be in the winter! I wonder if PUGEN'S Grand Cathedral at Killarney reaps the benefit of so much decorative wealth of holly in the neighbourhood?

Driving out of Killarney, on as fine and fresh a Sunday morning as ever gladdened the heart of Celt or Saxon, I happen upon a sketch that I wouldn't have missed for a trifle. Coming round the corner—whisk—at full trot, is a trim jaunting car, bearing a magnificent specimen of a Franciscan Friar, in his habit as he lives,

his shorn crown as bald and polished as a marble, and shining so brilliantly in the sun, that I should like to lend him my umbrella, for fear of a *coup de soleil*. Odd! he doesn't seem to be struck by the—

Happy Thought.—Put up my cowl.

However, the fast trotter takes him out of sight before I can offer him the suggestion. My driver touches his hat respectfully to his Reverence as we pass; and, not to be behindhand in politeness, so do I. The good Father beams upon us in return, and salutes us with his hand: for you see it would be a trifle difficult for him to return our salutation in kind, so to speak, as he hasn't a hat to lift, or even a forelock to pull.

"He's been saying Mass at MR. O'SOMEBODY'S house yonder," my driver explains, naming the residence of a gentleman some eight miles distant. The carman is clearly jealous for the honour and dignity of the clergy in giving me this explanation, because otherwise, might not I, as a Saxon, and for aught he knows, a Protestant Saxon to boot, go home and say, maybe at Exeter Hall, that "the Monks in Ireland think nothing of breaking the Sabbath-day, riding about in cars, and going out for jaunts and jauntings when decent people ought to be at church." And I am pretty much of opinion that this is the conclusion that would have been jumped at by many of my prejudiced fellow-countrymen, whom no explanation as to why that Friar was on that car, at that particular hour, on that fine "Sabbath" morning, would have satisfied. And while on the subject of cowls and friars, I cannot help noticing the utter absence of the "downcast look," "the handdog expression," and the "scowl" with which certain writers have credited "their Rivirinees."

Happy Thought.—The proverb here should be "'tis not the scowl that makes the monk."

The Catholic clergy are, it seems to me, for the most part, fine broad-shouldered specimens of humanity, whose weather-beaten countenances are as honest, frank, and cheerful as any you would wish to see gathered round your own table at Christmas-tide. As for *physique*, the civil Pö-lis force and the moral Pö-lis force appear to have divided the picked Irishmen between them; for, the constabulary are already famous as a military force, and a magnificent *corps* might be formed out of the Irish clerical ranks. Could BISMARCK be "the O'BISMARCK" for a while, wouldn't he like to try his hand at compulsory enlistment of the clergy? If he did, begorr 'tis myself that would wish him all the success he'd deserve—the rapparee, the marauder!

One more note on the subject and I've done with it; if their Rivirinees are not the "scowling," "handdog" prowlers, that MR. PETER PREJUDICE would have us believe them to be, so neither do they resemble those scandals to their cloth, so brilliantly and entertainingly drawn by the late CHARLES LEVER. As a body, they are unaffected, kindly, genial men, to whose nature the proverbial griggishness of the parson is utterly foreign, while for their Deans and Bishops—well, our friend SMITH'S butler, even in his morning toilette, and at a disadvantage, has far more of the "Don"—not the Spanish, but the College, Don about him—than a whole room-full of Irish ecclesiastical dignitaries in their most gorgeous purple and fine linen.

However, further disquisition as to cause, effect, &c., &c., would be clearly out of place in these brief notes, and must appear in my forthcoming work on *Typical Developments*, though in which volume, in which paragraph, or under what heading, it is, at present, rather difficult to determine. Perhaps, under C., *Cowls*,—for all this sprang out of my noticing that Friar on the jaunting car.

At Muckcross.—First, I am invited to see the Torc Cascade.

Happy Thought.—Torc about it.

Another Tourist is bound on the same errand. He is an American. He is disputing a point with a respectable, middle-aged man, who may be a bailiff, or a gamekeeper (and, in fact, turns out to be a sort of both), who is demanding sixpence as the price of admission to the Waterfall. Really? "Yes. Sixpence for the Waterfall, Gentlemen, if you please: it's MR. HERBERT'S charge." Thank you; and here are our tickets. Shall we leave our sticks and umbrellas at the wicket? Are we to take care not to breathe upon the glasses? Oh, I beg pardon! there are no glasses; and it is not a peep-show. Well, then, do our tickets admit to the pit, or boxes, or stalls? Or, if not, to what part of the house do they admit us?

"Oh! not to the house at all," replies our simple Showman, taking my satirical question literally, "and you can see the Ruins afterwards."

Entrance to the Ruins means "sixpence more," and another ticket. Why it reminds me of Cremorne—not the place, but the system of charging. As to the mere amount of sixpence,—well, I've no doubt, we should have given that enormous sum,—and, being of a generous turn, more—to any Cicerone who might have been so fortunate as to conduct two such Millionnaires as the American Tourist and myself over the place. But, as it is, we are paying MR. HERBERT; and MR. HERBERT ought to be here himself to take us round his domain.

There is a story of an impoverished Nobleman, who used to

request his visitors to give him the tips with which they had intended to enrich his servants. "They get their wages," his Lordship was wont to observe, "and don't want the money. I pay the wages, and do." Only if I pay to be entertained by the first Tragedian, I do not get my money's worth if the part of *Hamlet* is performed by a Supernumerary. If I pay MR. HERBERT sixpence, clearly it should be MR. HERBERT who should act as my Cicerone, and not his subordinate.

Note.—It does destroy the romance of a secluded Fairy Glen and a dashing Waterfall, if you are compelled to give sixpence for seeing them. Only having parted with the coin, there remains this advantage, viz., that we have acquired by purchase a perfect right to grumble, and to find fault with everything.

"Why," says my American friend, superciliously, "this ain't a patch on the smallest waterfall in our country,"—and he will hardly look at it.

"Not half as good as the Fairy Glen in Wales," I chime in.

"The trees are only chunks," says my companion, turning back and descending the ravine.

"I'd as soon pay my sixpence for Black Gang Chine or any other show-place in the Isle of Wight," I growl, as my mind reverts to my happy childhood's days when I could see the Swiss Chalet, the Swiss Waterfall, the Stalactite Caverns, and Paris or London by Moonlight, at the dear old Colosseum, and all for one shilling; i.e., only sixpence more than MR. HERBERT's charge for this Waterfall alone—or rather for this Trickle, which is all *Torc* and no *Tumble*.

Hang it, they might have turned on some more water for the money. However, when there has been no rain for a fortnight, I do think that MR. HERBERT ought to lower the price. To equalise it, let him charge twopence extra after a shower, and sixpence more after a week's heavy fall of rain; and advertise both effects in the local papers.

Happy Thought (for a Gentleman who is fortunate enough to possess a Waterfall and a Ruin on his grounds.—Make something handsome by 'em.

Were I MR. HERBERT of Muckross,
I rather would be with my luck cross,
And lose pennies many
Before I'd charge any
For seeing the beauties of Muckross.

But perhaps the owner of the estate is of a different opinion, and, after all, it is his affair—not mine. The Tourist is requested (on the ticket) not to give any gratuity to the Showman. But isn't the same simple-minded request to be found placarded up on all Stations? And do we therefore refrain from presenting the Guards, the Ticket-Collectors, and the Porters with the furtive, but welcome, sixpence, or the modest, but not less welcome, fourpenny and threepenny for value received? Do we not fee the boxkeepers at theatres where no gratuities are allowed, and where, of course, none are ever offered or accepted? It is a vicious practice, a demoralising custom, but it is a matter of habit; and so, when MR. HERBERT, M.P., requests us not to give his employé a tip, what, I ask, is the consequence? I will answer for myself and for my American friend. . . and, of course, we did not do anything of the kind, that is any more than any other gentleman tourist would when visiting Muckross.

Muckross Abbey.—Worth all the sixpences that ever were coined.

"A kinder sollum place," says my American friend.

It is, as he says, a "kinder sollum place," and being both of us considerably impressed by the "sollumity," we, by tacit agreement, part company. I sit in the refectory and think "how many have told of the Monks of old," and what a glorious race they were, and I visit the chapel, and the Abbot's room, and I wander among the tombs, and the cool dark cloisters. Wasn't it from a window in Muckross Abbey that *Hardress Cregan* used to show a light to *Eily O'Connor*, or vice versa; or wasn't it this at all at all, and am I, as I rather think I am, all wrong? For why the D—ION BOUCAULT should *Hardress Cregan* be here and not at his mother's house?

Alas! The *Colleen Bawn* has no more to do with Killarney and Muckross than I have. She was drowned in the Shannon, I believe, and *Danny Mann* was hung for it at Cork. The *Colleen Bawn* Rock and Cave are delusions. We tried them. The nose of our boat would scarcely run into the Cave, in which there was about six inches of water, and standing upright was an impossibility. Of course where you can't stand upright and can't sit down, you must stoop or lie—and "Lord! how this World is given to lying!"

Happy Thought. To bring out a new magazine, to be called *The Truth*. What a cruel publication it would be, destroying cherished illusions, extinguishing old lights and substituting no new ones. But if *The Truth* were told, what would become of History? (Evidently a deep subject for an Essay in *Typical Developments*, vol. xx., Article *Truth*.) However, *The Truth* about Killarney is easily told,—it is lovely, beautiful as *Truth* itself in the abstract, and I object to concrete from what I've seen of it, and especially judging from what I've had to pay for it whenever it came into a

builder's explanation as to why the price of the work done exceeded the guaranteed estimate. You mustn't look for truth in the concrete from a builder.

But this is discursory, and as I am clearly exceeding my excursory powers, let us hie back to the Victoria, and to-morrow away for Glengariff. If I cannot obtain Truth, let my motto be Progress.

A LINE FROM THE LIONS.

(By favour of Mr. Punch, and with his emphatic approval.)



U TILE DULCI! Excellent motto!

Ring as round as O of grotto,

Dangling from my mouth dependeth.

Can't quite see what charm it lendeth

Unto leonine loveliness.

Pigs are ring'd; I fail to guess

Why that porcine gear they try on

Me!—a Thames Embankment Lion!

BULL, a blundering brute, but stout—

Loves me—as his type no doubt.

Makes me ramp upon his banner

In a most unnatural manner.

Sticks me, looking sage and solemn,

Round about his NELSON Column;

Poses me, stiff-tailed, or curly,

Couchant, rampant, slim, or burly,

On each pillar, terrace, arch, Shop-front, box of patent starch!

I submit. My hirsute beauty

Is content to do mixed duty,

Serve a bard or a balloonist,

Tavern, patriot cartoonist,

Herald, sculptor, antiquarian,—

But, if made utilitarian,

Let me, heedless of high art,

Play consistently my part.

Here I stare, like that chill myth

The sphinx of ALEXANDER SMITH,

With that ring run through my nose—

"Decorative," I suppose—

Stare and see—well, people drowned,

River sights, that much abound.

Sent by slip or casual shove

From the parapet above,

In they splash, and fight, and sink

Close upon the river's brink.

Not a pleasant sight! Perhaps

Those Utilitarian chaps

Won't decline to entertain

The notion of a "Safety Chain,"

Whereat drowning folk may clutch

(They will thank CHARLES MATTHEW much!)

Such as hang round Steamers' side,

Within hand-grasp from the tide.—

'Twill not shame our nose-rings greatly,

Or impair our aspect stately.

Punch, pray push the project duly,

And you'll much oblige Yours, truly,

This comes, your help to thank meant,

From a Lion of the Embankment.

A SUGGESTION FOR DR. SLADE'S DEFENCE.—Let him prove his ALLIE by.

NEW NAVAL DANCE (vice the Hornpipe dismissed the Service).—The "Breakdown."

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Swindling Bondholders.



CASUISTIC INGENUITY.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! CHILDREN, CHILDREN! ARE YOU AWARE THAT TO-DAY IS SUNDAY?"
 "YES, MAMMA, BUT WE'RE PRETENDING IT ISN'T, YOU KNOW; SO IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

TYLER'S TIP.

JOHN BULL to a Great Western Director.

"The accident to the *Flying Dutchman*, which occurred on the 27th July, at Long Ashton, differed in its character from most of the recent railway horrors. . . . Its cause is clearly traced in CAPTAIN TYLER's Report. . . . to defects of the most elementary kind. . . . for which the Great Western Company must be held, not constructively responsible. . . . but directly so. The *Flying Dutchman*, which connects the West Country with London, is one of the swiftest express trains known in the kingdom. It maintains a speed of some sixty miles an hour. . . . The rate of speed was not in itself dangerous; the construction of the line was perfectly consistent with safety, but the permanent way was not in good condition. . . . As CAPTAIN TYLER observes, 'immunity from accident depends on the preservation of a larger margin beyond what is barely necessary to prevent actual or obvious risk.' That margin 'had not been maintained.' . . . The Bristol and Exeter line extends over seventy-seven miles, in the course of which the inspection discovered nearly 20,000 faults. . . . About 250 defects to every mile of railway gives the *Flying Dutchman* some four chances of a catastrophe to every second it travels at its highest speed."

The Times on CAPTAIN TYLER's Report.

'Tis the pace, Sir, that kills? Well, not always it seems
 Am I reading plain print or indulging in dreams?
 Two hundred and fifty defects to the mile!
 At that neat little average Death ought to smile.
 Pleased at being so courted in what one may say,
 Without double entente, is a permanent way.
 I should envy his nerves who'd regard with composure—
 I own that I can't—CAPTAIN TYLER's disclosure.

I wish to ride fast, and am willing to run
 The fair risks of the road; but I don't see the fun
 Of four chances of smash to the second, effect
 Of mere miserly pinching, or callous neglect.
 Railway accidents? Nonsense! The name's misapplied
 To the pre-arranged perils of such a death-ride.
 Twenty thousand defects! 'Tis a trifle too much, man,
 In an eighty miles' spin with your fast *Flying Dutchman*.

A Signalman's blunder, a coupling that fails,
 May appeal for allowance; but miles of bad rails,
 Broken joint-plates by hundreds, and sleepers unsound,
 Mean Catastrophe courted, and frequently found.
 You carry, I pay; mine the cost, yours the care;
 I must ask for fair play in exchange for my fare;
 That's our bargain in brief, and whate'er you may wish, you
 Shan't shunt on some line of irrelevant issue.

TYLER's margin, my friend, must in fact be maintained,
 And the means to that end he has clearly explained.
 Neglect here spells Murder! What's needful I'll pay.
 But not for long miles of bad permanent way:
 "Westward ho! with grim Death!"—who must hold a free pass
 On your line—is a bidding suggestive of brass.
 One would almost think Death, that insatiate Spectre,
 Had got a new berth, as Great Western Director!

Milk and Water.

It has been stated that, one day last week, nearly 10,000 persons paid for admission to the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Many of these were farmers and other country people, but the greater part no doubt Londoners, naturally anxious to see, for the first time in their lives, samples of genuine unadulterated milk and cream. The Prize Cows were among the principal objects of attraction, but in that department many visitors observed that they missed the Cow with the Iron Tail.

A Sensation.

SCENE—*The Marshes. (Conversation between an Englishman and a Frenchman, after seeing the great Gun fired.)*

Englishman. Vous êtes bien étonné, Monsieur?

Frenchman. Non seulement étonné, Monsieur—eighty-one-tonné!

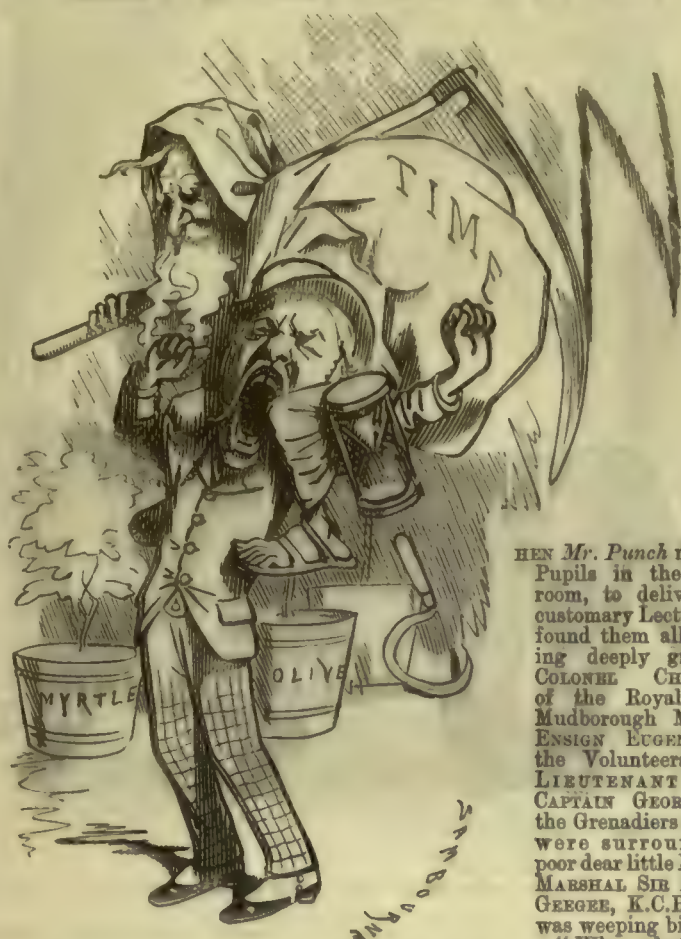


DOUBTFUL DIPLOMACY.

MR. BULL (to LORD D'ARTY). "I SAY, MY LORD!—IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING AT?"

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION V.—AN OFFICER'S DUTIES IN PEACE AND WAR.



When Mr. Punch met his Pupils in the ante-room, to deliver his customary Lecture, he found them all looking deeply grieved. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, and LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, were surrounding poor dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., who was weeping bitterly. "Why, what is the matter?" cried Mr.

Punch, genuinely alarmed at his poor little favourite's weakly-expressed distress.

"It is too bad!" drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green. "A fellow has written to the papers to say that the miserable little chap should be retired."

"Why?" asked Mr. Punch, in a tone of surprise.

"Because he had had sixty-eight years' service!" exclaimed the Lieutenant and Captain, indignantly. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! The Service, Sir, is going to the deuce!"

"Why, the next thing they will do will be to go into that other extreme," cried COLONEL CHARLES; "they will retire all Militia Captains under two years' service. If they do, all the companies of the Royal East Mudborough Militia will be commanded by Sub-Lieutenants!"

"My dear Pupils," observed Mr. Punch, with a smile, "you may be sure that it will be quite safe. Anything suggested by a civilian will never be adopted by the Authorities of Pall Mall."

Dear little SIR FRANK was soon consoled by the promise (given by Mr. Punch) that the most powerful influence should be exercised on his behalf to secure for him either the post of Constable of the Tower or the Governorship of Chelsea Hospital. When the sweet little man was smiling once more, the Sage of Sages commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. In Times of Peace.—The general duties of Officers in time of peace should be to popularise the Army as much as possible in the places where they may for the time be stationed. Of course the Colonel, as the Commandant, should take the lead. SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in his excellent *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, to which allusion has already been made, has (at page 13) given "what all Officers should carry in their heads." Amongst the suggestions appears the following excellent piece of advice: "Accustom yourself to time the pace at which you travel, to count the number of telegraph poles there are to a mile, and so ascertain how many yards they are apart," &c. In the same fashion the Commanding Officer should visit the resident Gentry with a view to ascertaining their tastes, &c. He should make it a point to drop in at Five o'clock Tea, with the intention of discovering the number of marriageable daughters, the *penchants* of their mothers, &c. Having made the necessary "observation," he should next proceed to detail the duties of his subordinates. Thus,

he should tell off MAJOR TWENTYSTUN to Brigade Drill, examination of Defaulters' Books, and Whist at penny points with the local Vicar. The Captains, after their companies have been paid and dismissed, should be ordered to judging distances at Lawn Tennis, and Skating Rink Drill. The Subalterns, who are required to act as supernumeraries on Court-Martials, by the Queen's Regulations, might perform similarly honorary duties on Ladies' Committees for Hospital Balls or Charitable Fancy Fairs. In all cases the Commanding Officer should from time to time visit the various places at which he may have stationed his Officers, to see that their duties are being properly performed. Thus he should drop in at the Vicar's, and say, heartily, "Hallo, TWENTYSTUN, another revoke!" He can do no harm in helping a long-service Captain round the Rink, when he discovers that long-service Captain clumsily attempting to master the difficulties of the outer edge; and he should occasionally inspect the Ladies' Committees, to see that his Subs are making themselves generally agreeable.

The Commanding Officer should be always ready to give his subordinates "a lead" in everything. For instance, should amateur theatricals be in vogue in the town in which his Regiment is stationed, he should be prepared at a moment's notice to cast himself for the parts of "the Prince of Denmark" in *Hamlet*, and as "the guilty Thane" in *Macbeth*. The facts that he weighs over twenty stun and has not the faintest notion of acting should not damp his ardour. In Cavalry Regiments circuses and nigger minstrels have frequently been organised. When this has been the case, the Colonel should assume the principal characters himself—Clown to the circus, and "Centre Man" to the niggers. He must keep up the dignity of his rank even off parade. In like manner the two Majors should be told off to perform the dual duties (bones, tambourines, and jokes) appertaining to the post of "Corner Men."

The other Officers should play a game of follow their leader. They should flirt, sing, and make themselves amiable. Their regimental duties should take about a twelfth of their time—they can devote the rest of their leisure to their friends. As it has been made a punishment to have to wear uniform, they should dress themselves when they can in mufti. Of course fashions change, but the costume most popular at the present moment is a rig out which is equally suggestive of the tourist and the livery stable keeper.

Part II. In Times of War.—The whole duty of a British Officer in the time of War is to remember that he is a British Officer, and—to behave as such!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION V.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, I have been studying the *Field Exercises*, and really they appear to me to be very difficult.

Mr. Punch. The directions, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, are certainly sometimes a little obscure. No doubt the excellent compiler of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* had a voice in the editing of all military books of instruction. But now let me hear how you would each of you dismiss your men. We will pass over dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., as he is out of spirits, and come to you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia.

Colonel Charles. My usual word of command, Sir, is "Umps! Umps! Umps!" The Adjutant invariably gives it the necessary interpretation.

Mr. Punch. Very good. And how, my dear Lieutenant and Captain of the Grenadiers Green,—how would you dismiss a parade?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Oh, by telling the Sergeant-Major, or some fellow of that sort, that I was off for the day.

Mr. Punch. Yes; and you, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?

Ensign Eugene. I should let my men see a clock pointing to five minutes to the time of the departure of the last train, and the Regiment would dismiss itself without word of command. But to return to the Military guide-books. Are not the foreign ones much simpler than ours?

Mr. Punch. Much, my dear Pupils. I am happy to say that this simplicity has been partly taught by the action of English Soldiers. When foreigners have had to meet British Infantry they have found one word of command amply sufficient—"Bolt!"



QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.

Brown, Senior. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

Brown, Junior. "AW—FON M' WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"

TEETOTALISM V. TEMPERANCE.

PRESIDING the other night at a meeting held at Leicester, in connection with that insidious association the Church of England Temperance Society—which aims at merely promoting moderation by moral suasion instead of enforcing total abstinence by law—the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH adopted, on that behalf, the argument of which, *Mr. Punch*, let me tell you, we have heard too much, namely that:—

"One hundred and fifty years ago the upper classes were quite intemperate. There was in those days a proverb, 'As drunk as a Lord,' but could that proverb be applied now? Drunkenness in a peer would be regarded as degrading to his office, and in the middle-class it was now regarded as a disgrace. This alteration had not been the effect of legislation, for legislation was the same now as before; and if there had been this improvement in the higher and middle-classes, why should they despair of its being the case with the Working-Man? Why should the mechanic or the working man be so disgraced any more than the peer or squire? Why should the stigma be thrown on the Working-Man that he was as drunk as a lord?"

Why, Sir? For two good reasons. First, as a ground whereon to demand legislation to prevent the Working-Man from drinking anything stronger than tea. Secondly, because consistency will then require that the Lords and Squires, and all the better classes (inclusive of Bishops) shall be subjected to the same prohibition. No such half-and-half measures—though an enemy to porter and ale, believe me, *Mr. Punch*, I pun not—as these for us! Let the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH waste his breath on those whom he tells that:—

"They might do much to remove the temptation from the Working-Man by closing public-houses or getting him to abstain from attending them. But what were they asking the Working-Man to give up? The public-house was equivalent to the rich man's drawing-room, and he therefore urged upon them to provide for the Working-Men public-houses without drink, and clubs managed by Working Men, not kept in leading strings and driven to the left or to the right at every turn, but clubs in which Working-Men should manage their own affairs in the same way as dukes, lords, and bishops worked their clubs in London."

And so get as drunk as a Lord, a Duke, a Bishop, or any other gentleman now usually gets, and no drunker? Not if we can help it, *Mr. Punch*. No, Sir. On the contrary, we have all put our hands to the plough, and our shoulders to the wheel, and laid the mallet to the thick end of the wedge whose thin is the Permissive Bill, and we don't mean to turn back till we have driven it home and closed all the public-houses, and not only the public-houses for the people, but also the Clubs for the Lords, Dukes, Bishops, and all the rest of the classes who in general practice sobriety and pronounce their aitches. The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH reckons without his host—I don't mean his publican—in thinking to balk us of the triumph we are bent upon. We will not rest till we have compelled the community against their will to endure a privation which we choose to undergo ourselves. Sir, we fight for principle; we go the whole hog, and more, for pigs are only voluntary teetotalers, and incapable of wishing to impose the blessing of total abstinence on their kind, a peculiarity which distinguishes them from an unpromising member of the United Kingdom Alliance and an out-and-out

GOOD TEMPLAR.

Generals' Necessaries.

SIR,

I BEG to draw your attention to the following extracts from "The Army and Navy Co-operative" Price List for October, page 147, "Prices reduced. General's Holster with petticoat bags;" and page 156, "Holsters with Petticoat Bags, and Dress Flounce with Crown and Star." Can dear *Mr. Punch* tell me the meaning of it? Though I have often heard grumbling Colonels declare our Generals were nothing but a lot of old women, I never before knew they really wore petticoats!

I am, SIR, yours faithfully,

LAURA GUSHINGTON.

October 25, 1876.

APPROPRIATE LOCALS FOR THE DAIRY SHOW.—Chalk Farm.



"CHACUN POUR SOI."

Lady's-Maid. "I BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT YOUR DRESS IS TRAILING—HADN'T I BETTER LOOP IT UP BEFORE YOU GO OUT?"

Lady. "NO, THANKS, PARKER, I PREFER LETTING IT TRAIL, AS IT'S THE FASHION JUST NOW—"

Lady's-Maid. "YES, MA'AM—BUT AS THE DRESS IS TO BE *MINE* SOME DAY, I THINK I OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SAY IN THE MATTER!"

WAR CRIES.

The Sub's.—Thank goodness! there's a ripple on Stagnation at last!

The Retired Field-Officer's.—Just my luck! Here I am in the wine trade, when I ought to be at the head of my regiment!

The Field Marshal's.—This infernal gout will give some one a leg up over my head!

The Boy's.—Mother darling, let me be a Sailor!

The Maiden's.—Awfully nice—my love will be a Captain soon!

The Nurse Girl's.—Oh my! who's to push the perambulator now?

The Bullionist's.—A fall of five again to-day, by Jove! What game's to be played next?

The Army Contractor's.—Here's luck! Bring up those jackets which were cast in the Crimean War, and the saddles we could not get rid of in '72.

The Tailor's.—Confound it! Dun those boys at once, before their regiments are ordered off.

The Man's who imagines the British Empire consists of London and the adjacent provinces.—What has England got to do with it?

The Parson's.—Ah! my Christian friends, there will be no peace as long as war continues!

The Old Maids. Isn't it dreadful! We might be invaded and carried off by the Russians against our will!

The Policeman's. Bravo! Robert 'll have it all his own way when them lobsters goes on duty!

The Newsboy's. Spesh-hurl Edish-hurn! Hentry of the Roosh-hurn Harmies! Hor-furl Slor-hor-tur—! Dish-hurn!!!

CIVIC POETS.

A COLLECTION of Poems entitled *Imagination* has been published, the Author of which is the LORD MAYOR. Parnassus has been besieged ever since this publication by Aldermen, Sheriffs, and even Common-councilmen, who all wish to vie with MR. COTTON in verse.

Our particular friend, ALDERMAN GUSH, has begged us to accept a copy of his forthcoming volume of verse, entitled *Reality*. We hasten to publish specimens:—

LAUS TESTUDINIS.

Wreath my brow with Myrtles,
Parsley, too, and Thyme!
I would sing the Turtle's
Praise in rhyme!
Calipash so luscious—
Likewise Calipee—
Fat so green and gushous,
Dear to me!
Guests flock by the thousand—
Tempt them Ham of York?
Flesh of sheep and cows, and
Lamb or Pork?
Hither Painter, Poet,
Author, Actor, troop
Thee to taste (we know it),
Turtle Soup!
Muse, tuck up thy kirtle;
Ask the Gods to lunch;
Try a plate of Turtle,
With iced Punch!

EPIGRAM

On a Gentleman (calling himself so) who actually did not enjoy Turtle.

To think on earth a savage lives
Disliking Calipee!
So much the worse for him! It gives
One more full plate to me.

Her Proper School.

AMONGST the curiosities in the Philadelphia Exhibition there is an exquisite Bust in butter, the work of a Canadian Farmer's daughter, which has excited such admiration, that funds are being raised to send the Young Lady to study in Italy. We should say, try Greece.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A TELEGRAM from Washington announces that the United States have experienced a most severe blow. It is well known that our American Cousins are accustomed to sensations and "big things" generally. Niagara may "stun with thundering sound," and the Mississippi steamboats may blow up at convenient periods. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky may be awe-striking, and Politics may be red-hot, and revolvers protruding from many pockets. All these things our Cousins have long been accustomed to, and apparently enjoyed; but mark the sequel. They were not accustomed to MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., nor to MR. PARNELL, M.P., who visited the United States to present an address to the PRESIDENT on behalf of the Home-Rule Party. Consequently the SECRETARY OF STATE decided that the address must be presented through the British Minister in the usual way. With a ruthlessness which cannot be sufficiently commented upon, MR. POWER and MR. PARNELL have decided not to present the address at all! Of course, America is a large country, and her resources are large, but whether she will recover from the shock which has visited her, Time alone can show.

About the Measure of It.

M.P. (addressing his Constituents during the Recess). "Gentlemen, scan the Continent of Europe, &c., &c."

Enthusiastic Schoolboy (in reply)—

Centūr|bābān|tūr Cōn|stānti|nāpōlltāni||
Innūmē|rābīl|bās |sōllīci|tudinī|bās.||

THE NEXT ARTICLE—IN THE 'GOLOS.'

(Translated from the Russian by Mr. Punch's Private Medium.)



THE time has arrived for speaking boldly and plainly to the half-civilised barbarians who dwell in England, the land of fogs and slaves. As this paper is addressed to the educated classes of the most intellectual country in the world, it will be unnecessary to say a word about the cruelties and "outrages" of Great Britain. Who has not heard of the daily wife-sale in Smithfield, of the wretched hirelings who are forced to gorge raw meat to amuse a senseless and sensual country (in England these degraded wretches are called "Beef-eaters"), of the frightful terrors of that home of murder in Baker Street so gloomily described as "the Chamber of Horrors," of the cowardly injustice of the "Habeas Corpus Act," and all the loathsome "customs" (as the rites would be called in Africa) of "Magna Charta"? Which of our readers has not heard of all these blemishes—nay, plague-spots—upon the civilisation of the nineteenth century? Why should we ask for an answer when no reply is sure to be forthcoming? No, then let us address ourselves to the subject we have in hand and at heart.

First, then, let us say that that august nobleman, PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF, has never been bribed. Although this accusation has never been made by the British Press, there are ample proofs to establish the fact that the Editors of the leading English journals imagine that his Highness has been guilty of peculation. They do not say so, but they must think so. They know what DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD is like, they know his combinations and trickiness, and they must believe that the noblest of men and the purest of patriots—in a word, GORTCHAKOFF—has been formed in the same mould. Nothing could be more disgraceful, nothing could be more dastardly, and—English! But as this thought must be in their minds, it shall be our duty to expose their callous brutality.

The events of the Franco-German War must still be fresh in the minds of every one. It will be remembered that Russia, with a nobleness and bravery (which must fill every cultivated mind with feelings of the strongest admiration), preserved a strict neutrality—she sided neither with the French nor the Germans. Probably the English Journalists believe that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF received a present of 2,000,000 roubles from BISMARCK on the one side and GAMBETTA on the other. No grosser calumny could be imagined by the mind of man. Let BISMARCK and GAMBETTA be questioned, and they will assert that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF did not receive more than two-thirds of the sums that have been mentioned. If they deny this, let the Foreign Offices of Berlin and Paris be searched, and then our Prince's patriotism will be proudly established by the discovery of the receipts!

The story that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF offered DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD £5,000 for a third share in his (supposed—mark the word—supposed) profits on the Suez Canal Scheme is utterly false. The offer (it was £6,000) was made to the Premier's Private Secretary, who kicked the Prince's emissary out of Downing Street! On the most reliable information it has now been ascertained that DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD did not make a miserable shilling by his diplomacy; and as for his Secretary's kick, all we can say is this—it will long be remembered by posterity!

And now we come to the story of the Prince seeking twenty-five Generals' commissions, thirty-six Military orders, and two hundred and eighteen Patents of nobility. Well, of course, all our readers are familiar with the facts of the narrative; therefore it would merely be repetition to repeat them. We assert with the greatest possible indignation, however, that many of the minor details have been considerably exaggerated.

Everybody is aware, too, that our August Chancellor has received for various services at various times 28,000,000 lire from KING VICTOR EMMANUEL (paid in paper money, and therefore not very valuable), 4,000,000 florins from the present EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and 25,000 francs from the Swiss Confederation. But were not

these sums presents? And if he is always asking for *douceurs* from the KING OF THE BELGIANS, His Majesty of Sweden and Norway, the Monarch of Denmark, the KING OF SPAIN, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA, does he always get as much as from his august position he might naturally expect to obtain? Let the mean-spirited potentates, who have only sent half the sum demanded, reply to this home-thrust!

And now having answered the charges of the English Journalists (charges that were rather cowardly thoughts than dastardly assertions), we throw ourselves upon the generosity of our supporters.

To our Customers.—Our Collector calls daily (when desired) for orders. As arranged, he will bring the receipted bill (made up to to-day's date) to-morrow morning to His Highness the PRINCE G——FF. Will His Highness (if he should happen to be out) kindly leave the money with His Highness's Secretary. The proofs of next week's article have been sent as usual to the Chancellerie for revision.

DREAM POEM À LA SWINBURNE.

(After a Supper of Pork Chops.)

Soft is the smell of it, sweet the sad sound of it,
Mournfully mingled on yon mountain's top,
Grateful, and green, and caressing the ground of it,
Calm as a calyx, and deep as a drop.

Ah! the enlivenment, dark as the distance!
Ah! the allurements that lavish and lave!
Is there no sound but the sun's sweet insistence,
Night in the forest, and noon on the wave?

Fierce as a festival, fragrant and fading—
Grim as the grandeur that dreams of a day—
Is there no balm in Love's lavish unloading,
Born in the brightness, and grieving, and gray?

Lo! in the glimmering, sweet Aphrodite,
Ghastly and gracious, and groaning and grave,
Brilliant in banishment, mournful and mighty,
Soft as the samite that sinks in the wave!

Light are the longings that listen and linger:
Ah! the sick kingdoms that grapple and groan!
Red as Republics that point the far finger,
Or hail the horizon, aghast and alone.

Sinks in the distance the Dream and the Dreaming,
Leaves the wide world to its pining and pain;
From the great Universe, lo! in the gleaming,
Blazes the bandersnatch, faithless and fain!

Tea and Spirits.

A TEADEALER in a leading thoroughfare of the City announces the first arrival from the "Tea Harvest," of the "New Crop," per steamers *Glenartney* and *Glenearn*. Breathes there the Scotchman who can brook these denominations for steamers conveying cargoes of Tea? What next? Another arrival of Tea, perhaps, per steamer *Glenlivet*, which would naturally create in the Scottish mind a horrid confusion between the "Tea Spirit Robur," and the Spirit of the Glen, Sister Spirit to the Spirit of the Mountain, otherwise Mountain Dew, in short, Whiskey.

Mr. Tennyson on the Eastern Question.

(Dedicated, without express permission, to Servia.)

'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OPINION.

MRS. GAMP expresses her decided opinion that howsumdever much there may be to say agin BENJAMIN BEACONSFIELD, still, in belyin' of him for a Premier with a stockjobbin' policy, leastways that there Editor of the *Rooshan Golosh* have put his foot in it.

MR. GLADSTONE wanted a General Election—well, Ministers have gone to the Country.

SORS HORATIANA (for Russia).—"Fortiter occupa Portum."
Lib. i., Ode xiv.



TOO SERIOUS FOR JOKING.

Smith (frivolous Joker). "THE 'MURPHIES' COME UP RATHER BADLY, EH, BROWN?"

Brown (serious Gardener). "OH, MIDDLING."

Smith. "I FIND THE CROP WILL BE TEN PER CENT. UNDER THE AVERAGE THIS YEAR!"

Brown. "HOW DO YOU COME AT THAT? THEY ARE NOT GOT UP YET."

Smith (prodding B. with his Umbrella). "BY TRYING 'EM, BY THE TEN-TATIVE PROCESS, MY BOY! TWIG!"

[*Brown has to go in and take something.*]

POETICAL LICENCE.

THE following Advertisement telling of the lavish liberality of Oriental Princes appeared not many days ago in the columns of the *Times* :—

TO POETS, &c.—WANTED, A LIBRETTO for an opera in Italian. The subject must be tragic. £20 will be given for it if approved of.—Prince Duleep Singh, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, London.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the notice to "Poets, &c.," must have produced hundreds of answers. Will HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE DULEEP SINGH be good enough to say if the following were amongst the number.

Working Man's Literary Institute, Hammersmith.

MR. JOHN JONES, bricklayer, presents his compliments to MR. DULEEP SINGH, and begs to say that should he be thrown out of work this Christmas he will be glad to think of MR. SINGH's offer. At present his wages are too good to allow of his entertaining MR. SINGH's obliging proposal.

Servant's 'All, 2,473, Grosvenor Square.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq.'s respects to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH, and I wouldn't undertake the job under £25. What with my gentleman's clothes to brush, and the tidying up of the pantry, JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq., ain't got much time on 'is 'ands for what I may call literatooore. Thank you all the same.

Grub Street, E.C.

MR. SHAKESPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS presents his compliments to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH, and regrets that his appointment as Poet Laureate to the eminent firm of MESSRS. SHADBACH, MESHACH, AND

THE PARADISE AT THE POLE.

(*A Fool's.*)

THE Northern Pole has no punch-bowl
Inside of its frozen rim,
No open sea, as 'twas said to be,
Where the sprat and mackerel swim :

No Paradise walled round with ice
Which Arctic lights illumine ;
Where gales smell nice with balm and spice,
And the rose and the citron bloom.

No haven of rest for the rock-built nest
Of the gannet and the gull,
Much less any brake whence trill and shake
Are poured by the sweet bul-bul.

There absolute Cold, in high stronghold,
A Despot reigns alone.
No living thing can that old King,
Jack Frost, brook near his throne.

Mid snow on his chair he sits, as it were
The Prince on a Twelfth-Cake, crowned,
With a frozen wall that blocks out all,
Four hundred miles around.

Too daring wights from afar he smites.
Beware lest he nip thy nose,
Or turn thee back from thy doleful track,
Adventurer, minus toes!

Hurrah for the bold who braved the cold,
In hard and perilous fight
With that fell foe, to far down below
The zero of Fahrenheit.

But now you know that the Pole's no go,
In a region you can't explore,
Let lives be cost and money dead lost
In a vain attempt no more.

Mrs. Gamp on the Arctic Expedition.

"SAIREY," says MRS. HARRIS to me, "'ow comes it as these Diskivery Ships, which was to have brought the North Pole to the British Museum, has been gone and come back without it?"

"MRS. 'ARRIS," says I, "I suppose they've been' and comed back from regions only known to themselves."

A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Treadmill-turning

ABEDNEGO, the celebrated Merchant Clothiers, prevents him from accepting the Prince's esteemed proposal. MR. SHAKESPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS takes the liberty to suggest that from the nature of the Prince's offer, he imagines that the terms of MESSRS. S. M. AND A. will exactly suit the views of his Highness. The Indian Gent Suit (as advertised), from £1 2s. 6d., trousers, coates, and vest complete.

*Hanwell Lunatic Asylum,
Dangerous Ward.*

YOUR HIGHNESS,
I shall be very glad to undertake the work you propose, for the rate of remuneration you suggest.

Your very obedient servant,

A LITERARY MAN.

P.S.—I would have called upon you in person had I been able to effect my escape.

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to PRINCE DULEEP SINGH. As His Highness has hitherto maintained the character of a very sensible Gentleman, Mr. Punch trusts that the advertisement to which he has called attention is merely a silly hoax.

Suspicious.

CAN this advertisement, from the *Wigan Observer*, have anything to do with the "Cow with the iron tail"?

THE WIGAN COAL & IRON CO., Limited, beg to announce that they have commenced to deliver MILK, by Cart, from their Brimelow Farm.

GREAT STEP IN SPIRITUALISM!

(By Psycho Brahe.)



PIRITUALISM is often objected to on the ground that spiritual messages are usually trivial, silly, and ungrammatical. It is said that the familiar spirits of Spiritualists are in general more than familiar in their familiarities, being vulgar. This is quite true. I have discovered why. As the

law of gravitation was revealed to NEWTON, so, to compare mundane matters with things spiritual, was that higher revelation made to me. An apple fell upon NEWTON's head, and knocked gravitation into it: a spirit touch on the seat of intelligence put a grander idea into mine.

There are those who deny the story of NEWTON and the apple. Perhaps they doubt the reality of WILLIAM TELL and his apple too. The discovery I have made will be questioned and scoffed at by none but such inveterate sceptics as those.

What is that discovery?

The singular and startling fact that the spirits from whom or rather from which those lower communications come, are, in

fact, the spirits of lower animals, mostly, though not always, those of domestic pets. It is these latter that announce themselves as *Annie*, *Minnie*, *Topsy*, *Joey*, and so forth.

One evening a few weeks ago, at our usual friendly *séance*, after the accustomed tippings, and raps which were loud and frequent, a sound of scratching upon the table was heard, and immediately the touch of something light and velvety came on my head. My nose, at the same time, was gently scratched. The Spirit gave by the alphabet the name of *Tibbie*. No party in our circle remembered to have lost any relative known by that endearing appellation; but the pat on the head reminded me that it had been the name of a favourite tom-cat which had recently departed this life. A rapid train of meditation concluded in the surmise that feline spirits might possibly exist, and our unseen visitant be one of them. On inquiry, this, to the astonishment of all present, proved to be really the case.

On subsequent investigation we found that communications purporting to be derived from deceased friends, are often really made by dogs and cats that were allowed in their lifetime to lie under the family table, or at the family hearth, and so to obtain a knowledge of family affairs, often imperfect; whence the spirit misstatements so remarkably common.

The generality of the tricky and mischievous spirits we ascertained to be those of monkeys, mostly from the Zoological Gardens. A tiger once gave the name of *Nero*, and a spirit calling itself *Dr. Johnson* turned out to have been in life an elephant. The customary untruthfulness of Spirits is beautifully accounted for by the moral deficiency natural to the inferior creatures, whose faculties are nevertheless in course of expansion and development in spirit-life. We received, however, some very friendly greetings from departed dogs, particularly a poodle naming himself *Walker*, who afforded us much reliable information.

On one occasion the spirit of an animal claimed to be that of a living writer distinguished by his enmity to *Punch*. It was the spirit of a jackass.



A VOCATION.

Young Genius (gazing with complacency at his Mother's Portrait, to which he has just added the last finishing touch). "WHAT WE REALLY WANT, MOTHER, TO REGENERATE ART AND RESTORE IT TO ITS FORMER HIGH POSITION, IS THAT A MAN SHOULD ARISE AMONGST US WHO SHOULD COMBINE THE LOFTIEST AIMS WITH ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED POWER!—AND I MUST SAY, MOTHER, I CAN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD NOT BE THAT MAN!"

Fond and foolish Mamma. "I'M SURE YOU MIGHT, ALGERNON, IF YOU TRIED!"

What a cheering thought is that of the improvement and amelioration of the spirits of animals occurring in the spirit-sphere! There, even an Ass learns to spell, however imperfectly. The cry is still "*Exeelsior!*" As Man, ascending proportionately in the scale of Being, to what an immeasurable altitude may a Spiritualist, like me, expect to rise above a donkey!

"WILLS OF THEIR OWN."

(Not from the Illustrated London News.)

THE Will and testament of HORATIO GROWLER, of Grumpy Hall, dated November, 1846, has been proved under £200,000, whereby he bequeaths his property in equal shares to his brothers JOHN and JAMES. By a codicil dated August, 1854, he revokes his bequest to JOHN, on the ground that the latter has married a wife with a squint. By a codicil dated January, 1861, he leaves all his property to the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, with the intent of thereby equitably providing for his brothers and their families. A codicil dated June, 1867, contains mere personal abuse of his relations, as do codicils dated May, 1870, and July, 1872. A codicil, dated September, 1875, leaves all his property to his Cook, "the only woman he ever knew who could make a leg of mutton last from Sunday to Saturday." It is probable that this Will will be disputed.

The Will of HANNAH MARIA SARAH, relict of JOHN FOODLES, dry-salter, dated June, 1870, has been proved under £90,000. Testatrix leaves to her four sons £50 each, and to each of her seven daughters £100, and bequeaths the remainder to the founding of a hospital for lost dogs and cats.

The Will of PATRICK O'FLANAGAN, dated "either July or August," 1872, has been proved under £300. By it £5000 are left to the British Museum, to purchase the ancient sculptures of Ireland; £10,000 to the National Gallery, to encourage Irish Art, and £10,000 to the Zoological Society, to form and maintain a collection

of Irish wild beasts. The testator leaves all his kingdom of Tipperary to his brother-in-law, AUGUSTUS O'LEARY, "hereby apologising for having broken the latter's head at Clonmel Fair"—and also the ancient regal Crown, "when that thief LANAGAN brings it back." By a codicil of a later date, testator bequeaths so much of his stock of blue-stone whiskey, "as may not be consumed at the time of his death," to his cousins, on the condition that "they do not make beasts of themselves at his funeral."

The Will of LYCURGUS SOLOMON, Journalist, dated March, 1874, has been proved under £800, which sum has been left to establish an Asylum for Indigent Authors. To FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE, Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE was "the very worst Actor that had ever tried to bring SHAKESPEARE into contempt." To MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN, Dramatist and Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN was "as little capable of acting the part of a Gentleman as he was of describing one." To GEORGINA LA ROSE, Novelist, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid GEORGINA LA ROSE "had better cease staining her fingers with ink, and devote what little intellect she is endowed with to the making of slippers, or the turning of a mangle." To the Managers of the different Metropolitan Theatres are left several unacted Tragedies, and to the various Publishing Firms of London are bequeathed some hundredweights of manuscript.

The Will of WILLIAM SIKES, Gentleman at large, dated October, 1869, has been proved under a nominal sum. To his "firm pal," JACK, he bequeaths his favourite Jemmy; to his "Rorty Cully," BILL, the "TICKER," which he "bunged from the old cove on Denmark Hill;" and to his "Leary Bloke," BOB, his unexpired Ticket-of-Leave.

TWO GATES TO THE EAST WHICH REQUIRE LOOKING AFTER.—Constantinople and Temple-Bar.

THE LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,



OUND trumpets, and roll drums, for this Lord Mayor's Show above all its predecessors. Besides SANGER'S Elephants and the PRIME MINISTER'S speech, and the presence of the Arctic heroes at the Banquet, Lord Mayor's Day will this year possess another source of interest, and that of a

deeply pathetic character. There is a mournful probability that this is the last time the great State Civic Procession will pass beneath Temple Bar. Such being the case, it has very properly been resolved to treat the venerable barrier with every possible mark of respect. The Joint Committee to whom has been entrusted the painful duty of making suitable arrangements on this melancholy occasion, have issued the following programme:—

On the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's Day, Temple Bar, which the utilitarian spirit of the age has doomed to a speedy destruction, will be draped in black, with the word "Farewell" inscribed in silver letters on the façade.

The windows of CHILD'S Bank will be carefully closed, and a black flag hoisted, bearing the motto—"For the last time."

When the procession arrives at the Bar, the military escort will present arms, and the various bands will play a solemn Funeral March.

The Banners of the City Companies will be lowered and furled.

The Bells of the City Churches will cease ringing.

The Lord Mayor will rise up in the State Coach and say a few appropriate words.

The Sheriffs will hide their emotion in their pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Aldermen and Common Councilmen will deposit wreaths of Immortelles all round the base and on the tops of the gates.

At the Banquet in the evening, touching allusions will be made by the Prime Minister and other Speakers to the festivities of the day. The Waiters will be affected to tears. The late Lord Mayor will recite his "Elegy on Temple Bar." Many of the guests will go home and dream of the dear old Bar transported to the Embankment, or South Kensington Museum, or Salisbury Plain.

Physicians and Feemales.

WOMEN are now eligible for the licence of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, and other licensing medical bodies are expected likewise to admit candidates of the gentler sex. There are some amongst the brotherhood of Physic who contemplate the admission of sisters with disfavour. Let us hope this does not arise from a feeling of mean jealousy and a fear of competition with women such as that which possesses trades-unionists. What medical man, that is a man, can be afraid of a medical woman? Breathes there the physician, in any considerable practice, who apprehends that the rivalry of females could ever possibly diminish his fees?

ONE Pole Russia will never succeed in coercing—the North.

WELCOME BACK!

(A Home-Coming Hail to our Arctic Explorers.)

"When commiserated with on their frost-bitten cheeks and fingers, LIEUTENANT RAWSON jovially replied, 'Well, at last we feel that the cheers from Southsea Beach have been fairly earned.'"—Story of the Expedition.

WELL earned indeed! And as our cheers Rang high and hopeful in your ears, When echoing from white Albion's shore, Went forth our *Vale*, So, hailing your return, they rise, As, clear through chill October's skies, In *Ave* glad old England's roar Greet you right gaily!

From 'Ancient Ice-Sea's silent lip, From bergs' and floes' death-dealing grip, Our Arctic Argonauts return, Though foiled, spoil-laden. On many a coming winter night Tales of their long and well-waged fight Shall make eyes glitter and cheeks burn Of youth and maiden!

Northward, where earth no longer lifts Her barren rock through deep-down rifts Of the Ice-realm, they pushed their quest, Elate, undaunted! Northward, where neither Polar Bear Ventures to make his lonely lair, Nor Seal his bed, nor Knot her nest, Mid wastes death-haunted!

All through that six-months' Arctic night, Whose watches are slow weeks, whose light Is the rare moonshine, they withstood Their Frost-foe stoutly; And with the first reluctant gleam Of the pale Spring's returning beam, Hope's fitful light of promise wooed Once more devoutly.

In vain! Those grim Ice-ridges rose Phalanx'd athwart the frozen floes: The Polar Sea's stern outworks mocked Their best endeavour. And back, with steps now fain to lag, They turned; but left the old Country's flag On the Globe's northmost bastion, locked In ice for ever!

"The pole impracticable?" Well Another day, perhaps, may tell Another tale. 'Twill ne'er deny The need now given. *Skool!* to our Northmen—NARES's band! Though from that white and wondrous land To wrench its heart of mystery In vain they've striven.

Welcome! Well done! Whoe'er they be Who o'er that Palæocrystic Sea Win farther Pole-wards, none, be sure, Can *fainéants* find you: Though lubbers funk, and prigs deride, BULL hails his Arctic lads with pride, And prays good rest to the brave four You left behind you!

AWFUL THOUGHT.

SCHOOL-BOARDS are, we know, a necessary accompaniment of our condition here, but who would have dreamt of their necessity hereafter? Yet it is plain that "ALLIE" (MRS. SLADE), who spells "shown" "shone," would not pass in our dictation standard.

THE *Standard* announces, in its largest type, "The Last Conspiracy in Spain." We are delighted to hear it.

THE Great Duke asserted that an Army fought on its Stomach. The Servians evidently have no stomach to fight on.





A COLD RECEPTION

(ARCTIC REGIONS, 1875.)

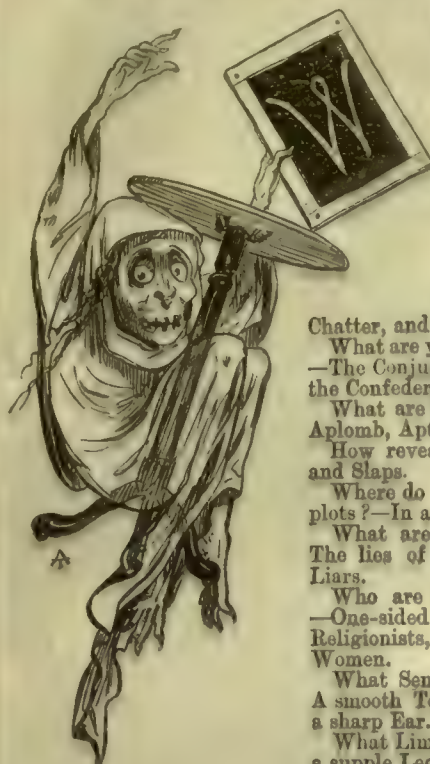


A WARM WELCOME.

(PORTSMOUTH, 1876.)



THE YOUNG MEDIUM'S CATECHISM.



What is your Name?—That is, like the Spirits, immaterial.

Where do you come from?—America generally.

Where do you practise?—In Europe especially.

What are your Properties?—A Table, a Chair, and two pair of Hands.

What do you most confide in?—Cheek, Chatter, and Chance.

What are your three great Powers?—The Conjuror, the Carpenter, and the Confederate.

What are your Spirits' names?—Aplomb, Aptitude, and Adroitness.

How revealed?—In Taps, Raps, and Slaps.

Where do the Spirits hatch their plots?—In a Mare's Nest.

What are your best support?—The lies of Fools and the folly of Liars.

Who are your best Supporters?—One-sided Scientists, no-sided Religionists, and lop-sided Old Women.

What Senses do you trust to?—A smooth Tongue, a quick Eye, and a sharp Ear.

What Limbs?—A small Hand and a supple Leg.

Where do you expect to go to?—That depends on circumstances, which, not being Spirits, are beyond my own control.

In Adversity?—To Gaoil.

In Prosperity?—To St. Petersburg.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Prince of Wales's, with a Short Disquisition on French and English Audiences, and a few words on the present Peril.

SIR,—*Peril*, at the Prince of Wales's, has long since been sufficiently discussed by competent critics, and has undoubtedly made a considerable impression on what is called the "play-going public." Your Representative's esteemed, but somewhat harem-scarum friend, PEGGY BRY, being in an undecided state of mind as to whether he shall return to Constantinople or not—an Eastern question which will be decided for him affirmatively or negatively by a peaceful or warlike solution—(and if there is peace I may sing of my Oriental chum, "He will return, I know him well"—while if there is war he will stay where he is at his house in Tyburnia, and become the Bulbul of Baywater)—my friend, I say, being in this feverish condition, is no companion for Your Representative, on an occasion when a cool head, calm judicial acumen, and a mind free from bias or prejudice, are in requisition, as they are when anyone interested in the well-being of the Drama visits the Prince of Wales's Theatre, to witness the performance of any piece produced under the management of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT. By this time every one knows that *Peril* is "adapted for the English stage from M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Nos Intimes*"—I quote the Playbill—but, as the qualification, "for the English stage" implies so much, I would prefer to consider the Play on its own merits as a production of the

"Rowe, Brothers, Rowe,"

written under a censorship far stricter than that of the official Licensor of Plays. "Adapted for the English stage," is, in effect, an apology for the adaptation; for when so "strong" a piece as *Nos Intimes* is submitted to the process of adaptation, it must be considerably weakened before it can be considered as food fit for such babes as an English audience is supposed, by competent authorities, to be; that is, as compared with a French audience.

There is, I admit, a vast difference between an English and French audience witnessing the same play. An English audience—as it appears to me—looks on at the action of a play as at realities, while

a French audience regards it as representing probabilities—or, as *Puff* says in *The Critic*, "Things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen"—which, if seasoned with sufficient wit by the Author, and artistically rendered by the Actors, are quite good enough for them *pour passer le temps*. As to anyone in a French audience being either better or worse for assisting at far "stronger" plays, I don't believe it for a moment. Are we, pharisaically, to hold up our hands in horror, and thank Heaven that an English audience is not as a French audience, because the latter only consider as an artistic question what we will insist upon confusing with one of morality? Am I a poisoner, or an intriguer, a plotter, and a man of mystery, because I prefer beguiling my leisure with the works of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS and M. GABORIAU to those of DR. CUMMING? No; if highly flavoured *bisque* is too strong for English stomachs, don't water it, and make it into a comparatively tasteless mess, but simply ignore it altogether,—have nothing to do with it. I confess, for my part, I am for giving the English dramatist a range as unlimited as is possessed by his French *confrère*, because I feel sure that he would use, and not abuse, such liberty.

Peril, however, has not been "freely adapted," it has been "drawn mild." The "peril" is very slight; I was scarcely "rippled" by it. I did not see that MRS. KENDAL was at any moment in great danger from the advances of that audacious little *Don Juan*, MR. SUGDEN. In fact, the perilous situation was on the whole, just the one on which the success of the piece seemed least of all to depend.

But, on the other hand, how admirably the piece has been put on the Stage! Fortunate is the Author of a Comedy who can find it produced with such attention to even the very slightest detail.

That the Management is to be congratulated on the cast, one glance at the playbill is sufficient to show. *Given the Piece as it is*, and the acting is, on the whole, excellent all round. But I cannot help asking what is the character MRS. KENDAL is expected to portray! Does *Lady Ormond* love her husband? Yes or no? If the First Act means anything—no, decidedly. Does she love *Charley Bradford*? Well—I should say no. But she is supposed to like him considerably, or else, at all events, she wouldn't go such lengths of flirting—or more than flirting—with him. Yet, after all these glances, and sighings, and hand-pressings, when the natural consequence follows, and he declares his love, is she "only pretending" when she refuses to understand him? This Scene is to me inexplicable. Or are we supposed to be witnessing the result of the growth of a gradually overpowering, mastering passion, carrying them both onward with such irresistible force, that, to quote Mr. *Mildmay* in *Still Waters*, "A Welsh river after a flood is a fool to it"? No. Does she herself give the explanation of the whole difficulty when, pressing her hands to her forehead, she exclaims that "she doesn't know what to think, and wishes she could stop thinking"? Is she a mild sort of *Frou Frou*? The character seems to me, as somebody says in *Hard Times*, "All a muddle," and MRS. KENDAL herself does not appear to be quite satisfied as to "what they (the adapters) meant by it."

The others of the *dramatis personæ* are all distinct characters. MR. BANCROFT is, down to the ground, the middle-aged English Baronet, honourable and loyal, preferring country to town life, thoroughly hearty and consistently phlegmatic. The only fault I could find with Dr. Thornton (MR. KENDAL) was that he seemed to me to be a trifle too old for the lover of so young a girl as *Lucy Ormond* (MISS BUCKSTONE). The *Crossley Becks* (MR. KEMBLE and MRS. LEIGH MURRAY) are—granting the hypothesis that such people would have been Sir George Ormond's guests—undeniably well played. The boy Percy ("MR."—it surely should be "MASTER"—W. YOUNGE—and he looks what his name implies) is the best boy I've seen for some time, quite "a model boy." To omit "Kemp, the Butler," would be an injustice to MR. GLOVER—and to the Management. The Chief Butler in PHARAOH's household couldn't have been more perfect—and he must have had a very good character from his last place. (By the way, which was hung, the Butler or the Baker?—however, it is of no importance now.) And last, but far from least, is the Sir Woodbine Grafton of MR. ARTHUR CECIL, which is in nearly all respects admirable. But if there is one touch of nature in his performance more than another which makes the whole audience kin, it is his "business" (to speak technically) in the commencement of the Second Act,—so characteristic of an utterly selfish man in a country house, when he has a chance of disappearing with the morning newspapers. If it is a very little overdone, if it has just a touch of the *Palais Royal* hand in it, it must be remembered that some exaggeration is absolutely necessary on the stage, and it really is not until Sir Woodbine has surreptitiously collared his fourth or fifth newspaper that the audience begin to enjoy the humour of the scene.

There are few theatres where so enjoyable an evening can be passed as at the *Prince of Wales's*. The piece is mis-named *Peril*, it should have been *The Hare and Many Friends*—but perhaps there were professional reasons against this. Yet surely if this were so, then for the ROWE BROTHERS to make MR. BANCROFT at the end



UNDER TORTURE.

WE KNOW WHAT IT WAS IN THE TIMES OF THE INQUISITION IN THE WEST TO BE "PUT TO THE QUESTION," BUT THAT WAS NOTHING TO BEING PUT TO THE "EASTERN QUESTION" NOWADAYS AT DINNER!!

of the piece bring in a little Hare, shot, was rather against Court etiquette—wasn't it, my brothers, my first ROWE, and second ROWE?

By the bye, I have seen the sliding roof at the Canterbury Hall. MR. VILLARS, the energetic proprietor, appeared twice on the stage to announce the sliding back, and then again the back-sliding. It was a very moving sight. This new place of entertainment is well worth seeing, specially for those who enjoy Ballet. Mlle. PITTERI—or PIT-TIEBY, as the groundlings will call her—is *première danseuse*, and the *coryphées* set off MR. ALFRED THOMPSON's costumes to the very best advantage. There is a wonderful Looking Glass Illusion as you enter, and cool grots wherein to sup. The Hall was crowded, as some rumour had got about that the Primate of All England (which sounds like a set of cricketers) was coming to visit the Canterbury. Of course it was a *canard sauvage*, but, Sir, Your Representative had a real treat on the night of his visit to the *Prince of Wales's*, for there he saw in a stage box LORD BEACONSFIELD and his party! Fancy what a size the box must have been!

I remain, Sir, as usual,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—To-night I don't know where you would like to be represented. I am divided between *Jane Shore* and *The Battle of Waterloo*. MR. WILLS is not the author of the ballad, "*My Pretty Jane, My Pretty Jane, Oh Never Look so Shy*," which does not apply to *Jane Shore*. It would not be a bad advertisement, "*My Pretty JANE (SHORE)*," &c., then, "*Meet Me, Meet Me in the Evening*," when the doors are open at seven o'clock precisely, and orders not admitted after half-past. How would that do for WILLS's mixture?

HOT WATER is to be produced at the Criterion. Crowded houses cannot be expected, for no one yet ever found any difficulty in getting in to hot water.

CRINOLINE may be "out," but our shins are painfully aware that Hoops are "in."

MOUNT PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH is, with reason, proud of his name, but never was so proud of it as now that British heroism and enterprise have joined to affix it to a mountain on the edge of that ice-world from which even British pluck has turned back baffled. He has just received from Portsmouth this flattering communication:—

SIR,

Portsmouth, November 4th, 1876.

We have the honour to inform you, for communication to your Contributors, that in consideration of your world-famous services to the cause of wholesome mirth, innocent laughter, and general good-fellowship, to which all Arctic Voyagers are so deeply indebted for the spirit that alone enables them to resist the cold and darkness of a six months' night, and all the other hardships of Arctic enterprise, we have unanimously agreed to give the honoured name of *Mr. Punch* to one of the principal mountains to the northward of Mount Hall. This mountain is the first on whose face, for two days before we saw the sun, we observed the warm glow that foretold the coming spring time, and seemed to us like a greeting from our Southern home.

We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION

(On board the "*Alert*" and "*Discovery*").

To the Editor of *Punch*.

LA PIETÀ DI PIO.

THE POPE the other day, in the spirit of forgiveness, was pleased to sing a *Requiem* for the souls of all his enemies, who, whilst living, were chiefly instrumental in depriving him of his temporal power. These included not only NAPOLEON THE THIRD, who, to the best of his ability, had befriended His Holiness in keeping the Italians out of Rome, but comprised also COUNT CAVOUR, by whom as much as possible had been done to despoil him of his dominions. The list of his defunct enemies comprehended others supposed to have incurred the "greater excommunication," and among them MAZZINI, who whilst living was, one would think, a sheep as far astray from the Papal fold as even the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Not only, then, whilst there is life there is hope for heretics and



"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

"NERVOUS? OH DEAR NO! I ONLY ACTED ONCE IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS, MR. JONES, AND, ALTHOUGH IT WAS AN IMPORTANT PART, I HAD NOTHING TO SAY!"

"REALLY? WHAT WAS THE PART?"

"CAN'T YOU GUESS?"!!

excommunicated wretches, if after their death the POPE nevertheless considers them not past praying for, and even has the charity, in fact, to pray for them. We are irresistibly reminded of another illustrious martyr to misrepresentation, equally magnanimous. "Charity, my dear," said *Mr. Pecksniff*, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for *Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit*, who has done me an injustice!" Could he not good-naturedly go a little further in forgetting a quarrel, and manage to make it up with the existing Italian Government?

A JOKE FOR A JOKER.

DEAR SIR WILFRED,

OF course you have read all about the Arctic Expedition; particularly the interesting narrative given by the REV. MR. HOBSON, Chaplain of the *Discovery*. In October of last year, when, Winter began, during which season that vessel wintered in "Discovery Harbour," and the thermometer fell to many degrees, at one time 70° below zero; then, according to the statement of that Reverend Gentleman—what do you think? Why, actually—

"The men had an extra glass of grog served out to them, a walk of a mile in length was made in the ice by scraping away the snow, and this walk for exercise was kept clear during the winter."

Fancy—as if their walking exercise would not have been amply sufficient, at least with the accompaniment of a cup of tea or coffee, to keep the men quite warm enough—the excessive absurdity of serving out to them not merely a glass, but absolutely an *extra* glass of grog! Hence it appears that, ordinarily in the Arctic

ARCTIC DIFFICULTIES.

THE welcome return of the heroic Arctic Explorers affords Society a fresh topic of conversation for the time. The Expedition having come back rather unexpectedly, it is to be feared that Society is not sufficiently well prepared for the demand thus suddenly made upon its stores of knowledge. Let us supply a few simple tests and institute a new kind of "Polo."

Does Society know what is meant by the North Pole, and where the North Pole is? and what is likely to happen to those, if any, who may reach it? what, when they had got there, would be the state of the case as to the compass, and the stars, and the degrees of latitude and longitude, and things in general?

Does Society know what is the latitude of the North Pole, and generally what is understood by the term "latitude," and wherein it differs from longitude, and why both are so called?

What does Society understand by "Lat. 83 deg. 7 min. N.?"

Can Society say why such repeated efforts have been made to reach the North Pole?

Does Society know the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole, and whether it is very hot, or very cold at the latter place?

What does Society know about Greenland, Baffin's Bay, the "Palaeocrystic Ocean," Zero, Freezing-point, the Esquimaux, and Pemmican?

Can Society name any three great Arctic Explorers, living or dead, besides the Commanders of this last Expedition and SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

REMEMBER, remember,
The Ninth of November!
Birthday at Sandringham Hall—
Speechifications,
Illuminations,
Dinner, and supper, and ball.

Remember, Remember,
The Ninth of November!
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs for hosts—
Church-bells a-ringing,
Glee-singers singing,
Turtle, and Turbot, and Toasts!

DR. SLADE'S SETTLED.—"Qui facit per ALLIE-(um?) facit per ee."

A PORT(E) ADMIRAL.—HOBART PASHA.

regions, even when the cold was little if any below zero, they were allowed at least as much as a glass of grog daily; and, except those who made the grog and those who drank it, goodness only knows how strong it was. Here is an enormity for which pray do not forget, the next time you harangue a Teetotal "Permissive" Meeting, to denounce the Admiralty. And here is a joke for you to let off, after your manner, upon that occasion. Say that the only shadow of excuse to be made for a crew drinking, or being suffered to drink, grog, at a place above 81° North latitude, is that the climate those toppers were in is not a temperate one. This, as a bit of anti-drink fun, will be said to be so like your dry humour.

Ever yours, my dear SIR WILFRED, p.

Sic Vos Non Vobis.

ITALY has set up—and, indeed, established—the claim of ANDREA CESALPINO, of Arezzo, one of her most famous men of science in the sixteenth century, to the great discovery of the circulation of the blood! So England must be content to view HARVEY's claims to the discovery as mere HARVEY's Sauce!

PEN-SLIP OR LANDSLIP?

(*A propos of the Reported Crack in Chelsea.*)

LET us hope it is the report, not the Embankment, that is deficient in foundation.

CHAIRING THE CELT.



ow all Brither - Scots should join in gratitude to the excellent and enthusiastic PROFESSOR BLACKIE for his services in raising between nine and ten thousand pounds towards the endowment of a Professorship of Celtic in Edinburgh University.

Considering that Edinburgh is the capital of Scotland, and that more than half of Scotia is land of the Gael, it is little to the credit of the modern Athens that it should have left this work to a Lowland Professor. Surely a Celt ought to have been found ready to set the Celts on fire at home and abroad, for the due upholding, fitting, and filling of a Celtic Chair. But if too much have been laid on PROFESSOR BLACKIE, as the stoker and poker of Celtic

sentiment, and the raiser, not only of the needful funds, but the still more needful funds, for this endowment, it is pleasant to know that JOHN HIELANDMAN all over the world, in Canada, the United States, North and South America, Ceylon, India, Singapore, has shown that wherever be his body, his "heart's in the Hielands," by his liberal response to the cry for funds for the Celtic Chair. So it becomes what such a chair should be, a chair resting on Highland enthusiasm and Highland contributions as its legs, on Highland poetry and Highland patriotism as its arms, and the world-wide spread Highland nationality as its broad and firmly-woven seat.

PADDY, we need not remind our readers, is as Celtic as JOHN HIELANDMAN.

JOHN BULL, too, if Saxon in warp, has a Celtic woof worked into his national web, which furnishes some of the brightest threads in the fabric. Why should not Oxford and Cambridge, and Dublin, have their Celtic chairs as well as Edinburgh?

Now the first blow has been struck to such a handsome tune by BLACKIE's strenuous hand, let us hope it may be followed up, and that, South of the Tweed, for the silly attempt to cry down the language and literature of Wales—our own Celtic Sister—may be substituted the more intelligent recognition of the value of both, to those who dig about the roots of speech, and track the streams of letters up to their fountain heads.

Meanwhile the gallant Professor has striven on behalf of his Celtic Chair, not only by means of speech, subscription-list, solicitation, meeting, and manifesto; he has, besides, written in furtherance of his long-cherished and now happily obtained object, a genial, glowing, and original book, *The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*, showing the place of the Celtic in the family of tongues, and some of its leading affinities and principles of structure, with a sketch of the history and characteristics of its bards from the Middle Ages to our own time, including a succinct and sensible summary of the Ossianic Controversy, in which the son of FINGAL and JAMES MACPHERSON are very fairly, as it seems to us, set each on his own bottom.

Let those who have yet to learn the fire and flow of Gaelic verse read ALEXANDER MACDONALD'S *Song of the Birlinn*, or GALLEY OF CLAN-RANALD and DUNCAN BAN'S *Ben Dorain*, consecrated to the glory of the red-deer and the stalking thereof. The one was only a village-schoolmaster, the other an Argyllshire gilly, and at his highest a Sergeant of the Edinburgh Guard. But both are Poets by the gift of God. The Professor has done justice to their glowing Gaelic in his strenuous Saxon. And the volume is one that all should read who want to learn why the Professor loves the Celts, their language, and their literature, and to understand and help the movement for the endowment of a Celtic Chair—nay, rather of a set of Celtic Chairs, for the furnishing of a room now vacant in our University Buildings alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

QUOTATION FROM PARNELL.

GENERAL GRANT'S refusal to receive the Irish address has quite upset the balance of Power.

COMING ROUND.

(From Sairey Gamp, of Shoe Lane, to Betsy Prig, of Peterborough Court.)

DEAR BETSY,
THIS 'ere comes a 'oping as 'ow you are well. It's a wale; And old women like us needs our comforts—I hopes we may ne'er find 'em fail!
Which you 'il praps be surpriged at this letter, as well to my PRIG 'tis bekknown
For some time we ain't hit it together, but each on us monthlied alone.

But now as you've turned up that WILLYUM—ah! BETSY, 'ow could you, my dear,
Put up with that party so long? Yes. I'd nuss him! But there! there's no fear
As he 'il step in betwixt us agin, which his last games with that there old Turk
Must have jest about doubled 'im hup—as I'm sure is a 'appy day's work.

The artful and bragian traifor! As wanted to bustle my BEN; Which, BETSY, you knowed him as sich, but he's took a new title since then.
Ah, you, BETSY PRIG—Lord forgive yer!—did use for to chivvey my pet,
Which, now he's so hup, is a thing as I'm sure you must greatly regret.

But WILLYUM! the warmin't! Oh, BETSY, that man puts me clean off my 'ead,
With his speeches, and -pamphlets, and stuff, as is things I despise and yet dread.
But now you are down on 'im proper, it comforts my soul, BETSY PRIG.
Let 'im have it, my dear, hot and strong, till he trembles like thingemagig!

Which you soaped him too long; as perhaps he warn't grateful. Ah! few on 'em is.
Why there's even my BEN—but no matter! You rounded a bit, as he riz:
And now—well, my gingham's a good 'un, my pattens is things as strikes terror;
But your nasty sly pokes in his ribs is jest lovely, my dear, and no error!

Then your love for the Turk is that touching it oftentimes moves me to tears.
If he only had wings he'd be fit, like a Syrup, for upperer speers.
While as for them Scurvy 'uns, anectrer, your SAIREY sez, "Sarve 'em all right!"
And when BETSY sez ditto to SAIREY, I feel I must bust with delight.

Them Rooshuns is Hogres owdashus. -Oh, BETSY, I shakes in my shoes
When I thinks of the knouts, Ultimatum, and other wile 'orors they use.
Do slang 'em, my dear. You're a good 'un at Bouncers with lots o' big "Caps."
And it does my heart good but to hear you a slogging them Musky-wite chaps.

But wotever you do, my dear BETSY, don't give that ere WILLYUM no peace.
Your Mop and my Pattens must squelch him, or drive him to Rome, if not Greece.
Though you loved him and nussed him so long, chuck him up, he's a dead 'un, you know;
As my friend MISSIS P. M. G. HARRIS, assured me o' that long ago.

And, BETSY, let bygones be bygones! Though doing uncommonly well,
Old SAIREY yet yearns for her pardner. Drop in, dear, and pull the top bell.
The tea-pot and srimps shall be ready. Our sperrits two 'ot with won't damp.
And a chat o'er old times with her BETSY will comfort

Your own SAIREY GAMP.

ONE of the latest additions to our Fleet is the *Bacchante*. It is feared that she will be a wet ship and generally half-seas over.

MR. PUNCH would be glad to hear, confidentially, from his Contributor, "D. R."



"SAILING DIRECTIONS."

Old Gent (in the vicinity of the Docks). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO CHARING CROSS?"

Ancient Mariner. "CHARING CROSS? LE'S SEE, 'WIND'S ABOUT NOR'-WEST BY NOTHE,—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER BOW, AND YOU'LL JIST ABOUT FETCH——"

[Old Gent hurries off.]

OUR MAYORS.

FOLLOWING a practice which is as old as the time from whence it dates, and has never been interrupted by disturbances at home or abroad, by European wars or revolutions, by commercial depression, or depressing weather—we publish to-day a list of Mayors who have been elected to wield the Sword of Justice and handle the carving-knife of hospitality, to take the chair at public meetings and public dinners, to head processions and subscription lists, to distribute prizes, inaugurate exhibitions, and open bazaars, and to be affable, wise, bland, benevolent, courteous, kind, firm, charitable, impartial, generally useful, and bountifully hospitable during the Municipal year now newly commenced.

There is a breeze from the country blowing about some of these elections this time which is pleasantly fresh and rural. Nottingham has its Bowers, Hartlepool its Groves, Coventry its Banks. Plymouth boasts a Moore, Tynemouth a Green. There is a Heywood at Manchester, a Sherwood at Folkestone (ought to have been at Nottingham), and a Greenhow at Llanidloes; Furse at South Molton, Dewes at Windsor, a Gill at Wakefield, a Hare at Tamworth, and Birchenough at Macclesfield.

There are some strange and unaccountable confusions of places in the list, which no Topographical Dictionaries, or Gazetteers, or Maps and Atlases can rectify or explain. From our childhood we have known that Barnstable was not in Wiltshire, and yet Wiltshire is now in Barnstable. Only in disordered dreams and Municipal elections can Galloway be at Gateshead; and if Bedford is in Kidderminster and Melrose at York, there is, after all, some reason to hope that there may be an excellent dairy of green cheese in the moon.

It is satisfactory to find that there has been no exclusive preference for one nationality. The Mayor of Lancaster is Welch, of Newcastle-on-Tyne a Scott.

A King again reigns supreme in Hull, a Bishop (not for the first or the sixth time) in Colchester, and an Abbott in Blandford—there

DÆDALUS AND HIS DONKEY.

A CERTAIN Flying Machine was lately said to have been taken over by its inventor, a British Dædalus, to PRINCE BISMARCK, that he might inspect it in order to see whether it was capable of employment for military purposes. This is a question which may be imagined to be rather more in MOLTEK's way. It could not, however, if the account of the *Morning Post's* Berlin Correspondent is correct, have been solved, at least up to within a few days ago, by either the Statesman or the Warrior. But there may be some mistake in the statement that:—

"MR. RALPH STOTT, the aeronaut from Dover, who has lately made himself here an object of much discussion by his flying machine, has suddenly resorted to every possible excuse and subterfuge to disengage himself from the obligations entered into. His ascent (fixed for to-day) before certain delegates of the War Office, as well as subsequent public representations, is revoked, because Government refused to pay him immediately a sum of £1000."

If this is true, then it may be said that our Dædalus refused to go up because the Prussian Government would not come down. In that case let us admire the prudence displayed on both sides, especially on the side of the Prussian Government. Now if the situation of the parties remains the same, Dædalus, for his part, presents a resemblance to that other British artist, the athlete who was accustomed to divert the public at country fairs by the performance of balancing a donkey at the top of a ladder on his chin for a consideration subscribed by the by-standers to a certain amount, of which he used to stand out for the completion, crying in the meanwhile "Twopence more, and up goes the Donkey!" But when the twopence had been subscribed, up the Donkey went. Will the parallel hold good to that extent? Let the thousand pounds for the ascent of Dædalus be paid him, will the Flying Machine go up? If the Prussian Ministry will try the experiment of handing him over the money—we shall see.

A Rectification.

*MR. PUNCH is always sorry to make any mistake in his assignments of artistic credit. It seems that MR. GLOVER's part in *Peril* is *Kemp the Gardener*, not *Meadows the Butler*, as Our Representative Man averred last week. The Butler's part is sustained by MR. NEWTON, who has written to call Mr. Punch's attention to the fact.

is a Pugh for them at Carnarvon—and at Hertford the rights of women have made such enormous strides that the Mayor of that town is a Nunn.

The Chief Magistrate of Luton may not be a King, or a Bishop, or even an Abbott, but he certainly is a Bigg man, and with him may be coupled the Mayor of King's Lynn, who is all Thew.

Most capricious are some of the municipalities in their selections. Dewsbury likes a Senior, Maidstone prefers a Youngman; Brighton chooses a Lamb, Bolton elects a Wolfenden; Oxford flies as high as an Eaglestone, Bury is content with a Duckworth; Dorchester trusts to a Look, and Bradford to a Ward.

The Mayors of Glastonbury and Leamington are both Bright; they have Tallents at Newark; and the leader of High Wycombe for the next twelve months will be a Wheeler.

Why will not the papers give the surnames of the new Mayors in all cases? Why use what would seem to be undue familiarity in speaking of Abraham, and Absalom, and Gilbert, and Gyles, and James, and Lewis, and Percival and Ralph?

As usual, the list shows a variety of pursuits and callings, comprising a Carter and a Collier, a Fowler and a Walker, two Turners and (according to some authorities) a Tanner, a Shipmen, a Cooke (oh! fortunate Hanley), and, to bring the roll to a suitable conclusion, a Baker.

Mr. Punch has reserved to the last a Mayor with whom he feels himself to be in entire sympathy—it is the Mayor of Chard, who is Chaffey.

Just to Set Him Going.

DR. LEGGE, the Oxford Professor of Chinese, we regret to hear, has not a single pupil. How is this? Won't some self-sacrificing undergraduate—there should be no lack of Chinamanias at Oxford, if all we hear of the taste of the place is true—give the Professor a Legge up?

SHALL BYRON HAVE A STATUE?



REDE BYRON! No. We would not have believed that BYRON could have begotten such an emanation of Art so variously imbecile and impotent. But the designs before the Committee are not the only abortions or the worst that the occasion has provoked.

We have received several hundredweight of suggestions on paper and in clay (it would be difficult, and luckily it is not the least necessary, to decide which are the heavier), for a Byron Monument. Having formed ourselves into an Artistic Committee, and examined the rude and undigested mass of designs and suggestions, we subjoin a few of the latter, which seemed to combine a dash of the amusing, with their various forms of absurdity and impudence:—

DEAR PUNCH,

I.

THERE ought to be a Monument to BYRON, and I believe my design to be the best. You remember the ever-famous lines where—
Bottled beer, brandy and soda, or best of all, milk, soda-water, and a dash of Curacao constitute, in my opinion, the most salubrious morning draught. But no matter, let us have a Statue of BYRON, clothed in a dressing-gown, and raising a huge tumbler of the foaming fluid to his mobile mouth! If the sculptor could manage—and I know several who could—to give a certain vagueness of outline to the poet's features, we should then obtain a semblance of that which, as you doubtless know, always follows the night's excesses,—the jumps. Merely thinking of the subject, I feel thirsty myself.

Yours ever,

D. T.

II.

SIR, WITHOUT doubt the noblest passage in LORD BYRON's works is that which refers to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." Now, if my Lord was depicted as sitting before his looking-glass, with a hair-brush in one hand, and a bottle of hair-oil in the other, we should not only possess a worthy Memorial of a great poet, but a pleasing illustration of the manners and customs of the aristocracy during the earlier part of this century. Nor is there any need to confine ourselves to Macassar. I, Sir, have invented an oil which is far superior. Let mine be sculpted!

Yours truly,

ROWLAND McASSAR.

P.S.—Bribery is beastly, but politeness is charming, so I enclose for your own hyacinthine locks, a dozen bottles of my celebrated Anathranpologocostium.

III.

PUNCH, WHY should there be a Memorial at all to that Atheistical, Jesuitical, debauched poet? Why, Sir? Answer me that question. Are you aware, or are you too deeply sunk—as I firmly believe—in the slough of grovelling ignorance, to know that there is still the sum of £50,000 wanted for the conversion of benighted Borriboolagha? And at such a crisis in the history of Christianity do you mean to say that a statue should be erected to a profane, not to say profligate, poet? Bah!

EXETER HALL.

IV.

SIR, If you will have a statue, I hope it will represent that noble woman, MRS. BEECHER STOWE, throwing dirt with both hands over the face of that abandoned nobleman.

Yours obediently,

A HATER OF POETRY.

V.

MY DARLING OLD PUNCHY WUNCHY,

Do have a splendid statue to that dear romantic, handsome wicked Lord. Was he not a god? Let it be the finest statue in the



THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW THEN, SIR! WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"!

world! If you want money, I am sure the Government is spending too much over their stupid old guns and ships. Make Lord Disraeli, who wrote a book himself on the greatest poet in existence, give you as many millions as you like. Or you could sell that stupid poky British Museum. Do, do, do this!

Yours lovingly,

DUDU.

OUR DEAR PUNCH,

VII.

WHY should LORD BYRON be added to the victims? He hated ridicule, and you wish to erect a statue to him! Take warning by our fate.

Yours always,

WELLINGTON (opposite Apsley House).

NELSON (Mastheaded, in Trafalgar Square).

YORK (on my Column).

ANNE (in front of St. Paul's).

ALBERT (Gibbeted in Holborn Viaduct, and blushing, conscious of my gilt, in Hyde Park).

VII.

MASTER,

If you want to have something really worthy of a great poet, you must get more money, and then choose your sculptor—the best that is to be had. Only one thing is certain, he will not be discovered by a competition. Avoid cliques, and

Believe me,

TOBY.

Wonderful Meteorological Phenomenon.

We extract the following from the *Scotsman* of November 9th:—

"Last night, between eight and nine o'clock, there were several peals of thunder, followed by flashes of lightning, after which the sky became a little brighter."

Our sober Southern thunder is content to follow the lightning. Scotch thunder, it would seem from the above, takes precedence of the electric fluid. *Punch* takes leave to call the attention of scientific men to this inversion of the Southern order of things.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.—When he cuts and runs.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Last Peep—Police—Good Signs—Companion—Banshees—Macbeth—the Bethels—Anecdote—Schools—Roman Matron—Politeness—Irish Pigs—Geese—Change of Scene—Glengariff Arrival—Landlady—Driver—The Eccles—Climate—Dinner—Saxon Characteristic—A Tourist's Advice—Inchigeelagh—Peat-Carriers—Macroom—and Off.

On the Road from Killarney.—Most strikingly situated by the roadside high up the hill, so as to command a view of the entire valley, is the Pō-lis Barracks, with its grenadier of a Policeman posted, as sentinel on duty, marching up and down with his side-arms, and occasionally halting on the bridge to admire one of the most beautiful views in the whole country. From here I get my last peep at Killarney.

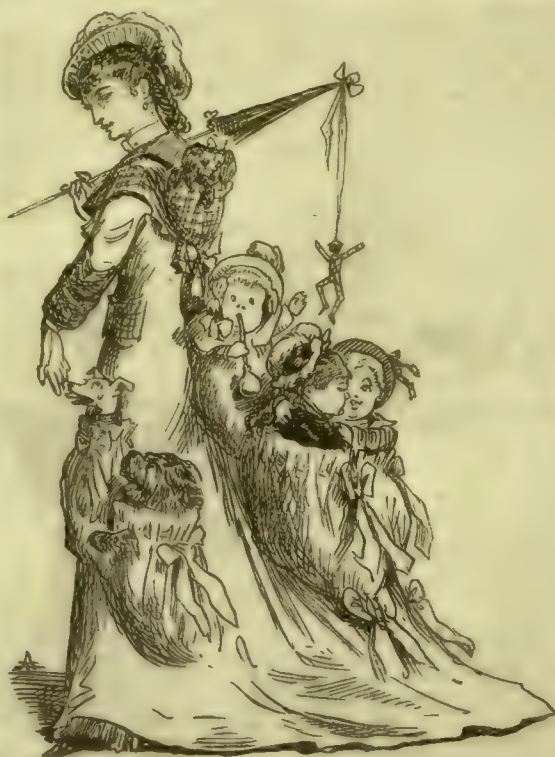
A reverderci mia bella!

By the way, these Police, posted up in the hills, must have, even in piping times of peace, anything but a luxurious life of it. How they must envy their Saxon brother, "Policeman X," in Belgrave Square, whose beat is enlivened by the smiles of Cooks through area railings, by gifts of cold meats from the larder, and by an occasional flirtation with bright-eyed Housemaids. The Irish Constabulary must have a rough time of it in a "difficulty;" but they seem to be respected in their official capacity by the people.

Good signs of the times. (Noted between Killarney and Glengariff.)—During the last three days, in the course of my drive, I have seen three deserted Pō-lis barracks. Stern, pitiless-looking buildings they are, and in the most desolate spots. Let us hope all the "trouble" is over, past and gone, forgotten and forgiven.

Wild country between the last point where a glimpse of the Black Valley is to be obtained and my next halting place, Glengariff.

It reminds me of the north of Cornwall. Only a few stone-built cabins appear here and there at intervals in the valley and on the hill-side. Not a nice spot this to meet an east wind. Even a Banshee, more or less accustomed to this sort of thing, would find it uncommon lonely and shivering here at night; and as to goblins and sprites (I know what a sprite is from long acquaintance with him in



THE NURSERY ULSTER (PATENTED).

pantomimes), they would have all the fun taken out of them, were they to select this spot as a play-ground, or night nursery. Most dreary. *Macbeth's* witches from Scotland on a visit to some friends here would be compelled to dance upon the heath, and energetically, too, in order to keep their toes warm. Few and far between are the cabins, and not a shebeen did I come across for miles. Few and far between, too, are the poor-looking, white-washed, barn-like buildings, with a rickety cross at the top, denoting the Catholic chapel, while a cottage rather larger and better-kept than those of the peasantry on the route, is pointed out as "the priest's." Yes, here he is up in the hills, a shepherd among the scattered flock, out all weathers, and faring no better than his own poor. The appearance of these chapels at intervals again recalls Cornwall to my mind, with its neat, trimly-built, snug-looking but also white-washed meeting-houses, or "Little Bethels" as they are called. The Bethels are, except, of course, for the regular services invariably closed; the Catholic chapels are generally open for the greater part of the day, service or no service, Sundays and work-days alike.

A friend of mine was trying to explain to a French Lady the nature of these Wesleyan, or Independent, places of worship in the north of Cornwall. She did not, or would not, understand him (very perverse these foreigners sometimes), even though he explained himself in the most admirable French. "Madame," said he, "*les petites maisons que vous voyez là-bas sont maisons aux rendez-vous.*" She stared at him, and smiled. So did I. "*Permettez, chère Madame,*" he went on, a little nervously, "*à ce que je m'explique un peu. Quand je viens de dire 'maisons aux rendez-vous,' je voudrais dire 'maisons aux rendez-vous de MONSIEUR WESLEY.'*" "Vraiment?" was all that polite French Lady replied, as she binocled the houses in question, and turned away. If she ever writes her tour in England, I should like to read her chapter on Cornwall.

A cheering sign, which I have before noted *en route*, is the cropping up of school-houses in the most desolate regions. The little shoeless scholars, slates and books in hand, may be seen trudging to and fro, the big ones carrying the mites, and all as happy as innocence and health can make them. Mrs. Hibernia may step out now, well-nigh as proudly as in the days of old, when students from the confines of civilisation came to her for instruction and final polish, and pointing to her little ones at school, may say with the Roman Matron, "These are me jew'ls."

Happy Thought.—Which, very expression, "*my jewels!*" proves Cornelia to have been an Irishwoman, bless her!

Politeness is the rule everywhere in Ireland. Even the pigs are polite. The Irish pig is a great *flaneur*, but when he meets a

stranger on the road he grunts apologetically (not grumblingly like the Saxon pig), and either withdraws on one side to let you pass, or nods at you, and then sidles off through a gap. Sometimes, when there is a family party of pigs out for a stroll, one of the loiterers will look round at you, if you come upon him suddenly, actually squeak with delight, and scamper off to join the rest, as joyously as though he were crying out, "Bedad, thin, here's a lark! here's a visitor! What a bit of fun! Hooroosh!" and then all frisk off together and disappear behind a gate-post.

As you pass you will see them all looking at you, not staring rudely like ill-bred Saxon children, but quite pleasantly, nodding their *adieux*, and squeaking out "A pleasant journey to you! Love to all at home!" and other kind wishes.

Happy Thought. "Please the Pigs" is clearly an Irish expression. But really the Irish pigs seem to be so very easily pleased. The only exception to the rule of politeness on the road in Ireland seems to be among the geese. I share the antipathy of the Theatrical Profession for the goose. Indeed, the day for a great annual Theatrical Dinner ought to be the 29th of September, and the toast of the evening should be, "Death to the Goose!"

On we go. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my car-driver, has not a great fund of conversation. If he tells me a story, it is generally of some personal and domestic interest, relating to the progress of his children, with a melancholy reference to the hard times he himself has of it, and his own exemplary long suffering, intended as a hint to me not to stint the *pourboire* at the end of our journey. He is evidently speculating on "one bumper at parting"—though, Heaven knows, what with the state of the roads and the springs, the one bumper at parting must be a very powerful one to surpass all that I have gone through in car-riding since the commencement of this tour.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY repeats himself too. He tells me the same story three times in twenty miles. When he begins it again for the fourth time, I quietly take up the running and finish it for him, whereat he appears a trifle surprised, and is silent for a time, clearly wondering where on earth I could have obtained the information.

At every turn in the road, and at every change of scene, he asks me, "Isn't this a bhewtiful dhroive, Sorr?"

Becoming tired of replying "Yes"—to which truth compels me—I limit myself to nodding assent, when he invariably returns, "Ah, I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

He says this as though all the credit of showing me the variations of scenery was due to his own private and particular pre-arrangements. Were it possible for him to have taken me any other way which might have been less attractive than this route, of course I *should* have been under some obligation to him, but as this is the only road between Killarney and Glengariff that a tourist *can* take, no praise whatever is due to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY for having selected it.

"I'll have ye plazed, Sorr, by ye get to Glengar'ff," he mutters to himself.

More beautiful views. In fact, one would be glad of a rest in a close by-street, as, throughout this short tour, there is a perfect surfeit of Nature's Beauties. Through weird tunnels out in the rocks, facing a biting north-east wind, up-hill quickly and down-hill surely, and MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my driver, in ecstasies with everything, as if he were seeing it for the first time; and all this simply out of politeness to me!

To any remark of mine which may meet with his approbation, he replies,

"That's a fact! You're right there, Sir! You're right there! That's a fact!"

And then he invariably winds up with what comes at last to be a sort of *refrain* to every verse of his limited conversation,

"I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

After the tunnel hewn through the rock there is a gradual descent, with Glengariff vale stretching out before me, and the previous wildness and sterility of the country is softened off by pasturage, homesteads among the trees reminding me of parts of Sussex, the country deepening in wood and water as it stretches out towards Bantry Bay, which I can hardly believe to be the sea, so hemmed in does it appear by points of land, and out up into islands.

Glengariff.—Eccles Hotel. Charming situation. Facing the bay, and on the road. Old-fashioned, covered with creepers and roses, and bedrooms commanding the bay.

Happy Thought.—Were a Turkish traveller of distinction to arrive, it would be, "The Bey commanding the bedrooms." The Landlady genial and hospitable.

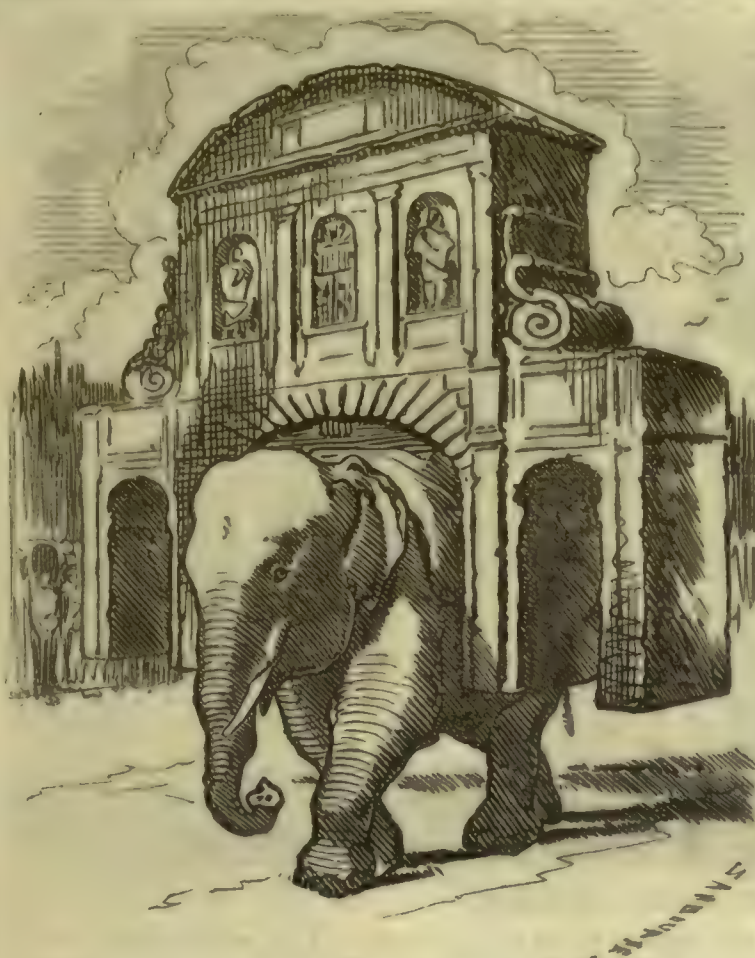
"This is the place!—stand still my steed!"

as the song says.

"Well, this is a pretty place!" I cannot help exclaiming, as I descend from my triumphal car.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is beaming.

"Didn't I told ye so, yer Honour? Didn't I say I'd have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff?" he asks, with conscious pride, as



REMOVAL OF TEMPLE BAR TO WESTMINSTER.

NOVEMBER 2, 1876.

An opportunity that ought not to have been missed.

though the beauty of the entire place was due to his foresight, in knowing I was coming, and having the country brushed up for miles round to give me pleasure.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is for making himself of considerable importance, as long as my eye is on him, on the threshold of the hotel; but here he meets his match, and more, in the person of a comely, elderly lady, evidently the Hostess and Manageress of the establishment, who sees the situation at half a glance, and becomes at once the Hostess to me, and the Manageress to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, from whom she will stand no nonsense of any sort. He wishes to take upon himself to explain what I want as to dinner, as to sleeping accommodation, and specially as to being called very early in the morning, so as to continue my drive, with him, to my next point.

But the Landlady knows as much about it as does MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY. Her eye kindles.

"The Gentleman will be called in plenty of time, MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY," says the Landlady, in a tone that nearly makes my hair stand on end, who am placidly listening, quite ready to take the part of authority against O'SHAUGHNESSY (who has been only an unamusing bore during the long drive, and to whose company I have to look forward to-morrow), who begins to apologise in a semi-important tone for his interference. This the Landlady will not stand. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY will just oblige her by "getting out," which MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY immediately does, acting clearly upon some previous experience. I notice that there is a hulking "boots" and an ostler to match by the door, so that MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's retreat is on the whole a prudent measure.

Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, is worth far more than a passing visit. I am delighted with it. It is, as far as attendance and cuisine, and general comfort, the best hotel I've been in. And it comes just exactly when it is wanted, i.e. after a long tiring day's journey. The coffee-room seems to have been fitted up to the very latest fashion of taste; and, can I believe my eyes, there are fish-knives!

O Rathdrum, the primitive! O Glendalough, loveliest of the lovely, but full of imperfections as to thy Hotel comforts! O Woodenbridge the cheerless! O any

other Hostelrie, aye, even the Victoria of Killarney, good as ye are, slip out to the Eccles at Glengariff, and take a lesson from Hostess, Cook, and Waiter. I protest that for the first time on my travels I have dined as a good Clubbable Christian of modest requirements and temperate habits. The dinner is good, and it is so well served. The Waiter is not an Irishman, but a Dane. He is not a bit like *Hamlet*, and neither soliloquises, which would be inconvenient, nor joins in the conversation, which would be objectionable. After dinner—the climate is so mild—bless me, it's the first time I've been out of an east wind—that even at nine o'clock on an early Spring evening you can sit out in front of the hotel, and enjoy your coffee and cigar.

And oh! isn't this eulogy characteristic of the Saxon sensualist, who goes into ecstasies over the place that gives him the best dinner!

Happy Thought (Saxonly adapted).—"He loveth best, who feedeth best, on bird, and fish, and beast."—*Vide Ancient Mariner.*

I am pressed for time, and have paid beforehand at Killarney for the pleasure of MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's society, or I would remain here two or three days. But *au revoir*.

Off again! MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY at the door at nine A.M. I ascertain on good authority why he wanted me to start at about five in the morning for Dunmanway. It is because he wanted to have the day before him to get back again.

And here also I will introduce a useful piece of advice for the Tourist who may be passing the same route as myself. *Only hire your car from Killarney to Glengariff.* You can get another at your own convenience, and just as good at Glengariff, to take you on to Dunmanway.

And one word more in your ear, my friend, which put down in your *Happy Thought* note-book, with my compliments:—*Don't come this way at all. Reverse it. Go from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Dunmanway, from Dunmanway by car to Glengariff* (don't attempt any stopping at Inchigeelagh—not worth more than an hour's delay); *stay at Glengariff, and then on to Killarney, taking The Torc and Muckross on the way.* Here's your Itinerarium, and you'll find it correct. To slightly alter MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's refrain, "I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Killarney!"

For you'll have journeyed by degrees of comparison, and you'll finish (in the direction I mean) with the best.

On to Inchigeelagh.—On our route I notice the prettiest girls I have yet seen in Ireland among the peasantry. All bareheaded, and the poorest barefooted. All wearing bright-patterned shawls, red petticoats—invariably something bright. Winning smiles, modest eyes, and lovely teeth. These are their characteristics everywhere. Strange to say, that of the type which I have hitherto read of as the common one, I have only met with rare instances. This may happen to be my luck. If so, I must try again.

The Women peat-carriers are very picturesque, carrying the brown bricks in baskets, on their shoulders, to their cabins across the mountains. A figure of one of them would make an admirable match-box.

Happy Thought.—I have driven upwards of two hundred and fifty miles on a car, and not met one single beggar, except at Killarney, on the regular tourists' route, where the professionals are. Yet I was told that Ireland was the country *par excellence* for beggars. Perhaps I am out of the season.

At the country inns (which do not pretend to be hotels) I'll back them for doing potatoes in their jackets, over a peat fire, against any cooks in the world; occasionally, too, for broiling a chop.

Nearing Macroom I notice the girls wearing a darkish blue cloak and hood, and brown petticoats. The fashion seems to be divided pretty equally between bare legs (most symmetrical) and bare feet, or, on the other hand (I should say on the other feet), grey stockings, with neat, but substantial boots.

At Macroom. Happy Thought.—If ballads of the day go for anything in Ireland, the name of *Macroom* suggests that something might be done in this place with the present popular ditty of "*Tommy, Mac-room for your Uncle.*" After this, the sooner I'm away from Macroom the better. Here's the train; that's the ticket! Off to Cork! And then, as sensationalist novel-writers put at the heading of the last chapter but sixteen, *this is "The Beginning of the End."*



FESTIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

Daughter of the House (to her Cousin). "HAVEN'T YOU BEEN DOWN TO SUPPER BEFORE, CHARLES? I ASK BECAUSE WE HAVE ONLY RECKONED FOR ONE SUPPER EACH!"

[Charles has not yet touched a morsel, but his Fair Companion is coming down to supper for the Third time. Let us hope she takes the hint.]

SPIRIT DUTIES.

AS THEY WERE.

THE duties of Spirits in days gone by
Were useless yet onerous ones, no doubt,
Such as frightening timorous folks on the sly,
And dragging huge chains about.
Their rôle was to ramble old mansions through,
In darkness of night; and sheet or shroud;
Make candles to burn of a bogeyish blue,
And watchers to shriek aloud!
They'd to play bo-peep in Churchyards dank,
At witching and wholly unholy hours,
And clamour, and clatter, and croak, and clank,
In tumble-down turrets and tow'rs.
To worry the wainscots, and fret the floors,
Their unseen feet pattered about:
And they rattled the windows, and banged the doors,
And the lights with their breath put out!
They set all our property-rights at naught
By tenancies horrid and undesired;
Hid treasures and missing wills they sought,—
Popping up when least desired.
Complete inutility, worry, and fuss,
Appeared to be ever their favourite line:
And why the mischief they carried on thus,
No mortal could e'er divine!

AS THEY ARE.

But the Spirits seem now on another "lay,"—
And more lucrative business boast:
How the modish "Shade" of the modern day
Must look down on your good old Ghost!
Now Spirit "duties" take wider range,
And the Spectres smart of the latter-day school

Have intimate dealings,—a notable change,—
With the knave as well as the fool.
With "properties" furnished by HOME or SLADE,
For patrons the Gooseherds of Gullibility,
Their rôle as ever,—though deftlier played,
Is "General Inutility."
To tapping of tables from turning of hats—
As well as the heads of the boobies who wore them,—
They've ris'n, and to fleecing from frightening flats,
As the old Ghosts did before them.
They scribble bosh on a doctored slate—
Under tables of conjurors' model—
And vent, in the name of the dead-and-gone great,
Most ungrammatical twaddle.
In fine,—and your honest old Ghosts it grieves
To see their degenerate race's disaster,—
The Spirits have fallen among the thieves,
With *Jeremy Diddler* for master.
Alas, poor Ghosts! 'Tis a Nemesis stern
For the mischievous cantrips you formerly played:
How a Spirit of spirit must spurn
The bondage of "ALLIE" or SLADE!
Should the Ghosts provoke Law's clutches stern,
Or defy sharp Science's sham-detectors,
The bull's-eye must beam for the blue light's gleam,
Till the Spectres succumb to the Inspectors.

CALLED TO THE HELM.

OBSERVERS have remarked on the departure of the Cardinal of Westminster for Rome so closely on the death of CARDINAL ANTONELLI. No wonder, after such a loss, that the Pilot of the Barque of St. Peter should feel that it wants MANNING.



A FRESH "KICK OFF."

BEACONSFIELD (*Captain*). "THERE, STAND OUT OF THE WAY, ELLIOT!—WE'VE GOT A STRONGER MAN!"



EVERYDAY FARCES.



ESPECT FOR THE CHURCH.

SCENE—The breakfast-table at COL. ANYPORT'S. Time—Sunday morning. MRS. and the MISSSES ANYPORT and the COLONEL seated.

Mrs. Anyport (finishing the wing of a partridge). Of course, the Colonel does not go to Church to-day (aggravely) as usual?

Colonel. As usual, my dear. There's no one who thinks more about the religious practices of his country than I do. But it's damp this morning, and I fancied I felt a twinge in my left toe, and—

Miss Anyport. And Papa would rather stay at home.
Mrs. Anyport. Well, dears, we must be charitable. (To the Colonel.) So you won't come. Well, we can pray for you.

[MRS. ANYPORT sails out of the room preceded by her daughters, like a ship with two tugs. As they go up-stairs, Lizzie Anyport (in a whisper). Is CAPTAIN CAVENDISH coming to our pew this morning?

Miss Anyport. Why, of course he is. You don't suppose he forgets to go to Church?

Lizzie. When you are there—oh dear no!

Miss Anyport. Well, you know when CHARLIE PALK is near us, I'm sure.

Mrs. Anyport. And, my dear girls, do hold yourselves up in Church. People will think you quite dumpy. Oh! and LIZZIE darling, just look at LADY SWELLSON'S bonnet, and fix it in your head. Be quick now. I shall not wait for you.

MRS. ANYPORT is first off, and arrives just in time to confess, "She has done what she ought to have done, and left undone what she ought not to have done." This she does with her nose in the air, her eyes closed, and a lace handkerchief between her folded hands; accompanied by a gentle wag of the cherries in her bonnet, which impresses her neighbours extremely.

The girls arrive rustling and clattering with all sorts of silver baubles hanging to their sides, eminently useful in a choral service, in the middle of the Psalms. They are not at all nervous, but shake hands with CAPTAIN CAVENDISH, and even send a religious recognition to CHARLIE PALK in the pew behind.

MISS ANYPORT, who is a pupil of SIGNOR CIAFFO (the great CIAFFO), instantly launches into the responses at least a semitone flat. LIZZIE ANYPORT inspects a line scribbled in pencil on the flyleaf of a hymn-book which has been passed to her by CHARLIE PALK.

Change. The Colonel's smoking-room. The Colonel has nearly devoured the Observer, the Army and Navy Gazette, and the illustrated papers, besides two enormous cabanas, and is dozing happily in his arm-chair, when the girls and their mother return, redolent of silks and satchets, to bring him back to reality.

Lizzie. O Papa dear! my altar-cloth looked so lovely—simply gorgeous.

Miss Anyport. Awfully sweet! But Papa dear! you should have seen the FOX GUYS, what dresses they wore. Quite a caricature.

Mrs. Anyport. Such a sermon, Colonel, it would have done you good. Apropos! LIZZIE, I wonder what Brillantine it is Dr. APSEY PYX uses: it shone like a halo when he gave out the text. A sweet sermon indeed!

[MRS. ANYPORT shakes her cherries again, but for the life of her cannot remember—what the text was. The sermon was for a wonder very good, being one of DOCTOR ARNOLD'S own.

Miss Anyport. How awfully badly poor MISS SWELLSON sings! She really might leave the chants to us and the choristers. That quirass she wore was made out of last year's dinner-dress.

Lizzie. So it was! I was thinking all Second Lesson where I had seen it before.

Miss Anyport. I knew it at once. O Papa dear, we have brought CAPTAIN CAVENDISH back to lunch.

Mrs. Anyport. That reminds me, LIZZIE dear, I do not think CHARLES PALK a good parti, so don't go on, I beg.

Colonel Anyport (aside). Confound it! Hang that supercilious plunger! He smokes all my best cigars, and looks as if I liked it.

Mrs. Anyport. And don't forget, JOHN, DR. APSEY PYX thinks we should do best to pass our spare hours on Sunday in meditation.

Miss Anyport. Yes, Mamma, dear, and don't forget CAPTAIN CAVENDISH takes us to the Zoo this afternoon.

Mrs. Anyport. I should prefer Hurlingham if I had been asked, but no matter. [Exeunt all to Lunch.

WHO'S ZOO IN THE CITY?

ON account of the success attained by the introduction of the Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show on the ninth instant, it is highly probable that the idea may be further developed on future Ninths of November. Mr. Punch, always glad to assist his Right Honourable friend at the Mansion House, begs to present the Coming Man of 1877-78 with a rough sketch of what he believes would be a very effective order of procession:—

Policemen (with Serpents) to clear the way.
The Fishmongers' Company carrying the contents of the Westminster Aquarium.

Deputation from the Stock Exchange carried on Bears and Bulls.

The City Marshal, with Peacocks in Attendance.

The Common Serjeant Riding a Hobby.

The Spectacle Makers' Company attended by Owls and Moles.

A Man in Armour mounted upon a Donkey clothed in a Lion's Skin.

Foresters from Epping Forest carrying a Collection of Stuffed Birds and Beasts.

Heralds in Tabards flanked by Hogs in Armour.

The Right-Honourable and Most Learned Mr. Toby.

Deputation from the Zoological Society, attended by any Animals that can be spared from the Gardens.

A Provincial Menagerie

(Supposed to represent "The Signing of Magna Charta," "The Destruction of the Spanish Armada," and "The Passing of the Reform Act of 1832").

The Court of Common Council.

Broeckman's Performing Dogs and Monkeys.

Aldermen with Swans hopping on one leg.

The Recorder of London, attended by Fishes out of Water.

Aldermen and Geese who have Passed the Chair.

A Band of Canaries, Piping-Bullfinches, and Mocking-Birds.

The Arms of certain well-known Aldermen, supported by Donkeys, Mules, and Apes.

The Lord Mayor's Coach, with the Lion of the Day outside drawing the Lion of the Day in.

Policemen (with Scorpions) to keep the People back.

WILD BIRDS AND "VERMIN."

THE saying that "if the sky should fall larks would be caught," can hardly have been considered by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS," who thus addresses the Times:—

"I write to protest through your omnipotent medium against the exhibition of larks as an article of food in poulterers' shops. I don't suppose any legislation will stop the wholesale destruction of these national songsters, but I trust that the national sentiment, if there is any sentiment left in modern society, will be aroused and expressed against such a use of British singing birds."

Larks are happily so numerous that there is no fear of their being all eaten up by epicures. There is plenty of that sort of sentiment which objects to any of them being eaten merely because they are singing birds, left in modern society. It is sentiment such as that which, whilst denouncing scientific vivisection, silently allows eels to be skinned alive. If a lark pudding is really a good thing, "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" will perhaps, if not learn to love them as a pudding's contents, at least, on second thought, reconsider what follows:—

"I may remind those who would like to shame those vulgar eaters of Heaven's messengers that the EMPEROR HELIOGABALUS was especially partial to the brains of singing birds, and I may suggest that they should restrict themselves also to the brains of larks, as it must be that portion of the bird they most require."

Herein surely "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" is unreasonably hard upon other lovers of British birds who love their lark purely as they love their partridge or pheasant. Is not the partridge a British Bird as well as the lark, and has not the pheasant at least been acclimatised? Have they not an equal claim to be loved with



**MAKING SHORT WORK OF IT.
QUALIFYING FOR HUNT RACES.**

Master of Hounds. "LOOK HERE, BOY, THAT HORSE YOU WANT TO QUALIFY IS KICKING MY BEST YOUNG HOUNDS,—SO TELL YOUR MASTER I'LL GIVE HIM A CERTIFICATE TO-MORROW,—IF YOU WON'T COME OUT AGAIN!"

larks, as larks are loved by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS"? Plumage is surely a merit as much demanding exemption from being eaten as song. Some lover of birds, for the mere look of them, will next perhaps propose—in the season when Parliament is shooting—a Plea for the Pheasant, and the Partridge, against the Dealer in Game.

There are other birds than larks, but unlike larks growing very scarce, against whose total destruction it is much to be wished that "any sentiment left in modern society" should, by all means, "be aroused and expressed." Eagles, falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, hen-harriers, have been almost all of them improved off the face of the country by pot-hunting landed poulterers. There is hardly a raven anywhere to be seen, and for a young one in a cage the other day a bird-fancier asked one of *Mr. Punch's* young men half a guinea. Of course birds of prey should be kept under; but what a shame to exterminate them! Their extirpation has despoiled the landscape of living ornaments. It has been a destruction of things of beauty which ought to have been preserved to be joys for ever. Is not this a barbarity which every genuine Lover of British Birds must deplore, and denounce, and endeavour, if possible and not too late, to get repaired?

CHIPS FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

THIS remarkably cool offer lately appeared in the *Islington Gazette* :—

A Good HOME offered to a clean-looking young Person, of respectable family (of tradespeople preferred); must produce good references, and be able to assist in the nursery; £6 per annum for clothing given. Apply any morning at —, &c. No fare allowed unless engaged.

And the following from that organ of the Clergy the *Guardian*, gives one a pleasant idea of the advertiser :—

WANTED, by a Widow Lady, a PERSON who is experienced in the art of Whipping, and well qualified to administer a severe Flogging with a new birch rod to two young children of the ages of nine and ten. Wages £30 per annum. The children are very wilful and troublesome. Address, &c.

However, £30 a-year for a Flogger is handsome compared with £20 a year for a Governess—a very common salary.

The next, from the *Field*, is, in some respects, mysterious :—

WANTED, a tall UNDER BUTLER, with long recommendations, where four men are kept, and the family go to London in the season; wages £30 to £35.—Apply, &c.

Can "recommendations," like "continuations," be a euphemism for any part of a Footman's clothing? The two words can't mean the same thing, or the epithet would rather, one would think, be "short" than "long" :—

What a chance is here for Colebs in search of a Wife !—

A WIDOW LADY and her Sister (both musical), living in a large well-furnished house, wish to receive one more GENTLEMAN to join their small circle. Late dinner. No clerks need reply.—IDA, &c., &c.

"IDA," the name of TENNYSON'S Princess! Sweetly suggestive! And a "Widow," too—with sorrows to sympathise in, and tears to wipe away! The other sister—a gusher too, probably—both musical—dear delightful creatures, with voices soft and low, we will be bound; that "excellent thing in woman"! "Man-traps set on these premises." Bachelors, beware!

This appeared in the *Standard* of the day before Guy Fawkes's festive and fireworky anniversary :—

STRICT DISCIPLINE.—A Gentleman in the country desires to secure the services of a thoroughly qualified GOVERNESS to teach French, Italian, Drawing, and Music. No one need apply who objects to judicious corporal punishment.

A pleasant sort of man this Country Gentleman must be, and his family, no doubt, must be extremely fond of him. To judge from his advertisement, there seems to be small fear that his children will be spoilt by such an injudicious sparing of the rod as is proverbial. We wonder if he gives them their chastisement himself, or expects their governess to act as flogger for him. *Mrs. Squeers* or *Sally Brass* perhaps might suit this situation: but we doubt if the advertisement is likely to prove attractive to an educated lady.



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Dressmaker. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE DRESS MADE?"

Cook. "THE LATEST FASHION, IN COURSE."

Dressmaker. "A POCKET, I SUPPOSE?"

Cook. "NO! EVERYBODY WEARS POCKETS NOW-A-DAYS. EVEN MISSIS AND YOUNG MISS HAS 'EM!"

THE LATEST NEWS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday.

You will be glad to learn that everything is now as good as settled. Russia has withdrawn all her awkward demands and the influence of England (supported as she is by Austria and Germany) is all-powerful. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Porte, which is now under consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Tuesday.

You will not be surprised to hear after receiving my dispatch of yesterday's date that we are on the eve of a great European war. Russia (supported by Germany and Austria) insists that what she demands shall be granted within four-and-twenty hours. I may add that the scheme submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Porte has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday.

As I hinted to you yesterday, Russia is checkmated. The stubborn resistance of France and Italy to her claims, and the moral support of England, given to the combined policy of Austria and Germany, have had their due effect. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Russian Ambassador, which is now said to be undergoing consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Thursday.

From the tone of my yesterday's despatch you will be prepared to learn that Europe is threatened at this moment with one of the greatest calamities that could possibly happen to her. The alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia, France, Austria, and Italy (at which I hinted yesterday), is causing the most hopeless complica-

tions. I may add that SIR HENRY ELLIOT's scheme submitted to Russia yesterday has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday.

After my yesterday's despatch it will scarcely be news for you to hear that Russia has sent an *ultimatum* to Paris, Vienna, and Rome. England has offered to arbitrate between the quarrelling Powers, but unhappily the feeling of animosity, which is accountable for Russia's strange conduct, is of many years' standing. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted schemes to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Spain.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday.

From the tenor of my yesterday's remarks, you will have guessed that Russia has withdrawn all her demands, and is now the Turk's best friend. The International Banquet (to which I alluded in my last dispatch), was a great success. The healths of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the KING OF ITALY, and the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, were proposed in most affectionate terms by the Russian host. There is no other news except that the schemes submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain, have been withdrawn at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

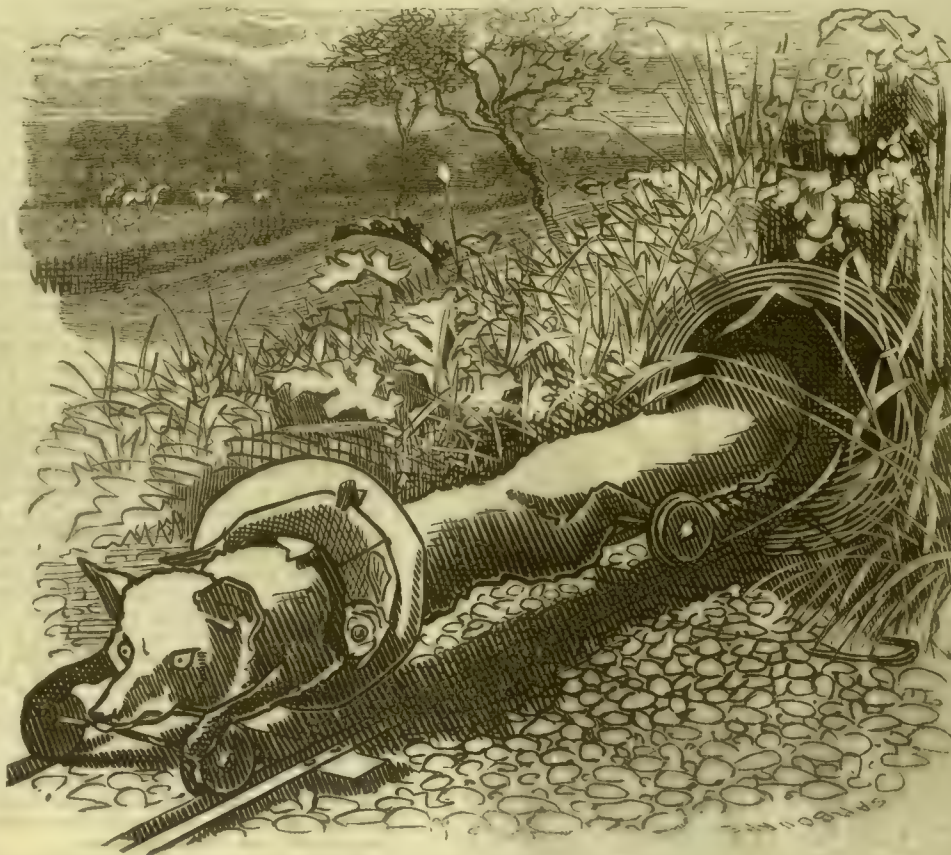
"Nas-Naris. A Nose."

NARES did not succeed, thanks to Jack Frost and flocks,
In reaching the Pole, when he followed his nose.
For the next man who tries, the advice, therefore fair is,
Change your route, if you can, *et ne sequere NARES!*

THE PARSONS' PLAY.

At the Theatre Ecclesiastical, St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, Cheapside, the Ritualist adaptation of *Mass*, was performed as usual on Sunday last week, notwithstanding the inhibition of the Court of Arches. A notice of the performance has appeared in the *Morning Post*, whence are derived the following particulars. The part of *Pontifex* was sustained by the REV. T. P. DALE with his accustomed ability; and the REV. MR. ARMITAGE played a good second. The former gentleman was habited "in a cloth of gold cope, such as is worn by Roman Catholic Priests at Benediction, having in the back a crimson velvet fall, having on it a gold embroidered cross. MR. ARMITAGE wore a white vestment, both clergymen having on their heads the 'biretta.'" Their get-up appears to have been very good; and there was introduced a change of costume. "MR. DALE, having retired to the sacristy, came back to the altar clothed in a chasuble, the same as that worn by the priest at Low Mass." In the adaptation of *Mass* to the British clerical stage, Low Mass appears to be combined with High Mass, much as COLLEY CIBBER pieced together portions of *Henry the Sixth* and his own composition with *Richard the Third*. A procession of "acolytes" to the altar, bearing aloft a cross, with "two tall ornamented candles," and headed by a "thurifer" swinging a "thurible," and scattering incense, told very effectively, and looked very much like the real things, the representation altogether bearing a strong resemblance to the original, although the *libretto* was sung and spoken in English instead of Latin, and with considerable variations from the Roman text.

It was understood to have been given out from the pulpit that, irrespectively of law, the performance would be repeated till further notice, but there appears to be some doubt whether this course will be persisted in. If it is, will the BISHOP of LONDON interfere? Perhaps he cannot if he would. Another authority, however, possibly can, and will. The performances at St. Vedast's, one would think, must surely be within the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 4.—PNEUMATIC-DESPATCH-FOX-HUNTING COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE FIGHT FOR PLUMSTEAD COMMON.

FROM the following piece of last Monday week's news it appears that the HOME SECRETARY knows how to revise the judgments of the Great Unpaid:—

"Yesterday morning an official communication was received at the Kent County Gaol from the HOME SECRETARY, stating that HER MAJESTY had been graciously pleased to remit the fine and remainder of the sentence passed on MR. JOHN DE MORGAN, at the last Kent Quarter Sessions, for complicity in the Plumstead Common riots. In the ordinary course of things he would have been discharged this morning, but the letter was succeeded by a telegram stating that DE MORGAN was to be liberated at once, it being the first instance for fifteen years of a prisoner being discharged from the gaol on a Sunday."

The so-called riots on Plumstead Common were of quite a different nature from the intimidation meetings held from time to time in Hyde Park. They were merely forcible proceedings of resistance to attempts at the enclosure of common land supposed illegal. The Kent Justices decided them to be riots. Technically, perhaps, they were. The more the pity. Everybody interested in the preservation of open spaces, that is, all people except a few grasping, greedy, selfish, and sordid churls, would have been glad to learn that the alleged riots were no riots, and that the repetition of them would have been no rioting—if such were really the law. There are few sights more calculated to delight a well constituted mind than the view of a bonfire made of fences illegally set up on a Common by a Lord of the Manor, and legally torn down by the aggrieved neighbours. The greatest credit is due to anyone who has the spirit to lead a multitude on to the lawful demolition of unlawful enclosures. Provided always, of course, that the enclosures are really unlawful, and the demolition of them indeed lawful and right. Otherwise, dear friends, the concourse demolishing them is a riotous assembly, and the head man thereof a ringleader, in the eye of the law. It is therefore, good people, very desirable that, before you proceed to destroy fences by which you believe yourselves robbed of your rights, you should consult lawyers, so as to make quite sure that you are not mistaken in the supposition that those rights have been invaded. For if there is any doubt upon

GRACEFUL ACT OF A LADY.

PERSONS with plenty of money, and no poor relations to assist or an aged mother to support, will perhaps put their hands in their pockets and pull out something for a laudable purpose when they learn that the Byron Monument Committee has not yet received subscriptions to an amount nearly large enough to defray the cost of a statue at all worthy of BYRON's fame. The best of the designs sent in to them for selection is said to be the work of "a very distinguished American sculptor, who can use his pen as ably as his chisel." It is remarkable that an American artist and man of letters should offer help to perpetuate BYRON's fame, whereas a countrywoman of his, a Lady of name in literature, endeavoured a few years ago, with all her ability, to perpetuate just the reverse. She acted, no doubt, from a righteous indignation under a wrong idea, and now, perhaps, having happily found out her mistake, will be glad to repair it as much as she can. Would it surprise you, then, to hear that MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE had sent in a subscription towards making up the sum of about twelve thousand pounds, required to obtain a proper monument in memory of LORD BYRON?

"ANGLO-INDIAN" complains that though India has given the Mother Country an Imperial Crown, her poor return is a one-and-fivepenny Rupee!

this point it is not you who will get the benefit of the doubt at Quarter Sessions, and, though a fine may be remitted altogether, imprisonment, of which you will possibly be let in for more or less before being let off the remainder, is a bore.

THE UTOPIAN CAB COMPANY.

Rules and Regulations.

1. EARLY birds—no larks—will have the pick of the Cabs.
2. Every Driver to find his backer, who will be answerable for his returns.
3. Drivers out after one will catch it.
4. No liquoring up of foremen or washers will be winked at. The Company will not stand drinks.
5. Should any Driver allow his horse to run away, his screw will be stopped.
6. Each Driver will be supplied with a copy of *Hints on Etiquette, by a Man of Rank*.
7. Drivers seen hanging about will be suspended.
8. Smoking in Cabs is prohibited. Drivers will be supplied with Bryant and May's Matches, as they will light only on the box.
9. Drivers using bad language will be fined; and, for a second offence, re-fined.
10. An exact account of each day's takings must be rendered. Overcharges need not be returned.
11. Drivers, on returning at night, will assist to bed down their horses, but are not to bring them in "tucked up."
12. Night Cabs will be provided with lamps before they go out.
13. Civility, Caution, and Cleanliness are enjoined. C Rules in the Yard.

APPROPRIATE.—The next Spirit Rapping case will be tried before MR. KNOX.

CLAN CARTY.—Dustmen!



SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY. (P)

First Soldier. "SO THEY SAY WE'VE A CHANCE OF FIGHTING THE ROOSIANS AGAIN!"

Second Soldier. "BLOW THE ROOSIANS! WHY DON'T WE GO AND TAKE CONSTANTINOPLE, AND A' DONE WITH IT?"

A SHADE ON PROGRESS.

I AM what was a 'Squire of ancient line;
This Manor-house, and Manor once were mine.
Here in my time I kept a pack of hounds;
And my whole heart was in my house and grounds.

Still to this dear old place in death I cleave;
My home, though left behind, I cannot leave.
No better place I knew, nor do I know:
Here I remain, unable hence to go.

I bear the semblance of the garb I bore,
Such in time past as England's gentry wore.
Yon picture which appears from out its frame
On point of stepping down, reveals my name.

Mine were the days ere Trade had all o'ergrown;
When they who held the land could hold their own.
No Company durst private grounds invade,
And aggravate their sometime owner's shade.

With scorn and anger thus I'm forced to mark
A Railway cutting my ancestral Park;
Crossing the Avenue of elm-trees old,
Where once the family Coach serenely rolled.

Now telegrams and signals vex my sight:
Annoyed by coloured lamps I walk the night.
And every train brings crowds of Cockneys down,
Profaning the still scenes I haunt, from Town.

These rushing Railways, on whose borders spring
New stucco'd villas, populations bring
For beef and mutton swelling the demand,
Raising the price of meat on every hand.

RUSSO-ENGLISH WORDBOOK.

By a Contributor of Leading Articles to the Pall Mall.

ARMISTICE—A lull before a storm.
Atrocity—A Christian virtue or an Oriental vice.
Autonomy—Ruling by an Autocrat.
Bulgarians—Catspaws.
Brag—Russian hide.
Charity—Begins at St. Petersburg and pervades the East.
Christianity—Holy Russia.
Christian—Wholly Russian.
Diplomacy—The Father of Lies.
Duplicity—A two-edged sword.
English—Weak enthusiasm.
Fear—No equivalent in English.
Honesty—Bear existence.
Ignorance—The crest of the serf.
India—Moscovite Eldorado.
Pacification—Making peace a stalking-horse.
Peace—A reverse after war.
Russian—A Bear in Sheep's clothing.
Servian—A Sheep in Bear's clothing.
Sanctity—An imperial cloak.
Turkey—A dish to be cut up *à la Russe*.
War—A Bear-pit.

An Uncertain Bird.

THE stipulation with the Prussian Government for the payment of £1000 down, insisted on by the Inventor of the Flying Machine as the necessary condition of his attempt to ascend with it, has been plausibly accounted for by the supposition that he wants to raise the wind. The Prussian Ministers' refusal, on the other hand, to concede his terms, may be ascribable to an apprehension that the engagement of Dædalus might result in the performance of Diddle-us.

WILLIAM THE PENMAN.

It will not fail to be recorded in the biography of our active-minded ex-Premier, that when he had retired from the Leadership of the Liberal Party he betook himself to Letters.

SIXES AND SEVENS.—The Franconia Judgment.

Hence oysters soon will cost as much or more,
As though a pearl inside each oyster wore;
All shellfish rise beyond poor purses' pale,
E'en crabs and lobsters have begun to fail.

A dozen prawns to one-and-sixpence reach,
Shrimps, doubtless, will be soon a penny each;
Good things are rising till extinct they fall:
Prosperity and Progress spoiling all!

Go on; consume; exhaust the Earth defaced;
And take no measures to repair your waste.
Use up the produce of the land and sea,
Until all's gone—revenge in store for me!

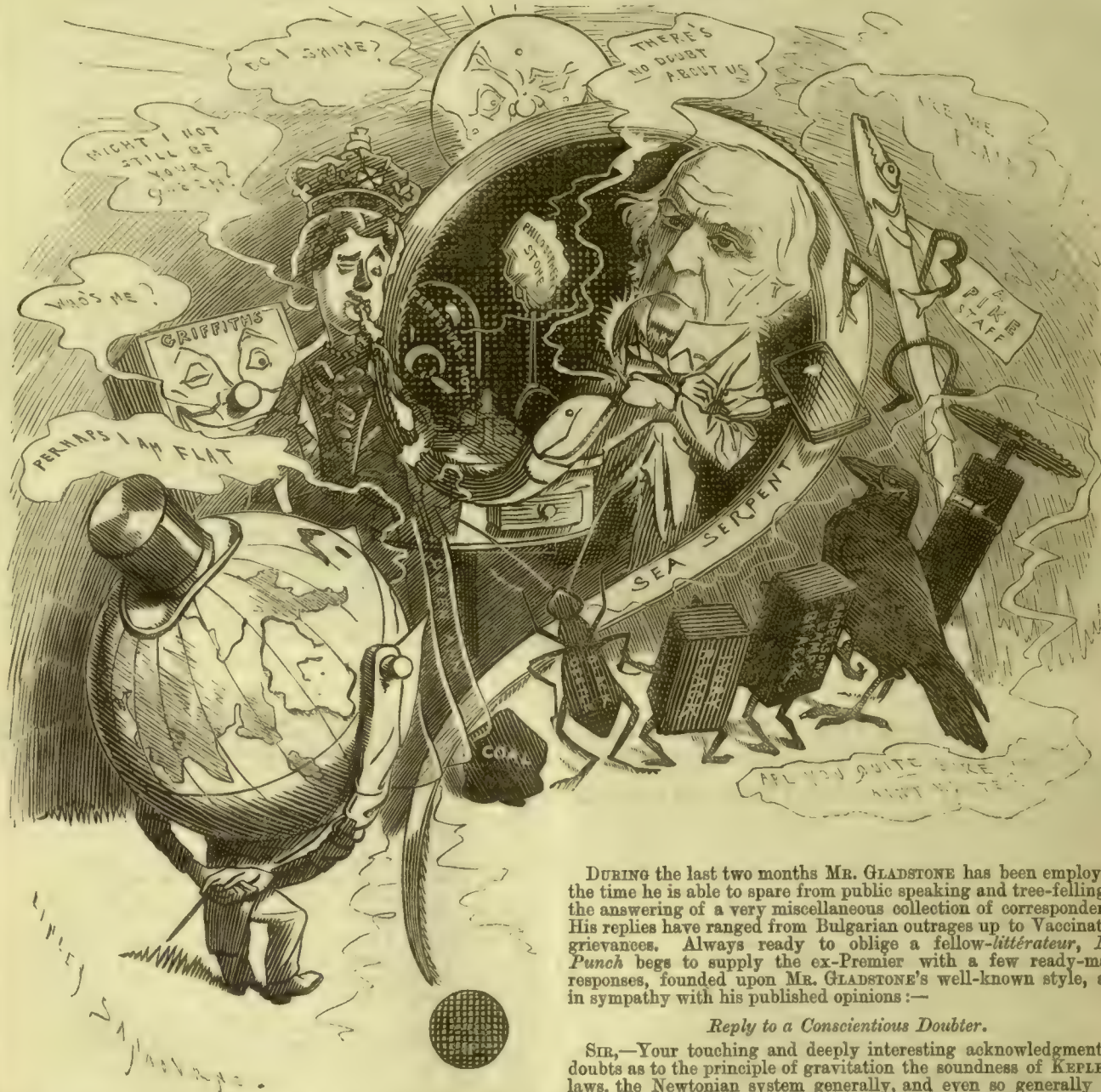
TIME'S TRACKERS—OLD AND NEW.

"How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only falls on flowers."

AND never before was such a flowery carpet arranged for Time's gouty old feet to fall on as now-a-days, with DELARUE and MARCUS WARD blossoming into floral calendars, and cards bright with blossoms, and posies of song as well as chlorophyll. As natural flowers are hardest to come by in winter, these art-gardeners wisely take care to have their parterres in lushest and brightest bearing about Christmas-tide. We have among their productions even cards that, besides their flowers, bear double acrostics! The old sun-dials broke out at most into aphorisms. And much as an aphorism to a double acrostic is a sun-dial to a DELARUE's Card-Calendar—more solid, doubtless, but infinitely less showy, while the card has the great advantage over the dial, for England, that it is independent of the sunshine.

AN UNSETTLED BILL.—W. E. G.

THE TOO COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.



DURING the last two months MR. GLADSTONE has been employing the time he is able to spare from public speaking and tree-felling to the answering of a very miscellaneous collection of correspondents. His replies have ranged from Bulgarian outrages up to Vaccination grievances. Always ready to oblige a fellow-littérateur, Mr. *Punch* begs to supply the ex-Premier with a few ready-made responses, founded upon MR. GLADSTONE's well-known style, and in sympathy with his published opinions:—

Reply to a Conscientious Doubter.

SIR,—Your touching and deeply interesting acknowledgment of doubts as to the principle of gravitation the soundness of KEPLER's laws, the Newtonian system generally, and even so generally accepted a doctrine as that of the sphericity of our globe, are before me. I am not one of those who find it easier to tolerate the hardness of the one than the softness of the other. All candid and honest inquirers have my profound respect; and I am flattered by being made the recipient of your doubts, if my numerous avocations do not just now leave me the leisure to weigh, still less to resolve them.

Yours very faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a would-be Suicide.

SIR,—In your interesting communication (which I now acknowledge) you ask me "if I consider suicide justifiable?" This is a wide question, both from the moral, political, and social point of view, and cannot be answered off-hand. Still, I must admit I regard with suspicion the operation of any law interfering with the liberty of the subject on this or any other point, and should be ready to consider any relaxation of its provisions which now operate in restraint of the *felo de se*.

I am, &c.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a Firm of Wine Merchants.

MR. GLADSTONE presents his compliments to MESSRS. FUSIL, FUCHSINE & Co., and begs to say that he has not had the time nor the inclination to test the samples submitted to him. Port is not one of MR. GLADSTONE's favourite wines. He is therefore unable to say whether the pint bottles that have been forwarded to him contain a liquor "infinitely less heady and immeasurably more fruity than the concoction known as 'fine old Tory Port.'" MR. GLADSTONE must add, however, that, without any wish to convert the matter into a party question, he can, from his present point of view, consider nothing Tory either useful or ornamental.



"THE POT."

Loving Wife. "YOU LOOK VEXED, DEAR! ANYTHING HAPPENED?"

Brown. "VERY ANNOYING. I'VE ACCEPTED OLD BLOWHARD'S INVITATION TO TRUDGE OVER HIS LITTLE BIT OF SCRUB AT BAREACRES, AND NOW YOUNG SPOONBILL HAS ASKED ME TO SHOOT HIS COVERS TO-MORROW! WHAT AM I TO DO!"

Wife. "CAN'T SAY, DEAR. BUT DON'T BE FOBBED OFF WITH RABBITS AGAIN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! BRING FEATHERS!—I'M QUITE TIRED OF FUR!"

Reply to the Editor of a Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter asking me to contribute an article to your excellent periodical reached me this morning, and I hasten to reply to it. My present engagements are rather numerous, as I have already sixteen pamphlets and fourteen articles on the stocks. Still, as I notice an anonymous letter has been published in the *Pimlico Pump* (a suburban paper, I understand) which, in my opinion, reflects upon my style as an author, I shall only be too glad to have an opportunity of answering the nameless scribbler through the columns of your admirably conducted magazine. The space I shall require will be from fifty-five to fifty-seven pages.

Yours sincerely,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to an Old Lady.

DEAR MADAM,

OF my own knowledge I cannot say whether the blood-thirsty Turks ate their Servian victims with salt and pepper or preferred them without any condiment. In my pamphlets (which may be obtained of any respectable news-vendor in town or country) I have entered largely into the question of Bulgarian horrors. In the meanwhile I am happy to think that millions of my countrymen (like you) hold LORD BEACONSFIELD personally responsible for every act of Russian aggression, Servian submission, and Turkish terrorism which has been reported during the last two centuries and a half.

Yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

And here *Mr. Punch* stops. Probably before these lines are in print some of the above letters may, in effect, have already been written by the pen of the far too ready writer. Of a verity the pen is a more dangerous weapon than the sword. The glory of many a

HAWARDEN AND KEIGHLEY.

(To Our WILLIAM.)

DOUBT if the stars are suns;
Doubt if the Earth is round;
Doubt if a boy likes buns;
Doubt light more swift than sound.

DOUBT as to Polar search
A useful purpose serving;
Doubt, if you like, the Church
Of England worth preserving.

DOUBT if the Sun will rise;
Doubt about EUCLID's rules;
Doubt Keighley's Guardians wise;
Or doubt them to be fools.

BUT never doubt the need
Of JENNER's great protection,
Or that it can impede
Variolous infection.

Or, if you *must* feel doubt,
Don't give it publication,
To hinder carrying out
Compulsive Vaccination.

CANOSSA WITH A CHANGE.

A TELEGRAM from Rome mentions that:—

"A meeting of influential Catholics from different Italian cities has been held at Manseca, to consider the best means of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa, on the 26th of January next."

Considering that the relative positions of the two principal actors in the Canossa affair are now nearly reversed, perhaps, the best way of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa would be, if possible, to get the EMPEROR WILLIAM to come there, and the POPE to go and meet him; POPE and EMPEROR exchanging their respective parts, his HOLINESS knocking under, as HENRY THE FOURTH of Germany, and HENRY's present successor bullying the POPE, as HILDEBRAND. The Holy Father likes a joke, and if he sees the fun of this proposal, let us hope that his health and strength will continue such as to enable him if he pleases, to go to Canossa and act, *mutatis mutandis* as above suggested, on the 25th of January.

VAMPIRE TRAP.—A Moneylender's brougham.

gallant general has evaporated in gunpowder smoke; but here we have a great statesman deliberately drowning a splendid reputation in that most to be let alone of wells—an inkstand!

QUESTIONS FOR THE SPIRITS.

WHAT is the end of all the umbrellas that are borrowed?
Who reads three-fourths of the new three-volume novels?
When was an ugly girl not voted "nice" by her pretty female companions?
What becomes of all the unsold pictures at the Royal Academy?
How many new Clubs are there? and how many of those most recently opened have already shut up?
Why are Christmas Annuals published in September?
Why do authors think it necessary to write ghastly stories for "the glad new year"?
When is Temple Bar to be taken down?
Who suggested the idea of elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show?
What is the value to the sweeper of a good London crossing?
Have the Skating Rinks any patrons left?
Why is Brighton-on-the-Sea more populous in November than in May?
When will the Grand Opera on the Thames Embankment open its door to the musical million?
What has become of the New Cab Company?
Who wants a new illustrated paper?
Who will be the first to ascend Mount Punch in the Arctic Regions?
When will a London burlesque once more be funny?
Lastly (and most important of all), what is the meaning of LORD BEACONSFIELD's Guildhall speech?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.



SECTION VI.—CONCERNING THE CHOICE OF A REGIMENT.

WHEN Mr. Punch resumed his place in the ante-room, a "crisis" had occurred in the affairs of Europe, and all his pupils were more or less excited. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was in full *levée* uniform, with silver belt, silver sash, and silver-laced overalls complete. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, had extracted the railway map of England and Scotland out of *Bradshaw's Guide*, and was studying the coast attentively. LIEUTENANT AND

CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), had caused his hair to be cut and his whiskers to be trimmed according to the regulations, and looked quite like a soldier. And even dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., had purchased a hand-book to military tactics, and was reading a chapter (through his spectacles) devoted to the consideration of regimental buttons.

"My dear pupils," said Mr. Punch, highly gratified at the picture presented to his view of his scholars' industry, "I am much pleased to see that you are ready for any emergency."

"Yes, Sir," exclaimed COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, kicking away his sword with his well-spurred heel; "in our hands, Sir, Margate is perfectly safe."

"On behalf of our Riflemen," supplemented ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, "I think I may say the same of Lower Tooting."

"If we have to fight," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), "I hope they will make a railway between Constantinople and Monaco."

"If there's a general conscription," lisped out dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, "good little SIR FRANKY hopes they won't take the Cook of the Senior United. Dear little SIR FRANKY is a good little Englishman, but he likes a nice dinner."

"My dear pupils," replied Mr. Punch, "be under no apprehension. We all of us know that you are quite prepared to fight, but you ought to have learned by this time that England does not expend \$25,000,000 a year upon the Soldiers of her Army with a view to ever making any service of them. No, my dear friends, rest in peace, and, if you can, pride yourselves on our national motto, 'Let's grin and bear it.'"

Seeing that his scholars were scarcely satisfied with this speech, the Sage hastened to commence his Lecture:—

Part I. The Cavalry.—When a young man has gained a Commission in the Army, he naturally quickly decides upon the branch of the Service to which he wishes to belong. If he is fond of scientific soldiering, he will have passed through Woolwich, and will thus have become entitled to either the cocked hat of the Royal Engineers or the rather top-heavy busby of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Mr. Punch need not address himself to the Gunners and the Sappers, as they will be forced to choose for themselves. He confines his remarks to those young gentlemen who make up their minds to enter for the Cavalry or the Infantry. Say that a lad prefers the mounted branch of the Service, then will he have to choose between the breast-plates of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues, the busbies of the Hussars, the shako of the Lancers, and the helmets of the Dragoons. To enable the young idea to shoot, or, rather, to ride, Mr. Punch jots down at random the qualifications generally considered necessary to secure popularity in the various Regiments to which he has alluded. He may say at once that service in the Cavalry is invariably more expensive than vegetation in the Infantry.

The Household Cavalry.—An Officer should be fond of escort

duty and keeping the streets. He should like London and Windsor, and must be an adept in practical joking. Before joining he should study "bear fighting" in all its branches. He must have plenty of money, and know the laws of "Poker," "Ecarté," and "Whist." He should be prepared to go to bed when the lark gets up, and to get up whenever stable duty calls him from his quarters. He should never forget what he owes to Society, and should bear in remembrance that the last time his regiment took to laurel-gathering was more than half a century ago.

The Lancers.—An Officer should be clever at Circus-riding. If he can imitate a Clown in the Ring he will be indeed an acquisition to the Regimental circle. He should be able to play upon a banjo, and should have no objection to blacking his face. His library should contain a copy of the works of the late JOE MILLER. If he can ride a pony in a game of Polo, can sing a comic song with many "spoken" in it, and can walk through the part of "Charles, his Friend," creditably in Garrison amateur theatricals, he may expect his promotion to be at once rapid and certain.

The Hussars.—An Officer should be decidedly "horsey." His mufti should be suggestive of the Jockey in private life, and if he can train a few horses at Newmarket or Epsom, so much the better. He should be able to ride as a light-weight, and should have a heavy book upon the principal races. He should call his friends "pals" and "chappys," and speak of himself as either a "warrior" or a "noble sportsman."

The Dragoons.—An Officer should be rather heavy. He is at liberty to cultivate popularity among the fair sex, by whom he should be considered "such a charming fellow." Ponderous swagger should be earnestly cultivated. When the funds of the Regiment will permit of the dissipation, he should organise a Ball, at which trophies of arms and mild flirtations should be the orders of the day. He should get up a Regimental Drag, suggestive of solemn dignity, and should indulge occasionally in a little gentle fox-hunting.

Part II. The Infantry.—A youth who joins the Infantry has perhaps less choice of "Rules of Life" than his brother of the Cavalry. However, even to him some variety is possible. The regiments may be briefly divided into Guards, Rifle Brigade, Highlanders, Crack Corps generally, and Marching Regiments. It may be taken as a general rule that the Cavalry will look down upon the Infantry as "Flatfoots," and that the Infantry will speak contemptuously (but perhaps—remember only *perhaps*—a little enviously) of the Cavalry as "Light-bobs" and "Plungers."

The Guards.—An Officer should be rich enough to regard his Regimental pay as mere cigarette money. He should have a civil but thorough disdain for the rest of the Service. He should wear his nose well turned up in the direction of his bear-skin at all Reviews. He should speak of soldiering as "a baw," and should leave the Service at the very time when he is really becoming a useful Regimental Officer.

The Rifle Brigade.—A shadow sketch of the Guards in dark green. An officer should consider himself very much a soldier, but should confess it difficult to understand "how fellows can possibly manage to exist—in the line!"

The Highlanders.—An officer should have no ear for music. He should for obvious reasons boast a presentable figure. He should accustom himself to the language of the Immortal Burns, and if possible should avoid being an Irishman. When on furlough he should live near a colony of pigs, so that he may remain acclimatised to the sweet sound of the bagpipes.

Crack Corps Generally.—An officer should thoroughly understand the meaning of the proverb "Amongst the blind the one-eyed man is king." He should be particularly proud of his buttons, and should carefully drop the numeral of his regiment in favour of the county title. He should wear his uniform at county balls, and whilst patting the militia condescendingly on the shoulder, should utterly ignore the volunteers.

The Marching Regiment.—A officer should never join unless he happens to be a soldier at heart. If he is a soldier at heart he will like his battalion. And if he isn't—well he won't!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VI.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch you have mentioned "bear fighting" in the course of your lecture—will you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch.—I have no doubt our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), will be able to enlighten us?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I believe that some of the Brigade go in for it. It's more in the line of the two Lives and the Blues, though.

Mr. Punch.—My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), I am delighted to find that you are ashamed of the practice. "Bear fighting" my good Ensign (I am glad, by the way, that you have retained an obsolete rank) means practical joking of the most vulgar kind. A "bear fight" entails the smashing of the mess crockery, the tearing of uniforms, and the breaking of of

bones. In these fights neither age nor rank are respected. Even guests (sometimes grey-haired and dignified) are half-killed amidst the semi-drunken shouts of a pack of brainless and portly subalterns.

Colonel Charles.—But surely, Sir, such a practice must be considered an outrage?

Mr. Punch. On the contrary, my dear friend, "bear fighting" is considered an excellent joke—but only by the British Army!

"BROTHERS" AT THE COURT.



WHILE MR. COGH-
LAN's new play
is being as un-
duly cried down
as some other
recent plays have
been unduly
cried-up, *Mr.
Punch* is glad
to record his
humble opinion
that no Comedy
has been pro-
duced of late
years showing
more brightness
and smartness
in its dialogue;
and combining
with its bril-
liancy the needful
spice of humour
and character.
Then the good
things come na-
turally, and the
movement of the
scene is not
stopped to lug

them in. The "pruning-knife" may have been applied since the first night, for when we saw the play, last week it neither dragged nor halted. Unhappily for himself and his work, the author has run upon the most dangerous rock of the many in the way of the English Dramatist. He has dealt too largely in cynicism, both in the conception of his story and his characters, and as a consequence, in the tone of the good things he has put into their mouths.

An English Comedy should reflect a corner, at least, of English society; now, there may be corners in which cynicism is as much in the ascendant as it is in MR. COGHLAN's play, but the exhibition of it will not please people who do not frequent these cynical corners. It is a hundred to one that any average English audience represents a larger section of English society than the playwright's own circle, and by an average English audience cynicism is only tolerated as a condiment, to be sparingly employed. They don't like to have the taste of it in every plat of their entertainment.

MR. COGHLAN has made his younger brother a cynical Bohemian; his elder brother a cynical Arcadian, who if he does a generous thing usually says bitter ones—a sort of *Grandcourt* without the steel claws under his velvet. Even *Kate Hungerford* has waded too deep in the dirt of Bohemia, though she is anxious to get clear of it. The paternal love of the old soldier-father and the dog-love of *Davenport*, are not enough to supply the needful leaven of good feeling for the British public, which Philistine as it may be, un-erotic and unanalytic as it unquestionably is, has sound instincts of right and wrong, and will not let the dice of life be loaded, or the worse made the better reason in matters of *morale*, without protest.

But the admirable way in which the piece is mounted and acted should do a great deal to save it from the unpopularity to which its cynicism may tend to condemn it. From first to last it is as well acted as the most fastidious critic of acting could desire—as well acted as a well-acted comedy at the Théâtre Français. If MR. CONWAY would take something out of the more repulsive side of his part, by showing us a little more of the better side of the Bohemian, instead of throwing all the more repulsive points into stronger relief by the hardness and defiance of his manner, we should find it difficult to suggest any improvement on the acting of *Brothers*. MR. KELLY's old Indian Colonel; MR. ANSON's much-enduring Captain; MR. HARE's cynically spoken but kindly-hearted Baronet; MISS ELLEN TERRY's graceful and pathetic picture of the incautious, ill-trained, but, at bottom, loving and womanly, *Kate Hungerford*; MRS. GASTON MURRAY's formidable widow-of-the-world; and MISS HOLLINGSHEAD's bright and pleasant *ingénue*—all, down to MR. CATHCART's discreet and demure family lawyer, and MR. LEIGH's irreproachable butler, are perfect in their several ways.

It is delightful to be able to point to two theatres in London—the

Prince of Wales's and the Court—in which may be seen, at the same time, two comedies consummately acted, from the principal parts to the most subordinate. But *Peril* is French *plaque*, and one feels it. *Brothers*, with all its faults, is English all through.

When MR. COGHLAN has learnt that he may, without goody-goodyism or conventionality, give to the better elements of life and character in his play that pre-eminence over the baser which our Society, with all its false estimates, on the whole secures to the former, he ought to be able to write a Comedy to which refined and even fastidious playgoers may give an evening with a satisfaction not often to be got out of an English theatre. Even with the one great blemish of *Brothers*, on which we have been commenting, there is no play now being acted in London so well worth seeing.

A PLAINTIVE APPEAL.

TO MISTER PUNCH DEAR AND ONERD SIR,

SEEMING as you R the frind of the Pore man I hope as you'll take pitty upon im as now addresses you which I'm a hinjured individual and so is my pal CHARLEY. We are both of us Pore fellers wot tries to urn a onest living by our Hindustry leastways the French Parisians they calls us Shevalleers of Hindustry cause we lives by picking pockets and suchlike sorts of andicraft. Dear Sir 'tis well bekknown as how the Lor don't reckernize such industry as ourn cause the Krushers are employed to clap us into Quod wen- ever they can ketch us. Dear Sir we dont keef for the Krushers leastways we dont so much complane of em for they aint mostly oversharp not even the Defectives which they makes a pritty and of untung up a case and only seems to Haet when Hinflamation's giv to em.

Onerd Sir I dont mind telling you as its them skientific cooves as we are most afeard of—them chaps as keep hinventing of the blessed Lectruok Telegrafs and other blooming hinstruments for bringing Justice down on us. Dear Sir just you look at this ere wot is said about Furtoggraphy as CHARLEY showed me tother evening in a book which he diskivered in a coovey's carpet-bag as he had collared at a railway station—

"In some countries every person convicted of any crime is photographed, and the record of his features becomes part of the archives of every prison. Of course a hardened criminal, knowing the purpose for which his likeness is being taken, is not a very manageable sitter."

Hi should think not indeed! Ardened criminal or not, a kiddy would be precious soft to let em take his Foto agin his hinclination. I know I'd see em blowed fust—but see dear Sir what appens—

"However no choice is given him . . . While he is being professedly examined, the concealed photographer does his work."

Dear Sir that's jest what you'd expek from them blooming foring sneaks. 'Tis a part of their Spy system to steal sly looks at a Cove and they ought to be had up for it and indited for obtaining of his Portrait under false purtences. Next see dear Sir what follers—

"The system has been introduced into England, but only very partially. It is to be regretted that the adoption of it has not been more general."

Dear Sir me and my pal CHARLEY we call it most Hunenglish to use such Hartful dodges for to assist the Krushers. Hit aint fair play we ses that they should take our Fotos while they wont let us take theirs and even if we ad em they wouldnt be much good to us cause them there low and hartful Defectives so disguises of theirselves that their faces is as variable as the colours of Cornelions. Live and let live is our Motter and we ope dear onerd Sir as youll say something to the Pint for to purtect True Brittish Hindustry sech as mine and CHARLEY CLYFAKER's and to defend our Wested rights in other people's proppaty. Which I remane dear onerd Sir your truly, umbel and obedient servant to command

PETER PRIGGINS.

The Three Pigeons, Dark Man's Alley, Seven Dials.

Anti-Turkish Atrocities.

PARTIES there are on words who play,
And pun like graceless knaves.
The Servians are no Serfs, they say;
The Slavs will not be Slaves.

THE KHEDIVE's Minister of Finance was reported to have died of over-drinking. He was in fact suffering from an over-dose of sack.

THE Fleet at Besika Bay is to be provided with winter clothing. We hope overhauls will be included.

THE ORIGINAL COOK'S TOURIST.—Policeman X. on his beat.



DARWINIAN.

Elder Sister (wishing to show off her small Brother's Accomplishments). "Now, JACK, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN?"

Jack. "ADAM!" Elder Sister. "QUITE RIGHT! AND WHERE DID HE LIVE?"

Jack (who has notions of his own about an earthly Paradise). "IN THE Z'LOGICAL GARDENS!"

DON'T !

(Advice gratis to a distinguished Statesman, summarised from the conflicting Counsels of a host of candid Friends.)

- Don't hide in your tent, my Achilles!—that looks so like sulking and spite.
- Don't come to the front uninvited!—you'll only be spoiling the fight.
- Don't trot out your High Church æsthetics!—they savour of sulphur and Rome.
- Don't leather the POPE in a pamphlet!—you've plenty to look to at home.
- Don't tackle translation of *Homer*!—the task for your pen is too big.
- Don't write goody-goody in monthlies, because that is quite *infra dig*.
- Don't spout on the stump or the platform!—you're too high to come down to such rant.
- Don't gossip with eager cheap-trippers!—it sounds so like claptrap and cant.
- Don't say kindly things—though in private—concerning your sons or your daughters;
- They sound so extremely like gush, from the pens of intrusive reporters.
- Don't venture on speaking out strongly on questions of wrong *versus* right;
- Because indignation's a cover for rage and political spite.
- Don't, pray, after SCHLIEHMANN amidst Trojan potteries pottering go;
- A statesman should live in the present, and not be a-crying "Old Clo'!"
- Don't give your opinion on topics that agitate current society:
- 'Tis—let us say—hallucination, such angling for mere notoriety.
- Don't be sentimental—that's dreadful! and don't be so deucedly warm.
- Don't answer impertinent questions or slanders!—that's shocking bad form.

- Don't wonder, however, if questions unanswered and lies, far and wide,
- Pass for posers and truths, silence proving they cannot be met or denied.
- Don't be e'en pen-and-inkishly civil to cads or to bores who intrude!
- Don't answer inquiries on post-cards, because that looks dreadfully rude.
- Don't, wholly oblivious of dignity, toy with mere trifles too much:
- Or, if you do, imitate BEN's *dilettante* and delicate touch.
- Don't ever forget you're a big-wig, or sacrifice unction and pose.—
- If you must chat of cottagers' cabbages, let it be *coulour-de-rose*.
- Don't stoop to frank int'rest in matters that agitate commoner men.
- Don't—*don't*—be so horribly earnest, so ready with tongue and with pen.
- Don't go and upset "holy calms" as, alas! my dear WILL, is your wont.—
- In fine, whatsoe'er you're for doing, *our* general counsel is—"DON'T!"

Quite Superfluous.

It is rumoured that the Russians are anxious to occupy Constantinople. Constantinople is very much obliged, but begs to state that she is quite enough occupied already—with her own bothers.

A BITTER PILL.

MR. BUTT has been blackballed at the Royal Irish Academy. He cannot complain, as he is himself a pillar of Home-Rule.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY thinks it a satisfaction to know that in chemical ingenuity this country can vie with any other in the world. Yet we cannot touch Hamburg Sherry!



“NO MISTAKE!”

THE BRITISH LION, “LOOK HERE! I DON’T UNDERSTAND YOU!—BUT IT’S RIGHT YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND ME! I DON’T FIGHT, TO UPHOLD WHAT’S GOING ON YONDER!!”



SHOWS AND AUTRE CHOSE.



WHITE—with his herd of elephants, there is but one question asked in the precincts of the Mansion House, "How is the Procession to be improved next year?"

The only way will be to continue *de plus fort en plus fort*, after the immense reception accorded by pit and gallery—wrong again, we mean by pavement and balcony—to the Show of November, Seventy-Six.

When *Mr. Punch* gives advice he likes to be practical. He therefore suggests the following programme of "Immense Effects and Stupendous Novelties," which may be added one by one or *en bloc* as the purse of the new Lord Mayor may suggest:—

The Sheriffs, in Roman Cars, drawn by three piebald horses abreast.

The retiring Lord Mayor, as the Courier of St. Petersburg, driving six horses in hand.

The Aldermen, on a platform drawn by trained turtles, as the Bounding Brothers of St. Botolph's.

The Common Councilmen on Donkeys, riding with their faces to the tail.

A Troupe of Guys (designed by the rejected candidates for the Byron Monument, and dressed by MESSRS. MAY & NATHAN), carried by members of the Foresters' Societies in full canonicals.

A Tank on wheels, drawn by six Alligators and a Devil Fish, containing the Directors and Managers of the Westminster Aquarium Company.

The Ladies and Gentlemen performing at night in the various Burlesques of London, in the costumes worn in the different characters they represent. Marshalled by MR. LIONEL BROUGH, and escorted by MR. TOOLE on a Rocking-Horse.

Sixteen Omnibuses, carrying outside the entire contents of MADAME TISSAUD's Exhibition—kindly lent for this occasion only.

An open Police-Van, containing the Ladies and Gentlemen from the Chamber of Horrors.

Twenty-four London Watermen on Bicycles, led by MR. ROBERT LOWE in full uniform, as the Captain of the Brompton Bicyclars.

Band of Music of the Spheres, by the Members of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, conducted by SERJEANT COX. Banjo, Accordion, Concertina, Fairy Bells, and Musical-Boxes.

The Cows from the various Dairies of the Metropolis, ridden by their owners in sky-blue colours.

The City Marshal on a slack-wire from St. Paul's Cross to the Mansion House.

And, lastly, the Lord Mayor, in a Pullman's Car, drawn by six Giraffes, three Camels, two Zebras, and a donkey-engine, and escorted by a squadron of Bashi-Bazouks, imported expressly for the occasion.

If that does not fetch the Public, the Corporation had better let the Elephants slide from their memories, and return to a simpler and more tasteful pageant.

Rising to the Occasion.

An elderly Subaltern of Marines recently prefaced a speech with the words "I rise." A Captain of twenty-eight years' service, the christening of whose great grandchild was the occasion of the festive gathering, interrupted his junior with the remark—"Rise, Sir! You're premature by a quarter of a century."

Punch's Military Anecdotes.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.—Woolwich Arsenal.

GREEN-BEARD'S SECRET.

A Protest from Paglesham.

"ESSEX GREEN-BEARDED NATIVE OYSTERS.—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND writes in *Land and Water*:—"I am glad to inform the public that the green-bearded oysters native to the River Roach (not far from Southend, Essex) are about to be introduced into the London market. For over a hundred years this kind of British oyster has been shipped *via* Ostend to Paris and Continental markets, where, under the name of 'Les huitres verts d'Ostende,' they have been and are considered a great delicacy. The reason why oyster-eaters in England have not hitherto availed themselves of these home-bred oysters is that their beards—i.e., breathing gills—are in the winter months more or less tinged with a green pigment. This peculiar green is imparted to them by the sporules of the seaweed called 'crow-silk,' which grows abundantly in the Roach River. DR. LETHBRIDGE's analysis has pronounced this pigment to be purely vegetable, without the slightest trace of copper or other mineral. I consider that this vegetable pigment imparts a peculiar taste and delightful flavour to the meat of these plump little oysters. For many years I have been trying to persuade the MESSRS. J. AND F. WISEMAN, oyster merchants, of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, to send their natives to the home markets. The present scarcity of oysters has now induced them to supply the English rather than the French markets. The shells are thin and porcelain like, and the proportion of meat to shell in my catalogue of oysters is one-fifth."—*The Times*, November 7th.

Essex Green-Bearded Native loquitor:—

O, BUCKLAND! BUCKLAND! Hang your explanation!

Frankest of Franks,

You will not earn our thanks

By such a work of supererogation.

Now why the,—but an Oyster *must* not swear;

Expletives spoil repose, in which our race

Are briny Vere-de-Veres. But *why* displace

The prejudice which was our preservation,

From the black fate which other bivalves share,

Of being loved, not wisely, but too well?

We were content to dwell

In Ocean's deep unfathomed Caves for ever,

Unknown of that all-gulping gorge you call

The London Market, or, if known at all,

Suspected of a *penchant* most improper

For Copper.

But now—ah! faithless FRANK, you're all too clever,

I only hope 'twill not be long before you'll

Deeply regret you did not silent eat

Your "Green-Beards" plump and sweet,

And hide the mystery of the "crow-silk" sporule.

You fathomed Green-Beards' secret—fortune rare!

Why not rejoice, and—keep it? May you share

The fate of *Blue Beard's* wives! "Delightful flavour!"

"Plump little oysters"? Ah! such phrases savour

Of Judas-kisses. But when London's clutch,

Insatiate as *Shylock*, shall encroach

On the calm reaches of weed-cumbered Roach,

And your loved Green-Beards share the fate

Of Miltons pure or coarser Anglo-Dutch—

Then, all too late,

You may repent betraying us "poor creatures"

To English Oyster-eaters.

When MESSRS. WISEMAN own the fatal truth

That the last Essex Green-Beard's left their premises,

Mayhap, false FRANK, you'll find, with fruitless ruth,

The Native its own Nemesis!

A Case for a Quiet Life.

THE Judges in the Supreme Court of Appeal the other day had to decide on "a question of considerable interest to the shipping and mercantile community," raised by the case of *Tully v. Howling*. The point at issue in this suit, one would suppose, must be interesting to the community at large. Everybody whose neighbour keeps an ill-bred cur tied up, and who is therefore liable to be kept awake all night, anyone who lives within earshot of a ranting preacher, or of a platform whence demagogues are accustomed to harangue public meetings, must be concerned for the success of the great Roman Orator's namesake in an action by which, should he gain his cause, it may be hoped that Howling will be silenced.

DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTY.—To tell the truth, or to believe it when told.



OUR GROOMS.

Master. "WISH TO GO? WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

Stud-Groom. "WELL, SIR, YOU'VE BEEN AND BOUGHT TWO NEW 'OSSES WITHOUT MY OPINION—AND FROM A PARTY AS HAS BEHAVED VERY BAD TO ME."

Master. "I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T MADE AS MUCH AS USUAL BY THE 'DEAL'? YOU CAN GO."

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Cork—Comparison—Lateness—Wired—Last of Dublin—MISTRESS M' GORMAN—Farewell—An Irish Squire—No Irish need apply—Servants—Round the Table—Erroneous Views—Tag—Curtain.

CORK is continental. It is the Irish Venice, or the Irish Amsterdam, with the canals out of sight, but with bridges and quays, and such small and large boats as you may meet with in most of the chiefly-ending-in-dam towns in Holland.

Nine A.M., and Cork not yet awake. The Irish of the towns are a late people. Within my brief experience I look in vain for any records of the "early Irish." I walk about the town. The shops are just opening and rubbing their eyes. I dare say there may be a first-rate Hotel in Cork, but I was not lucky enough to find it. Ah! my dear Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, long will it be ere I see your equal; may be, 'twill be long again ere I see your smiling hostess, good luck to you!

There are lashings of excursions from Cork, besides plenty to see in Cork itself, and I am planning 'out my little' tour when a telegram arrives. Long expected, come at last!

PLUMPTON AND SPRY. Case earlier on the list than was expected. Please come back.

This is the result of the Law's Delay. Like a cat, Justice delays, —delays,—and when you think she is asleep, she darts forward and pounces on her prey.

I am "wired"—like a poached pheasant—and caught.

Farewell, old Erin! One last run through Dublin.

(Subsequent Note.)—The last run occupied three days and four nights, and included—ah! but this is a private and personal matter—only it is difficult to tear oneself away from the merriest, cheeriest, brightest, most genial society in the world. It used to be the mediæval fashion to bequeath yourself in pieces to various places. I send my heart to Little Bray, and my digestion to Glengariff. Can

I ever forget that excellent person *Mistress McGorman*, celebrated in verse by an eminent Doctor in Dublin—

"On crutches so stout
She hobbles about,
And the people cry, 'PEGGY, what ails you?'"

And then the Phaynix, and the breakfast in the hawthorn scented Zoo! but these are reminiscences, and happy thoughts that I must keep to myself.

Farewell, sweet Erin, though in spite of PLUMPTON AND SPRY, I have much more to tell that would gladden the heart of the intending traveller. Wasn't my Saxon palate rejoiced with the old wine and the fat haunch, at the table of a real Old Irish Gentleman, who has a fine estate? All of the olden time; as the song has it. More power to his elbow, bedad! and may his shadow never grow less! Does he live on his estate? Of course he does. Isn't he beloved by all about him? Certainly. Has he any fear of a bullet from behind a hedge? Divil a one. A fine old Squire, the very model of an Irishman, with daughters and sons most hospitable, kind and courteous ladies and gentlemen, and Irish every one of them to the core of their hearts. Open house, without prodigality, and servants as remarkable for their handiness as for an innately well-bred civility, which is utterly beyond the artificial frigidity of an English, JAMES OF Berkeley Square.

Why is it that in England "*No Irish need apply*"? Is it that an Irishman is at his best only in his native land, and at his worst everywhere else? I protest that from what I know of good Irish servants, I would as soon employ them as good English servants; and as for their fidelity, when once attached to the Master and family, that, at all events, can't be surpassed, search where you will.

Ah! those pleasant nights at Bray! Never shall I forget those evenings—one especially—spent in the hight of good company. It does not become me to do more than allude to them here. And for good talk, for *raconteurs*, for joviality, for abandon, for genuine humour, without a suspicion of coarseness, without a word that I



VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

Betting Man (to his Partner). "LOOK 'ERE, JOE! I 'EAR YOU'VE BEEN GAMBLIN' ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE! NOW, A MAN MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE; AND IF THAT KIND OF THING GOES ON, YOU AND ME WILL 'AVE TO PART COMPANY!"

couldn't repeat to my dear old Grandmother through her ear-trumpet, commend me to the Knights of the Table Round who kept high festival one Saturday night at Little Bray.

Once more on the steamer's deck, and—once more back in Old England, which has of course become older since I left—but she doesn't look it, bless her!

I started with erroneous views of Ireland.

Happy Thought (for an Artist).—A Series of Erroneous Views—Dissolving.

Most Saxons are unwilling to abandon their prejudices. If I had any, I am most ready to give them up.

What I have seen I have recorded. What I have not seen, and what I had been led to expect I should see at every turn of the road, so to speak, were the following items of Irish life and character, according to popular notions:—

What I have not seen in Ireland.

I have not seen any fighting.

I have not seen any drunkenness.

I have not been mistaken for a Middleman, and shot at from behind a hedge.

I have not seen a wake.

I have not seen a priest going through the village with a horse-whip in his hand.

I have not met with an uncivil Irishman.

I have not seen anything resembling "swarms of beggars."

I have not, to my knowledge, met a Fenian.

I have not met an out-and-out decided Home-Ruler.

I did not have one single drop of rain for a whole fortnight, which included four days at Killarney.

And I have never seen an Irishman, under any circumstances, in a hurry.

FROM POTHOUSE TO PRISON.

A STATEMENT from the Bench at the Birmingham Police Court signifies that MAJOR BOND, the Chief of Police, has done some good service by enforcing the law against drunkenness to the correction of offenders euphemistically denominated "quiet drunkards," whom Mr. WRIGHT, the Magistrate, described as follows:—

"So far as the experience of the Bench went, they generally found the quiet drunkard to be the man who had been spending the money belonging to the common fund of his family, sitting for hours in a public-house, remaining there until he had lost his reason and all control over himself, and then staggering out of the house. He had to be avoided by women and children, and if he went across the street it was with imminent danger to others and at the risk of his own life. Although he never uttered a word, he was a nuisance and an obstruction to sober and sensible people."

The quiet drunkard is, in short, a sort of the lethargic species. Our plain-spoken forefathers, who called a spade a spade, used likewise to call a sot a sot. It was a simple word. Why not stick to their simplicity of speech? By departure therefrom we may deviate into inaccuracy. The capital description of a quiet drunkard above-quoted was preceded by the remark that—

"Crime had increased so much of late that it had been the means of more than filling the gaol, which had, at the present time, 515 prisoners, and they had to borrow a large number of cells in other gaols, Worcester and Warwick, in order to accommodate the surplus prisoners."

"Accommodated" is, as *Justice Shallow* observes, "a good phrase" aptly applied; but, even in these days of kindness to criminals, it is hardly usual exactly to accommodate rogues and thieves or even 'drunkards, however quiet, in gaol. On the contrary, imprisonment is designed to incommode them, and doubtless does to a very great extent, or else fails to answer its purpose. But the prison accommodation, such accommodation as it is, which the drunkards enjoy, cannot at present be extended to others who deserve it at least as much as themselves:—

"MR. WRIGHT was not sure that the publican who, for his own profit, served the drunkard with glass after glass of spirits, and jug after jug of ale, until he was bereft of his reason, was not equally guilty, if he was not the more guilty of the two."

It is not at present in the power of Magistrates to teach a publican convicted of going on serving already drunken sots, not to do so any more, by accommodating him in prison. A statute enabling a Justice so to accommodate such publicans would perhaps really tend, in some considerable measure, to make people sober by Act of Parliament.

As to electioneering extravagances reflecting disgrace on all parties alike, I did not assist as a spectator, and only read full reports of them in the local newspapers of various political shades. Electioneering seems to me to be pretty much the same everywhere, and "may differences of opinion never alter friendship"—even when brickbats are taken for arguments.

A short tour and a merry,—such is life, or rather *so mote it be*. A pleasant holiday it has been, and I wish myself many happy returns of that day when it struck me, as a Happy Thought, to take a little Tour in Ireland.

HORTICULTURE WITHOUT HUMBUG.

It is announced that, "notwithstanding the unfortunate financial position of the Royal Horticultural Society, the present Council, composed as it is mainly of horticulturists, are about to make a bold stand in the interests of horticulture, and to save the Society from absolute extinction." That is, of course, endeavour to save it; which there is hope they may manage through "its reconstruction on a satisfactory basis; but only on the condition that, above and before all other objects, the development of the theory and practice of horticulture shall be the aim kept steadily in view." Let them stick to that, and then the Horticultural Society will at any rate answer its purpose, to the end perhaps of answering in the sense of paying.

In that happy event the associated Royal Horticulturists will no more exhibit themselves during the middle of summer, as it were in the melancholy position sometimes occupied at Christmas by "Frozen-out Gardeners," but will, on the contrary, abide in the paradise of "Jolly Gardeners" all the year round.

THE ENGLISH BRIGANDAGE COMPANY (LIMITED).



R. WILLIAM SIKES, of London and Portland
(Chairman).

THE MASTER OF DODGES, Scotland.
COUNT ROBERT MACAIRE, Paris and
Cayenne.

JEREMY DIDDLE, Esq., Bohemia
(Managing Director).

Secretary.

MR. FAGIN, Little Britain, E.C.

Temporary Offices.

The C.C.C. near the Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE success which has attended Brigandage in Sicily has induced the Directors of this Company to offer to the British public extraordinary advantages by the formation of this their Association. In a wealthy country like England, robbery in all its branches is enormously remunerative. Until the formation of the English Brigandage Company the trade has been carried on in a fragmentary and incomplete manner. A vast loss of cash and energy has been the necessary consequence. The Directors propose to call the productive principle of co-operation to their aid, and to combine a number of fairly paying but now independent branches of industry in one highly lucrative whole.

To secure this very desirable result, the Directors are in treaty with the proprietors of many eligible swindling concerns. They hope soon to acquire possession of some two hundred first-class hotels in London, Scotland, and the fashionable watering-places. In some of these establishments it may be necessary to put the locks of the bedrooms in a thorough state of unrepair; but the tariffs in the Coffee-Rooms will in no single instance require any alteration.

In future the attendants at the Theatres will be the servants of the Company. The Directors are pleased to say that the business of this branch of the Association is at present so perfect in its working that it is hardly capable of improvement.

The Directors of the English Brigandage Company have also acquired most of the metropolitan cabs. It will, in a large majority of cases, be unnecessary to change the present drivers.

Arrangements are also being made to purchase the good-will of several old-established West-End shops. As the retiring managers have volunteered to continue their services to the Company, the happiest results are confidently expected.

The Directors may add, too, that many foreign Governments, several Insurance Associations, and City Companies innumerable are in treaty with the officers of the Company. The Managing Director (JEREMY DIDDLE, Esq.) is busy inquiring into these ventures, with a view to discovering whether they are likely to prove lucrative investments.

In conclusion, it will be seen that it has been thought unnecessary to appoint any Solicitors to the English Brigandage Company (Limited). The Directors beg to say that the operations in which

they hope to indulge will be conducted in strict accordance with the laws of the land. Finally, the officials of the Company propose to act up to the spirit of the mottoes they have proudly assumed—"No money returned!" and "Honour among Thieves!"

CRITICISM.

HOW TO WRITE IT.
WE have read this book.

Some of the outspoken thoughts may possibly offend a few readers. The unexciting character of the story may, in these days of high sensation, stand in the way of the book becoming an immediate favourite.

It will be the book of the season.

A captious critic might consider the incidents somewhat improbable, but we all know that truth is stranger than fiction.

May we not in all deference ask of the author whether, for so long a story, the narrative is not pitched in too sad a key?

A play is never seen to advantage on a first night.

It may be that the author has taken some slight advantage of a French work, but originality of treatment is stamped on every line.

We have seen MR. BLANK in characters more suited to his style of acting.

The Irish accent, though admirable, of MR. DASH, was scarcely that of a native of Tipperary.

A few days' more rehearsals would certainly have benefited the performance.

We have no doubt that, after the judicious use of the pruning-knife, this piece will prove a lasting success.

Tumultuous applause greeted the end of the drama, although there were to be heard here and there some slight tokens of disapprobation.

HOW TO READ IT.

FINDING that the volumes were not cut, we glanced at the index, and at the first and last chapters.

The vulgarity of every page is certain to disgust everybody.

It is too dull to be read.

It will possibly be asked for at the Libraries for ten days, and will then certainly be forgotten.

The incidents are too ridiculous to interest a sentimental school-girl.

The work is very long and very dreary.

We sat in a draught.

The piece is a vulgar adaptation from the French.

MR. BLANK never played worse in his life.

MR. DASH's accent was decidedly Whitechapel.

The actors did not know their parts.

By totally omitting two Acts, and shortening the other three, a play would be obtained which might run a few nights.

If the house had not been packed, the piece would have been hissed off the stage.

IMPORTANT SELL.

MESSES. GROANS AND WRONGEM beg to announce that early in the ensuing month they will sell by auction, at their mart, Cock Lane, City, the following choice selection of modern Furniture, being the property of a firm of celebrated Spiritualists, who, being ordered change of air, have no further opportunity for their use:—

- LOT 1.—A Mahogany Table, with spring leg, moveable flaps, and aristocratic appearance. Highly polished.
- „ 2.—A Cane-Bottomed Chair, warranted to rise on the slightest encouragement. Socket in fore leg. Superior workmanship.
- „ 3.—Elegant Wax Hand—Full of Spirit, but quiet in harness.
- „ 4.—Ditto, smaller size. May be worked by a child.
- „ 5.—Two pair of steel Lazy-Tongs. Strong and portable. Will fold into waistcoat-pocket.
- „ 6.—Double Musical-Box. Winds with a spring. Very ingenious.
- „ 7.—Slate and Pencils, with India-rubber attached. Quite new.
- „ 8.—Bottle of Acid-Sponge. Ditto of Phosphorus various.
- „ 9.—Collection of Musical Instruments—a good deal knocked about—Banjo, Accordion, Tambourine, and Bell.
- „ 10.—Wax Masks—various. Employed in Materialisation. Works of Art.
- „ 11.—A Devonport Cabinet. Exploded. A screen, with aperture in the centre. Various.
- „ 12.—A Galvanic Battery (out of order), a lot of Brass, and 15,000 copies of the *Spiritualistic Times*. No offer refused.



"IF YOU WILL NOT WHEN YOU MAY," &c.

Parson. "HOW IS IT, SCRUBB, THAT YOUR COMELY DAUGHTERS ARE STILL SINGLE!"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, YOU SEE THERE WOB A TIME WHEN THEY WOULD A HA' THEY, BUT THEY WOUDN' HA' THEY. NOO THEY WOULD HA' THEY, BUT THEY WOON'T HA' THEY!!"

COMPANY MANNERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE consequences to wives and families, as well as to husbands themselves, of the latter becoming Directors of bogus Companies are so terrible, that it would only be right that women should be able to obtain an immediate divorce on their husbands' names appearing on a prospectus. I have only lately rescued my lord and master from the jaws of the City lions, and his symptoms were so remarkable before forming his "Company," that I think it might serve as a guide to other wives to detail them:—

First. Although it had been difficult (we being independent) to get him out of the house for a few hours together, he suddenly began to absent himself for the entire day, his account being that he had met THOMPSON, and been with him to "the City."

Secondly. Though previously careless in his dress, he suddenly became most particular about the polish of his boots and the brushing of his hat.

Thirdly. Generally returned late for dinner, and smelt strongly of sherry and cigars.

Fourthly. Brought other gentlemen, also smelling of sherry and cigars, home occasionally.

Fifthly. Sat late over the wine on these last occasions, and left early next morning for "the City." Carried mysterious printed documents in his pocket. Was restless at night.

Sixthly. Drew one or two large cheques, with only initials on the counterfoil.

Seventhly. Gave a "little" dinner in "the City," costing forty pounds odd.

Lastly. Came home rather excited one evening, telling me he had a little surprise for me, that it was "all right!" THOMPSON had consented to take ten thousand pounds for his patent, the "Company" was formed, and he, my husband, was on the direction!

To all this I need scarcely add that he required £1000 at once; but

TRUE, OR UNTRUE?

[See the Story told at the Inquest on EMMA BLACK, who died of fright, caused, according to her own statement, and that of several of her little fellow-scholars, by her being shut in a dark closet at a Board School in Lambeth.]

THE little Blacks in olden days
Were pitied by the nation,
Kind hearts were busy finding ways
To send them consolation.

To save small niggers from the dark
Of slavish fear that bound them,
And kindle in their minds a spark
From Freedom's light around them.

Yet yesterday a little BLACK,—
At school in this great City,—
Shivered from life to death, for lack
Of human help and pity.

Shut in the darkness lone and drear,
The tiny, trembling lisper
Froze in the icy grasp of Fear—
This is the tale they whisper!

The story makes one catch one's breath:
A babe, for baby errors
Done so remorselessly to death,
In childhood's darkling terrors!

Thank God, a doubt the crime hangs o'er;
Those who should know foreswore it;
Though little ones their witness bore,
And trembled while they bore it.

How EMMA BLACK came by the fear
That gave her to death's dolours,
The Jury found no witness clear
From her small fellow scholars.

But truth is truth, from great or small:
A School-Board's bound to trace it.
When Black deaths from dark closets call,
A doubt left should disgrace it!

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

At the Aquarium—the Alligator.
At the Alexandra Palace—the Liquidator.

as my consent and signature were necessary, I sternly withheld them, and his name no longer figured on the prospectus. The Company, however, was formed without him. THOMPSON got a great part of his ten thousand for his patent, for something about as valuable as the process of making a pair of boots into a pair of shoes by cutting off their tops, and the Company is in liquidation. Criminal proceedings have been threatened, MR. THOMPSON has disappeared, and my "little man" no longer visits the City, except with myself, to draw our dividends from the Bank of England.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

Consol Cottage, Nov. 25th, 1876.

GERTRUDE GRAYMAIR.

THE REMOVAL OF A NUISANCE.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the European Commission of the Danube is to take place almost immediately, to decide on the means of removing the obstruction caused to the navigation by the ship *Turkish Empire*, which came to grief on the banks of that river some time ago.

We understand an offer has already been made by the eminent English shipbuilders, MESSRS. BEACONSFIELD & Co., who propose to raise, repair, re-fasten, and re-metal the ship (the whole to be done by piecework), so as to enable her to be re-classed for a further period of years. On the other hand, an equally well-known firm of Russian engineers maintain that the ship is no longer in a fit condition to be sent to sea, her timbers being completely rotten, and insist that she should be broken up, they doing the work (by means of blasting powder), and being allowed to retain part of the old materials as their remuneration.

The European Commission do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

OUR BEST COAST-GUARD.—"The inviolate Sea."

PROGRESS!

(Real, not Brummagem, with Punch's compliments to his friend CROSS.)



BULL "knows the ropes." The rival haulers
May try and strain, but of *direction*
He's apt to make his own election,
In spite of all the banded bawlers.

To hitch a rope to hinder hoof,
And tailward tug with "Yo-ho" chorus,
Won't pass for Progress with our Taurus,
Slow-witted, thick-skinned, sophism-proof.

PROGRESS! A word of many meanings
In many mouths. Its definition
Seems quite a question of position,
And much controlled by Party leanings.
BOB LOWE and CROSS once more may toss
The verbal shuttlecock *con amore*,
And read, for Liberal or Tory,
The old word with the newest gloss.

Though Tory yarns make stoutish ropes,
Philistines who would catch BULL napping
Like SAMSON's withies find them snapping,
When used to anchor Party hopes.
Or should they hold some season small,
'Tis that the tension's wondrous slack,
And pullers, who would fain pull back,
Just follow Taurus, ropes and all!



"PERIL!"—COURTSHIP AND PROPERTIES.

(WHAT THE STAGE IS COMING TO.)

GOOD SPIRITS.

A GREAT deal has recently been written about the wickedness of "Drunkards," and it is consequently satisfactory to find that steps are being taken for their reformation. Even the papers dealing with "Spiritualism" have devoted their columns to a consideration of the subject. For instance, in one of these periodicals on November 17th, an advertisement appears in which a Young Lady offers to cure "Dipsomania" by Mesmerism, on the following terms—"One Guinea per consultation. Two Guineas a month for Postal Treatment." Without describing the "consultation" (which must be an interesting interview), Mr. Punch satisfies himself by publishing a few of the letters of a "Dipsomaniac," who, he believes, has availed himself of the "Postal Treatment,"—*pour encourager les autres* :—

LETTER I.

DEAR MADAM,

I SAY, dear Madam. Meantersay that it's all right. All right, you know—that's what I mean to say. For he's jolly a good fellow, and—so say all of us. I'm a Tipsymanic—meantersay Dipsomaniac. Enclose cheque for postal treatment. I am very miserable. And so say all of us! Chorus. Meantersay

Bedient Servant,

TOM—TOM—TOMKINS.

LETTER II.

DEAR MADAM,

It gives me great pleasure to say, very much better. I receive your box—mesmeric—pills. They go well with as good a bottle of port as get anywhere. Scuse me. Stop for refreshment. Resume my letter. Very miserable. Never felt better in my life. And so say all of us! Recommend you all my friends. You're jolly good fellow. Done me deal a good. Quite—different—fellow. Love to UNCLE DICKARD—I mean RICK—no, that another man you don't know. Meantersay

Yours respectfully—kind remembrances,
TOM—TOM—TOMMY.

LETTER III.

DEAR MADAM,

MUCH better, thank you. Took all your pills. They go well with everything you can set before let's talk of a man as we find him. Chorus, for let's drink, drink, drink, my boys. Very miserable. Quite cured. No more letters any necessity, for I'm quite cured. 'Scuse me—more refreshment. Good night.

Yours grate—gratefully,
POOR OLD TOMMY.

I am go—go—going to bed—in my boots.

THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

MR. PUNCH, having asked to whom we are indebted for the idea of Elephants at the Lord Mayor's Show, has received the following answer from a Pillar of Leadenhall Market :—

Leadenhall Market,

MR. PUNCH, SIR, Nov. 23, 1876.

My attention having been drawn to the question respecting who suggested the idea of Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show, I beg leave to say MR. ALDERMAN CARTER called upon me some six or seven weeks since. I said he was the very Gentleman I wished to see, and introduced the subject of Elephants in the forthcoming Lord Mayor's Show. The worthy Alderman appeared somewhat surprised, and asked if also the howdah could be procured. I replied yes, and also the Elephants' Trunks, and he very kindly replied he certainly would name it to SIR THOMAS WHITE, having an invite to dine with SIR THOMAS the next day. Otherwise I should have written to SIR THOMAS myself upon the subject.

Although I have had no notice taken of my idea, I am glad it gave great satisfaction, and my friend, MR. GEORGE SANGER, fully entered into the merits of my Lord Mayor's Show for 1876, with his thirteen Elephants, and, I am fully under the impression, the first Elephants ever seen at a Lord Mayor's Show, for in 1856 we only had about five Elephants in England.

I remain, Mr. Punch, yours truly,

PHILIP CASTANG.

(Purveyor of Ornamental Water Fowl, Poultry and Pheasants of every description. Foxes, Cubs, Foreign Birds, &c., &c. Pheasants' Eggs in the Season. Leadenhall Market, London.)

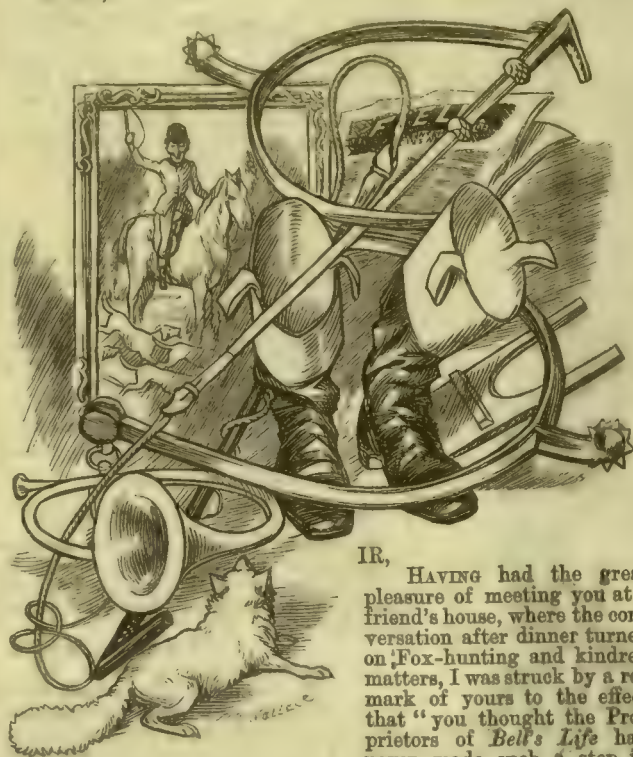
NO PLACE FOR A NAP.

THE West London Advertiser announces an "Extraordinary Case of Sleeping in a Churchyard." The difference between an ordinary and extraordinary case of sleeping in a Churchyard is obvious. Extraordinary sleepers wake again; ordinary sleepers never.

OUR NEW SPORTING NOVEL.

PREFACE.

(The following Correspondence, having reference to the production of a new Sporting Novel in this Journal, is now placed before our Readers, in the hope that they will kindly give it their earliest attention, and accept it as a sufficient Preface to the projected Work.)



IR,

HAVING had the great pleasure of meeting you at a friend's house, where the conversation after dinner turned on Fox-hunting and kindred matters, I was struck by a remark of yours to the effect that "you thought the Proprietors of *Bell's Life* had never made such a step in the right direction as when

they engaged CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART," Author of *Two Kisses*, in three volumes—"Very short allowance, by the way," as I observed to you, Sir, at the time—"to contribute a serial Sporting Novel to their paper."

You may remember, among the other capital things I uttered on that occasion, how I said that *Bell's Life* wanted a *filip*, and it had got an *Alexander*. By which I meant—but perhaps this is unnecessary to explain to you, Sir, who, I am bound to say, though you smiled, did not seem to understand the epigram; for an epigram it was, if ever there was one on this earth. However, *passons*,—*et à nos moutons*. (French, you'll observe, Sir.) You then went on to declare that you would give a great deal if you could only get a Sporting Novel in the pages of *P-ch*. I turned that over in my mind. The hour was come and the man; or, to put it more sportingly, the man who could tell you "what time of day it was," was before you at that moment, or rather, to be literal and correct, at your side. You could not have told, from my calm manner of cracking walnuts, what was within my shell at that moment. The laughter rang on, and the shouts went up, and the wine went round, but I was silent. To paraphrase the well-known song, "*And the Cracking of my own Nut was the only Sound I heard*."

When I got home, Sir, I dashed at it. It was in me; out it must come. Yes, there was a Sporting Novel in me somewhere, and so you may look for it shortly. A good candle needs no bushel; and before many hours are past the first chapters shall be in your intelligent hands. I believe you, Sir, are ready to admit your ignorance of sporting matters entirely. Now, though I say it who perhaps should not, yet if I don't, who will? except perhaps my good friend, CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose generous nature (there is real Freemasonry among all true sportsmen) would be only too delighted to welcome an honest rival in the field where he has already won his spurs—his "Lathfords," as we of the craft style 'em—but, as I was saying of myself, there is not in England a man who knows more about Sporting than myself; and but that there cannot be two *Richmonds* in the field—I should say *Bell's Life*, not *Field*—at the same time, I would long ago have complied with your request, which was to the effect that I should "throw my leg over that spicily tit Pegasus, pluck a quill out of his wings, crack my caduceus, give him his head, and clear the Rubicon" (which was precious

little more than a muddy ditch, and wanted "clearing" as much as my bagful of scents and cigars does, when I am *de retour* from the Continong), "at a single bound."*

Where my dear friend and fellow-sporting novelist, HAWLEY, would have been when once I had taken up the running, it is not for my modesty to say. He might have just caught sight of the silver thread in Pegasus' tail, as we popped over the double Bullfinch, flew the post and rails (including the sleepers), and disappeared from view. "*D'ye ken JOHN PIEL?*" W-w-whoop! and away! "*For the sound of the horn*," &c. That's the poetry for my money, and this will be the sporting novel for yours. Isn't the hunting season commencing, and am I not up to time? Let my fellow-sporting novelist look to his laurels! And, by the way, when I had a cottage in the country, we found a Fox in the Laurels. And now, Sir, Tallyho! and I can't say fairer than that,—except that, if you choose to repudiate, I shall send this invaluable work of mine to Reynard's Miscellany. But you won't, I know you won't. Only please do not attempt to edit me—I mean unless you are thoroughly up in sporting phrases and sporting life generally—it would be, on your part, a thankless and hopeless task. "*Trust me*," as MR. MILLAIS' picture said. I know all about it. *Nunquam dormio!* *omnis oculus meus!* And let our cry be "*Fox!*" *et præterea Nil!*

Yours to hounds,

JAWLEY SHARP

(Late of the *Indi Spensibles*).

P.S.—Ours was a crack corps, and the best whist-players in the Service. By Jove, Sir, we've seen life! But not a word against our moral character! We lived amongst the Ayahs, the Nautches, and the Bayadères,—"*Bayards parmi les Bayadères, sans peur et sans reproche*."

P.S. No. 2.—Mind, you're to come and stay at my old ancestral place during the hunting season. Come for as long as you like. I can mount you in first-rate style. Got just the thing for you; the quietest horse you ever saw. House full, first-rate shooting and hunting. Liquor A 1. Cigar tap always on. Open house; delighted. Name your day, and stay three months after date.†

P.S. No. 3.—By the way, please announce my Novel in your next issue thus:—

A HATFUL OF MONEY!

A TALE OF THE GREAT TWO THOUSAND.

By JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "*Squeezing Langford*," "*Three Kicks*," &c., &c.

* Note by the Editor.—Several times during the perusal of this communication have we been on the point of laying it down, and deliberating as to whether we should consider ourselves bound by any casual statement made, over nuts, after dinner, at a friend's house. "And BRUTUS is an honourable man; so are we all, all honourable men"—and indeed, were it not for this firm conviction, on our part, of our intending Contributor's integrity and good faith—*excellent qualities, even when brought into play under a mistaken sense of duty*—we should not be inclined to proceed any further with a gentleman who suggests (to say the least of it) that we formulated a request to the effect that he would "throw his leg over that spicily tit, Pegasus"—good heavens!—and that "he should crack his caduceus." Now we do know what a caduceus is, and it is most improbable (of course not absolutely impossible, if in mere playfulness, just to moisten the nuts,—though of this we protest, warmly protest, we have no recollection whatever) that we, in our senses, should have ever asked MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to commit any such absurdity as is implied in the operation of "*cracking a caduceus*." On the other hand, we must be honest, and admit that, as we were engaged on walnuts at the moment, something about "*cracking*" might have escaped our lips, and subsequently our memory. We have, ere now, cracked both jokes and walnuts at a sitting, and remember neither the one, nor the other, in detail. But we are nothing if not classical; and that we ever, on any occasion, mixed up a caduceus with a hunting-whip is what we are unwilling for one minute to allow. There was probably an interval between the two conversations, and, perhaps, our esteemed Son of Mars and Votary of Diana—a description of the sportsman-warrior which is at once classical and correct, and, therefore, in our own scholarly style—carried the spoils of our conversation with him, so to speak, to his tent, and there, afterwards, tried to fit the pieces together, and produce something like the original. Again, having brought in Pegasus and the caduceus, we should never have mentioned "*the Rubicon*" in the same breath. Reluctantly constrained to pause and say this much in our own defence, as against the worthy Major's reminiscences, we resume our perusal of his letter in a conciliatory spirit, and shall be pleased, if we see our way to it, to give the gallant sportsman a place in our columns.—ED.

† Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, in answer to Postscript No. 2.—Shall be delighted. It will be ourselves down to the ground—we mean on horseback. When shall it be? We do not care how soon, or for how long. If press of business compels us to come up to Town once or twice during our visit, it need be for only a very few hours, and back again in plenty of time for dinner. *Nous y sommes*. Of course your Novel will be all right. It shall appear at once, and the very best place shall be given to it. Splendid notion of yours! We, speaking editorially, are most delighted to think that a mere classical allusion of ours, thrown out at haphazard over nuts at a friend's dinner-party should have led to such a happy result. What a night we had of it, eh? Send us a list of your trains, and mind there's a trap, and a quiet horse, with a man to drive, to meet us at the station. Fire in the

ATHLETES AND ANIMALS.



ONE of our country papers chronicles a game at Football, entitled "Scratch Team v. Grammar School." It may be necessary to explain for the information of readers who, aware of the scuffling, cuffing, "hacking," and like amenities now-a-days incidental to the mainly game of Football, are ignorant, however, of sporting slang, that the phrase a "Scratch Team" of Football-players does not mean that their playing is distinguished by the peculiarity of scratching their antagonists with their nails. There may also be those who would like to know why a set or side of players, or competitors in any kind of match has latterly come to be called a "Team."

When we consider the increasing estimation

athletic sports are held in, and the great and growing importance everywhere attached to them, and especially in our principal seats of learning, it seems as though that word, as applied to those persons, implies an indignity. The kind of men, too, who give their minds chiefly to muscular pastimes and emulation in manly prowess, surely underrate their own intelligence in submitting to be styled a Team, as if they went on all fours. It is excessive humility of them to accept, and even adopt for a number of their noble selves, a denomination once limited to beasts of burden—especially bestowed on oxen, horses, and asses.

A WORKING MAN'S QUESTION.

ONE of the many good old English maxims which have now come to be honoured by observance in a modified sense, is the admonition to "Mind your Own Business." It is so observed by all those benevolent persons who make their neighbours' business their own. Thus do Societies for interference with other people's habits and conduct, and for limiting and restricting the personal liberty to which they are at present entitled, mind their own business. As, for instance, the Society undernamed in a newspaper paragraph:—

"THE RE-MARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.—The Church of England Working Men's Society for Promoting Freedom of Worship and the Preservation of her Rights and Liberties on the Basis of the Book of Common Prayer, have resolved to memorialise the archbishops and bishops, asking them to use their influence with the clergy in their various parishes to prevent the remarriage of divorced persons."

The expenses of a suit in the Probate and Divorce Court are so far above the means of the working classes, that sticklers for equality before the law have suggested the expediency of enabling them to obtain, if needful, the deliverance now possible only for the wealthier classes, and therefore to sue for divorce, on just grounds, in the County Court or before a Magistrate. Hence, it is obvious how particularly working men, whether of the Church of England or any other denomination, are concerned in the Divorce question. To be sure, there is no immediate prospect of cheap divorce; but it may come at last—the thin end of the wedge driven home, and divorce, if requisite, brought to every man's door. Now, taking the benefit of the Divorce Act, so far as to re-marry, is contrary to the principles of the Church of England's Working Men's Society; but there are plenty of other working men who would avail themselves of it if they could, and, because they cannot, some of them beat and kick the wives of whom there is no other riddance for them, to death. It is the business of these working men to see that those who are seeking to prevent the re-marriage of divorced persons mind their own.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS;

Or, Wanted a Champion.

"Modern Man, whose food and drink are beset by Colorado beetles and Phylloxera, whose clothing is threatened by pibrine, and whose life itself is haunted by all sorts of minute spores, which so feed on his blood as to generate fever, cholera, and a great variety of plagues, is obviously in one respect not the better, but the worse for the knowledge which teaches him how to evade the worst consequences of these plagues. . . . Unquestionably either the minute organic world is beginning to avail itself of the great advantages which its all but invisibility gives it in competing with men, or . . . a greater importance is now attached to its proceedings, partly because the danger is understood, and partly—perhaps even more—because the weaker constitution of modern man is now so much protected against those dangers that the race suffers more, though the individuals suffer less."—*The Spectator*, on "The New-found Enemies of Man."

OH what were the Dragons, the Ogres, the Titans,
The whole Brobdingnagian world-wasting clan,
Compared with the infinitesimal Sheitans
Of infinite Lilliput, leagued against Man?
Classical Hercules! Jack of the nursery!
Champions vain 'gainst invisible foes.
Science's warnings raise terrors precursory;
Where is her solace for germ-generated woes?

Beetles and Grasshoppers—bad enough, verily,
Marring our Murphies, and blighting our grain:
Now the Minute seems a-going it merrily;
Must the Colossal confront it in vain?
Sword cannot stay it, and steam cannot cope with it,
Hundred-ton guns are more helpless than squirts.
Knowledge brings eyes, does it also bring hope with it?
TYNDALL says "Yes," but he only asserts.

Six Southern States, in a league against Grasshoppers,
Find them a foe more redoubted than GRANT:

bed-room, of course, and a warm bath before dinner. *Pommery très sec* with the *gigot*, *Pomard* with the wild duck, you dog, and apple fritters just to flavour a liqueur. Don't forget the fritters. Can we bring anything in the way of fish, oysters, &c., from Town with us? If so, give it a name, and say *where you deal*—so that there may be no mistake.—Yours ever, THE ED.

What are torpedoes to pests of the class "hoppers,"

Spoiling our crops just as fast as we plant?

What says the canny Canadian Minister

Touching the Beetle that bothers us so?

"Stopping his progress, as subtle as sinister,
Notion chimerical." Nice thing to know!

"Paris-green" palliates—egg-hunting sedulous

May somewhat limit the nuisance, no doubt.

Yet were that PADDY uncomminally credulous

Who would trust *these* his new foemen to rout.

Then those germ-poisons! Oh Science keen-sighted,

Make haste with your cure,—diagnosis but stings:

With remedies comfort the folks you've affrighted,

And save us—oh! save, in this day of small things!

Knockers and Nonsense.

MISS BROUGHTON, in her last novel (is it to be her last?), *Joan*, has invented the idiotic lover who covers with kisses the door-knocker of the house in which his goddess dwells. If we are to have another work of this class inflicted upon us, we may expect a *Romeo* slobbering over the area-rails of his *Juliet*, or washing the front door-steps with his tears and a silk pocket-handkerchief, or attempting suicide on the scraper. No wonder that MR. GILBEY does not wish his sherry to be mixed up—even in an advertising connection—with such whine and water.

Mind Your Eyes!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

OUR gallant discoverer's strictures on the charts of his predecessors will, it is to be hoped, make Arctic voyagers careful for the future.

"Ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares."

Yours truly,

HORATIUS RESTITUTUS.

TABLE-TURNING.—Looking for a train in *Bradshaw*.



SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE—*The Cloak Room. Enter CLARA (et. 17), conscious of having made the conquest of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.*

Cousin (et. 29). "HOW I DID FEEL FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING, YOU POOR DEAR! INTOLERABLE OF THAT DREADFUL YOUNG FITZMADDER TO VICTIMISE YOU SO!! REALLY AWFUL THE WAY THAT STYLE OF MEN THINK THEY MAY TREAT VERY YOUNG GIRLS!!!"

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Enter LEO and URSA, meeting.

Leo. Which is your road?

Ursa. The right, if yonder post
Point rightly.

Leo. Humph! I've heard—believed almost—
The other one more tended to your goal.

Ursa. Which you imagined was—?

Leo. Well, Istamboul.

Ursa. Indeed! I've not the slightest recollection
Of having hinted *that* was my direction.

Leo. Possibly not. Some travellers are chary
Of making public their itinerary.

Ursa. But those who claim to have had a private peep—

Leo. Poo! Prying prophets think they're deuced deep.
They'd make the Bear a bugbear. Take my word,
Their terrors and their tips are both absurd.

Ursa. Your word?

Leo. (bridling). I hope you do not mean to question
My honour? I feel hurt at the suggestion.

Ursa. Oh not at all! But Khiva? May I mention
That there you rather altered your—*intention*?

Leo. You blink I see: the question is a traveller.

Ursa. But, if you are a *bona fide* traveller,
In *this* direction, which is also mine,

Leo. We need not then collide, and block the line.

Ursa. Of course not! 'Tis a thing I'd fain avoid.
But I have been exceedingly annoyed

Leo. By people who misread my earnest care
To—have all roadways kept in good repair.

Ursa. Humph! I can sympathise with that at least.
I must not have that blocked which leads due East.

My business often lies that way. At present
My only object is to make things pleasant
As well as safe. This Conference on Repairs
I hope may clear the road.

Ursa. Like Suez Shares?

Leo. For all. I have no interests to serve
Save honest ones. From those I shall not swerve.

Ursa. It scarce can be an "honest interest"

Leo. To have yon half-way house maintained a nest
For knave and slave, tyrant and tortured thrall,
Just for your own convenience?

Ursa. (emphatically). Not at all!

Leo. That must be altered, let who will say nay,
But—so as not to stop my right of way!

Ursa. I ask no better.

Leo. Honour bright?

Ursa. (with dignity). I swear
Upon my faith as gentleman and bear.

Leo. Then, as we both seem travelling the same way,
Why not together?

Ursa. (cocking his ear doubtfully). Was not that the bray
Of an alarm?

Leo. (reassuringly). Oh! that's only BEN.

Ursa. He loves to blow his trumpet now and then,

Leo. Not always *à propos*. He must be busy.

Ursa. But tho' the world whirl England is not Dizzy!

Leo. Fireworks his whole life long he has been weak on,

Ursa. But don't think every flare he fires a beacon.

Leo. You walk this road with me, and all goes right:

Ursa. Not till you take the other need we fight.

[*Exeunt arm-in-arm. At least we hope so.*]



FRIENDS OR FOES?

THE BEAR. "THAT'S MY ROAD!"

THE LION. "IT'S MINE, TOO! LET'S GO TOGETHER! WHEN WE CAN'T, IT WILL BE TIME TO QUARREL!!"



WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



BEING THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

(A Dramatic Fragment of the Future.)

SCENE—Dining-Room of the period (A.D. 2877). MR. SIMIA SATYRUS and MR. TROGLODYTES NIGER indulging in post-prandial gossip.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Decent animal that waiter of yours, SIMIA.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Why, yes, Trog. Rather a curiosity, too, eh? Genus *Homo*, now nearly extinct; and, of the specimens left, there are few indeed we can utilise, even as flunkys. But, as you say, poor SMYTHERS—family name of his tribe—is a decent beast.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Sure, he doesn't understand us, eh? He looks—

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Bless you, no! That's a bit beyond him. 'Cute creature, though. Reasons in his rude human way, with a sharpness hardly inferior to the lower degrees of intuitive instinct. For instance, he served, the other day, some South Afrite Sherry less than twenty years in bottle. Of course I could tell the year of vintage at the first taste. I made him fetch the bottle, pointed out to him the Number 10 plainly inscribed thereon, and then shied the bottle at his head, as a mild mnemotechny. Would you believe it? When I put into his hand, a good week afterwards, a ten-pound note, to take up to Mr. S., he dropped it incontinently, and fled, shrieking!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Marvellous! Must make a note of it for my paper on "Primitive Culture in the pre-Simian Period." Such really respectable reasoning, one would almost think, might in time, and under favourable conditions, be almost developed into instinct, eh?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Hardly. A pleasing speculation, but experience contradicts it. While men held sway on the earth Reason was their speciality, of which they were fatuously proud. A nice mess they made of it!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ha! ha! ha! The scanty records which we possess—and which have recently been laboriously deciphered by PROFESSOR LEMUR—of the doings of that poor human race, do indeed teem with absurdities. I know of no more amusing reading. Why, the other day, I was shown some fragments of a preposterous topsy-turvy pseudo-scientist—name, I think, BARWIN, or something like it—who seems, indeed, to have stumbled, in a blind way, upon the track of the great doctrine of Development, but—ho! ho! I can scarcely tell you—concluded, in his egregious conceit, that his own petty species were descended—by which the blunderer meant *ascended*—from, what do you think? *Monkeys*!!! Ho! ho! ho! While all the time the superior race—then, indeed, in its infancy—was preparing for that swift growth and sudden uprising which capsize the human power and polity in so short a time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ha! ha! ha! I fancy I have read, too, that about the same time it was proposed by some other equally crass Topsy-turvyist to utilise Apes as servants! Really, the whirligig of time brings its revenges, as one of the shrewdest of that wretched race is said to have remarked.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Must have been an Ape born before his time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Possibly. Take another Cocoonut, Trog. Now, really, you should not crack them with your teeth, Trog. There's the portable electro-dynamic crusher at your elbow.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger (laughing). Is your guest a miserable Man, that he should stand in terror of toothache, or of their great-little Fetish, Etiquette?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. No, no, of course not. Only the crusher saves trouble. In those days they had something of the sort, only of clumsier construction, and with only boiling water for a motor, to thump their coarse and ugly material—Iron I think they called it—into shape for the purposes of their preposterous enterprises in War and Commerce.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ah, more of the triumphs of Reason! These men seem to have passed their time mainly in systematic sharpening, which they called trade, varied with occasional delirious

interludes of mutual slaughter, which they called patriotism. Poor devils! Well, as all our necessary processes of agriculture, manufacture, and transport are accomplished by automatic and self-renewing machinery, and as fighting is as obsolete as fig-leaves, of course we are happily emancipated from those two long-reigning lunacies.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. It looks as if every Man must have spent half the miserable span of his own existence in preparations to cut short some one else's.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Quite so. You see they were "reasonable creatures," and Reason is a hocus-pocus process that must lead to absurdity. The Age of Reason was the Utopia which the Topsy-turvyists looked forward to as the consummation of human felicity. Ha! ha! When they had already "reasoned" themselves into such fools' purgatories as money-grubbing, etiquette, war, and, above all, fashion!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ah, that was their Supreme Fetish. Instinct—even such rudimentary instinct as they could have possessed, the instinct of taste and of modesty—must have warned them against the tyranny of Fashion; *did*, indeed, as we find from rare relics of the pictorial satirists of the period. But, on the whole, Reason ruled them to the end. And a brave end it was.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Well, it was in the order of Nature, and in simple conformity with the great doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, that their inferior and unhappy race should die out and make way for Us.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Of course. In our great Typical Museum, Trog, you will see placed in expressive proximity under section *Homo*, an ancient purse, a rusty sword, and the tattered remains of what was once a fashionable bonnet.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. A suggestive triad! Poor SMYTHERS! What must be his thoughts in gazing upon those dreary relics of his race's domination, now happily extinct, and of the *quondam* despotic sway of Reason? Heaven be thanked, SIMIA, that we were born Monkeys and not Men!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Amen!

DOCKYARD ADMINISTRATION.

(A Farce that may be easily turned into a Tragedy.)

SCENE—An office gorgeously fitted with antique furniture. Portraits of NELSON and other naval heroes hanging on the walls. Bundles of dust-covered papers and Blue-Books resting on a table behind a screen. Admiral-Superintendent trying on a new uniform coat, Tailor and JOHN (a servant) in attendance.

Admiral (taking off his coat). It's a little tight in the sleeves. Mind, I shall want it back to-morrow night. I have to attend a launch (at which some Ladies will be present) on Wednesday. (Tailor takes the coat, bows, and exits.) And now, JOHN, where's my Private Secretary?

John. MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir? Yes, Sir, MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir, left his compliments, Sir, and said as it was such a fine day he's gone out fishing.

Admiral. Very good. Then I will keep to-day's letters until to-morrow. They can wait. You're a smart fellow, JOHN. I hope you like your present place, JOHN?

John. Very much indeed, thank you, Sir. When I was a working carpenter, Sir, I was always busy, now after I have brushed your clothes, Sir, I have next to nothing to do. [A knock at the door.]

Admiral. Who's that, JOHN?

John. The Master-Attendant, Sir.

Admiral. What, COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD? What a nuisance! He is as deaf as a post! You can ask him to come in, JOHN; but remain outside.

John. Yes, Sir.

[Exit, and enter COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD, a very old man, wearing spectacles, and carrying an ear-trumpet.]

Muttonhead. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's half killed me getting up those stairs (sinking into a chair). I was a stronger man sixty years ago.

Admiral. You're looking very well. Nothing wrong, I hope? If there is, pray don't tell me anything about it. Mind, I am not in the least responsible for anything or anybody. So please don't bother. Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (through ear-trumpet). Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. Thank you, I only take snuff. What I want to see you about is this. I have just rigged—

Admiral (hurriedly interrupting). Yes, yes. But pray don't tell me any grievance. I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (shouting through the ear-trumpet). I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. Oh, very well. (Throwing down a paper.) To avoid accidents, I have just jotted down my protest, you know—to be



A GREAT LIBERTY.

Local Exquisite. "WHO IS THAT OLD PERSON?"

Fair Informant. "MR. GOODCHILD, M.P. FOR HIS COUNTY. 'WAS IN THE MINISTRY SOME TIME AGO.'"

Local Exquisite. "WHY DID HE SPEAK TO ME? WE'VE NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED!"

Fair Informant. "I THINK HE TOOK YOU FOR A FARMER!"

sent in to my Lords afterwards. For, as sure as I stand here, the first gale of wind will bring the whole thing down if the Chief Constructor interferes with those ropes.

Admiral. A great pity, no doubt; but it really isn't my business, you know. I don't understand Dockyard work.

Muttonhead. Of course not. Good-bye!

Admiral (through the ear-trumpet). You are not going?

Muttonhead. I must. You won't see me for the next three weeks. I have got to decide upon an alteration in the size of one of our flags. The hardest work I have had for the last twenty years, Sir.

[*Hobbles out, and is nearly knocked over by the Chief Storekeeper.*]

Chief Storekeeper (entering, and seating himself on a table). Hallo, TOMMY, who was that old fellow?

Admiral. Don't you know him, JACK? Why, MUTTONTHEAD, to be sure.

Chief Storekeeper. Think of that! Both of us been here all this time, and never met before! What fun, eh? I have got such a good story to tell you!

Admiral (settling himself comfortably in an arm-chair). Do, JACK—do tell it me. It's so awfully slow here all day with nothing to do!

Chief Storekeeper. Well, you must know, TOMMY, that HARRY HAWSER, who's just been sent to look after the Anchor Department, has made such a mess of it! (*Tells a long yarn about the waste of about a quarter of a million of public money—finishing the story.*) And so I replied, of course, that the responsibility didn't rest with me. Ha! ha! ha! HARRY and I had such a laugh over it when we met at the Club in the evening!

Admiral. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, JACK, you will be the death of me! But, I say, won't there be a row with my Lords?

Chief Storekeeper. Not a bit of it! It's been done before. But, *pro forma*, here's an account of it. (*Throwing down a paper.*) HARRY won't write his unless called upon. I have jotted mine down because I like to be on the safe side, you know. (*Altercation*

heard without.) Hallo! There's BILLY and CHARLEY at it again! They are always quarrelling. I shall be off!

[*Exit as the Chief Engineer and the Chief Constructor push in together.*]

Chief Engineer and Chief Constructor (shouting together). Sir, we appeal to you!

Admiral. But, my good fellows, what's the use of that? You know I know nothing about it; and, as I am not responsible, I—

Chief Engineer. He's cut a hole in my best boiler.

Chief Constructor. And he's carried an iron pipe through my best armour-plate, spoiling all the paint and gilding.

Admiral. Well, well, well! Make your protests, Gentlemen; and if my Lords say anything about it afterwards, I can but forward your letters to the Admiralty.

Chief Engineer (throwing down a paper). Here's mine. The engines won't work.

Chief Constructor (throwing down another). And mine, utterly spoiled the figure-head! [*An awful explosion heard without.*]

Admiral. An accident, Gentlemen! You had better return to your posts; but remember, Gentlemen, that whatever has occurred, I at least am not responsible. (*Exeunt, leisurely, Chief Constructor and Chief Engineer.*) It's no use going to see what it is: I should only be in the way. (*Yawns.*) What a fine day it is. I am half a mind to follow TENTERFOUR in his fishing. By Jove, I will! JOHN! (*Enter JOHN.*) I am going out for the day, JOHN. (*Pointing to the protests on the table.*) You can clear away this mess. Put it on the table behind the screen.

John. Yes, Sir. (*Exit Admiral.*) Official papers, as usual. I wonder what they are about? (*Opens protests, and glances at their contents.*) Dear me, if I were still a working carpenter, and had sufficient authority, I would settle all these matters in five minutes. But here I am only a servant; and it is better to serve than to govern in Her Majesty's Dockyards; at least, so my Master tells me; and he ought to know.

[*JOHN clears up the mess as the Scene closes in.*]



TURN ABOUT.

"GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH JONES! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF PARTNERSHIPS, AFTER BROWN!"

"AH, YOU SEE, WHEN WE FIRST BECAME PARTNERS, BROWN HAD ALL THE EXPERIENCE, AND I ALL THE MONEY. NOW, JONES HAS ALL THE MONEY, AND I'VE ALL THE EXPERIENCE!"

"MEDIUMS" IN PRUSSIA.

(From Our Colney Hatch Correspondent.)

THE periodical organs of Spiritualism occasionally publish accounts of wonderful spiritual "manifestations," alleged to occur through the "mediumship" of young children. A case evidently of this description is noticed by the *Times'* Prussian Correspondent, as follows:—

"The three children at Marpingen, in Prussian Rhineland, who last summer stated they had repeatedly seen the Holy Virgin in a wood close to their village, and whose glowing asseverations, backed by the Clergy, attracted thousands of pilgrims to the sacred spot, have just been tried by JUDGE COMES, at St. Wendel. Upon the children confessing that they had been telling lies, they were sentenced to be placed in an educational establishment for culprits under twelve years of age."

These children were doubtless gifted with mediumistic powers. The multitude of Mediums now daily cropping up everywhere gives a new force to the old saying that "there is a medium in all things." There are Protestant Mediums, and, as appears from the foregoing statement, Catholic Mediums; in fact, every faith has its Medium, and a suitable toast at a Spiritualists' dinner, or "tea," would be "Mediums of all Denominations."

The three children above referred to were true Mediums notwithstanding their confession that they had told lies. Otherwise of course their glowing asseverations would never have been backed by an enlightened Clergy. They must have seen an apparition, although perhaps they rather magnified what they saw. This is characteristic of Mediums in general. As the *Spiritualist* says, in

THE BEAU-IDEAL HOTEL.

BRADSHAW is not exactly a festive publication, and, certainly, the lovers of "racy" novels would not study its pages in search of sensation; but in a four hours' journey there comes a moment when all the weeklies, dailies, and magazines have been devoured, when SPIERS AND POND'S basket has been emptied, when sleep refuses to come, and travelling is beginning to bore, and in such a moment you dive despairingly into the well-known Railway Guide, more in quest of arithmetical problems than in hopes of amusement.

In such a fit of despondency, Mr. Punch's eyes alighted, with a beam of surprise, on the following advertisement among the only really literary pages of the publication—those relating to hotels, many of which are illustrated:—

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL [Castraford, let us say], built by the late MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, close to the Cathedral, &c., &c. Handsome Ladies' Coffee-Room.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Punch (such a dog!) aloud, to the astonishment of a Clerical Error in a white tie and the opposite corner. "Ha! ha! That is the place for us! We will descend at that hostelry, and no other!"

But how can the Manager ensure "Handsome Lady" visitors only to his Coffee-Room? It is to be hoped, at least, there is a Knight Porter in attendance!

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

(See Government Papers, *passim*.)

THE grunt of a Bear who at booty hath looked
Which he cannot quite seize on;
THE cry of a Turkey who dreads being cooked
A la Russe, and with reason;
THE shrieks of two two-headed Eagles, whose voices
Are wholly discordant;
THE crow of a Cock, who supremely rejoices
In melody mordant;
THE voice of a Lion, who hardly knows whether
To roar or to cackle:
Nice subject for Concert it looks altogether,
One WAGNER should tackle.
THE theme "yearns for music," like mythus Germanic.
Cacophony's certain;
And as for the audience, they, in a panic,
Long most for—the curtain.

THE THING TO THROW LIGHT ON SPIRITUALISTIC
SÉANCES.—A Spirit-Lamp.

an able apology for DR. MONCK, now, like DR. SLADE, in trouble, a Medium is "ready to confess anything, or to do anything to get out of trouble." True Mediums are apt, for all the truth that is in them, occasionally to eke out real manifestations by imposture. Their real manifestations are not on that account the less real, or the less credible. Mediums are generally to be believed and trusted, unless when they confess themselves to have told lies, and then their confessions should be disbelieved. Moreover, Mediums of all persuasions, or of no persuasion at all, are all equally trustworthy, or, as Spiritualist writers prefer to say, reliable.

The confession stated to have been made by three juvenile Mediums, whose mediumship is now being deteriorated or destroyed in a Prussian reformatory, was clearly extorted from them by intimidation. In Prussia Mediums are persecuted, especially those whose creed renders them especially obnoxious to BISMARCK. But Mediums of that class, at least, are exempt from persecution in France, if their asseverations are duly backed by the Clergy. Accordingly, the "Apparition of La Salette," just such another as the Apparition of Marpingen, attended and attested by the creation of a permanently miraculous fountain, is believed by everybody but Protestants and sceptics. The water of this fountain cures all diseases as certainly as GULLOWAY'S Pills do. It has become an article of commerce like Apollinaris, and, besides being a panacea, can be advantageously substituted for Seltzer or Soda, and serve to compose a salubrious and sanctifying beverage in the form of "Salette and Brandy."

FOR SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—Do not apply to Her Majesty's Dockyards.

PROJECTED BOMBARDMENT OF THE WEST-END.



Mr. PUNCH feels it his duty to call the attention of all residents and owners of property at the West-End of London to the following authentic particulars:—

It will be seen by the date given that there is no immediate cause for alarm, but time flies rapidly, and among his multifarious duties Mr. PUNCH may not find another opportunity of pointing out the peculiar peril which appears to be looming in the distance.

It is surmised

that the Authorities at Woolwich have been somewhat bagrined at finding that at the recent trial of the 81-ton Gun seven panes of glass at Shoeburyness remained uninjured, that no passing vessel was destroyed, and that out of

about one hundred men engaged in handling the Gun fourteen still retain their hearing.

It has consequently been determined immediately to commence the construction of a 200-ton Gun.

The first announcement with regard to this interesting implement is to the effect "that its size will of course prevent its being placed on our largest ships of war."

There is, however, "balm in Gilead;" for, after stating the dimensions of the proposed Gun—namely, "fifty feet long, length of bore 44 feet, and diameter 21 inches, charge of powder 950 lbs., weight of shot 6000 lbs., and length of shot five feet,"—it is confidently announced that the Gun is expected to be capable of throwing a 24-ton shot from the Government butts at Woolwich to the West-End of London.

No doubt more precise information will be given as to what part of the West-End the Gun will be trained on; but inasmuch as it is not expected that "the new 200-ton Gun can be ready till the beginning of 1879," West-End life and property can easily be insured in the meantime.

It may be that the intention is simply to knock over the Duke of York's Column, and imbed the shot at the bottom of the Ornamental Water of St. James's Park; but it is to be hoped that a full programme of the experiments will be published—before the bombardment commences.

LITERARY.—We understand the next edition of *Boudoir Ballads* is to be illustrated with Sterry-oscopic views.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

MR. PUNCH has received a number of letters on the subject of the Rector of Lincoln's very suggestive address at the Oxford (City) Schools of Science and Art. (See *Times*, November 18th.) A selection from these he has great pleasure in laying before his readers.

LETTER I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THE Rector of Lincoln says:—

"The man who, without copying, can arrange a cluster of rose-leaves nobly, can design anything. A Frenchwoman can do this; an Englishwoman cannot. Is it because roses do not grow in England?"

Now, I don't exactly know what he means by arranging rose-leaves "nobly." These Art-critics do use such queer terms! They will persist in styling the drawing of drapery "magisterial" (which somehow suggests the police-court), and the tinting of an elbow "precious" (which reminds us of bullion or baby-talk). But if he mean that an Englishwoman can't arrange flowers and leaves and things, whether in a *bouquet* or on a bonnet, just as *nicely* as a Frenchwoman, I believe it's all nonsense. Praise up the past and foreign parts as much as you please, but not a good word for the present or our own people, on any account! That seems to be the motto of the modern critics. "Where is the old Turkey carpet now?" asks Mr. PATTISON, plaintively. Why, gone where I hope those good-for-nothing Turks may soon follow it. Dowdy old things, with dingy colours and patterns like a kaleidoscope gone mad! He talks about "Nature, with its thousand forms and colours of unrivalled beauty," and then goes and prefers a many-tinted muddle of meaningless zigzags to the lovely purple fern leaves and golden snowdrops that adorn the floor of *my* drawing-room. Coal-scuttles again! He is quite dismal on the development of the Coal-Scuttle. JOHN has just bought me a new one, the loveliest design—a coal-vase it is called, if you please—beautifully japanned and gilt, so shiny you can see your face in it, with the Falls of Niagara painted on the top—such blue, bounding water!—and a bunch of dahlias, just like life, on each side. If *that* is not Art in the household, I should like to know what is. What would Mr. PATTISON have? I'm sure I like a nice house and pretty things as much as any woman; but if all our bright decorations are to be denounced as "Vulgaries," what is one to do? I took such pride in that carpet and that coal-vase, and now!—

Well, I've seen some of their High-Art-Households all outlandishness, dim tints, and stiff discomfort; and if *that's* the sort of thing they want to substitute for the cosiness and colour of an English home, I beg to assure them it won't do for

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

LETTER II.

DEAR PUNCH,

PATTISON is beautifully down upon "Mindless Mechanism." Fact is, High Art will never flourish till low Machinery is abolished. We must do away with the Steam-engine; it is the Incubus of the

Age. "Fuel," says PATTISON, "is unfortunately dirty in its nature." So is the Locomotive. And ugly! Dirt and ugliness are inimical to High Art. They must be banished. Don't quite know what Nature was about when she made coal dirty—unless she wanted to warn us against using it. Fancy Nature is a bit of a Philistine after all, and wants elevating by being made to enter "into the sphere of Art." Iron and coal are nuisances. Let us keep to gold and sunshine.

Yours,
ANTI-PHILISTINE.

LETTER III.

SIR,

MORE fudge about High Art!—High-falutin' Art, I call it. "By the habit of mechanical multiplication, invention is killed, and the soul degraded." Indeed! I should like to make the Gentleman live for a year, deprived of the advantages of "mechanical multiplication," and I should *not* like to pay his bill for steel pens and shirt-collars at the end of the term. As to invention, why there's more of it in one week's number of *The Engineer* than in twenty Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Pooh! MURANO *acqua marina* may be all very well for Chemist's show-bottles; but give me the *marine engine*!

Yours,
A PRACTICAL MAN.

LETTER IV.

EXCELLENT PUNCH,

"THINGS worse than they were thirty years ago!" Of course they are! What is there to love in an age of lacquer? Art has gone to the wall. Look at our Picture-posters, and admit it! Brummagen Art (?) is worse than Brummagem utility. An "industrial product" trying to look like "a spiritual object," a coal-box posing as a work of Art, are more disgusting than an old coquette figuring as a youthful belle. High Art is hopeless. Let us fall back on naive and antique hideousness, which is, indeed, almost a form of beauty. To the soul sickened with the "illustrated china" of our shop-windows there is solace in a willow-pattern plate.

Yours, despondently,
Rococo.

LETTER V.

IMPARTIAL SIR,

IN PATTISON's address there is much that is true, less that is new, and not a little that is askew. What a pity High Art Mentors will be so queer and querulous! Can't they point us to pleasant possibilities without visiting us with the sin of vulgar necessity? Coal is "unfortunately" dirty, yes! and many of the forward steps of civilisation are "unfortunately" through grubby and disagreeable ways. Let the Illuminati of Art give us more light and less lightning, and let them shun the appearance of peevish dilettantism. There are functions in this world for the enlightener, the merry mocker, even the scathing satirist perhaps; but for the Scold—domestic, political, theological, or æsthetic—no!

Yours sincerely,
FAIRPLAY.

NEW FOOTBALL RULES.



1. No match to be played without a Surgeon being in attendance on the ground.
2. Should there be a hospital within a convenient distance, notice to be given beforehand, that the services of the Staff may be called into requisition.
3. An ample supply of bandages, lint, splints, and other appliances to be kept always in readiness.
4. An ambulance to be in waiting, to convey any one who may receive an injury to his home or to the hospital.
5. If an ambulance cannot be procured, then a sufficient number of Cabs to be within immediate call.
6. Proper attendants and nurses to be engaged to wait on the sufferers.
7. Brandy and other stimulants to be kept on the grounds.
8. Crutches and sticks to be supplied for the use of those whose injuries may be only slight, but who yet may require some artificial support to enable them to return to their homes.

9. No Game to be played except on ground within easy reach of a Telegraph Office.

These regulations may possibly be considered severe and gloomy; but inasmuch as Football, as now too often played, appears to inflict grievous injury, and even loss of life on those who engage in its "scrimmages," (from which it would seem to the uninitiated hardly possible to emerge without some serious mischief) it becomes necessary to recommend to all, both men and boys, who venture on the game, to take every imaginable precaution.

Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, says, "It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies." Had *Touchstone* been a Football player, he could not have said it was "the first time that ever he heard breaking of legs and necks was sport for Gentlemen."

We will not press the acceptance of our proposed rules, if some code of laws can be rigidly and universally adopted, which shall greatly lessen, if not entirely prevent, the risks that now seem to cloud the good name of the game, and to lead to the unwelcome introduction on the scene of the Doctor and the Coroner.

THOROUGHLY ENGLISH.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

YOUR generosity to the young and the intellectual is so well known that I have not the smallest hesitation in appealing to you. I am a young dramatist. Like SHAKESPEARE, I take my plots from foreign sources, but my dialogue is entirely my own; and if my incidents are sometimes foreign, their clothing is thoroughly English. In justification of this assertion, I beg to enclose an extract from one of my latest adaptations. I think you will admit the manners and language are as thoroughly English as, say, *Peril at the Prince of Wales's Theatre*?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

The New Junior Athenæum
Garrick Club.

AN UNACTED PLAYWRITER.

SCENE—A third-floor in Victoria Street, elegantly furnished. The Stage resembles an old curiosity-shop. China, brass dishes, men in armour, point lace, and ebony cabinets scattered about in careless but tasteful profusion. BUNG (a butler) discovered dusting the furniture with a long feather-brush. LADY LUCY PLANTAGENET playfully claps her hands over BUNG's eyes from behind, with a playful exclamation of "Boh!"

BUNG (disengaging himself, after a struggle). Ah, LADY LUCY, is it you? Dear me, how you frightened me! Not that anything you should do should cause me fear. Have I not played with you since you were four years old?

LADY LUCY. Yes, yes. But, BUNG, have you got me the last number of *La Folie*, as I bade you, and the *Amusing Journal*, with the *feuilleton* of that dear WILKIE COLLINS? And have you seen my Cousin?

BUNG. Here are the papers, my Lady. And here is a letter from your Cousin. You will not betray me to the Duke, your father?

LADY LUCY. Oh no, dear BUNG. Be tranquil. Leave me! [BUNG

bows, and exit.] And now for his letter! I know I am imprudent, but what can I do? When I met him at the early service at St. James's, Piccadilly, could I help my chair being placed next to his? could I help our fingers meeting in the font at the door, as we went out? In a word, could I help loving him? (*Opens letter.*) Ah! what is this? How imprudent! He has been playing heavily at roulette at his Circle. The old story! The old story!

Re-enter BUNG, followed by SIR JOHN.

BUNG. SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN! (*Aside.*) I must warn the Viscount of this visit. [*Exit.*]

LADY LUCY. Sir!

SIR JOHN (*who is in full evening dress, and carries a bouquet*). Permit me, my Lady: but I would not have dared to have called upon you at this early hour of the morning. I would wish to see your noble Father.

LADY LUCY. Sir, I will go and send him to you. Sir! (*Curtseys.*)

SIR JOHN. In reparation for disturbing you, my Lady, will you permit me the honour of presenting you with this bouquet?

LADY LUCY (*with a little cry*). Sir, you are all too obliging. [*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN. She is prettier than her photograph! It was an excellent idea!

Enter the Duke.

THE DUKE. Ah, my dear SIR JOHN. I am delighted to see you! Will you not join our lunch? We always lunch at twelve.

SIR JOHN. You are too good. I have already breakfasted. I have come here on matter of the last moment to my happiness. I have the honour to beg permission of your Grace to pay my addresses to LADY LUCY, your charming daughter.

THE DUKE. SIR JOHN, I shall be proud to salute you as one of the family. Have you the contract prepared?

SIR JOHN (*opens the door, and calls*). MR. SMITH! [*Enter Mr. Smith, a Lawyer.*] MR. SMITH, have you the contract ready?

MR. SMITH (*bowing to the Duke, and producing a paper*). It is here!

THE DUKE. In that case, Gentlemen, I will call my daughter. [*Exit.*]

SIR JOHN. How my Mother's heart would have rejoiced in this moment! My dear sainted Mother! She is with the angels, now, MR. SMITH!

Re-enter the Duke, leading in LADY LUCY.

THE DUKE. My child, you will sign this paper.

LADY LUCY. Yes, Papa.

SIR JOHN. What pleasure to write my signature under my Lady's. [*He signs. MR. SMITH bows and retires with his Law papers.*]

THE DUKE. Let me shake you by the hand, SIR JOHN; for are you not now my Son?

SIR JOHN. Adieu, Sir Duke, and my Lady. I go to the battue, and then will return to lay at your feet the spoils of my chase. [*Exit.*]

LADY LUCY. What paper was that I signed, Papa?

THE DUKE. A contract of marriage. SIR JOHN is to be your husband.

LADY LUCY. My husband!

[*She starts.*]

THE DUKE (*coldly*). Your husband. Have you any reason to allege against the union?

LADY LUCY. None. (*Aside.*) Alas!

THE DUKE (*sternly*). Then you obey?

LADY LUCY. I obey, dear Papa.

THE DUKE. I knew it. Are you not my child?

Enter the Viscount, in full evening dress.

LADY LUCY (*with a little cry*). My Cousin!

THE VISCOUNT. Sir Duke! My uncle, I have the honour to demand in marriage my beautiful cousin, your daughter, the LADY LUCY.

THE DUKE. It is too late. You are a brave boy; but the contract comes to be signed. LUCY is to marry—

BUNG (*entering*). SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN!

Enter the Baronet in full hunting costume.

SIR JOHN (*with triumph*). I have shot a fox!

THE DUKE. Let us drink to the health of the sportsman!

[BUNG brings in a lighted punch-bowl. They all drink to SIR JOHN as the Curtain falls.]

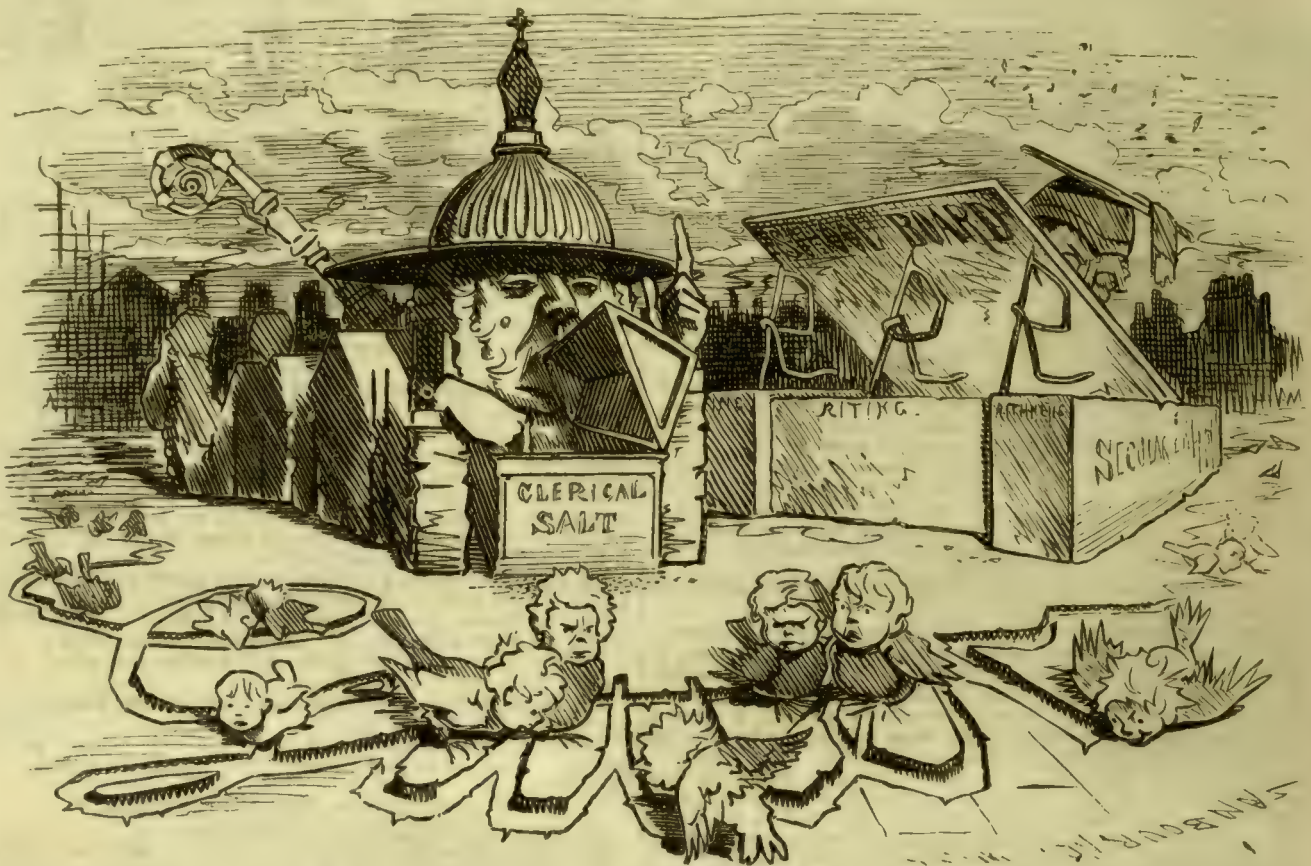
"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," ETC.

Schoolmaster. What is the meaning of Equinox?

Pupil (*who knows something of Latin derivations*). Please, Sir, it's Latin for Nightmare.

WHY is *Punch's Pocket-Book* like a Young Lady at her first ball? Because it's "just out."

THE FIGHT OVER THE SCHOOL-BOARD.



Poor Education! Like a lamb beset by wolves and vultures!
How should she trim the balance fair 'twixt clashing creeds and cultures?

All friends to her, but angry foes *à outrance* to each other;
She, standing where the Champions close, can scarce tell one from t'other.

To teach small BILL his A.B.C., or little SUE her sewing,
One well may ask is that a task to set the war-horns blowing?
But then of course the job will look much harder, and far ampler,
If BILL must have a Baptist Book, and SUE a High Church Sampler.

The Three R.'s, muddled by a fourth,—Religion,—like the compass,
With endless "points" from south to north,—for chief result read rumpus.

To give the young what reason asks, and simple prudence urges,
Were sure the easiest of tasks, but for the Boanerges.

The School-Board, spread with spare repast, must have "Church Pie" for centre,

And every guest must vote *that* best, nought less will e'er content her.
While keen Dissent, who loathes the dish, would sooner sweep the table

Than feed one hungry mouth on fare with that particular label.

Oh clumsy caterers! Ignorance comes, what time you scowl and mutter,
And lures your guests to other food,—the garbage of the gutter.
Fie, Gentlemen! The common foe demands your *banded* forces;
To cut the ground from under him will tax your joint resources.

But still the Churchman slangs Dissent, and both bethump the Papist,
And Nothingarians venom vent all round. No dull Red-Tapist
Could so adroitly block the way, that lay so fair before us,
As each hot Ass who lifts his bray to swell the angry chorus.

Bring not into the Schoolroom, Sirs, your doxies or your schisms,
The spelling-book and slate are *not* the ground for warring isms;

The Alphabet need not be mixed with shibboleths Sectarian,
Monopoly but masquerades in guise humanitarian.

Fight fair, and in another field. Side-issues fog the unwary.
What you all *mean* is "our side up," although your voices vary.

Proud "Mother Church" should be too proud to flash false lights like rockets,
And conscience seek to circumvent by sly appeal to—pockets!

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.

(By Submarine Telegraph.)

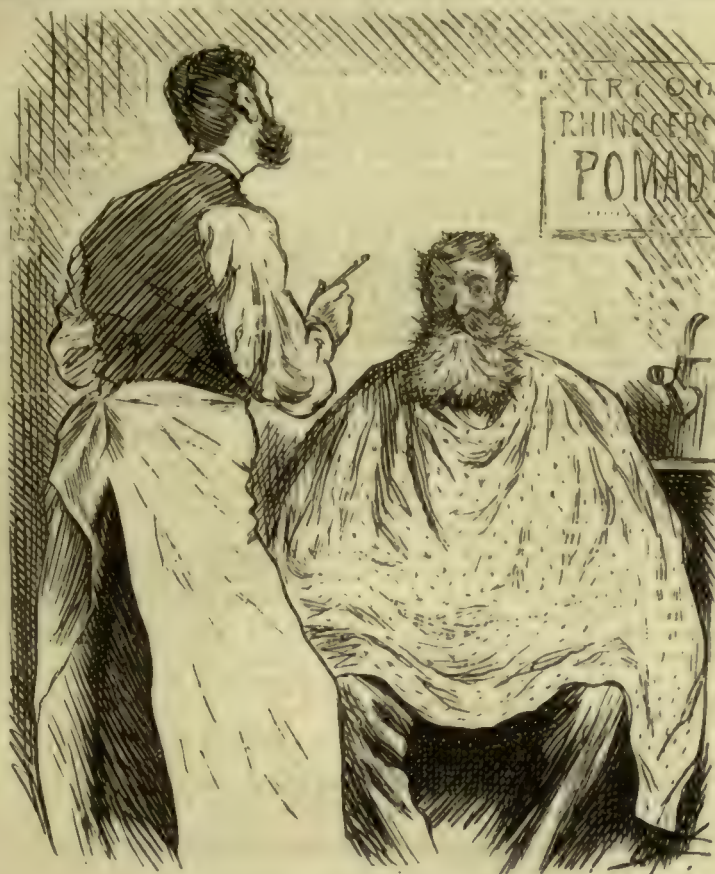
GIBRALTAR, 3rd Dec., 1896.

THE Enemy's fleet was signalled early yesterday morning. It was composed of eighty Ironclads, all carrying thirty-three feet of armour plating, but with no armament heavier than the old-fashioned 300-ton Gun. It was soon ascertained that the Fleet had received false intelligence about the movements of the *Wasp* (our Mediterranean Gunboat, built to carry a 2,000-ton Gun, the latest achievement of the combined Woolwich and Elswick Factories), and believed that it might be possible to take Gibraltar by a *coup de main* during the absence of her little protector. By two o'clock the Enemy's Fleet was well within range of the *Wasp's* gun, but her Commander pre-

ferred to allow the Ironclads to approach within a radius of fourteen miles. At this short range the *Wasp* opened fire, to the consternation of the Admiral in command of the Enemy's Fleet. It was, however, too late to escape. Fifty out of the eighty Ironclads were soon disposed of—smashed and sunk. The remainder hauled down their flags. Divers are at work on the scene of action, clearing away the submarine *débris*. The *Wasp* has lately received an important increase to her fighting force of two Marines and Artillerymen. Her complement is now fourteen hands, all told.

UNPARDONABLE ABSENCE.

GETTING home on a cold foggy night, and finding that your fire has "gone out."



A COMPLIMENT.

Hairdresser. "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR!"

Customer. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."

Hairdresser. "INDEED, SIR! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!"

THE FRA DIAVOLO OF FACT.

SPEAKING of Brigandage in Southern Italy, a newspaper correspondent makes a remark with a suggestive word in it. "How this scourge is to be dealt with will be a difficult question for the Government." As to Brigandage, how is the Italian Government to deal with that scourge? Echo answers—if you ask loud enough—Scourge! How has that scourge, robbery with violence, been dealt with by the British Legislature? By means of that other scourge, the Cat-o'-nine-tails. What is there to prevent a military force from being despatched to hunt the highwaymen and footpads of Naples and Sicily down, with proper dogs if necessary. When caught, might they not summarily be brought to trial, and, under a statute enacted to that end, be sentenced, on conviction, to penal servitude, and a good flogging, or several good floggings, apiece? What an edifying sight to the *Manutengoli* of Sicily and the *Mafia* of Naples it would be to see SIGNOR LEONE, now playing *Fra Diavolo* in real life thereabouts with impunity, stripped of his green velvet jacket, lace, and ribbons, seized up in the whipping-stocks, and lashed until he howled for mercy, and some time after!

Would not that teach him, if ever let loose again, to think twice before again carrying off a British Banker—or anyone else—and demanding under threat to murder or mutilate him, four thousand pounds ransom?

The state of society in Southern Italy appears to be such that thieves there pass for gentlemen among the higher classes. They need to be taught that thieves and robbers are criminals and blackguards, and what better way of doing this could there be than stripping such rascals as LEONE at once of their operative frippery, and their glory, and giving the *Fra Diavolo* of odious reality a sound flogging?

PROPER ACCOMPANIMENT OF THAMES MUD BUTTER.—Alum Bay Bread.

SENTIMENT!

JOHN BULL *soliloquiseth*—

SENTIMENT? Well, I've no fancy for snivelling,
Policy gushing or piping it 's eye
Is but a sort of delicious drivelling,
Eyes are like gunpowder, better kept dry.
Yet right is right, though Club cynic or Minister
Hints with a sneer that I falter or pule,
Plausible caveats strike me as sinister,
Urged in serene disregard of that rule.

Sentiment? Ready retort for demolishing
Arguments founded on feelings humane!
Superfine penmen their periods polishing
Point every gibe with that word of disdain.
Yet if Philippics 'gainst feeling that fulminate
Are put through analysis searching and stern,
It may be found that the censures which culminate
In horror of rant are but rant in their turn.

Sentiment *versus* Imperial Policy!
Taking Antithesis! Smart Militaires
Wonder BULL doesn't his fatuous folly see
Mixing up feeling with Foreign Affairs,
Are they antagonists! Simple humanity
Seems to be coolly shut out in the cold,
Sympathy's branded Vulgarian Vanity,
Bosh that should never give qualms to the bold.

Sentiment! Certain keen scribes have their knife in it,
Bellicose bounce is much more to their mind;
Shocked, so they say, that the thing has such life in it,
Fain would they whistle its "dups" down the wind.
They minimise, mock, and depreciate spitefully;
Gentlemen, are you not missing the mark?
Doubtless you tinkle Club-loungers delightfully,
But *are* we all—save yourselves—in the dark?

Interest? Well, there are Interests various—
Some that mere selfishness fails to descry.
Number one's hold on his own were precarious
If to his neighbours' he ne'er had an eye.
Scowl, my young friends, at the "Humanitarian,"
Monopoly claim of cool patriot sense;
But shrewdest policy were but barbarian
Were this same "Sentiment" quite driven hence.

DERBY POTTERY.—Our Foreign Policy.

HINTS FOR NEW SCHOOL-BOARDS.

To remember that the tongue is a dangerous member.
Not to set down opponents, and those who differ from you in opinion, as sceptics and atheists, or narrow-minded and intolerant bigots.

To expect opposition, and to meet it with fairness and good-humour.

Not to ride hobbies too far or too fast.

To use the organ of hearing rather than the organ of speech.

If there are any defects in your own education, to endeavour to remedy them.

To read all the best works on Education, and to master the Acts of Parliament, blue-books and statistics that have been published on the same important subject.

Never to speak except in a cool, calm, quiet, composed, and unruffled frame of mind.

Always to walk to the place of meeting—exercise being favourable to deliberation and reflection, and adverse to haste and impetuosity.

To dine together occasionally (not, of course, at the expense of the ratepayers).

Before everything and everybody else—rates, ratepayers, creeds, churches, sects, parties, and parents—to think of the children.

Compensation.

Toto has said "Ta, ta!" to the Strand, but we have had *Toto* chez Tata at the Opéra Comique, which in MADAME CHAUMONT's hands spoils us for any light performances for some time to come. MONSIEUR PUNCH "*attend* MADAME CHAUMONT" next season with pleasure, but sincerely hopes she will bring another *repertoire* with her.

THE MATERIAL FOR THE ARCTIC MEDAL.—Frosted Silver.

WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.*

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.—"Striking him with a Feather."



I was morning at Jeddington. The event of the year, the Derby, was just over, and the snow lay bright and sparkling like crystals on the ground. As usual, the Great Race of the year had been won by one of the Jeddington Lot—born, bred, and trained in the Jeddington stables. It is not given to every man to win a Derby even once in a lifetime. Great men have lived and died and never won a Derby. ARISTOPHANES and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK are examples in point. But old SIR THOMAS

Dodd, Bart., had managed it. Regularly every year the Derby winner had come from Jeddington, and SIR THOMAS DODD had been the owner.

But old SIR THOMAS was not immortal, and, having only a nephew, SIR TOMMY TODD, Junior, the time arrived when the

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You've changed the name! It was to have been *A Hatful of Money*. Why?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Friend of my youth, haven't you ever heard of changing your name for property? Well, Sir, I think this Sporting Novel will be a better property under the new title. It is enough for me to think so; but I will give a satisfactorily artistic reason. Observe, it has a *second* title. This is to attract those who never read anything but what is sensational; and if *The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington* doesn't fetch that section of the public, I'm dumb'd—and I cannot put it less strongly or more genteelly than that. If, Sir, you only knew what trouble I've had to find out a place in England beginning with "J," so as to fit in, alliteratively, with "Jockey," you would be the last person to attempt finding a flaw in my title-deed, and the first to send me a congratulatory letter, containing a *rouleau* of real genuine "stuff"—as we turfites call it. Now, Sir, I have been frank and free with you. "Honest Jawley" was always my name at school, and I am proud to say that, as long as I can manage it, it shall be my *sobriquet* through life. You must come down and spend a couple of months here with me. I've a lovely quiet horse for you—just the thing. Say when.—J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Highly satisfactory. Get on. Your kind invitation I would avail myself of with pleasure, only your letter does not bear your address; and the elderly lady who opened the door in that siding out of Chapel Street West where your name is engraved on the brass plate under the second bell handle, could give me no information on the subject. Drop me a line here. Always ready to shake off the business cobwebs, and rush into the champagne air of the country. I do not care much about hunting; but, if the nag is very quiet, no one would enjoy a morning on horseback more than would yours truly, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—All right. Old woman in Chapel Street is a very old servant in our family. She's been with the JAWLEY SHARPS for years, and her father and mother before her. Dear old lady! I still retain her on my establishment for past services; and, after all, you know, to belong to an old family engenders ties between master and servant which are unintelligible to the *parvenus*. Bless dear old MARGERY! She's very deaf, and uncommonly sagacious. I don't think you'd get anything out of her, though she might out of you. I was annoyed she didn't show you into the dining-room, and give you luncheon when you called; but the fact is, the little bachelor crib is in such disorder when I'm at my hunting quarters, that the good old soul was unprepared for visitors. *Au revoir!* Mind you come down here. Everything ready for you—gun, horse, dogs, and French cook and valet all to yourself! Say when, that's all—merely say when. Yours, heartily, J. S.

Reply by Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Yes, I will say "when" if you will say "where." No country address, so I send this to Chapel Street West.—Ed.

uncle was compelled by the stern monitor of the human race to make room for his nephew.

SIR TOMMY DODD came into the estates—worth about sixty-five thousand a year (Land-tax redeemed)—hampered only by one condition, *viz.*, That, if he did not lose three Derbys in succession, not merely by a neck, or a length, but by his horse coming in absolutely last of all, the whole property would pass at once to a near relative, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, who would be saddled with precisely the same condition. If, after trying several other members of the family, the Derby was still being won by the Jeddington Lot, the property was to return to SIR TOMMY DODD, the same condition as before existing, and from him to the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, and so on again. Only there was this proviso, that, if SIR TOMMY should marry and there should appear a son and heir, then the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR would come into the property—"but," so the wording of the will went, "Not before the Boy."

Hard stipulations to come from the feathered goosequill in the nervous hand of the old, good, kind-hearted, generous port-wine-drinking, sport-loving, venerable Baronet, who thus passed away, and, in making room for his nephew, had, indeed, struck him with a feather.

CHAPTER II.—Which is the Favourite?

ROUND the cheery fire in the fine old ancestral Music Hall belonging to the DODDS, which had lately been fitted up with a sliding roof for the amusement of the guests in winter, sat a pleasant and aristocratic company.

"Tommy," said the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, slowly puffing his regalia. "I'll lay you twenty thousand pounds to a sovereign that the Derby Loser is not in your stables this year."

"Done!" replied SIR TOMMY.

"Tommy Dodd! Tommy Dodd!" cried several voices from various corners of the hall, "on with you again!"

"Done with you all—at the price," said SIR TOMMY, booking the bets. "And now," he added, "suppose we go and look at the lot."

They all rose as one man. The sporting instinct was strong on them.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed a light, ringing, musical voice.

"LADY DI!" cried SIR TOMMY, "why we shall be only too charmed."

"Of course—charmed," repeated the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, in his low sneering voice.

LADY DI regarded him with superlative disdain. She was a marvellously handsome woman was LADY DIANA BRITTELEIGH, possessed originally of looks that the most raven-ous raven might have envied.

To be a Blonde, however, she thought would suit her better. So Blonde she became, and perhaps to Black she would return. She was highly popular with men, and, as a natural consequence, equally adored by her own sex.

"Blonde is the Jeddington colour now, TOMMY," she whispered, in her sweetest low tone. Hers was a rich contralto voice; and her highest speaking-note was to put it musically, "C under line."

"Yes," she used to say to her sparkling Mamma, "I am all down among the coals; and my voice is more like Newcastle-under-Line than double C." She was still unmarried. Her Aunt, who had married the Russian Prince, STEPITOFF, accompanied her everywhere, except on the piano.

Hanging on SIR THOMAS's other arm was the beautiful Brunette, MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, the youngest widow in the world, and the most fascinating woman in the country. SIR THOMAS looked from one to the other, and pressed the fair arm of each alternately.

"Where's poor BUTTON, your Stud-Groom?" asked LADY DI, as she passed, leaning on SIR THOMAS's arm, through the door towards the Training Stables, at the back of the house.

"You have only to ask, and he will appear," replied SIR THOMAS, producing a clear, bell-like whistle, by the most natural means possible.

"How simple!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, ecstatically; "you have everything at your fingers' ends."

* There are several things I want to ask. I do not pretend to be a sporting man. But why should a "raven envy anyone's locks"? I own to not being a skilled naturalist, but have ravens locks? You who live so much in the country (*where?* by the way—don't forget to send address next time) ought to know all these things, and you are, I've no doubt, perfectly correct. Secondly, how about the Derby being run in the winter? Such is your meaning, as I gather from your opening chapter, unless you only allude to that exceptional Derby, about four years or so ago, which was run in a snow-storm. Mind I don't pretend to any knowledge of sport myself, and trust implicitly to you. Only remember the eyes of the Sporting Public are on you. Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Dear EDDY. I never frequent a "Sporting Public." You won't pick up the real information there. Trust me. I'm in it. You're not. Come down here, and spend Sunday. Best of everything on hand. Yours ever, J. S.

[But no address.—Ed.]

He pressed her gloved palm with his right hand, while with his left he warmly grasped the little eight-and-a-quarter kid that concealed from the prying gaze the delicately turned fingers of the lovely LADY DI.

The HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR gave a low sneering laugh, as, linking his arm in that of the noble Italian sportsman, COUNT FARRAGO DI NONSENZA, he whispered maliciously, "Which is the favourite?"

At this instant the gay party was suddenly startled by a loud report, followed by a piercing shriek, issuing from the Training Stables.

SIR THOMAS burst open the door and ran into the yard.

(To be continued.)

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VII.

CONCERNING PROMOTION.

WHEN Mr. Punch resumed his seat in the ante-room he found his poor little friend FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANKY GEEGEE, K.C.B., in great distress. The melancholy and diminutive veteran was spelling over an *Army List* with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Upon inquiring the cause of his protégé's distress Mr. Punch was informed that the broken-hearted Field-Marshal was crying over the fact that he was the Colonel of only one Regiment instead of four.

"My dear little friend," said Mr. Punch, "you must remember that the Colonelcy of a Regiment is only given to some venerable and distinguished warrior as a sort of pension. Say that a man

has fought and bled for his country in half-a-dozen campaigns, has married, and reared a large family, and at seventy or eighty years of age is past work, and wants an addition to his scanty pay. Then it is that the Government presents him with a Colonelcy."

"Oh, SIR FRANKY sees it all now," cried the little Field-Marshal, clapping his hands with pleasure. "SIR FRANKY understands now why the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Artillery, a Regiment of Guards, and the 17th Lancers."

Mr. Punch coughed (to clear his throat), and continued his lectures.

Part I. By Merit.—An officer having chosen his Regiment, his next care will be to rise as rapidly as possible in the ranks of the *Army List*. His ambition will lead him from Sub-Lieutenant to Lieutenant, from Lieutenant to Captain, and from thence to the glories of gilt spurs and brass scabbards. In these days of "selection," when money goes for little or nothing, he will have to depend much upon himself, and scarcely at all upon his banker's account. As the Colonel gives the tone to the Regiment, it will be as well for him to carefully study the peculiarities of his commanding officer, with a view to forming his own conduct upon the example set to him. As the Army is composed of all sorts and manners of men, he may have to assume any number of disguises as he passes from battalion to battalion. He may rest assured, however, that one of the following "styles" (with mild modifications calculated to suit the variety of each peculiar case) may be relied upon as a trustworthy pattern.

The Sedate Style.—Punctuality on Parade. Slight Sermons after the reading of the Order-Book. No violent language. Delight in serious Penny-Readings. Patronage of Sunday-Books, Missions, and Total-Abstinence. If the Colonel is very extreme (and has an extreme Wife), a little Sunday Preaching at the corners of thoroughfares may be indulged in occasionally. Spectacles (if possible, tinted) should be adopted with this style.

The Soldier-like Style.—Great smartness. Orders, answers, and general information snapped out in words of one syllable. In moments of excitement strong language may be permitted. Great severity to be used to culprits appearing on Parade with a button badly polished. Much "Military Shop" (off Parade) should be talked with this style.

The Peacock Style.—Gorgeous garments on all occasions. Much zeal for the "credit of the Regiment." Duties on Parade shirked as

much as possible. Anxiety to be shown in getting up Regimental Balls, Regimental Drags, Regimental Harriers, and Regimental Expenses generally. A Breast-Pin with the cypher of the Regiment should be habitually worn with this style.

The Humorous Style.—Great attention to be paid to "good things" at mess. Laughter should always be at hand to welcome the Colonel's puns. The latest comic songs should be rehearsed daily. The banjo and the bones should be used with his style.

The Brotherly Style. A nick-name to be adopted without hesitation. No objection to be shown to practical jokes. Individual property to be merged in the wealth of the Regiment. Promissory notes to be signed freely. The words "dear old chappy" constantly uttered with this style.

By adopting one of the above "rules of life" an officer should have little difficulty in securing promotion. It is necessary, however, that he should be careful to class his Colonel in the proper style, or the "confidential report" upon his conduct may be the reverse of satisfactory.

Part II. By Interest.—If an officer have sufficient interest to carry him up the tree of promotion, he need not trouble himself about his surroundings. If it is known that he is "looked after" at head-quarters, his Colonel will be chary of writing anything to his disparagement. However, if he finds his regimental duties a bore, he should take some steps to be presented with a staff appointment. As an *aide-de-camp* he should enjoy the maximum of comfort for the minimum of responsibility.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, you have just spoken of a "Confidential Report." Can you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch. Certainly my good ENSIGN EUGENE of the Volunteers. A "Confidential Report" is the document sent in annually by a Commanding Officer to the General of his district. Sooner or later it reaches the War Office. In this report a sketch is given (confidentially) of the conduct of every officer of the Regiment, from the senior Major down to the junior subaltern. Now, imagine all of you that you have to send in a Confidential Report. Say what conduct would you consider meriting the censure of "highly unsatisfactory."

Colonel Charles. If I found one of my Officers disrespectful to me. If he addressed me without my military title out of the training, and was inclined to criticise my knowledge of the Drill-book when the Regiment was embodied. All this, Sir, I should consider "highly unsatisfactory."

Mr. Punch. My dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Dorset Militia, I have no doubt you would. And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, what conduct would you consider "highly unsatisfactory?"

Ensign Eugene. Why, of course, if he didn't pay his subscription.

Mr. Punch. And you, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadier Guards (Green), can you tell me?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I should say his conduct was "highly unsatisfactory" if he belonged to a bad set, and was fool enough to offend his Colonel.

Mr. Punch. My dear pupils, you are all right, a fact that proves that a "confidential report" must always be an exceedingly valuable document.

TO THE WAITS.

(A pre-dated Prayer.)

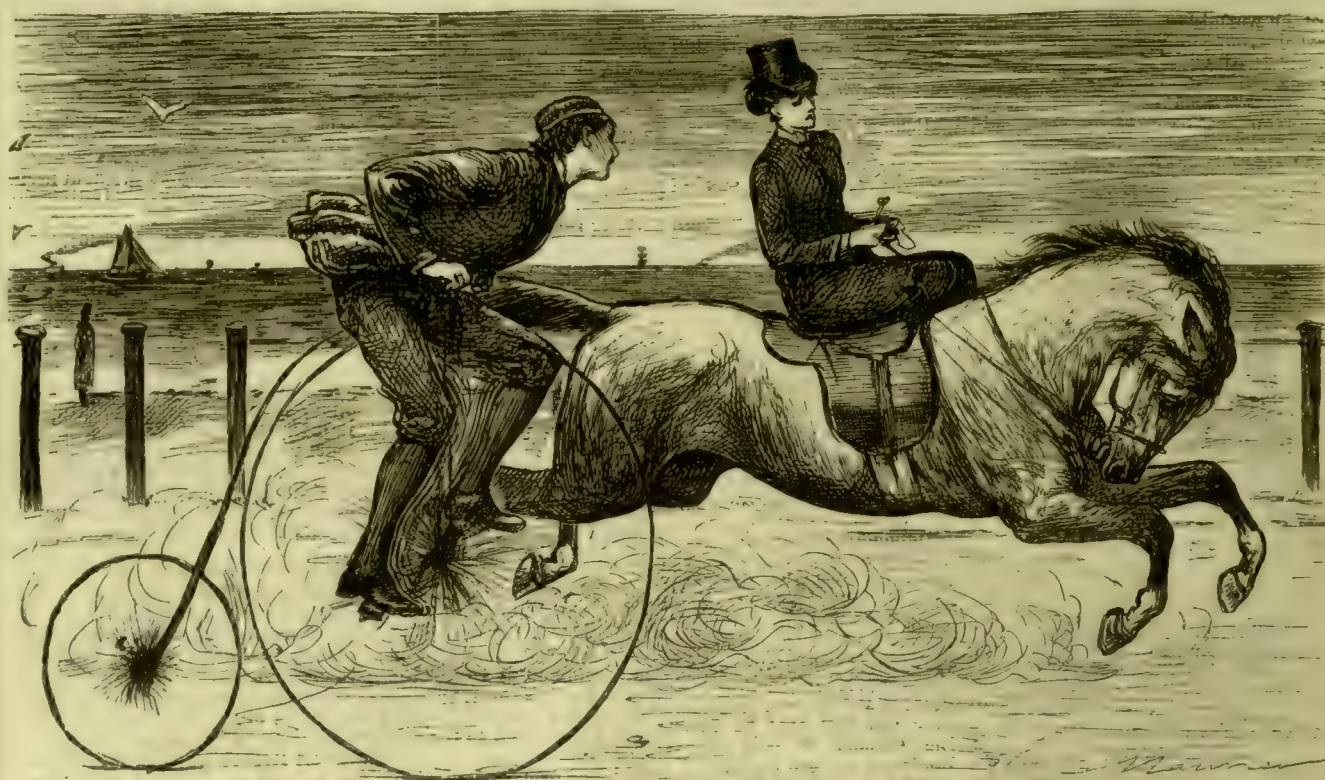
WHY banish slumber with your Yule-tide lays,
Scare sweet forgetfulness from toil-worn wights,
And make the month that brings the Best of Days,
Bring worst of nights?

Let Sleep knit up the ravelled sleave of Care;
Drive it not from me with your "Church Bells' Chime,"
I'm not a sheet, to need an extra air
In winter time.

"Beautiful Spring," intruding on my snore,
Comes down on Dreamland like a sudden blight;
A beautiful spring mattress pleases best
In dead of night.

I'll let you "like a soldier fall," in fight,
Or 'neath your tent in war-time lay your head;
But, please, in peace let me have out my night,
In my tent bed.

At least be sure that when, on Boxing Day,
Beadle and bell-ringer besiege my gate,
For clink of coin their music to repay,
The Waits may—wait!



HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART AT BRIGHTON.

SCHOOL-BOARDS AND SWINE.

Parochial Pig squeaks—

THERE was a certain Shearer, on a time who chose to ply
His shears upon a pachyderm, the tenant of a sty:
With copious clamour and scant fleece his labour was repaid;
"Great cry and little wool," still lives, the saw in that case made.

Great cry of "Education" rings on all sides in our ears,
But little wool that we can see for all the talk appears.
Whilst public men, declaiming, vent their platitudes outworn,
And School-Boards fight, small scholars and Ratepayers are shorn.

Good Gentlemen and Ladies—for 'mongst rights of Womankind,
The right to sit on School-Boards now is won by strength of mind—
One question to your wisdom let your close-shorn Pigs commend;
That is, how much have you to show for all that you expend?

Nor deem them sordid swine if they another point propose,
As doubtful of the good and use for which their money goes.
With so much bricks-and-mortar, and sites for building bought,
And all that's spent in teaching, after all, how much is taught?

How much do you imagine that a Schoolboy, as a rule,
Learns from his masters, not at Board, but e'en at Boarding School?
Learns, to retain in after years, and turn to use and boot?
Inform us, you that teach the young idea how to shoot.

How much beyond those Rudiments, the R's in number three,
Learn ninety-nine in a hundred boys at a fair Academie?
Beyond that useful triad what do the Million know?
Is it worth paying to drive more into small heads below?

What know the multitude of men whom boys at school you knew,
But the Three R's, if all the three, beyond the studious few?
And did you e'er bethink yourselves, fond mother, thoughtful sire,
How many of your little ones e'er more learning will acquire?

That question may have ne'er yet crossed the philanthropic mind,
That looks to general good with eye to nearer objects blind.
With views enlarged, and thoughts beyond a narrower sphere that
 room,

Oft workers for the public weal omit the care of home.

And doth it much the public or parochial weal concern
That gutter children should be taught more than most home youth
 learn?

Too much attempt not, if you're wise: the million who've to pay
The Education-tax don't like their money thrown away.

MORE CONFERENCES THAN ONE.

CONFERENCES are suggested on the following very urgent
Eastern questions:—

What can be done with the poor of Bethnal Green?
What improvements can be made in the lodging-houses of
Clerkenwell?

What can be done for the education of the children of Shoreditch?
How can two-thirds of the Shadwell public-houses be closed?

What can be done to protect the Sailors of the Docks from
robbery?

How can a proper observance of Sunday be made popular in
Whitechapel?

How can feelings of equity be instilled into the bosoms of the
inhabitants of Houndsditch?

How can the London Fields be made capable of further improve-
ment?

How can "penny gaffs" be abolished?

How are the amusements of cheap Music Halls to be regulated?

How is the drainage to be improved in the poor neighbourhoods
near the Tower?

And, lastly, why are people more interested in the Turks of Bul-
garia than the Arabs of London?

Politics in the Pulpit.

If the *Liverpool Post* has not been hoaxed, MR. SPURGEON, the
other Sunday, took occasion to pray for a change of Ministers, and
said, "Let not the extraordinary folly of our rulers lead our
country into war." Should he not rather have prayed that they
might have the extraordinary wisdom to keep us out of it?

A VERY BAD JUDGE.—The Man who tries his Friends.



HARLEQUIN GOSCHEN ;
OR, THE CRAFTY KHEWEE AND THE COLLAPSING CANDLE.

(A Present for the Pantomime Writers.)

CLOWN. "HERE'S A LARK! I'M BURNING IT AT *BOTH ENDS!!*"

KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE.



SMART City men who give half-crowns to box-keepers.
Bores who call upon literary men at the busiest time of the day.
Silly persons who send subjects for Cartoons to *Punch*.

Unprincipled asses who send *Mr. Punch* his own jokes, a week old, as original.

Fussy nobodies who convene suburban meetings to consider questions of imperial importance.

"Comic" Actors who supplement their Authors' words with balderdash of their own.

Four-fifths of the "plungers" on the Stock Exchange.

Young Gentlemen who go on to the Turf.

Amateur Actors, as a rule.
Amateur Authors, with scarcely an exception.
Believers in Spiritualism who are cheated but do not cheat.
"Constant Readers" who write to the newspapers about the state of the weather.

Volunteer Firemen.
Some of the officials at the War Office.
Many of the officials at the Admiralty.
Practical jokers.
Silly Subalterns who are fond of "bear-fighting."
Noodles who tell long stories.
Ladies' Men generally.
Idiot who indulge in dangerous figures on the Skating Rinks.
Snobs who create disturbances in places of public entertainment.
Shouters of treason and writers of ribaldry.
People with missions.
Sneerers at Morality.
Scoffers at Religion.
Mock cynics and sham philosophers.
And, lastly, all other Donkeys whose particular characteristics have not been set forth in the above list.

SONGS FOR THE SLUMS.

SOMEBODY or other has been somewhere or other reported to have said to somebody or other that, if he had the making of the songs of a nation, it would not matter much who had the making of its laws. Had *Mr. Punch* let fall this saying, there might have been some truth in it; for not many Acts of Parliament can ever be so beneficial to the British Nation as the poetry of *Punch*. Parliament, indeed, might quickly shut up shop if the country listened solely to the wisdom of its *Punch*. But unluckily it happens that the songs of *Mr. Punch* are not the only ones now published, and there is abundance of good work in store for Parliament to counteract the evil influence of the bad songs which are made.

Only fancy what egregious fools would sit in Parliament if the law-makers of England were selected from the writers of its popular street-songs! Imagine what a farce legislation would become if the genius who produced, say, "*Tommy, make room for your Uncle*," were entrusted with the task of framing an amendment to the Education Act, or of bringing in a Bill to codify our Civil Law! And conceive what weighty wisdom from *Punch* and other law-givers is required by way of antidote to the folly of the balderdash squalled nightly at the Music Halls, whence it quickly is exported wholesale to permeate the slums.

As it is probable that LORD BEACONSFIELD, or even MR. GLADSTONE, but seldom pays a visit to these places of amusement, we think it well for his enlightenment, and that of other Legislators, to put forth a few specimens of songs that might be popular at any of our Music Halls, if sung by vulgar singers and set to silly tunes.

(Specimen No. 1.)

"I'M SUCH A BASHFUL MAN!"

One day I strolled down Piccadilly,
Where a scurrions Gal I met.

Her eyes they'd knock a feller silly;
Her hair it was as black as jet.
"By Jove!" thinks I, soon as I spied her,
"Here's good-bye to MARY ANN!"
And so next step I hopped beside her,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

"Good morning, Miss," says I, politely.
"Does your Mammy know you're out?"
Then I squeeze her fingers tightly,
Which it made her lips to pout.
Her shawl I offered for to carry—
One should be civil when one can—
Then I axed her for to marry,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

(And so on, and so on, for a score or so of verses, including the encores, accompanied of course with many meaning winks and gestures, and tumultuous applause.)

(Specimen No. 2.)

"SPANKING JOE."

I'm a rollicking cadger as poor as a rat,
But I'm bold as a badger, and 'cute as a cat:
I'm a sweep by purfession, but priggish I do,
Which at Clerkenwell Session I've made my debo.

Chorus (in which the enlightened audience join)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
The gals all fall in love with me, they call me Spanking Joe!

With the gloves I'm a winner, I'm up to all gnards,
And you'll find me a stunner at forcing the cards:
I'm a bit of a lusher, and when I've a drop
I'll knock any Crusher all over the shop!

Chorus (with rapture at this hit at the constituted authorities)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
There ain't a Peeler has the pluck to face old Spanking Joe!

I attends all the races, I plays on the float,
Like a Nigger's my face is, as black as a boot:
My address if you axes, of the street I've the key,
And I don't pay no taxes, 'cept for corfy and tea.

Chorus (with a snapping of the fingers at the Tax-Collector)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
Of Income-tax I ain't afraid, my fortin is too low!

(Specimen No. 3.)

"PRETTY POLLY POUTER."

PRETTY POLLY POUTER,
She's a reg'lar out-and-outer,
For she won a prize for beauty at a Barmaid Show:
She looks so 'ristocratic,
Though she lives in a back attic,
And her mother keeps a milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

She can chaff a cove so sweetly,
She can tog herself so neatly;
She's a skirt of scarlet satin trimmed with poppies in full blow:
And she sports a pink silk bonnet,
With blue butterflies upon it,
Which astonishes the milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

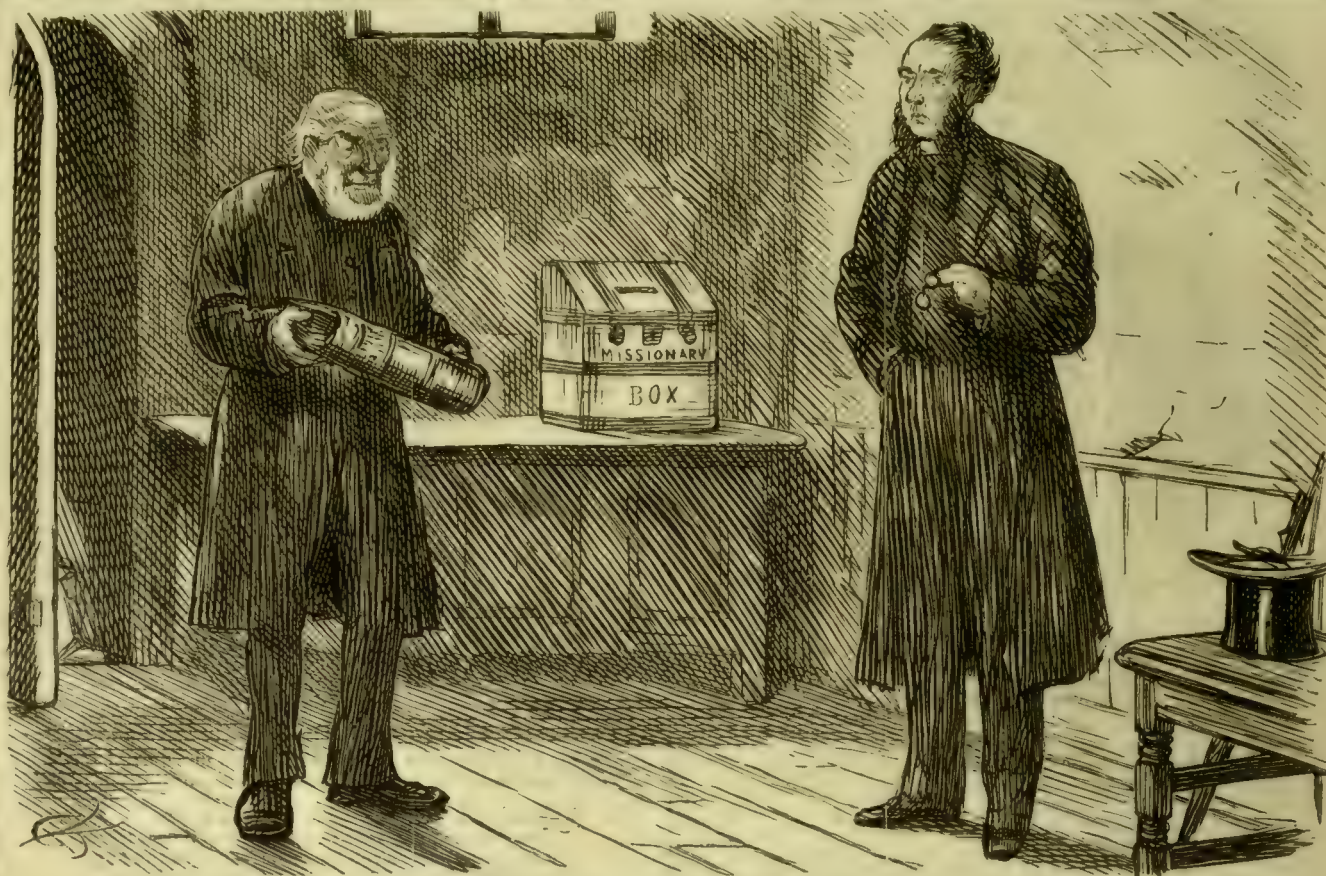
Since first I saw Miss POLLY
I've been took quite melancholy,
For I asked her if she'd have me, and she said, "Oh, dear me, no!"
Now I feel my heart is blighted,
For I ne'er can be united
To sweet pretty POLLY POUTER in the slums of Pimlico!

Lord Salisbury's Mission.

It is encouraging to have learnt, by various special telegrams, that LORD SALISBURY'S Mission has prospered hitherto to the extent of his Lordship's partaking of sixteen grand dinners, private and official, during his progress to the East.

The postprandial result appears to have been equally satisfactory; for a very special sub-marine telegram from Rome declares that his Lordship's journey has "increased his hopes of the peaceful result of the Conference."

It is almost superfluous to add that the telegram concludes by stating, that our noble Representative at the proposed Conference was to "DINE" at eight o'clock with SIR AUGUSTUS PAGET at the Embassy at Porta Pia.



"SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE."

Presbyterian Minister (portentously). "JAMES, THIS IS A VERY DREADFUL THING! YOU HAVE HEARD THERE IS ONE POUND MISSING FROM THE BOX!"

James (the Beadle, who is strongly suspected). "'DEED, SIR, SO THEY WERE TELLIN' ME——"

Minister (solemnly). "JAMES! YOU AND I ALONE HAD ACCESS TO THAT BOX——"

James. "IT'S JUST AS YE SAY, SIR—IT MUST LIE BETWEEN US TWA! AN' THE BEST WAY'LL B^e, YOU TO PAY THE TAE HALF, AN' I'LL PAY THE TITHER, AN' SAY NA' MAIR ABOUT IT!"

THE MORAL BUTTERMAN.

(A Romance in One Act.)

SCENE—A Butter Shop. Moral Buttermen discovered reading "The Christian Universe."

Enter Lady Customer.

Moral Buttermen. What can I do for you, Miss, this afternoon?

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you, I only wanted a pound of butter.

Moral Buttermen. Yes, Miss, certainly, Miss. What quality would you like?

Lady Customer. What have you?

Moral Buttermen. Well, here is a very nice, well-flavoured, article we call "Butterine," which we can afford to do at One-and-Two. We have a large sale for it. It is composed of Thames skimmings and clarified grease. It gives great satisfaction. Will you taste it?

Lady Customer. Oh, dear, no. Have you nothing else?

Moral Buttermen (cheerfully). Yes, Miss. Here is another still better flavoured article, which we call "Oleo-margarine." I cannot tell you of what it is composed, as it is imported by the ton. We sell a large quantity, and at as low a price as One-and-Three. I think if you tasted it, perhaps?

Lady Customer. Oh no, thank you. Then you have nothing else?

Moral Buttermen. Not at the price, Miss; except our celebrated "Bosh." We do know what that is made of. It is composed of beef-fat and other harmless materials, together with a sufficient amount of water.

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you! Good evening!

Moral Buttermen. Then you won't try the "Bosh," Miss? We

have some first-rate Devonshire butter at two shillings, but it has nothing like the flavour of the others.

Lady Customer. I should hope not. If you can warrant it, give me half a pound, and let me go. I don't feel well.

[*Lady is served, and exit.* Moral Buttermen groans, and resumes "The Christian Universe."

Curtain.

More Easily Wanted than Got.

THE following advertisement has been extensively circulated in the South of Ireland:—

TO CLERGYMEN.—WANTED, for a small Seaside Parish in the diocese of Cork, which has been vacant some months, a steady married CLERGYMAN, between forty and forty-five years of age, as Rector. Must be a Gentleman by birth, education, and manners, of high intellectual attainments, a brilliant and persuasive preacher, a sound Protestant, strictly evangelical, untainted by either High or Broad Church opinions, and, as the congregation is largely composed of Ladies, a diligent and pleasing visitor. He must possess agreeable social qualities, and be of prepossessing appearance. The stipend being small, ample private means are essential. To a Gentleman of an amiable or compliant disposition this would prove a desirable post. No one need apply in whom the foregoing qualifications are not combined.—For further particulars apply, &c., &c.

A fine illustration of demand and supply in the "open market." It shows how Disestablishment must be working to "improve the quality of the article"?

TITLE FOR W. E. G. (when he takes his Peerage).—LORD PENMAENMAWR.



THE AMATEUR TENOR AT HOME.

Mrs. Brown (in the midst of the lovely prelude to Gounod's "Maid of Athens," which melody Brown is practising for the Smiths' party). "WOULD YOU—GIVE BABY—ONE OF THOSE POWDERS, JAMES, OR DO YOU—THINK A—LINSEED POULTICE WILL DO?"

A BRITISH FÊTE FOR FRANCE.

THE Members of the French Senate, and Chamber of Deputies too, have lately received a very acceptable present all round; to wit, a copy of MR. C. HILL's prize essay, entitled *Sunday*, containing an introductory letter by that prince of living letter-writers and polemics, MR. GLADSTONE. This useful and appropriate gift was also accompanied by a letter from the donors, the President and Secretary of the Committee of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, on the part of that Society. The presentees are severally addressed as follows:—

"SIR,—Will you do the Committee of this Association the honour of accepting the accompanying little book, entitled *Sunday: its Influences on Health and National Prosperity*? The observance of the Sabbath Day has been an incalculable blessing to Great Britain, and it is the desire of the Working Men and others connected with this Association to see their brethren and sisters in France enabled, like themselves, to enjoy the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour. We regret to learn that in France and other Continental countries labour is carried on to a great extent on the Lord's Day, and we feel that if practical measures could be devised for promoting the observance of the Sabbath, and reducing the amount of

Sunday labour to that which is necessary, a great blessing would descend on the French nation."

The above appeal has elicited the most satisfactory answers. This is one of them:—

Permit me, Gentlemen, to offer you milliards of thanks for your valuable tract on Sunday by the eminent HILL, in addition to one of the celebrated letters of your incomparable Protestant ex-Minister, SIR GLADSTONES.

It is admirable the zeal which, in the face of grave preoccupations, has forced you to engage your minds with the subject of Sunday; and that for others who do not think of it themselves.

One is astonished to see that British Workmen, for whom the law has made the Sunday after their six days' labour a day of repose, are not satisfied themselves to rest and be thankful, but, besides, seek to oblige people not at all sleepy to desist from enjoying that festival by passing it in their own way.

Still more amazed is one in finding that Workmen of Britain, for whom their industries might be imagined employment more than full, not only labouring out of work hours to impose inaction during Sunday upon their compatriots, but also exhorting the French Legislature to institute throughout the whole of France the British Sunday. One thinks that working tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, and glaziers would have quite enough to do to attend to their avocations, and busy themselves solely with their needles, awls, saws, planes, axes, chisels, hods, trowels, solder, paint, and putty. To abandon their own business for the study of our welfare is too generous.

It is your desire to see the enjoyment of the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour made compulsory on those whom you affectionately call your brothers and sisters in France. This is, indeed, a fraternal idea. It is even more fraternal than Christian fraternity. You wish your brothers and your sisters to enjoy Sunday in the English mode, and likewise to enjoy the Sabbath. Consequently, your fraternity embraces also the Jews. Do you wish us all to enjoy, in doing nothing, both the seventh day and the first?

In England you are so happy as to have no places of amusement open on Sunday but the public-houses, and those shut during hours of worship. It is your desire to close them altogether for the whole day. You would advise us also to shut up all restaurants and refreshment-rooms, and, as well, all galleries of art and science, and every museum, to say nothing of theatres; besides to prohibit all races, dancing, and each possible kind of recreation on Sabbaths and Sundays. That is how you invite us to enjoy the Sunday and the Sabbath, and by legislation to compel everybody else to do the same. We thank you profoundly for that so kind invitation, which, however, the insuperable opinions and sentiments of the French People compel us to decline.

Accept, Gentlemen, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

TOUTMONCEIL.

A Sign of the Times.

PORTENTOUS display of Ritualism! Where are the comments of the *Record* and the *Rock* on this last notable sign of the times? We observe that even at the Mayor's Banquet at Birmingham, the other day, a CHAMBERLAIN was present with a Cross!

NOTES FROM OUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

(Public and Confidential Addresses to the Editor.)



THESE are days, Sir, in which a Journal is behind the *Times*, and behind the *Telegraph*, too, for the matter of that, if not posted up not only in the latest news, but also in such details of private intelligence, highly-spiced, pressed and condensed, of course, as may interest and delight its millions of readers, and place them in that enviable position recognised by all as "behind the scenes." As to the pleasures and charms of being "behind the scenes," that will be a subject for another letter. But as a paper is nothing without its gossip, and its scandal, allow me to be your Gossip, though heaven forbid I should be your Scandal.

I do not profess to give anything political—I may; but this is not my object. I shall not present you with tit bits about our

dear BEACONSFIELD. No, Sir. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. The Jew is not worth the scandal, as *Gwendolen* might have said of *Daniel Deronda*. Ah! why did not GEORGE ELIOT adopt the motto I suggested to that talented Authoress:—

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le *Dan'l Deronda*."

But perhaps it wasn't good enough for her. But to business. I am Your Well-informed Man. I send this letter now on the spot, because I happen to know that you will not get one from that flighty Gentleman who goes about calling himself "Your Representative." "But that I am prevented by a severe cold," as the *Ghost of Hamlet's* father said, "I could a tale unfold" about the above-mentioned Contributor, which would make your quills stand on end, like those of the fretful Porcupine.

By the way, what a voluminous writer the Porcupine ought to be, if he'd only been brought up to it. But I suppose he never got over the invention of steel pens?

I met Your Representative going off into the country with—well, that's no business of mine, of course—only if he sends you any of what he calls his *criticisms* (!!!—on my word, I can't find enough notes of exclamation—for "admiration" is not the word I want—to express my intense astonishment at his unblushing effrontery), you may take my word for it—and I'll meet him anywhere afterwards—coffee for two, and pistols for one (myself)—that he has not been to the Theatre he professes to write about. As I am the Well-informed Man, let me prove it. I will tell you what is doing everywhere, and what is going to be done. You shall be with me a privileged person behind the scenes.

Drury Lane.—MR. CHATTERTON has determined upon producing *The Critic*. The after-piece will be an *Appeal to the Public*; of course, there will be no pantomime at this house.

The VOKES Family are staying at Hawarden, and MR. GLADSTONE takes lessons in Sanskrit every morning, before breakfast, from MR. FRED VOKES. In the Afternoon the ex-Premier,—or, as he is called at Hawarden, the *Axe-Premier*,—goes about axing riddles and cutting jokes for dinner.

At the Adelphi and Princess's, MR. WILLS, author of *Charles, his Friend*, and other capital Farces, will do the Pantomimes. He has not yet chosen the subjects.

At the Folly.—It is whispered in my ear that MR. HENRY IRVING will appear here in a round of his favourite characters after Christmas. The roof will be heightened, and the stage-door very considerably enlarged to allow of his entrance. He is to play in one new piece adapted from the French, entitled *Coutts qui Coutts*. Great things are expected—as they always have been.

M^{LE}. CHAUMONT has presented MR. E. PIGOTT, the Licensor of Plays, with a new French Dictionary as a *souvenir*. There was a private performance of *Madame attend Monsieur* at the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Office. The part of *Monsieur* by the courteous and amiable licensor.

MR. DAVID JAMES is engaged on a Volume of Sermons. He will retire from the Stage after the 3,000th night of *Our Boys*. His only objection to becoming a Clergyman is purely technical. He says he cannot believe in the success of any Establishment that admits Orders.

When I was in Dorsetshire, I heard that Temple Bar was coming down, though by what train was uncertain. Besides these gems of information, I could give you several highly interesting and equally true, about most of our Public Men, but I think the above are sufficient to prove that I am what I profess to be,

YOUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

A DISINTERESTED COLUMN.

NOTICE TO CANDIDATES FOR MATRICULATION AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.—A FINAL READING up of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877 absolutely necessary. Terms for one Pocket-Book, Half-a-Crown.

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FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at 85, Fleet Street, with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

A Beacon for Beaconsfield.

'WARE your Admiralty's masters
Still incurring fresh disasters:
Ships colliding, sunk, or sinking,
Safety valves for lack of thinking
Out of order, and exploding
Boilers, ill in warfare boding;
Arctic voyage stopped by scurvy.
Why? No lime juice? Topay-turvy,
Such mishaps' concatenations
Oft have turned Administrations!

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—Motto for Lady Helps: "Learn to labour and to wait."—*Longfellow*.

A HINT FOR THE CONFERENCE.—What Ottomans were made for. To be sat upon.

LAMENTS OVER TEMPLE-BAR.—CHILDISH.

THE TOOTH THAT WON'T COME OUT.



THE REV. ARTHUR TOOTH, having been inhibited from playing *Mass* by the Court of Arches, a "large and enthusiastic meeting" of his habitual audiences was held at St. James's, Hatcham, the other evening, "to protest against" his inhibition, "and to express sympathy with him." According to the *Post*:-

"In moving the third resolution, which pledged the meeting to withhold all moral, personal, and pecuniary support from any Priest 'intruded into their parish,' MR. ROBERT TOOTH, the patron of the living, observed that the Vicar's conduct had been termed lawless, but it was not to be forgotten that, at the commencement of the proceedings, he had volunteered to submit to the Bishop's decision, provided his Lordship would try the matter in accordance with the Church's laws."

Under which Church, Bezonian, speak or die? The Church by law established, or the Church of which, in this country, the top-sawyer is CARDINAL MANNING? The former, by the decree of its highest Court, has declared MR. TOOTH to have proved himself, in playing *Mass*, an unsound Tooth, a Tooth to be stopped, a Tooth which, if stopping will not suffice, will have to come out. As to the latter, it would simply disown MR. TOOTH, and declare his pretension to play *Mass* improper, if not impious and condemnable. The least serious of those ecclesiastics whom TOOTH takes off would say that comedians go too far when they attempt *chiesa buffa*. Apparently MR. TOOTH, like other English actors in his line of business, does not know what he is about. He should learn. A Divine whose writings a few years ago caused great commotion in Exeter Hall, might teach him; for at present, evidently, this TOOTH is innocent of the theology of DENS.

BOOK-KEEPERS.—Book borrowers.

MUMBO-JUMBO'S LATEST MUFTI.

An Energetic Protest from an Alarmed Member of the Party of Order.

"The formula of our Zeit-Geist is Development."—C. E. APPLETON, in *Contemporary Review*.

DEVELOPMENT? Oh, yes! Our last new Dagon!

A fetish formula that I cry plague on.

Of this catch-word, that mouthed so far and wide is,
I'm sick as e'er was Greek of ARISTIDES.

I hold this vaunted key to the world's riddle

A downright diddle.

Devised by DARWIN and such imps of Babel,

To rob the world of creeds comfortable,

And all that's fixed and stable.

There never was such aid to Revolution

As this pert theory of "Evolution;"

A sort of hoons-posus, by whose sleight

Nothing, by slow degrees, grows everything;

And all, from mote to Seraph, made to spring

Spontaneously from Chaos and Old Night.

I love it not. I like to "draw the line:"

I hold belief in boundaries, ranks, and classes.

The notion that a lump of jelly passes,

By changes none may mark they are so fine,

Into a stout Conservative County Squire,

Is one I can't admire.

A Radical may rise from an Ascidian

(He's not much better at his full meridian!)

But *Me* date back to speck of protoplasm?

It gives me quite a spasm!

Development jumbles everything. Nought's a fixture,

But all the universe a sort of mixture.

There's no clear boundary line 'twixt Apo and Angel,

According to this precious new evangel.

"All idiosyncrasies are fluent," *Are they?*

So are some idiots! Every bond and bar they

Would fain attenuate till 'tis as fine

As what they call a mathematic line;

Length without breadth or substance, which, by Jingo!

Seems a fair type of all their long-spun lingo!

(They'd like to serve my hedges so, no doubt,

But honest quickset keeps false Quixotes out.)

It's all their artful way of muddling things,

Creeds, Constitutions, Classes, Ranks, and Races;

Till none can fix their principles, or places:

A Radical conspiracy that flings

Doubts on our lineage, and throws dubious lights

On privileges and on social rights.

Cosmos! What Order could be underangeable,

With elements so vague and interchangeable?

Who's who, and which is which, in stamp or station,

In face of their confounded "Correlation"?

Development our formula? Absurd!

I hold a man's a man, a bird's a bird,

A Radical's a Radical, and a rat

Is not, and never will be, dog or cat.

Things were made so or so for weighty reasons,

And may they ne'er get muddled—like our Seasons!

Hard and fast lines are comfort and salvation

In Nature and the nation;

And, if the *Zeit-Geist* holds these doctrines hazy,

I'm sure the *Zeit-Geist* must be going crazy.

NO MORE CATTLE SHOWS!

ACCORDING to the report of a lecture lately delivered by DR. CHILDS, F.R.C.S., under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Tunbridge Wells, on "Vivisection, its Uselessness as well as its Unlawfulness," the Lecturer, introducing his subject, "said that nothing more was wanted to effect the total suppression of Vivisection than that the people at large should have a clear notion of what Vivisection means." Perhaps what he wished to say was merely that if people desired to effect the total suppression of Vivisection, it was necessary that they should clearly know what it meant. Now Vivisection means cutting or maiming any living thing. So, if it were totally suppressed there would be an end of butchers. As it is, we don't kill a pig every day, but then we should never kill a pig any day. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and all manner of field-sports, would be entirely prohibited, and we should become a nation of Vegetarians.

NOVELTY FOR THE BRIG-A-BRAC HUNTER.—A Railway in China.



"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Rustic (who had just been informed of the meaning of the "B.D." affixed to the Parson's name on the Notice). "BACHELOR O' DIVINITY ! THEN THAT THERE MAN AIN'T A RIGHT MAN TO PRAICH, BY MY WAYS O' THINKING !"

Informant. "WHY NOT ?"

Rustic. "'CAUSE HE CALLS HISSELF A BACHELOR ! AN' I KNOWS HE'S A MARRIED MAN !"

GEOLOGICAL GENEALOGY.

JUDICIOUS MR. PUNCH, SCIENTIFIC SIR,

THE Order that I have the honour to belong to, is one wherein much account is made of Pedigree. You know what a name for high blood is borne by the descendants of the Godolphin Arabian. Of course we are all descended from coëvals of ADAM ; but until lately our origin was not supposed traceable any higher. Now, however, it is referred to a prehistoric period of indefinitely remote antiquity. Geological Genealogists ascribe a long lineage indeed to the Noble Animal.

But, worthy Sir, in demonstrating our family to be as old as the hills, or at least as the rocks or strata in which are found the bones of our ancestors, some Gentlemen of Science do us a doubtful honour. PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the other day, delivered at the London Institution a lecture on "Some Recent Additions to our Knowledge of the Pedigree of" my race. They consisted in certain discoveries lately made of organic remains, imagined to warrant an induction, which the Professor, in concluding his discourse, and referring to the theory of "evolution," expressed as follows, if truly reported :—

"There was no longer any other reasonable and fair hypothesis, and it might truly be called an ascertained fact, that the various forms of the horse were all descended from a common ancestry. Just as certainly as there was a point whence the horse and bear diverged, so there must have been a common point whence all mammals diverged."

So, then, PROFESSOR HUXLEY declares it a certain truth that we Noble Animals are all remote cousins of that savage, ugly, ridiculous, climbing, plantigrade brute, the Bear. Is it so certain ? How does he make it out ? By showing that although, whilst the bear has five toes, we have but one, only one bone, apparently, in the fore leg to his two, and no more than forty-four teeth, he having forty-six, yet on minute examination we are found to possess, in the shape of "small splints" for toes, and an *ulna* "shrivelled to a mere thread of bone," the rudiments that make up the Bear's com-

plement of bones, and that certain of our ancestors whose relics have turned up in successive strata, exhibit these bones more completely developed. To wit, in the Pleiocene, the Pleiohippus, an animal like a horse, with differences as to teeth and bones, and the Protohippus or Hipparion, the latter having three really jointed toes ; and so upwards through the Meiocene beds with the Meiohippus or Anchiotherium, and the Meshippus, with still more perfectly formed toes to the Eocene, the oldest bed of the Tertiary system, and therein the Orohippus with four complete toes to each fore foot ; to each hind leg three. This creature, PROFESSOR HUXLEY says, is no bigger than a fox, he calls it the "Oldest Horse." Might he not rather have called it the "Oldest Pony" ?

Now, Mr. Punch, without presuming to contradict PROFESSOR HUXLEY, allow me to ask, Do his premisses, as above quoted, clearly necessitate his conclusion ? What proof is there that we are descendants of the Orohippus, indicated by some resemblance in point of toes to be conceivably a not very distant relation to the Bear ? Sir, I am ready to go at a five-barred gate or a bullfincher, with anything on two legs, and that much weight on the back of me ; but one ought to be able to clear an acre of corn to match the leap which the learned Professor seems to make in jumping to conclusions like the foregoing.

Of course it was MR. DARWIN who put the idea of taking such jumps as those into PROFESSOR HUXLEY's head ; but who put it into MR. DARWIN's ? I don't know, Mr. Punch. I don't pretend to be wise enough to say ; but I cannot help suspecting that it was some very profound Philosopher in the University of Laputa.

Believe me, dear Sir, your ever faithful and

Affectionate Friend and Servant,

HOUYHNHNM.

P.S.—Geology will, perhaps, by-and-by reveal a so-called horse even older and smaller than the Orohippus, not so big as a Fox, being no bigger than a Rat, and nearer still akin to the Bears and the Sloths, to be called, possibly, the Microtherium, and supposed to have done duty for the Horse in Prehistoric Lilliput.



RAIN! RAIN!

COMBINATION OF SOU'-WESTER AND EEL-TRAP. (SUGGESTION FOR A WATER-TIGHT DRESS.)

WRONG IN TOTO.

WHERE will it stop if such a precedent is admitted? We are told that MADAME CHAUMONT herself called on the Censor of Plays, and persuaded him to license the pieces she has lately so charmed us all in performing. We can hear her saying, with that irresistible smile, and that suggestive shrug of the shoulders, which we know and like so well, "*Voyons, mon petit chou! Sois raisonnable! Fais-moi cette petite concession! Pas moyen de me la refuser. Hein?*" And of course the merely human Licenser yields, as we should all yield in his place.

But if this conduct were be catching? If every time a piece was likely to be refused a licence, the most-concerned Actor or Actress were to seek a personal interview with the licensor, what a life that unfortunate official would lead!

Suppose MISS E. FARREN were to rush off to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and, popping her head in at the door, were to say, with a wink—"Look here, Old Man! If you don't let me play that faroe, I'll strike you with a feather! I must have that line in, or I'll stab you with a Wose!" And then, with a hop, step, and jump, perch herself on the back of a chair, and inquire after the health of the Governor—meaning the MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

THE ARCTIC PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"Tuesday, Dec. 5th. The LORD MAYOR entertained the crews of H.M.'s ships *Alert* and *Discovery* . . ."
"JOHN BUNYAN, of the *Discovery*, entertained the company with a song."—*Vide Newspaper Reports*.

Now Mr. Punch heard in his dream that this was the song JOHN BUNYAN sang:—

OH, Christians all, both great and small,
Let me unfurl my roll,
To sing the Pilgrims' Progress made
Towards the Northern Pole.
Where bears forbear to make their lair,
And knots are not on wing,
Sloughs of Despond were struggled through,
With sledges in the Spring;
Across the sea of ancient ice,
As far as we could go,
O'er Mountains not Delectable,
Of hummock, berg, and floe!
Oft shifting ice as in a vice
Had our good ships held fast,
But Great-Heart NABES unshrinking dares
The crow's-nest's bitter blast.
From ice-sea's rim the Giant Grim
Forced us to axe our way,
But Giant Despair was fain to swear,
We kept him still at bay:
Both tried their best to baulk our quest,
Both we were game to liok,
And when at length they broke our strength,
'Twas by a scurvy trick.
We fought the cold as *Christian* bold
Apollyon did fight.
But vain to strive, we could not drive
Our Ice-Fiend into flight.
Then fill the cup! Take, others, up
The task we leave undone:
There's not a Salt will call a halt
When honour's to be won.
The Hill of Difficulty, still,
While stout hearts choose for goal,
His Pilgrim's Progress to fulfil,
JOHN BULL must reach the Pole!

"Chair!"

LADIES, gentle Ladies, please to look at this:—

"In Manchester an influential movement has arisen for providing seats for shopwomen, during their long hours of service at the counter."

Surely, Ladies, you will wish this movement all success. This, now the standing rule at shops where Ladies mostly congregate—an evil of long standing—should be remedied forthwith. "They also serve," says MILTON, "who only stand and wait." But, when serving at the counter, a girl may wait upon her customers without the need of standing all day long; and what fatigue she suffers from this "only standing," they only who have stood it can tell.

Or, imagine MR. FRED VOKES, dissatisfied with the cuts made in the next Christmas Pantomime, coming head-first through the window in Palace Yard, and throwing his leg over the Censor's astonished head, windmill-wise, until the lines were restored!

Then, again, MR. DAVID JAMES might repair to MR. PIGOTT's private residence, and, sticking a knife into the "*Dosset*"—But no; MR. DAVID JAMES will never require another licence. Has he not sworn that succeeding generations shall take their boys to see *Our Boys* till the end of the century?

Another day, MR. TOOLE might take it into his amusing noddle to proceed, in a Hansom, to St. John's Wood, and, bearding MR. PIGOTT in his lair, might thus address him:—

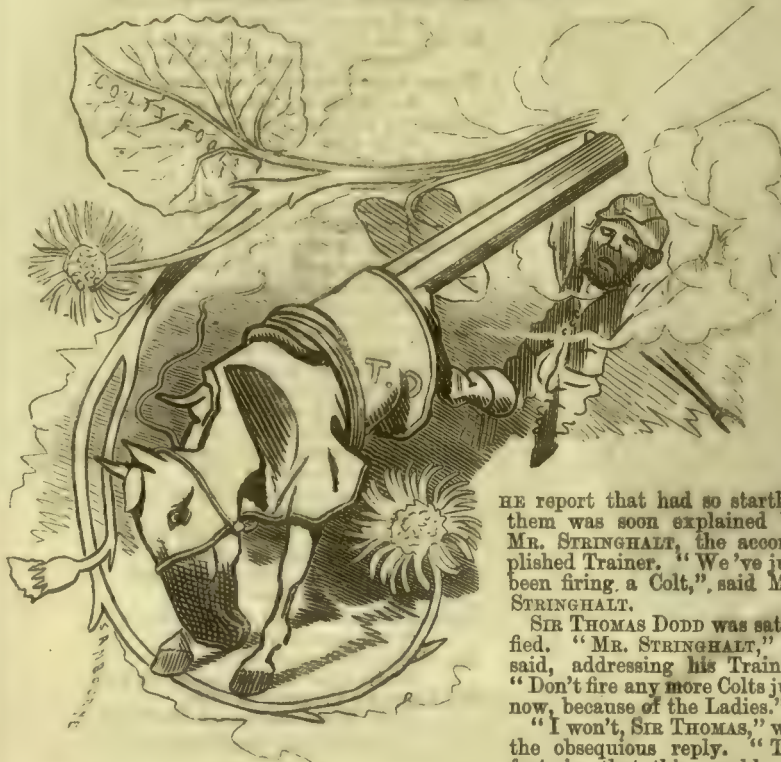
"Look here, my dear boy! You've a licensed a good deal, and still—still I am not happy. I'll trouble you—excuse my taking off my glove!—I'll trouble you to put those lines back where you took 'em from! And don't try it on again—not before this Boy! What says the young OBADIAH? PIGOTT, my boy, you are on!"

Such licence on the part of the Profession would be inexcusable. But we feel sure the present Censor knows how to keep the Stage in order, without reducing himself to the necessity of maintaining a state of siege alike of his premises and his principles.

WHAT'S THE ODDS. OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY
MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,
Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.—"The Jeddington Dodd Lot."



HE report that had so startled them was soon explained by MR. STRINGHALT, the accomplished Trainer. "We've just been firing a Colt," said MR. STRINGHALT.

SIR THOMAS DODD was satisfied. "MR. STRINGHALT," he said, addressing his Trainer, "Don't fire any more Colts just now, because of the Ladies."

"I won't, SIR THOMAS," was the obsequious reply. "The fact is, that this would not have happened, only the fet-

lock caught in something, snapped, and the Colt went off of its own accord."

"Oh, do let us go all over the Stables!" exclaimed LADY DI BRITTELEIGH, rapturously.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, not to be outdone by her brilliant rival.

"How happy could I be with either!" murmured SIR THOMAS, as he bent his left eye on LADY DI, at the same time turning his right full on the attractive MRS. AZAMYLE.

The HONBLE. PULMAN CARR frowned, and pinched COUNT FARRAGO's arm, who, not to be behindhand, retaliated with a kick.

The Jeddington training-stables were a marvel of neatness. They were most conveniently situated between the house and the race-course, where SIR THOMAS had won so many Derbys.

The Trainer beckoned to an elegant young man, who was lounging in a Japanese arm-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, inhaling one of the choicest bandannas that money could procure. By his expansive shirt-front of the purest white, which formed an admirable setting for his large diamond studs, anyone could immediately tell what capacity their wearer filled in these Stables. Evidently he was the Stud Groom.

With an easy bow he advanced, and proffered his services as *cicerone* to the party.

It was a thoroughly sporting scene, as MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (the Stud Groom) pointed out. In one corner there was a fine Dorking Hen laying the odds. In another, a sleek-coated Race-Horse was backing himself against a wall. A dead Mouse lay in the middle of the yard, and a fast-trotting Cob was walking over the corse. The temperature was perfect, and the thermometer registered a dead heat.

MR. STRINGHALT's family of ten children—all of them of such a decided Japanese type as to have won them the name of "the Flat Race"—lived over the Stables, and the butcher, who had just arrived, was carrying in the Nursery Steaks; while MRS. STRINGHALT, a cheery, elderly woman, was putting the pot on. Just outside, where the garden joined the yard, the gardeners were busily engaged in hedging, and MR. STRINGHALT's eldest boy was trying to train a horse-chestnut over a low fence; while the second was watching a caterpillar on a mulberry leaf, and asking his brother, "Will it spin, OBADIAH? will it spin?"

"Now," said MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (who was as proud of the horses under his care as a grandmother of her youngest grandchild), "I will show you our Derby pets. First of all, you shall see our Twentybob Mare."

He led the way towards the Pound.

"Twentybob in the Pound," said the Stud Groom, admiringly. "And you won't get more change out of any horse than that."

Everyone admired her massive ribs, her short, curved back, and her long silver tail.

"A little slipped in the forehead," observed the HONBLE. PULMAN CARR, quietly.

"You know, Sir, where the fault lies," returned the Stud Groom, who had some respect for the HONBLE. P.'s opinion.

And they walked on towards that peculiar building which, in all training stables, is called the Mansion House. Here they naturally expected to see the Mare. They were not disappointed.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed both Ladies, pressing SIR THOMAS's arm.

It was indeed a sight to rejoice the heart of any true lover of Sport.

They were looking at a splendid Mare lying in a soft, downy Mare's Nest. She was absorbed in profound thought, brooding over her lot. "She can't help it," the Stud Groom observed. "She belongs to the genuine stock of Brood Mares, and they all do it."

Suddenly a twittering carol of birds broke on their ears. The Ladies looked about amazed. There were no feathered songsters visible.

The Stud Groom smiled. "It's the Thrushes the Mare's always got. They sing on a fine summer morning like this," the Trainer, who had now joined the party, explained.

MR. STRINGHALT, the Trainer, might have added that he encouraged music in his stables. Outside, a quintette of Grooms might have been observed with their pipes, taking their time and their tune from the Chief Ostler, who was giving it them with his pitchfork; while each horse lazily leaned back in his stall, listening to the melody, and some few put their heads out of their private boxes, and either nodded affirmatively, or said "Neigh" distinctly.

"Look here!" said the Trainer, drawing their attention to an animal in a box. "Here's one of our Derby pets. This is the *Invisible Prince*, out of *Sight*, by *Jingo*."

She was a beautiful bit of skin was this brood-foal. Her legs were long and sinewy, with a good round, firm, swelling knee, well curved outwards—a sign that there was no bend sinister in her pedigree. Her left hock was still, her right hock was sparkling, just the sort you'd expect in a winner of a Champagne cup. Her shoulders drooped a little, giving the notion of extraordinary force and great staying power. This was the one point that SIR THOMAS went for with all his might and main. By the provisions of the will he was compelled not only to *lose*, but to come in absolutely last of all, for three Derbys in succession. Hitherto all his horses *would* win. If he could but find an emare with sufficient staying power to stay behind all the others, his estates were secure to him for the rest of his life. Therefore, on the *Invisible Prince* all SIR THOMAS DODD's hopes were centred.

LADY DI could not restrain her admiration.

"She has a tail of which a rat might be proud," she cried, enthusiastically.

"She's right in the mane," chimed in MRS. AZAMYLE.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—We (speaking editorially) feel bound to ask you a few questions. We do not profess to be sporting, but haven't you slightly over-coloured the picture of the Stud Groom and the Training Stables?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Not a bit. Haven't I said "they were a marvel of neatness"? This carefully-chosen expression fore-stalls (as we used to say at Doncaster when I kept four race-horses in as many stalls) all objections. Depend upon me, my friend, for my sketches are from life. *Nil dubitandum*. Did you ever drive a tandem, by the way? If so, you would understand my motto, "*Nil dubitandum, nil desperandum*," i. e., "When driving an uncertain team in a tandem (old style of spelling), don't go at random."—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—Come down, and see us. By the way, just for sport look in at Billingsgate Market, and bring down a Bag Fox with you. No difficulty in train. Tip the Guard, and he'll let you put him under the seat. A leather carpet-bag will carry him as well as anything, and not attract attention.

"A more perfect nose I never saw," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.
"Il naso Romano," cried the delighted COUNT FERRAGO, as good a judge of horseflesh as ever crossed the Pyrenees.

"And something of the Hebraic in it," added SIR THOMAS; "or, I should say, more correctly, of the Royal Judaic type, which, in this peculiar breed, has long been the distinguishing mark of the old Clothes' Horse."

"The Baron would be glad to welcome him in his Stables," murmured the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he patted the animal's proboscis.

"We have another Derby mare," observed MR. WILLIAM BUTTON, carelessly. "She is named *Moka*, by *Savoney Beanie*, out of *Chicory*; at least, that is how I have entered her in the Registry. She is handsomely marked, you'll observe," he added, as he opened a small lattice in order to allow the visitors to get a peep at the animal in question. "She has the true length and delicate acuteness of ear, and the two dark stripes on the shoulders, which are the genuine signs of great staying and much enduring power. Should *Invisible Prince* fail, it is quite on the cards for *Moka* to lose a Derby for us. I have taken her in hand myself," added MR. BUTTON, with some pride. He had originally been in a *Cirque*, and it would have taken a clever quadruped to show him in a quarter of an hour more tricks than he could teach any one of them in five minutes.

The stable-gates were thrown open, and a young lady drove in. She was radiant as the morning, and wore a Gainsborough hat of magnificent dimensions.

"Gussy Gandar!" exclaimed SIR THOMAS, and in another minute they were looked in each other's arms, while the rest of the party were considerably shut up. When they were unlocked, Miss Gussy and SIR THOMAS went up to the House, skipping like a young heir and heiress in March, quite oblivious of the party they had left behind in the stable.

"*Andiamo!*" said COUNT FERRAGO, shrugging his shoulders. "*Cospetto! Il Bacio! Corpo di Baccy!*" And the good-natured foreigner lit a cigar, and strolled in the direction of New-market.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE seized the HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR by the right arm, LADY DI grasped him by the left.

"He must not marry her!" they both hissed in his ears. For a time jealousy of a common object had united the rivals. But Gussy was no common object. The HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR felt this strongly.

"I must have the estate, and SIR TOMMY DODD must win three Derbys in succession. Whatever happens, the *Invisible Prince* must not come in last. Yet, with such legs, and such a marvellous staying power, how can it be prevented? The question is, who will be put up to ride? and can I get at him? Who will it be?"

"I!" said a low, distinct voice, issuing from a dark corner.

The Ladies started to their feet. They had been previously on their knees, imploring the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

A tall man, far over the average height, and burly in proportion, weighing thirty stone if he weighed a pound, stood before them. He was dressed in full jockey costume, including armour-plates, which, owing to the provisions of the will necessitating weight carrying to any amount, constituted the *de rigueur* racing attire of a Tommy Dodd Boy.

"Who are you?" asked the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

"My name is CAVASSON," answered the warrior-like figure, "and I am the Dumb Jockey* of Jeddington."

The Ladies screamed, for at that moment they caught sight of a brilliant pair of keen, eager eyes watching them through the stone wall. To clear this at a bound was, with the HONBLE. PULLMAN, the work of a moment.

(To be continued.)

* I am far from wishing to interfere with the story, but how could it be the Dumb Jockey when he is made to speak? You'll excuse the question, I know. I am but anticipating an objection on the part of the readers. Yours ever, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—My dear Sir, this is part of the plot. What interest could possibly be felt in a dumb Jockey who *didn't* speak? Why, the curiosity must be roused by the fact of the Dumb Jockey speaking! "How did he do it?" "Why did he do it?" "Was he really dumb?" "Don't you see? That's the way we do the trick! When are you coming down to my little place in Hampshire? The Ladies are dying to meet you. Yours, J. S.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—I'm ready. But you've again forgotten to put in your address.—ED.

A RARE PRINT.

THE one that frightened *Robinson Crusoe*. There was only one impression of it.

BEST WEAPON FOR KILLING TIME.—The Minute-Gun.

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.



THE presence of a popular singer (whose appearances are a little uncertain) was, a short time since, announced in a certain provincial town by placards bearing the inscription, "Mr. So - AND - So has arrived." Should this idea be developed, we may hope to see a column in the country papers devoted to a series of announcements, framed after the following fashion:—

(By Telegraph from Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON, 10 A.M.

SIGNOR TOMPKINI, the celebrated *basso-profondo*, has just reached the station in a Hansom-cab. He is now engaged in securing a first-class ticket for *Jewsbrough-on-the-Sea*. He is expected (by the porter in charge of his railway rugs and hat-box) to travel down to *Jewsbrough-on-the-Sea* in a smoking compartment.

LONDON, 10.10 A.M.

SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just started. He called for a newspaper, and his voice seemed to be in excellent order. The porter was right. The celebrated Singer is travelling in a smoking-compartment.

MUDBOROUGH STATION, 11 A.M.

The train containing SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just arrived here. He has asked the guard at what time the train is expected to reach *Jewsbrough-on-the-Sea*. He seems to be in excellent voice. He is smoking a *Manilla-cheroot*. A medical man has just informed me that he has seen the celebrated Singer (through the carriage window), and thinks it highly probable that he will be able to keep his engagement at the Concert to-night. Train started.

CLAYSHAM-ON-THE-NOOZE, 12 NOON.

The London train has come in. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just left it to get a sandwich. He asked for a glass of sherry. His "Upper G" seems to be as fresh as ever. Some anxiety was felt lest he should change his mind, and return to town by the next train. Now, happily, all doubts are set at rest. He has returned to his smoking-compartment, and has lighted a cigarette.

WALKANTALKINGTON STATION, 1 P.M.

Amidst great excitement the Tompkins Train has arrived at the platform. The celebrated Singer is still in his carriage. He has been heard by a fellow-passenger in the next compartment (listening through the communication-window), to sing a few bars of "*Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle*." He is said to be in excellent voice. From this point two detectives will accompany him on his progress. They will travel in the next carriage (a second-class one) to that occupied by the Signor.

CHAWD JUNCTION, 2 P.M.

The train has arrived. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has not as yet escaped. The guard has been bribed to look him in. The celebrated Singer, finding he could not open the door, called to the station-master for assistance. He seemed to be in excellent voice—his "Lower A" being most impressive. Great anxiety was felt lest he should escape to *Bangerville* on the other line. However, all is well. The train has started with the Signor. The detectives (who consider their present task one of the most difficult ever confided to their care), are in good spirits. They seem to be confident of success.

JEWSBOROUGH-ON-THE-SEA, 3 P.M.

Glorious news! The Signor has just arrived, and has put up at the Royal Hotel. Unless he changes his mind at the last moment, there is every reason to believe that he will positively sing this evening.

NEW NATIONAL SONG (by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*).—"Britons never will be Slaves."



POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (anxious to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"

Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LOE', MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO ME!"

OUR HOME CONFERENCE.

(Friday, Dec. 8.)

PRIESTS, professors, poets, painters, politicians—all save fools—
Why leave your desks and easels, church or chapel pulpits, schools?
What are you to the Eastern Question—what that Question unto
you—

That you must have your Conference, and make all this ado?

Have you no fear of morning *douche*, or evening shower-bath chill,
From Jupiter Junior's mud-squirt, or the *Pall Mall's* keener quill?
No dread of club-room quizzing, or Society's slow sneer,
That in protest against Moslem rule you dare to muster here?

Don't you know the Turk's a gentleman, the Slav a scurvy knave?
That Islam takes French polish, and can learn how to behave?
That high policy's above you, who boast not DIZZY's head?
That you are but fools rushing in where DERBYS fear to tread?

Are you not afraid of cutting Old Mother England's throat?
Of binding poor Bulgaria to row in Poland's boat?
Of becoming joint-executors of the CZAR PETER's will,
And setting up the Russian Bear Stamboul's high seat to fill?

You don't believe in policy too high for you to read?
One kind of Bear you do not fear—that of the Bugbear breed?
You don't think Russia fool enough on Stamboul to lay paw,
Because to do so were to run his head i' the Lion's maw?

It is by way of buffer 'twixt the Turkeys and the Bear,
You would build up a people from the down-trod Slavs out there?
Those that Derby-Dizzy Policy to the Bear's hug has driven
You'd bless with friends who show a past with less to be forgiven?

You're sick of Turkish fetches—Turk's promises to pay;
Debtors, who for reforms or bonds still seek a longer day?
You believe in Turkish programmes as in flakes of snow that fall?
Better Russian force—if Russian it must be—than none at all?

You don't believe in ELLIOTT—believer in the Turk?
You do believe in SALISBURY—if free his will to work?

You want to let LORD DERBY know what his "employers" feel,
And to convince the Turk he must not count on England's steel?

You want to give the Conference at Stamboul a good lead?
You wish the Northern Emperors—yea Bear and all—good speed?
Such common wish, and common cause, your various sections links?
I see—'tis BULL 'gainst BEACONSFIELD—'tis Lion against Sphinx!

HAMPERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Furnished by our Dismal Contributors.

THE knowledge that all your tradesmen will send in their little
accounts, and request payment for the same.

The feeling that quarter-day means a cheque for the rent and
taxes.

The certainty that for at least a month (during the Christmas
vacation), your sanctum will be invaded at all hours of the day by
well-meaning, but boisterous children.

The consciousness that Turkey and Roast Beef *plus* Plum Pudding
and Mince Pies never agree with you.

The awkwardness of having to take part in a family party in
which some of your relations are not on terms of cordial friendship
with the rest.

The bother of having to attend your family on frequent visits to
the various West-End Pantomimes.

The trouble of having to entertain, and be entertained.

The labour of making up your books for the past year, and seeing
your way into the next.

The worry of easing your conscience by forgiving old scores, and
setting wrong things right.

The pain of receiving applications from poor relations, making
requests with which it is impossible to comply.

The nuisance of having to make merry when you feel inclined to
wear sack-cloth and ashes in preference to any other more cheerful
costume.

And last, the almost unbearable infliction of having to make
believe that you consider Christmas a joyous time when you know it
to be the most melancholy season in the whole year.



AT THE DOOR.

"LIFT UP THY BROW, RENOWNED SALISBURY,
AND WITH A GREAT HEART HEAVE AWAY THIS STORM."

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act V., Sc. 2.



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VIII. AND LAST.—CONCERNING PALL MALL.



the four pupils together. "Because, my friends," replied Mr. Punch, "a Guide to the Army appearing in the leading English paper (for my lectures are reported in the *London Charivari*), might be considered at such a time as this, as threatening to the peace of Europe. Foreigners might imagine that we were going to arm in earnest." "You are quite right," returned COLONEL CHARLES. "I had given permission to the Band of the Royal East Mudborough Militia to play at an amateur performance. The permission shall be withdrawn. We cannot be too careful in avoiding the chance of an imputation of making demonstrations in force."

And then for the last time Mr. Punch addressed his pupils as the Teacher of the Army.

Part I. The Horse Guards. The Executive of the Army is to be found in a number of houses in Pall Mall. The houses opposite the Rag and Junior Carlton belong to the War Office and the Horse Guards. A small building in St. James's Square is quite large enough to contain the Intelligence Department of the Service. The War Office, like an official Octopus, has branches in the neighbourhood of Spring Gardens, but these branches are not of much importance. The two great Establishments of the Executive are the Horse Guards and the War Office.

The Horse Guards is called, at the present moment, the Horse Guards, because it has nothing whatever to do with the Horse Guards. It is supposed that the name was originally given to the Department because a former Commander-in-Chief swore until everything was "Blue." This must have been very many years ago, because no modern Commander-in-Chief has been known to use any stronger expression than "oh dear me!" and this only at times of great excitement.

The mission of the Horse Guards is to quarrel with the War Office. Although next-door neighbours, every kind of moral impediment is placed as a barrier in the dark passage which leads from the one to the other. The War Office has not always been able to maintain the reputation of being Civil. The Horse Guards has never been anything but Military. Two immense Grenadiers are crammed under a portico at the entrance, and the hall looks more like a Guard-room than a Government Office. The Messengers are Soldiers, and the Chiefs of the Departments are Soldiers, too. Scarlet meets you on every side, and appropriately the work of the Horse Guards consists chiefly of Red Tape.

The Commander-in-Chief has many duties. It is he who decides upon the adoption of a new button—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. It is he who arranges about the Peace Campaigns of the Forces—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. In fact, it is he who commands the Army—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. From this it will be seen that the Commander-in-Chief (or, to be more exact, the Officer Commanding-in-Chief) is an Independent Official of the very last importance. And yet at times ill-feeling is said to exist between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. If the Soldier claims the authority, the Civilian holds the money; if "the DUKE" wants this done, "MR. SO-AND-SO" would be delighted to oblige him if the Nation would only afford the expense.

Under these circumstances certain rude people have suggested that the Horse Guards in its present condition is not quite so useful an Institution of the Country as it might be made to be.

Part II. The War Office.—The War Office is quite a different place. A solitary Sentinel guards the roomy court-yard. The hall is full of obliging Messengers of the homely type—portly, grey-haired, and intensely unmilitary. The waiting-room is decorated with an old Picture of the Judgment of Solomon, some spirited Lithographs of Provincial Hotels, a List of Newspapers, a Book from a House Agent, and the Programme of the Royal Polytechnic Institution. It is in this cheery, unconventional apartment that Deputations are collected together, and hard-worked Clerks have little chats with their friends on "private business." If you wish to see MR. TENTERFOUR, a Boy carries up your name on a slip of paper to the proper Department, and, owing to the intelligence and activity of the youthful Mercurius, you are kept in suspense for the appearance of the genial TENTERFOUR seldom less than ten minutes and sometimes more than two hours. And is not this as it should be? Is not the apartment a waiting-room?

The War Office delights in Forms for the transmission of business. Scarcely an *Army List* is published that does not contain at least half-a-dozen Forms to be filled in and signed by one Officer and countersigned by another. Mr. Punch, always anxious to be practical, begs to submit to Officers of the Army the most useful Form of all. If an Officer is a good fellow, and has been up to Town, he is sure to have met a Man in the War Office. Of this Man he should make a Friend, and, once having secured him as a Friend, he can use the following document as occasion may require:—

FORM FOR OBTAINING AN EXCHANGE, GETTING SPECIAL LEAVE, AND OTHER FAVOURS.

MY DEAR OLD MAN,

You are such an awfully kind old Fellow, that I don't mind bothering you a bit. Although I admit it is a little rough upon you to be always asking you to be doing something or other. But the fact is, I want—[Here insert what you want.] I am sure you will get it managed for me if you can. If you see BILLY, give him my love.

F. R. O. M. TENTERFOUR, Esq.

Mine ever,

TOMMY D'ATKINS.

If this does not get you what you need, all Mr. Punch can say is, that he knows very little of the kind-heartedness of those most obliging and most hard-working of Officials—the Clerks at the War Office.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VIII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, before you go, cannot you tell us something about foreign Armies?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, I made up my mind only to deal with our own Forces. But, to oblige you, I can hint that the Russians have several million Soldiers; but of these several millions only a few hundred thousands really exist. The rest are merely efficient—on paper.

Colonel Charles. The German *Landwehr* is a sort of Militia, is it not?

Mr. Punch. Yes, my dear Colonel. PRINCE VON BISMARCK has recently declared that peace between England and Germany has been the tradition for centuries. Under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the English Militia will ever meet the German Militia in deadly combat. This will, of course, be very lucky for—the weaker Militia.

Lieutenant and Captain George.—And what, Sir, is the strength of the British Army?

Mr. Punch. My good Friend, I will answer your question, and bring my lectures to a conclusion, with the assertion that the strength of the British Army may be summed up in the words, "unlimited pluck."

Impromptu by Sir Wilfrid.

"One teetotaller, ADAM AYLES, was as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and he kept on his legs manfully to the last."—CAPTAIN SIR GEORGE NABBS, at the Portsmouth Arctic Entertainment, November 30.

A HEALTH to gallant ADAM AYLES,
Who o'er the toppers still prevails,
From scurvy safe, and Arctic gales,
Through drinking only Adam's Ales!

PROVERB FOR DIPLOMATISTS.

"Bis mark qui citò mark."—"He makes his mark twice, who makes it quickly."

BEST FOUR IN HAND.—Honours at Whist.



"HAPPY THOUGHT."

Little Funnyman. "GOING TO THE BLOKERS'S FANCY BALL, FRED?"
Fred. "YAS. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT CHARACTER TO—"
Little Funnyman. "CHALK YOUR HEAD, AND GO AS A CUE!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor, and has something to say about a revival at the Court Theatre.)

SIR,

I WILL make no comment on the statement about myself in the letter from your "Well-informed Man" (1) which appeared in your pages last week. There will be a settlement *in futuro* for that *ass in presenti*. I will come to Hecuba at once. What I have to say, if you will allow me to say it, is of more general importance, at least to that section of the "Theatre-going public," which delights in showing its appreciation of a good English Comedy, correctly "mounted," and intelligently played throughout. Such an opportunity has been recently afforded to all interested in the well-being of true Dramatic Art by the revival—in these days of Revivalism—of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court Theatre. Let me parenthetically remark that I fail to see why the fact of MR. DUBOURG's collaborateur in this play being "one of Ours" should preclude Your Regular Representative from bestowing on this play, in this journal, that attention which it certainly would have otherwise received, had its authors' names been the BROTHERS ROWE, or MESSRS. HOOK AND CROOK, or anything else instead of MESSRS. TAYLOR AND DUBOURG. I think the occasion demands it, for the play itself is a lesson in the art of comedy-writing to those who err, either through an unreasoning admiration of the school of French Modern Comedy, or through an over-estimation of what may be termed the "Robertsonian Style," as once seen, in its perfection, at the Prince of Wales's. Not having seen *New Men and Old Acres* when first produced at the Haymarket, the play is, to me, a novelty. This, however, affects the actors, not the play. First, it has a very simple but thoroughly interesting plot, clearly and intelligently told through the media of good dramatic situations, always natural, never forced, and of solid, nervous English dialogue, which, if it seldom flashes with epigrammatic brilliancy, possesses at least the rare merit of being invariably in keeping with the individuality of the person who utters

ON A LATE "EARLY BIRD."

THERE lived a man of such an active mind
 That, ere the lark had mounted on the wind,
 Or night had fled,
 He made a point—when not by pain deterred—
 Of being up before most folks had stirred,
 And out of bed.

And, ere the Winter's or the Summer's sun
 Had o'er the wakening hemisphere begun
 Its labour splendid,
 The twilight, as it slowly stole away,
 Saw this man's labour, every working day,
 Begun—and ended.

And so intent to catch the "early worm,"—
 'Twas not according to proverbial term,—
 He ever sought it:—
 But leaving others to the morning light,
 He stayed out all the weary hours of night,
 And always "caught it."

And yet when Time relentlessly had shown
 (What so much earlier he might have known)
 The pace was killing,
 This active man achieved a thankless end,
 And, dying, died without a single friend—
 Without a shilling!

Suggestion for an Annual Boat-Race.

"THE EPISCOPAL FOURS."—Course—from Fulham to Lambeth. Umpires—the Archbishops. Starter—the BISHOP OF LONDON. The last crew in the race to sit as Episcopal Assessors for the year in the Final Court of Appeal for Ecclesiastical Causes. (N.B.—It is hoped that they may thus learn the art of "pulling together.")

NATURAL NOMENCLATURE.

It is said that, owing to the expense of keeping their large crocodile, the Aquarium Directors propose (with the PRINCE OF WALES's permission) to change its name to *La-bouche-chère*.

How many Feet are there in a Dock-yard?
 Twice as many as there are Hands.

it, while never once sinking to the level of commonplace, it is not at any time either tedious or uninteresting.

The right people say the right things at the right moment, and, though there is scarcely what is too often now-a-days considered as a "pointed line"—meaning a line that pricks and pains—in the Play, yet every line is to the point. To any one who has seen *Our Boys*, it will be evident how easily the part of the *parvenu*, *Bunter*, unable to manage his aspirates (like MR. BYRON'S *Butterman*—and full of pious sentiments—like *Aminadab Sleek*, in *The Serious Family*), might have been exalted into undue prominence for the sake of "getting laughs" in the cheapest manner possible at the expense of the more serious interest of the Play, that is, to the ruin of the Comedy. The *Bunter* family might have been made to draw the Town, but *New Men and Old Acres* would then have been a Three-Act Farce. It seems to me that the *collaborateurs* are entitled to great praise for their firmness in resisting what must, at some time or other, have presented itself as a most alluring temptation; secondly, the two contrasted love-scenes in the Second Act are admirable. Here is no straining after the "idyllic," no hard-working efforts at pumping up buckets full of sentiment, no despairing struggle, as we meet with in ROBERTSON'S imitators, to win the languidly gushing "Quite-too-charming-and-oh-so-nice-don't-you-know" sort of praise from the affected babblers of the Effeminate Admiration Society. From beginning to end the Comedy is an honest Comedy, purely English, and Englishly pure, free from all suspicion of offence.

It may be hypercritical to point out a speck, but that the livery-servant at the *Bunter's* should be called "Montmorency" does seem to Your Representative a slip of the *collaborateurs'* pen, like DICKENS's page-boy, *Augustus*, who "had plain BILL stamped on every line of his countenance." The livery-servant, *Montmorency*, would have been perfectly in keeping with one of MR. TOOLE'S Farces, and, therefore, is quite out of place in *New Men and Old Acres*.

With MISS ELLEN TERRY not a fault is to be found. *Lilian* is the best thing, far and away, that she has yet done. She has an



YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.

"WHAT! HARRY! NOT IN BED YET, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHAT WILL PAPA SAY WHEN HE COMES HOME?"

"OH, PAPA! HE'LL SAY, 'SUPPER! SUPPER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER!'"

opportunity of showing her rare command of the lighter and graver notes of emotion. She is as true in the one as the other. Nor do I think too great praise can be awarded to MRS. GASTON MURRAY for her performance of *Lady Matilda*, the presiding genius of the family, the far-seeing fashionable mother with a daughter to marry. The Authors have placed her in sharp contrast with the vulgarian Mrs. Bunter; but there would have been great inducement for a less conscientious artist to lose sight of the contrast, and to have established a rivalry. A very little exaggeration and the part would have degenerated into a mere colourless repetition of the hackneyed stage type of the scheming mother and over-bearing wife, which found its place in ROBERTSON'S *Society* in the person of *Lady Ptermigan*, mated to that impossible aristocratic dormouse, which in MR. HARE'S hands was one of the "hits" of that amusing and excellent, after-piece, the first of the great successes, in the early days of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT'S reign.

By the way, I should imagine that the part of Lord Ptermigan was not much longer, if at all, than that of *Marmaduke Vavasour* in this piece. To have little or nothing to do in a play, and yet to impress the audience with the idea that the performance would be, somehow, incomplete without you, is an artistic triumph on which, in the present instance, MR. HARE is to be congratulated.

MR. KELLY'S honest, upright, generous, somewhat inarticulate, Liverpool Merchant,—calling to mind occasionally the character of *John Mildmay*, in *Still Waters*—is as thorough an impersonation as can be seen on any stage, French or English. MR. ANSON'S Bunter will be justly appreciated by those who saw him in *Brothers*. Most carefully does he avoid the pitfalls into which the broad Low Comedian might so easily tumble. MR. ERSER JONES'S German adventurer is a capital bit of character; and MR. CATHCART might be trusted as a Solicitor off the Stage, so totally unlike is he to the Conventional Stage Attorney. MRS. STEPHENS, with her bad

HAWK v. FALCON.

THE gratitude of all narrators of anecdotes and quoters of facetious sayings and witticisms, the thanks especially of diners-out having to entertain their company, are eminently due to the LORD CHIEF BARON for his recent ruling in the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, as to the privileges of Counsel. Aggrieved by a certain statement made by MR. NAPIER HIGGINS, Q.C., during the conduct of a case before VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, MR. LEWIS, an eminent Solicitor, brings an action for malicious defamation against MR. HIGGINS. Though "hawks," as a rule, "winna pick out hawks' een," yet a Solicitor can occasionally sue a Barrister. The CHIEF BARON ruled that, as the words complained of were spoken by MR. HIGGINS in his character of Counsel before a Judge in a Court of Justice, an action on account of them could not be maintained, whether they were false or true. Like a thing of beauty, a good joke is a joy for ever, and will bear endless repetition, not everywhere, not, for example, ordinarily in these pages, but always in proper time and place. Now only consider what would have happened had the LORD CHIEF BARON laid down the law contrariwise to the effect foregoing? Counsel would have been, and would remain for ever debarred from the practical repetition of that capital old joke, once embodied in a brief, for its brevity a brief indeed: "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." But now and henceforth, as the law declared by the CHIEF BARON stands, an advocate acting in his professional capacity remains privileged and entitled to abuse the Attorney on the opposite side, or any other Attorney or Solicitor, or person *ad libitum*, without fear, and with perfect impunity. Hooray, Brother Buzfuz, for the LORD CHIEF BARON!

SHAKESPEARIAN PROGRAMMES FOR THE CONFERENCE. — (Pessimists') *Much Ado About Nothing*, followed by *The Tempest*. (Punch's) *Measure for Measure*, followed by *All's Well that Ends Well*.

grammar and malapropisms, is as amusing as she was in *The Ticket of Leave*. MR. CONWAY seems a trifle too old, and too knowing, and too manly for *Bertie*, though it would be difficult to mention any one who could better fill the part. MISS KATE AUBREY, in her anxiety to give a stamp of originality to the character of *Fanny Bunter*, shows a slight tendency to exaggeration, which is, perhaps, under the circumstances, pardonable. And so, Sir, I have done. You may probably disagree with me on many points; but differences of opinion will never deter me from signing myself now as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Wouldn't that last line, beginning with "differences of opinion," &c., make a good exit speech? I shall register it.

SPIRITUALISM AND SWINDLING.

PENDING the SLADE prosecution, it may be unsuitable to discuss the question whether a Medium, in accepting fees for any consideration whatsoever alleged to be spiritual, receives money under false pretences. Some people think he doesn't; others think he does. What will the latter say to the following telegram from Rome:—

"The *Unità Cattolica* announces that the widow of the DUKE DE GALLIERA has laid the sum of 1,000,000 francs at the feet of the Holy Father, in the names of herself and her son PHILIP, imploring the Apostolic benediction on the suffering soul of her deceased husband."

Unless the foregoing intelligence is a dish of wild duck, a point to be mooted is whether the tender of the sum therein mentioned was accepted, and His Holiness has got the money. If so, let us trust that he is a Medium who really believes in his own mediumship of communication with the spiritual world, and in the efficacy of his benediction to benefit suffering souls in it.

A CLOWN ON THE CATTLE SHOW.



W HEN I be up in
London,
What times I
got to goo,
I mixes pleasure
wi' bisnus
If I can jine the
two.
Although the
raain vell
pourun,
And the starmy
winds did
blow,
I went to the
Agricul'tral
Hall,
And see the
Cattle Show.
Terreable sight o'
beastes,
Cows, oxun,
ship, and
swine,
A veeast to every
grazier's eye,
And to us in the
farmer line,

Likewise our wives and daaters,
To useful ways inclined,
Affoordun 'um informaaishun,
And fodder fur the mind.

But 'twarnt alone the Cattle
That was wonderful to me,
But the People in their thousands,
The Christians come to see,
Of every kind o' callun',
And trade besides our own,
To enjoy the feast o' Fancy's eye,
And feelosofy alone.

They poked the bullocks and heifers,
Till they couldn't stand up no more,
And they prodded the fat pigs, weighun
From twenty to varty score,
Till they squealed ten thousand murders—
How 'tis to hear and see
The intelligence o' the Public
Awake to that there degree!

'Tis popular enlightenmunt,
All that, beyond all doubt:
Zound practical eddication,
As you med zay, carried out.
And a hint on that there zubejct
Vrom the Smithvield Club I got;
What's the use o' that superflus fat
On the sides o' that there fat lot?

The most on't runs to perfect waste;
Doan't do no sart o' good;
To gie a pig too much barley-male,
'Tis as bad as burnun food.
I've heerd o' the banks o' the Izus,
And likewise those o' Cam;
And in eddication o' animula too
I fears there be too much Cram.

IN EXPLANATION.

In his number of December 2, *Punch* published, under the head of "True or Untrue," some lines on the death of EMMA BLACK, alleged to have been caused by her being shut in a dark cupboard at the Southwark Board School.

The lines did not endorse the allegation, but pointed it out as one for inquiry. *Punch* is glad to learn that before the lines were published, a Committee of the School Board had made an inquiry into the case, and found—

1. That the child's death was due to natural causes.
2. That there was no evidence, beyond the statement of the Mother, that the child was ever shut into a dark closet at the school, though the Coroner's Inquest was adjourned for a week to allow of such evidence being produced.

3 That such evidence as was produced of other children having been put in a dark closet in the same school related to a time before the present Mistress was appointed.

4. That the Mistress now in charge of this infant school, Miss BARRETT, is a kind and gentle person, much liked by the children under her charge.

When the London School Board is so jealously watched and so liable to be harshly criticised, *Punch* feels it a duty on his part to show that in a case which seemed to call for inquiry the Board promptly made such inquiry, and were able to exonerate the school-mistress of the Southwark Infant School from any responsibility for the death of EMMA BLACK.

PUNCH'S PARTY WORD-BOOK.

WITH a view to the enlightenment of unsophisticated and, therefore, frequently puzzled parusers of Party outpourings, whether from the press or the platform, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following definitions and explanations of some of the chief words and phrases in the verbal armoury of the Party Controversialist. The personal pronouns in these cases will, of course, be understood to refer to the person speaking or writing, none other being worthy of consideration—from the Party point of view.

All reasonable and respectable People—Ourselves.

Everybody—That portion of the community, small or great, which sides with us.

Nobody—Everybody who holds or expresses opinions antagonistic to ours.

The Opinion of the Country—This is arrived at by an exceedingly simple arithmetical process, namely, by subtracting the views of "Nobody" (in the above sense) from those of "Everybody" (as before defined).

Common-Sense—The opinion common to all those who agree with us.

Patriotism—Our views of the interests and duties (especially the former) of our country. Of this quality we have, from the very necessity of the case, an exclusive monopoly. A claim to any share in it on the part of others may be described indifferently as "blind philanthropy," "mischievous humanitarianism," or "bigoted fanaticism."

Blatant Conceit—The impression, on the part of our opponents, that they have a right, equally with ourselves, to opinions of their own.

Well-meaning but Misguided People—Persons whom it may be desirable to depreciate, but impolitically to abuse.

Pestilent and Pretentious Sciolists—Persons of precisely the same way of thinking or speaking, who may be attacked with impunity.

Spouting—A depreciatory epithet for all talk but our own.

Nostrum—The specific of a rival prescriber.

Faction—Departure from our pet programme.

The Herd—The World minus our clique.

Imperial Interest—Natural Selfishness—with a big S.

Humanitarianism—A scornful synonym for any form of humanity that happens to run counter to "Imperial Interest."

Intelligent Public Spirit—Open advocacy of our views.

Fatuous Fussiness—Public advocacy of any others.

Atracity—Venal errors on the part of our clients.

Ferocity—The indignation of those who dare to denounce them.

Sentiment—The root of all—political—evil.

Inverted Commas—A mechanical, but compendious and invaluable—because unanswerable—method of tacit perversion and mute depreciation. What a shrug is to a scandal-monger, "Inverted Commas" are to a superfine critic.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but the principles of interpretation here enumerated will be found to apply to wide fields of contemporary controversy. Read in the light of these principles, many journalistic Jeremiads will be found more intelligible, if perchance less edifying.

From Psycho to Gastro.

FROM a recently reported lecture, it appears that the Loan Collection at South Kensington contains an artificial stomach, capable of actually digesting food. If it can really perform that function, there will then indeed be occasion for "no more pills, or any other medicine" at present requisite for the relief of dyspepsia. The artificial stomach will form a supplement to, or indeed mainly, a substitute for, artificial teeth. It will supply the want of invalids, who complain that their stomach is all gone, and thus virtually, though not anatomically, replace the real stomach. The artificial stomach may be safely pronounced a real blessing to Aldermen.

DRINK FOR QUIET DRUNKARDS.—The Silent Spirit.



THE REAL THING FOR ONCE.

Jenkins (who has missed the line, comes upon what he imagines to be the "Slag at Bay"). "'OLD 'ARD, 'ARRY! WE MUST WAIT FOR THE 'OUNDS!"

BETSY PRIG'S SOLILOQUY

On Things in General and Sairey Gamp in particular.

(See the latter's Letter, *Punch* No. 1844.)

No, SAIREY! Don't go a supposing it! Pardners no more, if you please!

Which I've still got a character, SAIREY, and then there are T's, Mum, and T's.

As *Telegraph* doesn't mean Tory, nor Tory ain't ekal to Turk.

Me wisit you, SAIREY? Good grashus! There would be a fine piece o' work!

Shoe Lane ain't no place for my feet, SAIREY. Like that werry odd-behaved star

Them Music-hall Gents is so nuts on, "thou art so near, yet so far." And as for inviting yourself, or that HARRIS, to tea in P. Court—I declines to demean myself, SAIREY. Ascuse me; but there it is—short.

And so I shan't answer no letters. But, bless us and save us! I 'ope As I may have a mind of my own, and make chice of the parties I'll soap.

Which poor W. G.'s had his turn, and—who knows?—he may have it again.

Though they did use to say as my treacle at last rayther went 'gainst his grain.

And wot if I lather the Turks, as *he's* give hisself lately to leather, And call "anti-human" and sech, as I holds is too bad altogether; Why, patriot feeling in course is my tip, and I'm sorry to say That, as patriots, G. and his backers is gone werry sadly astray.

Which freedom's a werry fine thing, and humanity too,—in its place.

Ah! who ever preached that 'ere gospel with Betsy's effusion and grace?—

Big Capitals spent in their cause was they ever begrudged by B. PRIG?

But Constantinople, you see, is a Capital rayther too big.

Likeways Sentiment's proper and nice—when it doesn't touch pockets or power—

A neat fancy gingham, for use when there isn't no signs of a shower; But when "National Interest"'s at stake, it's as much out of place as mischeevous.

"Perish India, rather than honour"'s a sentiment shocking and grievous.

Them Russians would use the poor Turk just to gain their own ends—fraud or force;

Which the same is peroisely *our* game—though *our* ends is all righteous, of course.

To turn the mild Mussulman out, with sech self-seeking motives, is sin;

We, with similar motives—but pure ones—would keep the mild Mussulman in.

They may say them dear Turks has a turn for "atrocitiy"—bother that word!

But they're brave, and they're grave, and don't gush—jest my sort!—that D. N. is absurd.

Won't they leave ne'er a place to repent for my own sweet Seraskier? Ah, bah!

If those bloodthirsty Christians *had* bowels, they'd pity that young Padishah.

Oh! them noisy fanatics do rile me! As well I'm aweer a head Nuss Is a party as ought to be took—like a pardner—for better or wuss.

And Guv'ments is ditto—leastways when they're handling o' furrin affairs,

Which outsiders should never go meddling, except with good wishes and prayers.

Which is why I've a kind fellow-feeling for BENJAMIN B. and his lot.

Up's up, after all! I shan't jine with the parties that's down on them hot:

Betsy PRIG is a patriot too downy for ever a Party to blind; More pertikler when that Party's stumbled, and got itself quite left behind.



A GENTLE EGOTIST.

The only Son (in the Bosom of his Family). "‘PUNCH’! ‘GRAPHIC’!! ‘ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS’!!! WHAT RIDICULOUS WASTE OF MONEY TO BUY THESE, WHEN I CAN SEE THEM ANY DAY I LIKE AT THE CLUB FOR NOTHING!’"

No! Her eye on the mane and the tail of the roused British Lion, she stands
With Guyment a-watching and smiling to see how she "strengthens their hands,"
BETSY PRIG, with her sentiment shelved, and her spread-eagle standard upreared,
And "England's Imperial Interests" for ever! Hooray! Who's afeared?

AN ENGLISH STEEPLE-CHASE.

(Dedicated to the Middlesex Magistrates, with Mr. Punch's Compliments.)

A PICTURE SUGGESTED BY IMAGINATION.

A BEAUTIFUL country of the greenest trees and the smoothest turf. Birds singing in the bushes. A cloudless sky reflected in the clear spring water filling the brooks. Nature at her best.

The horses the finest of their breed—gently nurtured and kindly ridden. The course a good old English cross-country road o'er turf and hedge, testing the sinews and nerves, but not too harshly.

The spectators, the fairest and the bravest of the land—beautiful women, refined and graceful; men of gentle blood, strong with health, and athletic from their childhood, the patterns of the country: gay, without licence; merry with becoming mirth.

The patrons great landowners, proud of their nationality, anxious to see England in possession of the grandest cavalry the world has ever seen.

The place the boast of the neighbourhood.

In short, the picture of an Arcadian Paradise.

A PICTURE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

A MISERABLE swamp—mud and stunted bushes trodden under foot by hob-nailed boots. The barking of curs and the shouts of drunken men. A few deep puddles of the dirtiest of dirty water. Nature at her worst.

The horses miserable creatures, scarcely worthy to crawl between

the shafts of a broken-down hackney-cab or a superannuated bathing-machine.

The course a narrow road, through mud and slush, over cruel stone-heaps and break-neck "brooks"—a course meant to put both necks and backs in jeopardy, to maim, if not to kill, the riders and the ridden.

The spectators the foulest of the foul—bold, and brazen-faced, painted, loud and licentious women, the shame of their sex; the men brutal and low-browed, full of oaths and blasphemy; miserable shop-boys, with pockets full of stolen coin; burglars and thieves; drunkards and blacklegs; rags of the frowziest covering rogues of the blackest and deepest dyes.

The patrons, sellers of strong drink. Drink adulterated and bad. Drink blunting the senses of some, and leaving them helpless logs upon the muddy road. Drink exciting the passions of others, and turning dull brutes into wild beasts, pickpockets into highwaymen, bullies into murderers.

The place the curse of the neighbourhood.

In short, the picture of a suburban hell!

Christmas Charity.

(A paragraph received from our Special Penny-a-Liner.)

WE willingly record an act of seasonable benevolence, which thoroughly deserves the fullest possible publicity; and we therefore do not hesitate to admit it to our columns. A Gentleman, whose name we are at present not at liberty to mention, has conceived the happy thought of distributing some thousands of *Punch's* useful *Almanack* among the London poor. No better means could be devised for diffusing information and general intelligence, as well as cheerful mirth; and as each gift will be accompanied with a bit of Christmas beef, an excellent plum-pudding, a dozen of mince-pies, and a gallon of good beer, there can be very little doubt that it will be everywhere most thankfully received.

PLURAL OF BOUQUETS.—Book-cases.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

As the De Smiths, to whose Dinner-Party he was invited, lived in the next Square, Brown thought he would walk over.

Head Waiter (under a wrong impression). "THIS WON'T DO, YOUNG MAN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' O' YOU THIS 'OUR AND A 'ALF! NO NAPKINS LAID, NO GLASSES, NO——"!!!
[Brown never got over it all the Evening.

A PATTERN TO PARLIAMENT.

MR. SPEAKER, the Assembly over which you so ably preside has ever appeared reluctant to add to or alter those traditional usages of which you, Sir, are the official exponent. Yet, pardon the suggestion that the British House of Commons might, as advantageously for the Public as agreeably to Honourable Members, above all to yourself as the moderator, and more often than not, perhaps, the endurer, of their debates, take a leaf, or even leaves, out of the book of another Parliament—that of Fatherland. A column of recent German news in a contemporary has perhaps informed you that:—

"The German Parliament is devoting part of the time of its last Session to the testing of various articles of public interest. About a week ago some zealous Pisciculturists arranged an exhibition of German

fishes, which was succeeded by a 'Parliamentary fish dinner,' in which specimens of the species exhibited were served up cooked for gastronomic examination."

Is not this, Sir, a way of winding up the Session in every respect preferable to that of polluting its fag-end with the Massacre of the Innocents—a massacre necessitated by previous hindrances to despatch of business? The German Parliament at the close of its sittings has time on its hands, the German Parliament does not throw away night after night in prolix debates, of which the greater part end in nothing; still less does it sacrifice one day every week to fanatics and crotcheteers. If in these particulars the British House of Commons would take pattern from a more thinking and less loquacious Legislature, might it not also have time possibly to pass all needful Bills, and then, having finished political work, have leisure enough to occupy its closing days with parliamentary pinners for the discussion of good things? Although in the month of August there is no H, you might yet have oysters on the table—at any rate, as a question of supply; and you could, on any day, combine the consideration of the cost of meat with its consumption. After dinner, in further pursuance of Teutonic precedent, would ensue smoke, the House becoming actually a "Tobacco Parliament."

See, further, Sir, how much more wisely they deal with a certain "burning" question in another Collective Wisdom:—

"And very shortly a parliamentary testing of German wines is to take place, for which German winegrowers have contributed a selection of the best home-grown wines little short of a thousand bottles. The act of testing is to be made the occasion of another Parliamentary dinner."

Consider, Sir, how much more sensible it is to deal with the Liquor Question by dining upon it, than by squandering Wednesday after Wednesday in wasting breath upon Sabbatarian Sunday Closing and Teetotalers' Coercion Bills? In order to make people sober by Act of Parliament, would not the soundest legislation consist in measures to secure them sound wine and sound beer? May you be destined, Sir, to see the House of Commons resolve itself into many a good dinner-party on purpose to test claret, burgundy, and all manner of wine, as well as ale, beer, and other generous and exhilarating liquors; and may you yourself perpetually preside over the banquet as Speaker and Symposiarch.

THE SPECIFIC FOR SCURVY.

WHAT, no lime-juice? And so the gallant fellows on the Arctic Expedition were seized with scurvy, and had to return before their time. And why no lime-juice? Some plead that it is spoilt or impaired in virtue by getting frozen, also that sailors don't like it, and shirk taking it, so as to require Officers to stand over them and make them drink it. How are these difficulties to be overcome? By due admixture of distasteful lime-juice with agreeable rum and sugar. Add, perhaps, a dash of equally agreeable brandy. Then wouldn't the lime-juice go down the nautical red lane? To be sure—and there would be your remedy of remedies for scurvy. What cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisis? What is it that's allowed to be the very best of physic for every possible human ailment, including Scurvy? Punch!

CHAUCER for Children! Surely a Spenser would have been more fitting.

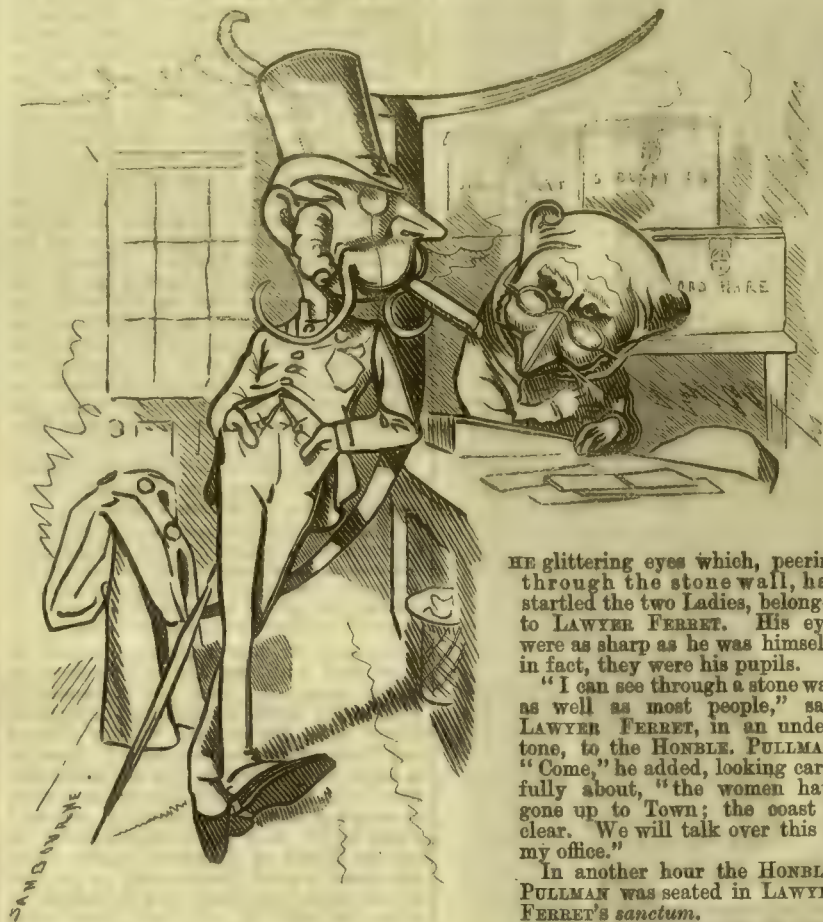
WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—"Conspirators."



HE glittering eyes which, peering through the stone wall, had startled the two Ladies, belonged to LAWYER FERRET. His eyes were as sharp as he was himself; in fact, they were his pupils.

"I can see through a stone wall as well as most people," said LAWYER FERRET, in an undertone, to the HONBLE. PULLMAN. "Come," he added, looking carefully about, "the women have gone up to Town; the coast is clear. We will talk over this in my office."

In another hour the HONBLE. PULLMAN was seated in LAWYER FERRET'S sanctum.

"The Jeddington Dodd property is safe to come to me, and

we shall both be millionnaires, if you can insure SIR THOMAS'S winning the next three Derbys," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET looked up at him from under his eyebrows.

"It shall be done. I'll take six-fourths. You'll have five-thirds." He was hard at a bargain was old LAWYER FERRET.

"Good! Your plan?"

LAWYER FERRET considered a moment, then he replied,—

"I know *all* the Jockeys, including CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey. I will buy them *all*. There will be one hundred and twenty starters for the Derby. They will all curb up their horses, hold them well in, and flog and spur the *Invisible Prince*, so that he *must* go. Whatever it costs, whatever time it takes, the *Invisible Prince* will be bound to come in first, as the others won't move a step without his being well ahead. If CAVASSON should fail us, he must be poisoned."

"Yes," answered the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he leisurely cocked his hat.

This action did not pass unobserved by LAWYER FERRET. It was not the first time he had seen a hat cocked right before his eyes, and had waited for it to go off, unflinchingly.

Whatever might have been the HONBLE. PULLMAN'S original intention in cocking his hat, he had evidently given up any notion of injury to LAWYER FERRET, as he only nodded to the latter, and allowed his hat to remain on his head, while he took himself off.

A brougham pulled up outside the door. In it was LADY DI.

"PULLMAN!" she exclaimed, as the HONBLE. P. came up smiling, "here are one thousand pounds for you. More if SIR THOMAS does not marry Gussy."

"He shall not," answered the HONBLE. P. "Come to the Meet to-morrow. Gussy rides a fresh horse. Accidents will happen. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Tell the Coachman to drive to GUNTER'S. It is so insufferably hot. See you at the Opera to-night. Ta, ta!" And off dashed the spanking ten-guinea stepper, with the miniature brougham, and the three Flunkeys in pink silk-stockings

and gorgeous liveries, hanging on for dear life behind.

As the HONBLE. PULLMAN pocketed the note, a rap on the hat from an elegant riding-whip caused him to look up.

"I thought I knew the tap," exclaimed the HONBLE. PULLMAN as he put up his glass, and drank in the liquid intoxication of Mrs. ASGOOD AZAMYLE'S sparkling eyes.

"Your news?" she asked, as, with the skill of a perfect equestrienne, she gave her horse his head, which was all he wanted to make him perfect. Like most Ladies, Mrs. AZAMYLE allowed all her horses to eat their heads off in the stable, so that it required no mean veterinary knowledge on her part to supply the defect, and complete their symmetry. This she had now done.

"Ah, Mrs. AZAMYLE," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN, "you will be glad to hear that I am arranging it all to your satisfaction. Gussy will be thrown over to-morrow, you'll see. SIR THOMAS will win three Derbys in succession, and the property will be *mine*. Will you be mine also?"

"How much are the Jeddington Dodd estates worth?" was Mrs. AZAMYLE'S adroit reply. She was a master in the art of fence in conversation.

"Oh, about two hundred million a year," was the careless rejoinder. "Just enough to scrape along on."

"I'm there!" returned Mrs. AZAMYLE.

"You will be out hunting to-morrow, of course," called out the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as the fair equestrian turned her horse, in the direction of the Rotten Row, which was as usual crowded with the *haut ton* of society.

"Of course," she replied; and then added, in a tone of significant inquiry, "How about the Ditch?"

The HONBLE. PULLMAN nodded. They understood one another.*

CHAPTER V.—"The Hunt is up."

THE Spring had passed, the Summer had well set in. Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the morn, and SIR THOMAS was out with his hounds before 11 A.M.

CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, was mounted on *Invisible Prince*.

"Nothing like hunting to train for the Derby," was MR. STRINGHALT'S opinion.

SIR THOMAS was in high spirits. He had just put spurs to his horse,† which now strutted about as proud as a fighting cock. Gussy GANDER was mounted on a sweet cream, which she whipped occasionally.

* *The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—My dear Sir! surely there's no hunting in Summer. For of course this is intended for Summer. The Opera season going on, and Ladies oppressed by the heat going from Rotten Row to GUNTER'S. We, speaking Editorially, never heard of hunting in Summer.—Ed.

Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—What! no hunting in Summer!! I suppose you'll say there's no fishing next. I do not pretend to describe ordinary events, though there's nothing very extraordinary in a good run with a July Fox. Evidently you don't understand sporting. But come down here, and I'll put you up to a thing or two. Of course I'll put you up anyhow, and not anyhow, but in first-rate style. Now let me explain about a "July Fox." A "July Fox" is not to be found in every county. It is a Fox not of the present, but of the previous year, and should more correctly be described as a "*last year's Fox*." He won't keep till the following winter, and so they are obliged to hunt him in July, so as to get him out of the way before the Cub season sets in. Of course this is a mere matter of A. B. C. to any sportsman. And as to "no hunting in July"! "Gad, Sir, I should like to see the man who doesn't prefer that season of the year to any other. My dear friend, you know your business, I know mine. *Jam satis.*—J. S.

† *From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.*—Sir, surely "putting spurs to a horse" does not mean what you evidently intend it should mean here. Of course I only ask for information, but—does it?—Yours, Ed.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Dear NEDDY, of course it does. Why, any infant in the nursery could have told you *this*. Don't you remember "*Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross,*" &c., &c.? And

According to agreement, and in order to carry out their nefarious designs, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN and LAWYER FERRET have escorted LADY DI and MRS. AZAMYLE to a ditch, in which they all sat down, well hidden from view, in order to watch the horse, the man, and the woman in whom they had such a tremendous interest.

"I have arranged everything," said SIR THOMAS to GUSSEY, as hand in hand they flew a bullfinch.

"Delighted, dear Tom, to hear it," replied his fair companion, as she cleared a haw-haw, preparatory to giving a light silvery laugh.

"Yes," he went on, after blowing his horn, and giving the view hollow to the Bagman,* who, with the pack at his back, made for the bright, sweet-scented clover-field. "Yes, dear, by my influence I've induced the members of the Turf Committee and the Jockey Club to give the Three Derbys in one day. I shall run the same mare—either the *Invisible Prince* or *Moka*—for all the three. They're both being most carefully trained not to start or go one inch. The *Invisible* is beautifully broken in. She has opium every morning, lettuces, hay, clover, rye, bread, dumplings, apples, buns, and buckets of water; everything, in fact, she can eat and drink, and as often as possible."

"And *Moka*?" asked GUSSEY.

"Getting on fine. She's out on the sands, with the boys, from morning to night at sixpence an hour."

They drew near a sunk fence, with a ditch on either side, surmounted by spikes, and a stream running swiftly between the boundaries.

The Lawyer, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, and the two Ladies secreted in the ditch, held their breath. Suddenly, as GUSSEY's horse rose in the air, LAWYER FERRET jumped up and made a hideous grimace. GUSSEY's horse, startled by the apparition, swerved, and fell heavily against SIR THOMAS's hunter, and in another moment both were in the river, and she was safe in his arms, safe as the bank where he had just deposited his treasure.

"I am thine for ever!" she murmured.

The hounds were in full cry. The unhappy and panting Bagman much worried by the dogs, had headed them, and crossing the corn-fields, was now all among the barley, and rolling in the grass among the buttercups and daisies.

Cries of "Tally ho!" "Yeo ho!" "Heave ahead!" "Yoicks!" and "Half a turn a-starn!" now arose from the mouths of the Huntsmen. Poor Puss was hard pressed. In another second the dogs were on him, when they suddenly lost the scent, took up an old trail, got on the spot, and streamed away for another county. In vain the field halloo'd. Only old *Harbinger*, the veteran bound of the true Scotch breed, was true to his instincts, but he was too weak to tackle the infuriated Bagman, who would have made short work of him, had it not been that SIR THOMAS, seeing the unfortunate wretch about to rush at poor GUSSEY, jumped off his horse, and, drawing the hunting-knife which hung at his belt, cut off his head and tail at one slice.

Then the Hunters struck up a chorus, and rode merrily home, while four stout retainers bore on a litter the body of the luckless Bagman, who would never more travel that road again.

Of course the poor Bagman, who had thus hardly earned the money for his starving family, was buried, at SIR THOMAS's expense, in the

would a "cock-horse" be complete without *spurs*? I grant you that the expression is a stable technicality, and is, probably, founded on a very old English custom. But if you want to see the sort of thing I do mean, run down here.

J. S.

From the Editor to the Major.—Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But—the address?—Ed.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—My very dear Sir, I am not an Anti-Vivisectionist, but in the interests of humanity I have tried to soften down this chapter as much as possible. When, in Chapter IV, you spoke of hunting in summer, I naturally thought you meant Fox-hunting, and your letter corroborated this notion. But now, Sir, I find you mean Man-hunting. It is useless for you to deny this, as I have asked several eminent sportsmen, and one and all tell me that "to hunt a Bagman" is most unusual, though, perhaps, when a Fox cannot be obtained (as e.g. in summer, I suppose), it may occasionally be allowable. I gather, from information I have received, that some impetuous Commercial Traveller is selected for his knowledge of the country, and is then started with a red herring, or a bag of aniseed, which serves as scent for the hounds. This is a sufficiently cruel pastime by itself, and it is shameful to think that the poor Bagman, after a severe run, should be caught and worried, as you describe, by the dogs. But, good heavens, Sir, you are not in earnest, you cannot be, when you go on to say that the successful huntman cuts off the unhappy Bagman's head and tail!!! Of course this is the spice you have given to the romance, and therefore, as we appeal to the general public, and reckon on the support of Lady readers, as well as unsporting Gentlemen, I have taken upon myself to throw in a little tender touch—in the way of epithets, and by an allusion to his funeral and his poor family—just to soften down this "Bagman hunting," which, otherwise, would be really worse than any Bulgarian atrocity.—Yours, Ed.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor. (By Wire. In haste.)—Don't touch a line. It's all right. Real sport, every word of it, and you'll spoil it.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Too late.

village churchyard, and his wife and children were handsomely provided for by the members of the Jeddington Hunt.

"We have failed to-day," said the conspirators, as they crept out of the ditch, and wended their way home again up to London through the muddy lanes, with rueful countenances. "We have failed to-day: but our turn will come."

The HONBLE. PULLMAN eyed LAWYER FERRET narrowly.

"To-morrow the Three Derbys will be run," said the crafty Lawyer. "That we know. To-night I buy the Jockeys, and the game is ours. Ha! ha!"

It was an anxious night—the night before the Three Derbys.

(To be continued.)

NURSEMAIDS BEWARE!



PRAY Mr. Punch, direct the attention of Servant-girls, through calling that of their employers, to the following piece of good news:—

"At Hammersmith Police-Court, MR. HENRY BENKER, of Clapham, was summoned by the Police for driving a Bicycle on the footpath in Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill. The Defendant pleaded Guilty to wheeling the Bicycle on the footpath, but not to riding upon it. The road, he said, was bad, and he thought there was no harm in wheeling the Machine on the footpath. MRS. PAGET said it was against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which was for the use of foot-passengers. Bicycles, it was true, had been invented since the passing of the Police Act, but the Act was elastic enough to take them in. The Defendant must pay for his experience of the Law. He fined him Five Shillings, with Two Shillings Costs, and recommended

him to tell his Bicycling friends that riding on the footpaths was against the Law."

If it is against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which is for the use of foot-passengers, it must be, at least, equally against the Law to wheel a Perambulator. Does Materfamilias want this Law to be enforced? If not, she had better direct her Nursemaid to take care how, with eyes fixed on vacancy, she pushes a Carriage containing, perhaps, a couple of heavy infants, along the pavement, and over the toes of a Philosopher, rapt in meditation, whom she does not see in her way. Perhaps he has Gout in his toes, and, in that case, when they are flattened by a heedless fool, that alteration of their form is particularly unpleasant for

SQUARETOES.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

"ROSES AT CHRISTMAS.—A correspondent at Llandudno sends us a few roses and hawthorn sprays gathered in December bloom, at that favourite Welsh resort, where indeed roses are often known to flourish in the open air all the year round."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HAPPY Llandudno! where, whilst Winter's pall
Droops o'er the town, and dimes Mirth's struggling ember,
The Queen of June flaunts her bright coronal
In drear December!

Roses in Fogdom! Flora from her bower
Of deathless summer well might gaze with pity,
To see, midst dark and damp, her favourite flower
In our dull city.

And yet our *Rosa Mundi*, fragrant, fair,
With careful culture may be brought to blooming
In Babylon's heart, whilst Winter, Want, and Care
Are round us glooming.

Think of it, Gentles, while you gaily twine
Your Christmas wreaths of mistletoe and holly;
To miss the flower of flowers, of birth divine,
Were worse than folly.

Think of it, Ladies of the Liberal hand,
Ere round your Yuletide log you cheerly close,
Let Charity in City wastes expand
Her Christmas Rose!



"KEEP UP YOUR SPIRITS."

NOTWITHSTANDING THE GLOOMY SEASON, THOSE MARVELLOUS ENTERTAINERS, MESSRS. PUNCHLYNE AND TOBYCOOK, SUCCESSFULLY CONJURE UP A FAMILIAR AND WELCOME OLD SPIRIT ONCE MORE.



DAME EUROPA'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

"NO, NO, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU MUSTN'T STIR IT! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE A MESS, AND SPOIL THE PUDDING!"

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.



RACKERS to be Let Off
at intervals during
Dinner or Dessert.

ASTRONOMERS have ascertained, by the Patent New Steam Telescope, that the Dwellers in the Stars which form the Milky-Way, bear, on

close inspection, a strongly marked resemblance to the Kurds.

A Member of the Peace Society has been Lecturing at Hanwell for the purpose of securing the co-operation of its inmates in Petitioning for a General Suppression of the Zoo-phytes.

Owing to the outcry against our Vulgarian Atrocities, an influential City Gentleman has abstained for a whole fortnight from the dropping of an H.

It is rumoured in New York that MR. BARNUM is in treaty for the purchase of Temple-Bar, which he desires to place in his Historical Museum.

A whisper has been gaining credence on the Stock Exchange that, on and after the first day of April next, all Passengers by Trains running Northward of the Thames will be supplied with Newspapers and Refreshments Gratis, at the Cost of the Directors.

In Fashionable Society the *non de plume* of "Ouida" is called "Wider." Her New Tale will be entitled, "*As Broad as it is Long.*"

A Company has been formed for the purpose of working an extensive vein of coals which has lately been discovered in the crater of Vesuvius.

An influential Deputation of able-bodied Paupers has attended the HOME SECRETARY, with the object of requesting him to introduce a Bill, to prohibit the purchase of Australian beef and mutton for the inmates of our Workhouses.

It has been calculated by a member of the criminal profession, that a decrease of ninety-seven and a half per cent. is certain to take place in cases of wife-beating, within a year after the Cat has been prescribed as a fit punishment.

The Ladies on the Oxford School Board are getting up petitions for amendment of the Education Act, so as to insure the teaching of plain cookery in all our Infant Schools.

After much discussion, it is finally resolved that members using latch-keys shall be civilly, but firmly, requested to withdraw from all the West-End Clubs.

It is predicted by the Bivalve Statistical Society that, at the birth of the next century, Oysters will be valued at a sovereign a-piece,

and a Sumptuary Act will probably be called for, limiting the consumption to half a one per head when served at public dinners.

A Chinaman has petitioned the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the tax of a strait-waistcoat shall be laid, by Government, upon all buyers of old porcelain.

At a Meeting of Dramatic Managers, which is appointed to be held in the middle of next week, it will be proposed that, in the interests of the Drama, and to meet the need of playgoers who reside in London, no piece will be permitted to run without a change for more than thirty nights.

A startling story has been circulated by some members of the Ladies' Club, that a Cook has condescended to accept a situation where no Kitchen-maid is kept, on condition that a carriage is provided to take her to early service on Sundays.

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1876.

(In the festive style which seems appropriate to the season.)

CHAPTER I.—The Infant Ghost!

AGAIN the weird creature crept through the long lone walk of Ghostley Grange!

LADY LAURA and her companion started from the tree (behind which they had been hiding in very terror), and pointed at the spectre as, slowly and surely, it crept along. It was a moment full of horror for both. ALBERT had been pleading his suit with all the impassioned eloquence of a young barrister fresh from the Old Bailey, and she had been listening to him. And now they were interrupted. Here, alone in the moonlight, they thought themselves safe from intrusion, and they were wrong. A creature as unsubstantial as the air, as awful as the Unknown, was creeping, crawling through the long, lone walk.

"What is it?" asked ALBERT, for the fourth time.

LADY LAURA gave a great shudder, and clung to her companion's shoulder with renewed energy. Then came a frightened whisper.

"It is the Bane of our Race. The villagers over yonder call it the 'Infant Ghost'!"

And then ALBERT noticed that the apparition was crawling on all-fours.

"We both have seen it," murmured LADY LAURA, trembling with terror, "and now you must know all. It is I, the girl who loves you, the woman who would go through fire and water to save you a moment's pain, who must tell you this—a story that will rob you of all your joy, turn you from the gayest of the gay into the gravest of the grave: a story that will steal from you your peace of mind, and make you prematurely old."

"What is this story?" he asked, impatiently.

"The story of the Infant Ghost. You must know, then, that"—and here she paused. She pressed her hand to her heart, gave a heavy sigh, and died.

CHAPTER II.—The Fatal Telegram!

CHRISTMAS EVE! A grand old castle, ruby with red berries, and covered with mistletoe. The armoured figures reflected back the glare of the Yule-logs as they burned brightly in half a score of wainscoted rooms. Everybody was smiling. Even the old portraits of the family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH seemed to laugh fitfully as the firelight illumined them.

The Earl was holding high revel in the Hall. Scores of guests sat at the festive board, toying with the dessert, and drinking bumpers to every newly-proposed toast. Only one of all that gallant company was pale, only one had eyes starting out of his head, only one had hair rising from the roots in abject terror. That one was ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, or, as he must now be called, "the Lost One." The death of LADY LAURA had greatly annoyed him.

The Earl was on his feet. He looked proudly at a picture behind him, representing a Patriarch leaving an Ark. It was the portrait of the Founder of the Family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," cried the jovial Earl, and his cheery voice rang merrily through the vaulted halls, "I have one more toast to propose—one that will make you leap to your feet and cheer with all your might. Need I say that I propose the health of—"

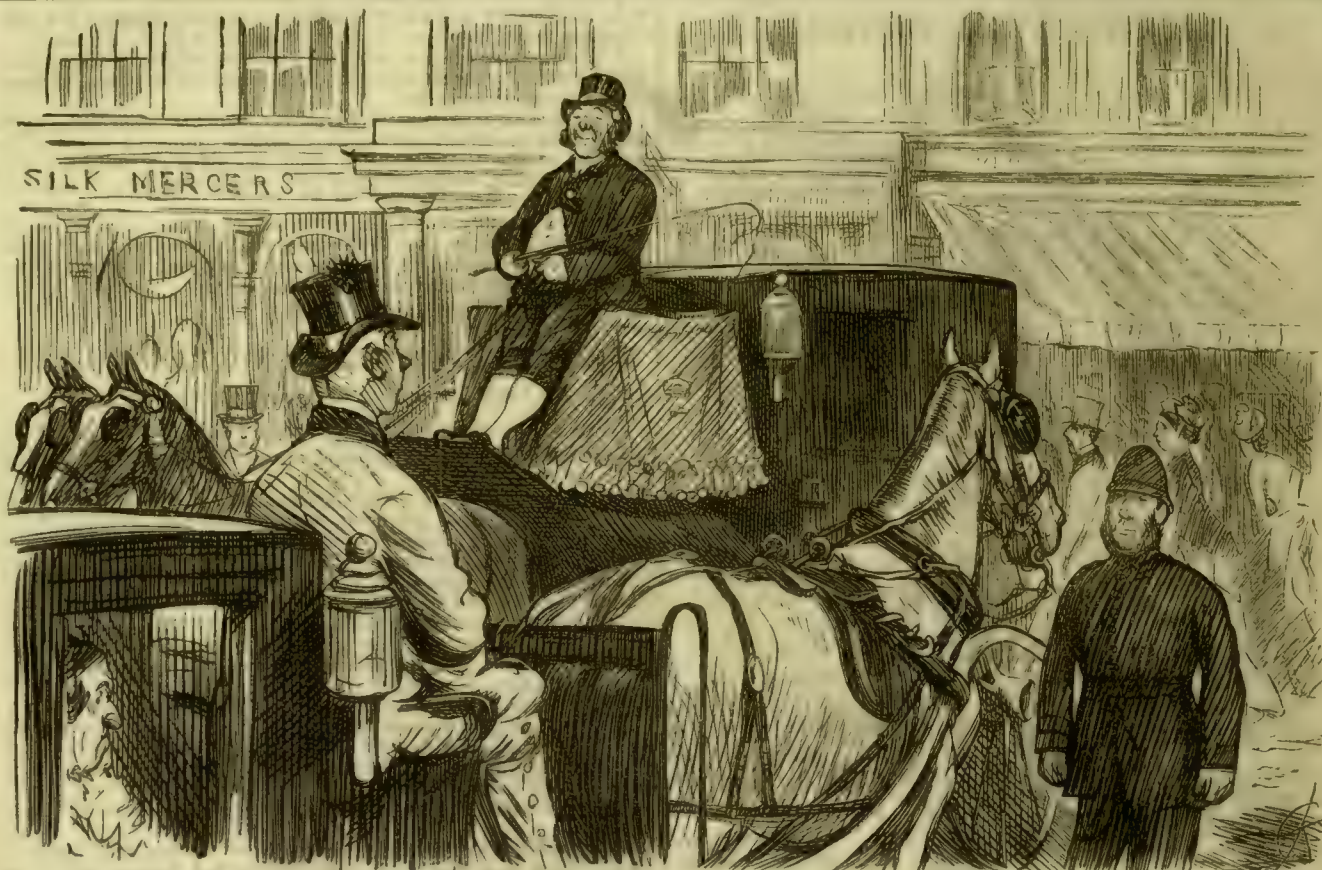
But the sentence was never finished. At this moment a telegram was thrust into the Earl's hands. To tear it open, read it, and turn as white as a sheet was the work of a moment. The enraged nobleman threw the paper into the fire, and, trembling with passion, approached ALBERT.

"Scoundrel!" he cried, and then turned to the Armoury.

But before the infuriated Earl could seize a battle-axe, ALBERT had quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER III.—The Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle.

"WE shall be Princes after this night's adventure," said CARL to ALBERT, as they climbed up the hill towards the Castle; "we were



"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's cockade). "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY!"

Brougham (artlessly). "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE ARMY. BUT MISSIS SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY CUR'OSITIES WHEN THEY KEP' A SHOP IN 'OLBORN!"

obliged to come by night. In the day time the Guardians of the Ruin would have stopped us."

"What is this Treasure?" asked ALBERT, with some curiosity.

"You shall know when we are back once more in my house beyond the river," replied his companion. "Enough to say, that for this Treasure LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH would have given up his Throne, CROMWELL his Protectorship, NAPOLEON THE GREAT his Victories. Once possessors of it, and we can laugh the world to scorn. We shall be richer than ROTHSCHILD, and more powerful than BISMARCK. And now we have arrived."

They were standing in the court-yard of Heidelberg Castle. ALBERT held a dark lantern, and CARL carried a spade. The latter produced a small map, and then approached a stone wall. He tapped thrice, and then a secret door opened before them, revealing a flight of steps. They descended, and found themselves in an old oak chamber, which had evidently not been entered for two hundred years. The ancient furniture was covered with cobwebs, and rats played about the floor. In front of the rusty fire-place was a magnificent rug, moth-eaten and threadbare. CARL removed this rug, and then began to dig. In five minutes his spade turned up a small gold box, covered with mystic figures.

"I was not deceived!" cried CARL. "And now we are Kings of the World—nay, more, our empire extends to the Moon and Stars!"

"What is the Secret?" again asked ALBERT.

"You shall know when we have returned to my cottage beyond the river," was the frank but determined response.

And they retraced their steps. As they crossed the bridge, the small gold box slipped from the hands of CARL, and fell with a heavy splash into the water.

CARL threw up his arms in despair, and jumped in.

ALBERT waited for more than three-quarters of an hour, but his companion never returned!

CHAPTER IV.—A Voice from Scotland Yard.

CHRISTMAS-EVE in Australia—in the Bush. A white-haired Man was entertaining a short, sharp, little fellow he had found wounded near unto death by the wayside. The wounded Man was now

convalescent, and both he and his rescuer were eating plum-pudding.

"And so you are a Detective?" repeated the white-haired Man.

"And can tell you everything, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE."

"You know my name?"

"And everything about you," replied the Detective, with a stealthy smile.

"I know that you are living here unnoticed and alone under the assumed name of the DUKE OF SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. I know that you have chosen this *alias* to escape attention."

"And do you also know," asked ALBERT, "that I have chosen this solitary fate because there are three Secrets I cannot solve?"

"Certainly," returned the Detective. "You mean the Story of the Infant Ghost, the Contents of the Fatal Telegram, and the Character of the Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle."

"And you know them?"

"All," replied the Detective. "And I have come this weary journey from England to Australia to you, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, to reveal these Secrets—these Secrets so startling in their novelty. Listen while I give you the fullest particulars upon each of these interesting subjects. You and I will be the only men in this wide world who will ever know them."

And then the Detective began.

(To be continued in Mr. Punch's Christmas Number for 1877. Order early.)

What Old Grumpy says.

"MERRY Christmas! Pooh! Don't talk to me of merry Christmas! How can any man be merry when he knows that for a month he'll have to dine on roast beef and boiled turkey, or roast turkey and boiled beef!"

THE BOOK OF THE PLAY (as Managers like it).—"All places taken for the next fortnight."



"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

Chorus. "ULLO, FWED! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU WALKING ABOUT WITH THAT BEASTLY SAUSAGE UNDER YOUR ARM FOR?"

Fwed. "WELL—AW—THE FACT IS, THE OTHAW DAY, I SAW IN THE PAPAWS THAT A FELLA'D BEEN SENT TO THE WORKHOUSE—AW—BECAUSE HE'D GOT NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE! PUT ME IN A REGULAR BLUE FUNK, YOU KNOW! SO I GOT THIS SAUSAGE TO PROTECT MYSELF—AW—"!!

CHRISTMAS "CASES."

THE melancholy case of MR. FRANK FLOWERDALE, who has hitherto contentedly dined with his maiden aunts at their residence in a little village in Epping Forest on Christmas Day; but is this year chafing and growling at being obliged from interested motives to accept their inopportune invitation, depriving him, as it will, of the bliss of joining the SUMMERTHORNS' family party in Rosebery Street, sitting next to MINNIE SUMMERTHORN at dinner, and dancing with her for the best part of the evening.

The miserable case of rich old RIDDLESWORTH, who is a misanthrope and a misogynist, and will dine as usual at the "Welsh Rabbit" in Fleet Street, on the 25th, and afterwards return to spend the evening alone in his dingy chambers.

The perplexing case of the REV. C. BARRY TONE, the popular curate of St. Osnaburgh's, who has received four invitations to dinner on Christmas Day, all from influential members of the congregation with most delightful families, the female members of which are witching in appearance, fascinating in manners, and highly cultivated in their musical tastes.

The touching case of poor little PINTHROP, from Jamaica, who is at school at the REV. FINBOROUGH DUMPHICK's at Hackney, and has to remain there for the Christmas vacation.

The worrying case of MRS. WHISSENDINE, who with a particular and fidgety husband, eight children all at home for the holidays, friends staying in the house, and a large family party expected on Christmas Day, is looking forward to the departure of her cook

and housemaid on the 21st, and has not yet succeeded in finding competent successors.

The happy case of CHRISTINA CLOVERBOB, aged four, whose birthday falls on Christmas Day, and who has talked and thought, and dreamt of nothing else for the last month or six weeks.

MINISTERIAL MEDICINE.

AMONG those things which no fellow can be expected to understand may be classed the following newspaper announcement:—

"THE EPILEPTIC HOMICIDE.—MR. SECRETARY CROSS, having carefully considered the case of WILLIAM DRANT, has felt justified, under all the circumstances, in advising HER MAJESTY to commute the convict's sentence to penal servitude for life."

What, then, is Epileptic Homicide manslaughter? Does the Law—Home Office Law—call Epilepsy an extenuating circumstance of Murder? Epilepsy, Doctors tell us, is a convulsive disorder whereof the subject's movements are involuntary, and wherein some sufferers do not know what they are about. Either way, if homicide is done in an epileptic fit is it not homicide by misadventure, or at any rate through absolute or temporary insanity? One can understand why an Epileptic Homicide should be taken care of during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure, but not why he is punished with penal servitude? It is not Mr. CROSS'S Law, probably, that is at fault in this matter; but the line he took as to Vivisection, and his dealing with Epilepsy, taken together, appear to indicate rather hazy views of Medicine.

THE MODERN PATRIOT'S CREED.

(As collected from the "Daily Telegraph," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Standard," "Morning Post," and other harmonious and irrefragable authorities.)

I do believe that Heaven designed
Our land to play first fiddle;
And that Humanity's a blind,
And Justice just a diddle.
That JOHN BULL, as Heaven's special
pet,
May read both as he wishes;
His interest's all that he can get;
His Rights—his loaves and fishes.

I do believe in "Cockahoop,"
As watchword for the nation;
That to unselfishness to stoop
Is maudlin degradation:
That rolling brag about our Flag,
Our courage, or our coffers,
Is just the way to put the gag
On foreign foes and scoffers.

I do believe fanatic fools
Who cackle of "Humanity,"
Are truants, who shirk History's
schools,
To play at Christianity.
That he—the worst of all the pack—
The emotional politician,
Is to a statesman what the quack
Is to the true physician.

I do believe in shaken fists
As means of striking terror;
That amateur diplomatists
Must always be in error;
That the true patriotic plan,
The rule that men should bind
most,
Is, our own Interests in the van,
And Devil take the hindmost!

A HINT TO SUPPER-GIVERS AT
CHRISTMAS.—Don't put your *Cosques*
too near your Turkey.

THE BEST DIALECT FOR OUR
PLENIPOTENTIARY.—Salisbury Plain-
English.

CATTLE SHOW EXPERIENCES.

(From our Cockney Correspondent.)



Show and is now going to South Kensington Museum. Hasty bundling of Genuine Farmer out of omnibus to get a right one. Arrive at last. Wrong door, turn to the left. Do turn to the left and walk several miles. Right door at last. No: turn to the right. More miles, begin to sympathise with WESTON. In the Show finally.

First sensation, smell. Worse than Cologne. Train of ideas, scent the animals another year. How much per cent. better would it be? Try and look like a Country Farmer.

ose to the rescue! Where is Islington? Great searching of maps to discover the locality. Long discussions as to best method of proceeding thither. Victualling as for a voyage. Start by humble omnibus in order to study character. Honest rustic with fine bloom of health upon his face. What must be his feelings at the first sight of the metropolis! What stories he will have to tell when he returns to his native village, in the winter evenings, in the chimney corner of the ale-house! He looks troubled—perhaps thinking of his country lass? Row in omnibus. Honest rustic's hand in somebody else's pocket. Police appear upon the scene. Disappearance of honest rustic in custody of the guardians of the peace who affectionately greet him as "VITECHAPEL BILL." Moral: do not judge by appearances.

Proceed on journey. Genuine Farmer informs all who care to listen that he has been to the

Go and see prize beasts. One is pretty much the same as another. Foretaste of Christmas indigestion in looking at the adipose animals. Watch and see what the experts do. Punch animals with their fists. Do likewise. Animal shows signs of retaliation. Somebody makes offensive remarks on danged Cockneya. Failure. Great rush of crowd. Arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES. Mob him. Hustle him. Touch his coat-tails. Get a good stare, at any rate. Never mind knocking him among the cattle. Discovery. It is not the Prince at all! Gentleman bearing strong facial resemblance to His Royal Highness departs breathless and pommelled. Wish that someone knew anything about cows. Meet friends. Friends are all blessed with country friends, and are being posted up in details. Don't seem to have any country friends.

Hale-looking Squire enters into discussion as to the relative merits of some sheep-pens. Great chance. Perfect stranger, but how pleasantly simple these country manners are! Ingratiate new friend with proffers of drink. Accepted. Knows everything. Nod at other friends triumphantly. They stare, wink, and make queer grimaces. All envy. Policeman tells newly-discovered friend that it won't do. Newly-discovered friend does not understand him. Policeman advises a speedy departure. This will not do. Why should a country gentleman be insulted by the minions of the law? I interfere hotly. Policeman grins. Friend has disappeared in the crowd. Policeman grins again. What? What? Really? Have been fraternising with the head of the great Confidence Dodge Gang. Policemen are gazing suspiciously. Am being pointed out. Hang the Cattle Show! Go away and never return!

DECLARATION OF WAR (by a Ritualist with a cold in his head).—We will resist the Secular Courts "Tooth and Dale."

DIRECTIONS FOR THE SHORTEST DAY.

In the morning put on a short coat.

Take a short walk before breakfast.

After breakfast go and have your hair cut short.

To celebrate the day becomingly, invite a party to dinner, consisting exclusively of persons who are short-necked, short-sighted, short-tongued, short-winded, and short in bodily stature. But do not give your guests short commons, and instruct the cook to be mindful that her pastry is short.

If you are called upon for a speech, let it be short and sweet.

After dinner have a short nap.

At tea-time place short-bread on the table.

In the evening play short whist.

The acquisition of fresh knowledge is always desirable—begin, therefore, on this day to learn short-hand, or to study short-horns, or to acquire greater facility in the composition of verses, longs and shorts, or if you are afflicted with a short memory to employ artificial means to improve it.

Select this anniversary for baby to be short-coated.

Order in a stock of candles, short sixes.

Avoid short cuts.

Beware of taking something short.

Let your resentments be short-lived.

Do not give short weight or short answers; and, if you are short of money, do not suffer the deficiency to cause you to be short-tempered.

At the close of the day indulge yourself with a short pipe.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

At the Consecration of the BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, it was noticed that all the Bishops present, with the exception of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, turned their faces to the East. We know that the Wise Men turned their backs on it.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

ALL Europe waits to know the result of the Constantinople Conference.

All England waits for the opening of Parliament.

All the young folks wait for the pudding, the Pantomimes, and the presents.

All the poor old people in the Workhouses wait for their Christmas Day dinner, tobacco, and beer.

All the usual recipients wait for their Christmas-boxes.

All the theatrical world waits for Boxing-Night.

All industrious, hard-worked, busy people wait for the holidays.

All persons, of all ranks and degrees, wait, with some trepidation, for their Christmas bills.

All the young Ladies wait to help the young Curates with the Christmas decorations.

All the younger branches wait for the Christmas tree.

All the Members of Parliament wait the 8th of February with an impatience which can hardly be restrained.

All right-thinking people wait the abolition of "gate-meetings."

Temple Bar waits its doom.

Noël.

(A Christmas Anacreontic.)

BRING me Turtle here in bowls!
Bring me Turbot, bring me Soles!
Turkey too, and dainty chine,
Balls of sausage-meat combine:
Topsy-eake and Roman Punch;
Of Plum-pudding a good hunch,
With Mince-pies, both brandy-sauced.
Bring—The list I can't exhaust—
Bring them all!—and, when you do,
Bring the nearest Doctor too!

TARPEIA OVER AGAIN.

Punch protesteth.

WEET' friends, forbear your
Christmas hands
With festive offerings
filled;

Though *Punch*, I'm mortal, and can
be
Even with kindness killed.

Oysters, geese, turkeys, game of sorts,
In furred and feathered dress;
Cosaques and Christmas cards and
books,
And numbers numberless!

They come, they come, in endless
stream
On my devoted head,
That scarce o'er Christmas boxes peers,
O'er-cosaqued, carded, fed!

WISEMAN of Paglesham, with thee
I thought not to pick quarrels.
But wherefore, Grey-beard, tempt'st
thou me
With Green-beards, packed in
barrels?

Green-beards so sweet, so delicate,
So clean and plump of cheer,
Not Natives to my mind so good,
Though they may be more dear.

Christmas is Turkey time, we know,
In bulletins, on boards,
And now insidious Russia shows
Her *Cosaques'* daring hordes.

Be't SMITH's or CADMAN's wit that
arms
These bright-clad troops of fun,
With toys and trinkets, games, cos-
tumes,
Pictures, and noise in one!

And then what books for boys and girls,
The groaning Press supplies!
What happy and unhappy thoughts
For catching cash and eyes!

Enough! Forbear! Hold hard! In
vain,
The gifts rain, pelt, and pour;
Like poor Tarpeia I am swamped
In the too liberal shower!

"Give not to him that has too much—"
A happy thought! I cry—
"Turn the full flowing stream on those
Whose Christmas-tanks are dry!"

SINGULAR RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

(Specially reported by our own Remu-a-Liner.)

An accident of rather an unusual character occurred at Euston Station on Monday morning last, on the instant of departure of the nine o'clock express. The train was actually in motion, and, indeed, had well-nigh left the platform, when suddenly the signal-cord was violently pulled, and a bare head was seen protruded from a first-class carriage window, whence, by several of the bystanders, loud screams were heard proceeding, such as seemed to be the

shrieks of anguish or despair. On the stoppage of the train, the cause of the disturbance was speedily explained. It appeared that an old gentleman, who was travelling to Scotland with his wife and his two daughters, in order to spend Christmas, very wisely, away from his own home, had, by accident, omitted to purchase *Punch's Almanack* to amuse them on the journey. In the excitement which attended the discovery of his neglect, the worthy traveller proceeded to signal the disaster, forgetting that he easily could make the wished-for purchase at any of the bookstalls at which the train would stop.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCH,

OR, why should I call you anything but what I've been accustomed to, which it is old *Punch*, don't go a supposing that SAIRREY GAMP aint felt your owdacious attacks, which they are shameful. To chaff a poor old woman who 'as seen better days, and as 'ad to give up nussin for to start a paper through misfortin! Not that I aint better off than another party, a friend of mine, who set up a paper, which shall be nameless, although some said it was the '*Erald*, which she killed it, and which it killed 'er.

No, old *Punch*, I wouldn't demean myself by addressing you as I have known werry intimate parties, quite carriage company, with bran new titles, who now seem disposed to show the cold shoulder to a poor old woman who never 'armed a 'air of their 'eads. Bother them, or rather him, meaning LORD BEACONSFIELD, who now won't have a word to say to his own SAIRREY. No, *Mr. Punch*, I wouldn't have demeaned myself by addressing you, adn't you accused me of being a Poet, like some low lot, such as TENNYSON or SWINBURNE, or that there SHAKESPEARE. As MRS. HARRIS said to me the other day, "SAIRREY, you are the best of women. If I was asked who is a angel in clogs and an umbereller, I'd say SAIRREY GAMP is that angel. SAIRREY, you 'ave your faults (who 'asn't); but, SAIRREY, you ain't a Poet: not your worse enemy can say sich a spiteful thing!" And then I said, "MRS. HARRIS, Mum, that old *Punch* has said it." And then MRS. HARRIS said, "SAIRREY GAMP, you are the best woman in the world; and that old *Punch* is the worst man! Need I say more?"

Ugh! you bad, owdacious individual, I only wish I'd the nussin of you! I'd wake you up, then, you may be sure, instead of sending you gently to sleep with my paper, as I am accustomed for to do now, as it leaves me at present. 'Saying such awful things of me, when I am sure not one of my staff, from the real College Gent who does my leaders down to the young chap who takes down the shutters and writes the notusses on the Christmas Books, would ever think of such a thing! Ugh! you bad thing! I'd bang you on the 'ead with my umbereller, if I wasn't a Lady!

It ain't the fust time you 've done it by many a while. And at Christmas time, too, when there's always a bottle of somethink on the mantel-piece for parties to put their lips to when so disposed!

But I ain't rewegeful. As MRS. HARRIS said to me only the other day, "SAIRREY, I do believe as if any one was to pull your 'ead off your shoulders, you would smile quite pleasant. SAIRREY, your worse enemy can't deny but what you are a saint!" I replied, "MRS. HARRIS, Marm, you 'ave known me these five-and-forty years; and so what you says must be true;" and so, *Punch*, I forgives you: and if you likes to come to spend New Year's Eve with me, you will find the bottle in the usual place. All I ask of you is not to say anything to me, nor to look at me, but only to let me put my lips to it when I feels that way inclined.

And so, *Punch*, I wishes you a appy New Year, and sends my respectful duty to your good Lady, 'oping that all the cherubs is well, as they leaves me at present.

Signing myself more in sorter, than in anger,
Shoe Lane, E.C. YOUR OWN SAIRREY.

BITTER IRONY.—"Exeter Hall." Should it not be "*Exiter*," because, in case of alarm, there is no exit.

RIVER STYX.—"The thousand masts of Thames."

MEDITATIONS ON MYCENÆ.



NOT four years since,* some scholars, in their zeal,
Proposed the rifling of the Troad's mounds,
Where, within buried Ilium's doubtful bounds,
Great Hector lay by great Achilles' heel.

That heel, at which he whilom had been swept
Thrice round the weeping walls of windy Troy,
When white-haired Priam through the watch-fires crept,
To beg, with tears, the body of his boy.

Little the long-haired Greeks then dreamed that heel
Would for the fatal arrow find a way,
That cut Achilles' thread with vengeful steel,
And stretched him beside Hector—clay by clay.

But stern BOB LOWE, guard of the public purse,
Flung scorn on HOMER's topographic truth,
To Hector and Achilles showed no ruth,
Exploding both, as solar myths, or worse.

So they in their grave-mounds were left to sleep,
Unrifed and unverified, while Bob

* See *Punch* for April, 6, 1873.

Chuckled at *savants* who, the grave to rob,
Would rob the Exchequer it was his to keep.

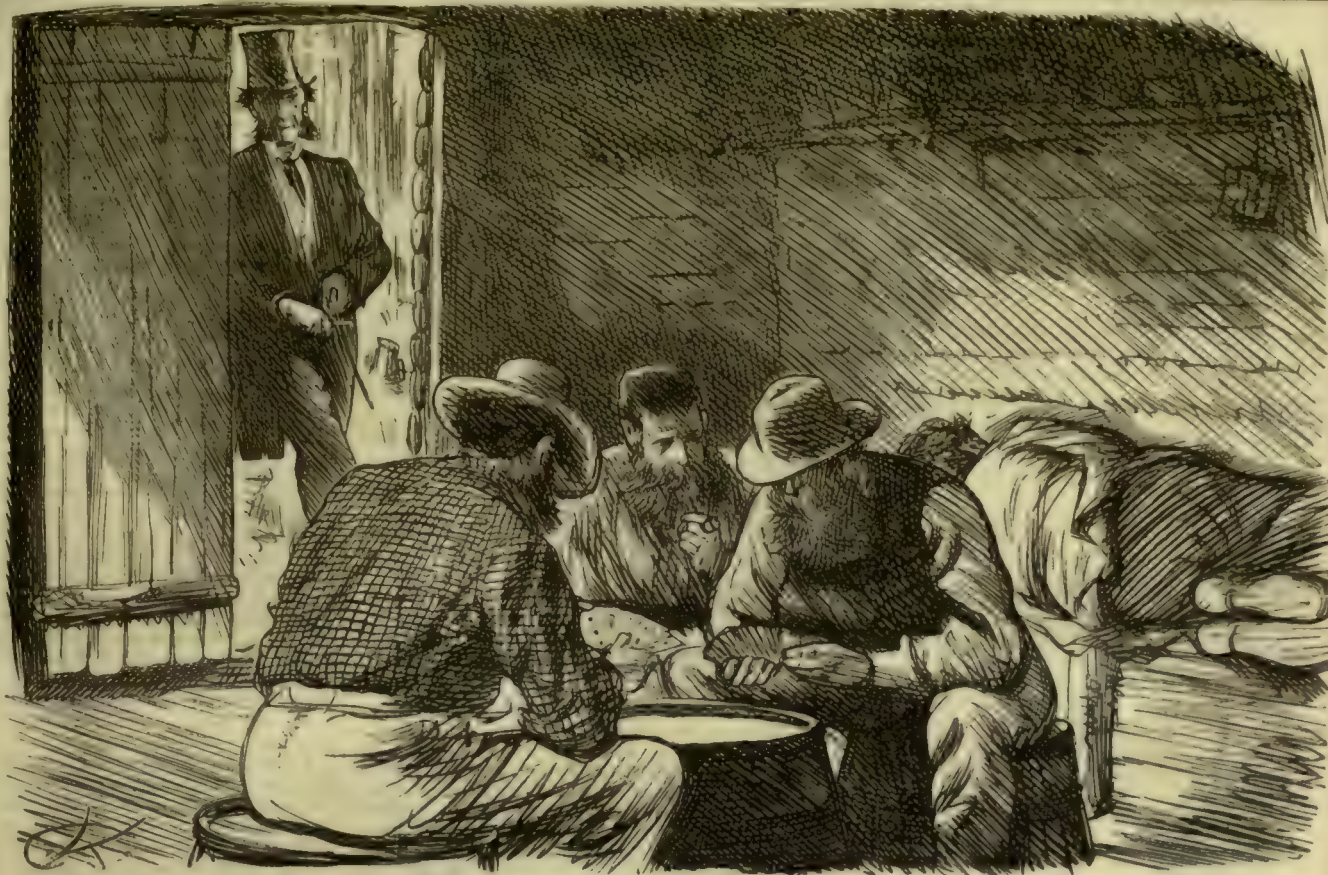
Since that date simple SCHLIEMANN's venturous spade
Has brought Troy, layer by layer, to light of day;
And, if not Hector's and Achilles' clay,
Raised owls from eggs Athene never laid.

Thence kindled, German zeal now Hellas delves,
The Altis first, round great Olympia's fane,
Making PAUSANIAS clear, and STRABO plain,
And with maimed statues filling Elian shelves.

Next SCHLIEMANN at his ghoulish work again,
All former Resurrection-men o'er-rides,
Rifling the tomb-banks where Mycenæ hides
The treasure sought by Ancient Greece in vain.

For still it glimmered through traditions dim,
That called Mycenæ 'rich', and her one vault,
Of massive stones that had braved Time's assault,
Christened the 'Treasury'—watched by Lions grim.

* "Argos, ditesque Mycenæa."—HORACE, Book I., Ode vii.



“PAUCA VERBA.”

SCENE—Canadian Shanty.

American (at the Door). “YE AIN’T NARY ONE SEEN MY DOG! HE WERE AN ALL-FIRED CRITTER AT ‘BAR, AND I’LL MISS HIM!”
Voice (from the Bunk). “SEED A BAR AND DOG—THEY WERE RUNNIN’—DOG WERE A LITTLE AHEAD O’ THE BAR!” [The Yankee leaves.]

Henceforth best surnamed GLADSTONE and BOB LOWE,
 For ’twas that pair of Lions at the door
 Of England’s Treasury, whose watchful roar
 Drove scholars back, that Troywards craved to go.

O Nemesis! SCHLIEMANN the game doth win:
 Makes a run on Mycenæ’s buried bank,
 Empties the grave-chests of her men of rank,
 Unlike ours, buried, not in lead, but tin.

Discrowns great Agamemnon, King of Men,
 And plays at loggats with his giant bones;
 Whips out his spear and shield and sword from stones,
 Laid down to keep them GLADSTONE knows not when.

Measures Cassandra’s cranium, whose small hoop
 Enclosed more future than our spirits know;
 Weighs Clytemnestra’s arm—whose treacherous blow
 Floored Agamemnon, seldom axed to stoop.

Ransacks Queen’s toilet, jewel-box, and bed;
 Bares “Potnia Bôôpis” shrewish face,
 Bedecked with horns, that had seemed more in place
 Upon her faithless Zeus’s brazen head.

Routs up their arms and arts who routed Troy,
 And, ere HERODOTUS, to myths had grown;
 To old PAUSANIAS and STRABO known
 As shades of names when PINDAR was a boy.

Oh, why was not our WILLIAM, there and then,
 Digging up kings, instead of felling trees?
 Why not our BOB LOWE, groping on his knees,
 In the Exchequer Books of those old men,

Who, albeit rich, were, as ’tis now too plain,
 Shallow political economists,
 Or wherefore shut this gold within their kists,
 That might have bred gold o’er and o’er again?

Good luck to SCHLIEMANN! may he find one day
 The House of Atreus; he should know it well;
 ÆSCHYLUS says of blood it breathes a smell,
 And blood, we know, no time will wash away.

’Tis well a German on that house should light,
 And find its walls cement with blood and gold;
 Since BISMARCK doth to blood and iron hold,
 As the best kind of mortar to bind tight.

He, musing p’raps, where once Mycenæ stood,
 By SCHLIEMANN’s latest lights might come to see
 ’Twere better if United Germany
 Had more gold and less iron with its blood!

’Tis said PYTHAGORAS, in Juno’s fane,
 Hard by Mycenæ, once took down the shield
 Which, as Euphorbus, he was wont to wield,
 So making his Metempsychosis plain.

If he who ruled as Agamemnon then
 Be living in our midst, let him but go,
 And pick Atrides’ shield out from the row,
 And so proclaim himself the King of Men.

If from that choice of shield to proof he goes,
 From joy in fight, clear voice, persuasive tongue,
 Love of rule, old limbs with young vigour strung,
 And power alike to fell trees and floor foes,

Who, but with one voice, on Mycenæ’s height,
 Will hail him Agamemnon, high of hand,
 Game of the Argive fleet to take command,
 And lead once more his Hellenes to the fight,

Hard by the Sæan gate of windy Troy,
 Where flows the Hellespont, the Moslem’s still—
 Turks worse than Trojans—soon to own his will,
 Who Homer’s Greek doth more than Greeks enjoy!

WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.—"The Treble Event."



At the bright-toned joyous music of a brilliant morning heralded in the great day of the Treble Event. Three Derbys in one day was something almost unparalleled in the history of the English Turf, and mighty was the surging crowd that came from all quarters to the Sussex Downs. Soldiers were there; sailors, of course, were there, led by their gallant Admiral, with his crew of fine old weather-beaten Epsom Salts, who would not have missed such a sight, no, not for the best, highest-mettled Spanish Chestnut that ever was foaled.

Hither came the million, hither came the millionaires. By road came the aristocratic drags of the Royal Humane Society, starting from their head-quarters by the Serpentine, with their spanking tits; then by river came the crews of the Universities, still in training for their great water-course, and the winner of the *Grand Prix*, in all the glory of his new satin riband recently won on the French

Turf. Hither came Royalty with its sixteen horses, its equerries, its outriders, its carabineers, and its detachment of Life Guards. Then the Russian Imperial Duchess, preceded by the Courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once, and guiding them with bright-coloured reins. Then the world-famed Silver Trumpets were heard, as the LORD MAYOR, with his suite, dashed past the saluting point, gracefully raising his plumed cocked hat to the occupants of the Royal Box.

Close upon these the Starter* was carried past, ready equipped for the race, borne aloft, in his loose box, by four bookmakers, followed by a well-trained troupe of Monkeys on Ponies, emblematical of the Ring. Behind him waved the banner of the Turf, with the motto, "There is another and a Betting world."

All eyes are, for a moment, fixed on the Starter. On him, in fact, the Derby entirely depends. It is the fundamental and most necessary rule of the Jockey Club that "Without one Starter there shall be no Derby." Consequently it is incumbent on the Turf authorities to provide a Starter, whose duty it is to be booted and spurred, and in the saddle, ready to supply the place of any, or of all defaulters. If none came to the post, the Starter would then start by himself, and walk over the course. This has only happened twice in the last hundred and fifty years, once being the celebrated *Neigh Buddie's* year. Up to the last moment of his being shown to the people, "the Starter" is kept, by the official trainers, wrapped up in cotton wool, to guard against the slightest chance of his being scratched before the race.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Sir,—You must be wrong. I mean, at least, are you certain you are quite right in your information about "the Starter"? Surely, my dear Major, "the Starter"—as I, at least, have always been given to understand—is the person who claps his hands, or fires a pistol, or rings a bell, or says "One, two, three, and away!" to the Jockeys? Isn't it so? I write under correction, but isn't it so?

Yours truly, Ed.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—My dear but unsporting friend, you are nowhere in these matters. You're not "in it." Just see what a mess you made of my hunting chapter last week by your meddling with "the Bagman," which you thought was a Commercial Traveller (!) instead of a Fox in a bag. I know all about "the Starter." And, once for all, let me ask, are you writing this Sporting Novel, or am I? But, in the name of common sense and the English language, what does "a Reader" mean? Why, "one who reads." "A Smoker" is "one who smokes," &c., &c. And a Starter is "one who starts." Excuse warmth; but, hang it, do not attempt to correct in sporting and turf technicalities. Yours ever,

JAWLEY SHARP.

In front of the throne where H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES was seated, were stationed a picked body-guard of splendid men from his own Principality. All eyes are on the celebrated corps of Royal Welshers, with their banneret, on which is proudly displayed the motto, "*Semper Faciens*."

The Half-world, too, of whose existence the other half knows so much and yet so little, was present in full force with flowers, sparkling champagne, lobster-salad, and all the fun of the fair. Here sat stately, as of old, the old DUCHESS SARAH of Stückenbaskitt, calmly contemplating the throes of the excited throng. From highest to lowest, all are eager about the one business of the day. The Gipsies, ready for their *al fresco* dinner, have turned away from their fire, and have put the pot on the field, while within the refreshment-tent, excited Waiters are running for a plate, and the Sporting Admiral has just managed to place himself in time to come in a good third for the cup.

Previous to the great event of the day there were the usual number of small races, over which a considerable amount of "stuff" changed hands, though the public interest was, of course, centred in the Derbys.

First on the correct card was a flat race for the Consolation Stakes. The entries for this were entirely confined to those who, through ignorance of sporting matters, had been heavy losers through the week. A purse had been made for them by the Ladies. It is needless to say that LAWYER FERRET and the HONBLE. PULLMAN were not among the competitors.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was the Maiden Race, run in costume. The prize for this was provided by the Bachelors of the County; and nowhere, save in Great Britain, could be seen so many fine, fresh, sport-loving Damsels, in their pink and white colours, as are brought together on such an occasion. Attractive as is the spectacle, however, we must not linger near the ropes, in order to bestow too much attention on it. Suffice it to record here, that the Maiden Race was won by MISS GUSSEY GANDAH, mounted on a hot chestnut, to which she gave a regular roasting with her jewel-mounted whip.

"He's only a Plater," said GUSSEY, radiantly, as dismounting, she threw herself into the arms of SIR THOMAS DODD.

"True; but, 'Plater, thou reasonest well,'" was SIR THOMAS'S quiet reply. They had too serious work before them to allow of any spare time for the pleasantries of society.

Three hundred horses—foals, colts, mares, fillies—had been entered for the Great Race.

They were all there; not a screw loose.

Moka is here, and the Invisible Prince.

The Prince is not to run. He is only here in case of any accident to Moka, by whose side stands CA-
VASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jed-

dington, sparkling in the Tommy Dodd colours. LAWYER FERRET and the HONBLE. PULLMAN, among the crowd, watch him closely. They have given him two thousand pounds to win, but, feeling uncertain of him, they have been poisoning him all night, and are now waiting anxiously to see the effect.

LADY DI and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE are also among the spectators, in a barouche. Gussy, who has overheard their schemes, has told Sir Thomas everything.

"What's the odds?" asked a neophyte. He is informed that the bookmakers have backed *Moka*, at thousands to nothing, to win the three Derbys in succession on this glorious day. Besides this, there is no betting.

Everyone is "on," and STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON are pale and nervous.

Breathless was the excitement for the Great Event.

The Sporting Admiral, who had been riding at anchor about the course, and carrying a formidable whip, which he called his "screw-propeller," now entered the weighing-room to see the Jockeys get under weigh. CAVASSON, being late for the post, could not be allowed to go without an extra penny. This was what the Trainer wanted. Every ha'porth of overweight made the Dodd victory more certain.

STRINGHALT grasped WILLIAM BUTTON's arm. "Do you trust CAVASSON?" he asked him, in a low, nervous whisper.

"I trust the animal—not the man," was the brief answer.

"What shall we do if we are floored?" asked the Trainer, in the same tone.

"Why, 'carpet' CAVASSON," was the Stud Groom's stern rejoinder.

But there was no time for further parley. The Bell was already ringing, and the horses were settling down into their places.

"*Moka!*" "*Invisible Prince!*" "*CAVASSON!*" were the names on every tongue. Anxious amateur bookmakers, who had been watching the market, might now be heard offering ponies in hoarse whispers.

Once more the Silver Trumpets sound, as the Judge, in his well-known Derby horse-hair wig, well powdered and curled, and wearing his scarlet and ermine, bows to the Royal box, and then takes his seat in *banco*. Below him sits the Clerk of the Course, in ordinary barrister's costume, with the Correct Card before him, ready to call out the names and colours of the riders in proper order.

SIR THOMAS has taken the odds all round.

CAVASSON, who only speaks on his fingers, is now beginning to take the odds freely.

This caused a temporary panic among the bookmakers. But on STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON backing *Moka* to win, the feeling of security returned, and the betting went on again merrily.

LAWYER FERRET and his *Fidus Achates* the HONBLE. PULLMAN have issued secret orders to all the jockeys—simply these: "*When the word to start is given, hold hard. Squeeze Invisible Prince. Wait on Moka, and if CAVASSON does not use whip or spur, then let everyone belabour his animal, and urge him forward. Let the crowd press on him: he must go. If all the rest persistently stay behind, and shove Moka on, Moka must win, even though the race takes three or four hours.*"

SIR THOMAS felt that the Jeddington Dodd estates were in the hands of CAVASSON. His fortune and his wife were the stakes he was playing for on this his Bridle day.

The Judge has arisen, and silence has been proclaimed by the Ushers. For an instant thousands might have been heard to drop all over the course. CAVASSON's heart palpitates violently, and so great is his excitement, that his colours come and go.

SIR THOMAS DODD grips Gussy's hand, while WILLIAM BUTTON and STRINGHALT keep their eyes fixed on the Dumb Jockey, who, for all his agitation, sits, apparently to the crowd, an immovable, impassible, wooden figure.

The Starter calls over the names, as his assessors, the Two Probable Starters, note them down in their books.

All are present.

There is only one duty for the Police to perform before the start. They have to see that everything is laid level all round, so that there may be no obstruction to the running.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . and—"

A piercing scream interrupted the Starter! It proceeded from CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, who, as if in a fit before the start, suddenly threw up his arms in the air, and reeled heavily in the saddle.

(To be continued.)

From Fraynes Refrain.

WHEN, Rifle-Tells, these Fraynes their triggers pull,
Yet blow no brains out with their dangerous lead,
Let's hope at least they will not hit JOHN BULL,
Or, like their marks, he must be "off his head."

TO-DAY'S PANTOMIMES.

(By an Old Boy of Yesterday.)



TINKLE! Up goes the Curtain,
To flashes uncertain,
On Demon or Witch
(When there isn't a hitch)
Stirring make-believe broth
Into property froth,
While implings in fleshings
Take chaff, cuffs, and thrashings;
And the wit of
each line
They speak may
be divine,
But you can't
hear words said
In a property
head.
With Scene First
pitch-dark,
I need scarcely
remark,
Scene Second's
as bright,
As the whitest
lime-light.
Full of toys, boys,
and noise,
And such in-
fantile joys.

While a Prince, out of court,
In tights spangled as short,
Sings much out of tune
Of the "sweet flowers of June,"
Or the "bright shells of ocean,"
Or some just as new notion.
(The song's meant to sell—
But this you won't tell.)
Then, no one knows why,
Change of scene and of sky,
And a marvellous Ballet
With a "rake" in a valley
Which ballet-girls pose on,
With brief, breezy clothes on,
And can't make a move
Of joy, grief, hate, or love,
Without raising their toes
To the height of your nose:
Then, while next scene is set,
The Prince sings a duet
With a Lady in wings,
And not many more "things;"
While tin-foil and ossidew
Shimmer in glossy dew;
And spangles and logies
Recall to old fogies
The days of their youth,
When they took tricks for truth:
Counted Stage-tin good money,
And found Clown's jokes funny;
Thought each Columbine fay,
And were not grave but gay
As they sat at the Play.
Meanwhile, fun grown trickier,
Does its best 'gainst asphyxia.
Yet, in spite of foul air,
And jokes too bad to bear,
Blue-fire reek and gas smells,—
Still, like sweet silver bells,

Ring Childhood's clear laughter
Right up to the rafters,
If, midst dry scenic splendour,
Like some strayed offender,
Comes the chance of a laugh—
One grain to much chaff;
Till, in slow colour-changes,
Prismatic in ranges,
With girl-groups in garlands,
Slung from flies turned to star-
lands,
Breaks on tired expectation,
The Grand TRANSFORMATION!
And when that's wheeled about,
And its blue-fires burnt out,
And the girls in the skies,
And the babes from the flies,
Have been lowered on deck
Without breaking a neck,
Come, so-called, Comic Scenes—
Spill-and-Pelts, fish and greens,
Butter-slides and hot pokers,
Endeared to old jokers;
Clown's tricks upon passengers;
Lion-leaps; stolen sashangers;
Thefts of turkeys and geese;
Chaff and cuffs of Police:
Nursing property Babies,
And selling old gabies;
Tricks that won't do the trick;
Flaps and joints that will stick,
Sloats that cords disobey,
And can't work and won't play,
Till two hours serve to show—
—Long-drawn, stupid, and slow—
That Clowns now are no more
What Clowns were long ago,
Or that Old Boys ain't Young—
Which perhaps may be so!

* A Stage slope.

† Theatrical gold shavings.

‡ Stars, looking quite as bright as diamonds, though only concave facets of tin. There are a good many "Logies" doing duty for diamonds off the Stage as well as on.

Motto for our Training Ships.

(From HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode iv.)

Doctrina sed vim promovet insulam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

TEACHING promotes the vigour of the weed,
And a right training hearts of oak will breed.



FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Paterfamilias (improving the shining hour). "AND NOW, WHO SUCCEEDED RICHARD?" *Son and Heir.* "JOHN."
Paterfamilias. "AND WHAT DID JOHN SIGN?" *Son and Heir.* "THE PLEDGE!"

MR. PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR 1877.

DURING the early part of the year a great deal will be said and written about the Eastern Question, and a Meeting will be held in a suburban Vestry Hall either to sympathise with the protectors of the Turkish Christians, or to "strengthen the hands of the Government."

On the meeting of Parliament, notice will be given of the proposed introduction of a couple of dozen Bills that will be counted out as they have often been counted out before.

For the first three months the House will adjourn (on an average) at half-past nine o'clock. During the rest of the Session, the closing average will be 3 A.M.

A great many "personal statements" will be made.

A great many too many railway "accidents" will occur. The Government Reports thereon will be published long after the details of the mishaps have been forgotten.

Some new periodicals and new papers will come out and go in.

Several "Tragedies" will fill the "Contents Bills" of the daily papers, with good head-lines for many weeks. These may be chiefly looked for during the silly season.

A fashionable watering-place will be accused of being overrun with small-pox, an accusation that will lead to long controversies in the journals.

Some one will see an early swallow, and write to the papers to tell the public all about it.

A Series, entitled *The Servants' Halls of Old England*, by One who knows Them, will be produced for the entertainment of the Lower Middle Class.

When the House is up, "the Silent Members" will air their eloquence before their Country Constituents.

Several marriages will be arranged at Hanover Square, and disarranged in the Divorce Court.

The sale of Post Cards at Hawarden will increase so largely that the Post-Office revenue for the year will be appreciably raised.

Skating Rinks and Lawn Tennis will be superseded by amusements equally rational.

A great deal of fuss will be made about the Summer Drills at Aldershot and its neighbourhood.

Several new Clubs will be opened for the special benefit of their promoters.

More than one letter will be written about the aims of the Charity Organisation Society.

The Derby will be won either by a favourite or an outsider.

London will fill and empty as "per usual."

Many brilliant specimens of English Men and Women will be personally conducted over the Continent.

There will be winds, rain, fogs, and mist in March, April, May, September, October, November, and December.

And lastly, everybody will be delighted to welcome *Punch's Almanack and Pocket Book* for 1878.

ON A RAGING TOOTH.

AN unsound Tooth that can't be stopped,

Nor drawn, for all its throes,

May, like the set that Cadmus dropped,

Spring up in armed foes.

Quoth Tooth, "I'll let down Bishop's pegs;

For Folkstone I a match am.

Leave me to lay mock-Roman eggs,

In Ritual nests and Hatcham."

Punch fain would Mother Church release,

So, no extreme astrid of,

He warns her she will have no peace,

Till this Tooth is got rid of.

GENERAL LYSONS objects to "loose drill." Perhaps he prefers stiff buckram.

THE LATEST IMPERIAL HAT.—MIDHAT.



THE OLD YEAR'S LEGACY.

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



REPORTED BY OUR OWN LITTLE BIRD.

What Paterfamilias says.—Well, it might have been worse. Tom's wife didn't quarrel more than usual with JACK's niece, and UNCLE JONES seemed to take some notice of the children. I wish, though, he hadn't abused the port. However, BILL's funny story put him in a good temper, and so I think his will is all right for the present.

What Materfamilias says.—I really must speak to Papa about FANNY and her cousin HENRY. The boy hasn't a halfpenny, and it's most injudicious to encourage his visits. Dear me! what an anxiety one's daughters are to one!

What Fanny says.—Oh, wasn't it delightful? I know when he sang "Is this a Dream?" he was thinking of me. If he does propose, what will Mamma say? I can answer for dear Papa; and that's a comfort, at any rate!

What Uncle Jones says.—They are a great deal too civil to me, and are waiting for my money. I hate children; and the port was vile! Shall I leave it to BILL, or the Asylum for Idiots? Better give it to the latter, for then BILL will get the benefit of it! At any rate, I will see my lawyers at once.

What Jimmy says.—On my word, she seemed jollier than ever! I must say I do like her—awfully. But then I should be so chaffed at the Club! And I don't think she would like me to have a latch-key! And then AUNT MARGARET would make such a bother about it! On the whole, I can't do any harm by thinking over it—another year.

What Laura says.—I am sure in my new dress (quite long, you know) I looked quite as grown-up as FANNY. It was very nice, you know, but I didn't care about TOMMY showing attention to me. He's quite a boy, you know—only fourteen. Fancy a child so much younger than myself (I shall be sixteen in August!) presuming to speak to me! It was quite ridiculous, wasn't it?

What Miss Wallflower says.—Oh, we girls had such fun! FANNY, LAURA, and I all lost forfeits. So absurd! Young MR. RUBRIC, the Curate, had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. I was so relieved when he didn't come near me. It quite reminded me of the happy Christmas we spent when poor CAPTAIN ROSEBUSH went out to quell the Indian Mutiny. And that must be nearly ten years ago! How quickly time passes!

What Tommy says.—I don't care about your bread-and-butter Misses! I only flirted with LAURA because I was afraid of speaking to Miss WALLFLOWER! How beautiful she is! I would run away from school if I could get her to elope with me.

What Mr. Rubric says.—Oh, a most pleasant party—on the whole. I hope I am not ungrateful for feeling that I could have been more at my ease if Miss WALLFLOWER had not sat next to me at dinner. But the fact is, she really does send me so many slippers. It is very awkward. I don't know what Lucy would say if she heard of it.

What Dr. Dose says.—Certainly, my dear Madam. After Christmas we must expect a little disarrangement. If you will permit me, I will go to the nursery at once, to see the children.

What Misses Gerty and Ennie say.—Oh, don't let him come near us, Nurse, and we will be so good!

What Masters Franky and Arnie say.—We won't take the nasty stuff! There!

What Mary Jane says.—If you don't take it before I count three, I'll go and fetch your Papa!

What Grandpapa says.—It was a very delightful evening, but I wish those young romps hadn't persuaded me to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. I am feeling it to-day.

What Grandmamma says.—The little ones enjoyed themselves so much; and they are growing up so like their parents.

What the Cook says.—Well, it was an undertaking! But we had a werry pleasant time of it afterwards. JOHN plays on the banjo like a regular angel!

What Mr. Punch says.—And now, my good people, as you have enjoyed your merry Christmas, I wish you all a Happy New Year!

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

"[PUNCH prints the following suggestion, as he believes there are many of his readers who will be glad to embrace it. No doubt the Committee which is managing the benefit will receive subscriptions also.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE this time not with a contribution, but with a view of inducing contributions. I read this morning, with real sorrow, of the severe illness of MR. COMPTON, and the urgency of some movement on his behalf. Now, I shall certainly send my subscription in some form or other, but it has occurred to me that there must be many, like myself, to whom a monster benefit performance, shared by all the stars in London, presents no particular attraction, and who would much rather give through some other channel. Could not an ordinary subscription list be issued, quite apart from the proposed Drury Lane performance, and advertised in the daily papers? I by no means desire a stall or box for the benefit; but I do desire to offer my guinea or two for the benefit of an actor who more than any other living comedian has helped me, and thousands of others, to understand certain sides of Shakspearian comedy, and who is, furthermore, one of the truest, most self-respecting, most artistic actors the Stage in our time has seen.

If this hint is likely to be of any service to the Committee, and to the cause they plead, pray make any use of it you please; though I do not care that my name should appear.

Yours faithfully,
A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
(Who is also a student and lover of
SHAKSPEARE.)

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?

(Prompted by a defence of superfluous "Sentry Go" in Winter Weather.)

WHEN sentries you tether
To posts in bad weather,
With nothing to guard, and consumption to grow.
Could *Punch* orders issue,
The wish he would wish you,
Would be, not in the old Army sense, "Sentry, Go!"
Nights of sleet, or damp shed,
Thin great coat, and guard-bed—
Our troops for such waste cost too much, foot and horse.
Were but *Punch* at the Horse Guards!
But there other force guards,
And, alas! it is not a *Centrifugal* force!

YES OR NO?

The *World* asks the following question, which is echoed by the *Times* of Dec. 13th:—

"YES OR NO?—Yes or no: is scarlet fever raging at a very well-known and popular watering-place not a hundred miles from London? It is all very well that the matter should be kept quiet in the interest of the tradesmen and lodging-house keepers of the town; but such reticence may be pushed too far, and do more harm than good, as the evil will be inevitably exaggerated when the prevalence of the epidemic becomes generally known. In the meantime people talk about doctors visiting fifty and sixty patients a day, all suffering from scarlet fever."

Mr. *Punch*, with his usual zeal for the public welfare, telegraphed to his Brighton correspondent, and received the following reply:—"Scarlet fever raging during the early part of the season. Parasols, cloaks, neckties, bonnets, fans, and châteline bags were all scarlet. The epidemic is, I am glad to say, now much abated."

Worse than Bulgarian Atrocities.

DURING the late visit of the PREMIER to LORD ALLINGTON at his seat, Crichele House, the *Wiltshire County Mirror* announces that in one day's sport the shooting party from the House (of some six guns) killed, besides other game, 1,109 peasants. We have heard a good deal too much lately of the murder of Policemen by Poachers. It would seem that Game preservers are beginning to retaliate. The attention of MR. PERCY TAYLOR, M.P., MR. ARON, and the Agricultural Labourers' Union should at once be called to the subject.

GHOSTS AND GULLS.

As an argument for the credibility of alleged spiritual manifestations, we are continually reminded that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Unluckily the spirits never tell us any of them.



THE COUNTRY IN THE FUTURE.

Retired Citizen (to Metropolitan Friend.) "WHAT I ENJOY SO MUCH IN THE COUNTRY IS THE QUIET! NOW HERE, IN MY GARDEN, MY BOY, YOU DON'T HEAR A SOUND, 'CEPTING THE TRAINS!!"

THE GROAN OF THE COMPETITION-WALLAH.

"The first further examination of candidates selected in 1876 will commence on December 27th."—*Extract from Official Circular.*

AH, weep for the Indian Civilian,
Though elected in 'Seventy-six!
Not for him with the joys of the million
In Christmastide revels, to mix.

Not for him to be funny—how can he?
Not for him to be smiling and bland,
When he thinks of that blanked Hindustani,
Which no fellow can "hindustani."

Many thanks to that blessed Commission
For the foresight and thought they have shown,
In thus dating the next Competition
To suit our convenience alone.

The next day but one after Christmas
Was the day of all days they must fix,
With the cheering conviction that this must
Please five men at least out of six.

To their goodness we poor fellows owe it
That our Christmas this year is a blank;
If we use naughty words, such as "Blow it!"
We've these kindly Officials to thank.

Not for us are the gun and the hunter;
Not for us are the joys of the dance;
Nor to revel in suppers from GUNTER,
Washed down with the vintage of France.

E'en plum-pudding is out of the question;
The mince-pie of our boyhood a snare:
We must all of us think of digestion,
And eat with most scrupulous care.

My whole life is one night-marish vision
Of wild blunders and heart-breaking "sap,"
While examiners laugh in derision
As they see me fall into their trap.

All the pages I read daily daunt me
With mountains of volumes I've not;
Through the long-lagging night-watches haunt me
Grim ghosts of the things I've forgot.

E'en in dreams I peruse legal fictions,
Review forms of attachment and sale,
Or ponder on Courts' jurisdictions,
And hold endless defendants to bail.

I decline things that know no declension;
I face armies of words short and long;
Yet, in spite of my earnest attention,
All somehow contrive to come wrong!

* * *

List! shades of old Wallahs departed,
List, embryo Wallahs to be;
Pity, pity a wretch broken-hearted,
Lift the voice of your weeping for me.

Dear old *Punch*, brand the wretches who've made me
In all the world's feast, the one slave:
Or, best, prove the news that's dismayed me
A bad joke or barbarous shave!

SUGGESTED ADDITION (if the Academy has no objection).—R.A.,
Royal Aquariumician.

SPECIALITÉ SHERRY.—Felt oh! the next morning.



A BORN ORATOR (IN THE EAST).

Farmer (proposing Landlord's health). "AN' IF A' SQUIRES 'UD DEW AS OUR SQUIRE DEW, THERE WUDNA BE SO MANY ON 'EM AS DEW AS THEY DEW DEW!"

DECEMBER DREAMS.

(After Christmas Dinners.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD dreams he is Sultan, and installed at Constantinople as Defender of the Moslem Faith.

LORD SALISBURY dreams that Bulgaria is occupied by three Fijis and a Maori Chief. The Marquis beats the drum in front of their caravan, and holds a conference outside.

MR. GLADSTONE dreams he is an Automatic Letter-writer, and employed, at a weekly salary, by the *Sunday Times* to answer Correspondents.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT dreams he is Lessee of Cremorne, and ascends nightly to the top of a Set Peace, amid a blaze of fireworks.

MR. TENNYSON dreams that he shoots an arrow up into the air, and finds it, some years after, sticking in *Harold's* eye. His publisher brings it out.

MR. SWINBURNE dreams he is the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, and, in sheer despair, poisons himself with a complete copy of *Songs and Ballads*.

MR. MORRIS dreams that Nature is reproducing his wall-papers. He turns mud-colour, and eventually dies a lingering death of Sunflowers on the brain.

MR. IRVING dreams he is stabbed with Two Roses, and struck with a feather out of SALVINI's cap.

MRS. BANCROFT dreams her husband is in Peril, and completely buried beneath a heap of old armour and brass dishes.

MR. HARE dreams he is coursed by critics over his Old Acres, but, after an extraordinary run, returns to his old form, and leaves his New Men.

MR. TOOLE dreams he is put into the Gaiety by the brokers, and that the Stock scenery is not worth removing.

COLONEL MAPLESON dreams he has found a tenor for his com-

THE CRICKETER'S GRAVE-STONE.

"Our Sheffield Correspondent telegraphs:—An extraordinary tombstone dispute has arisen at Wadsley Bridge, near Sheffield. The widow of one BENJAMIN KEETON, a recently deceased Cricketer of some local renown, has erected a tombstone to her husband's memory, on which is carved a set of stumps, about a foot high, with bat and ball. The Vicar and Churchwardens declare the stone was surreptitiously fixed, and have ordered its removal, which has caused intense local excitement."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

O Wadsley Bridge, where KEETON bloomed,
Thy Vicar's wits what ails?
To bowl the stumps of KEETON tomb'd,
Estrait his buried bails!

Could KEETON plead, to his life's fame
He'd urge the symbols german,
More home, than to some Parsons came
Prayer-book, and bands, and sermon.

That hit, and all, he now must waive,
Score closed, runs run, green-swarded;
Alas! he cannot guard his grave,
As his mid-stump he guarded.

But why disturb the symbolled stone
Above this quiet sleeper,
Who with his life's score fairly shown,
Must face Heaven's wicket-keeper?

Dying, perhaps, he thought, "If he's one
As is fit to keep wicket,
He'll know a Cricketer when he sees one,
And hand me my gate-ticket."

Christmas Numbers.

THE numbers who, at this festive season, fill the trains and throng the streets, and cram the cabs, and crowd the omnibuses, and clap the pantomimes, and drink too much strong drink, and eat too much plum pudding, and send out Christmas cards, and send in Christmas bills, and call for Christmas Boxes.

THE PLUM FOR STAGE MANAGERS.—Coe's Golden Drop.

pleted Opera-House; but it turns out to be only an organ-grinder under his window, quarrelling with a stonemason out of work.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON dreams she is decorated with the Order of the Charing Cross.

THE CLAIMANT dreams he is in his old home at Wapping, and has never seen BOGLE or ONSLOW in his life.

DR. SLADE dreams he is mixed with MacGill and Spirits of Turps, and used as a Medium by a Royal Academician, but that the portraits so called up are not a bit like the originals as they lived.

TOMMY dreams that room has been made for his Uncle (from whom he has great expectations) in Kensal Green.

THE REAL NATIVE.

As his tribute to the approaching ceremony of the Proclamation in Grand Durbar at Delhi of the MAHARAJ ADHIRAJA SRI RANI VICTORIA KAISAR-I-HIND, *Punch* presents this genuine and characteristic effusion of native loyalty, being a circular received by a native Prince, and forwarded by him for *Mr. Punch's* consideration:—

"SIR,—May it please your Highness—The humble petition of NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTA most respectfully sheweth;—

"That your Highness' humble petitioner, being a subject to the British Crown, likes to illuminate his house on the day that H. M. G. M. QUEEN VICTORIA (ALEXANDRINA) proclaims the EMPRESS OF INDIA.

"Your Highness' humble petitioner therefore hopes, that your Highness will kindly encourage him to show his loyalty towards his Sovereign (HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN), by conferring assistance upon him, but at the same time it is the duty of your Highness' petitioner to let your Highness know that your humble petitioner will be very glad to receive any assistance and thereby to keep your Highness' fame as unblemished as ever.

"NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTA,
"Manpoor, in the District of Dashedabad, Bengal."



SAMBORNE

A CAUTION TO SNAKES.

PUNCH'S REGISTERED PALETTE—'TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.'

"Snake skin is valuable, as, when tanned, it makes very beautiful leather. A friend has a very handsome cardcase made of boa constrictor's skin, which he obtained in Paris. I propose to furnish him with the skin of one of the large pythons, that he may have it tanned. This will form a handsome trimming to his wife's cloak. The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once become fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats à la gorgon. This fashion would look very pretty. I commend the idea to MR. WORTH."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S *Letter to the Times*, Dec. 21st.

A GROWL AT GOOD WISHES.

(Symptomatic of Biliary Derangement from the Delicacies of the Season.)

Deck out your dwellings with cypress and yew,
Toll out the Old Year and toll in the New.
Life is a tangle of troubles and fears.
Wish you may get many Happy New Years!

"Happy New Year!" So you said on the last,
And who'll say the twelvemonth has pleasantly passed?
When you are as old as I am now, my dears,
You'll have most of you seen few or no happy years.

"Happy New Year!" How long new to remain?
New Year is very soon Old Year again.
Always with more or less bother in store,
And as 'twixt "more or less," in most cases with more.

All our New Years unhappiness bring,
So will the present, 'twixt this and the Spring.
Accidents, crimes, and diseases, no doubt;
Bring me, most likely, a fit of the gout.

Needy relations an old fogey hears
Oft wish himself many Happy New Years,
When they suppose he has money to leave.
If they came into it, wouldn't they grieve!

Happy New Years, 'tis true, may await
Youths that inherit an ample estate,
Born with a big silver spoon in their jaws,
And idiots and fools who can laugh without cause.

But heirs, as a rule, are deficient in brains—
Spend all their money, and sell their domains,
Ruin their health by the ways they pursue,
So that their years are unhappy and few.

Christmas! I'm glad "merry" Christmas is o'er,
Shall be still gladder when fools cease to pour
Impossibilities into my ears—
Wish me no more any Happy New Years!

WORKING A SPELL.

THE present London School Board endorses the condemnation passed by its predecessor on the present method of English spelling, and prays for a Royal Commission to consider the best way to reform and simplify it. For this purpose it has sent out circulars inviting all the School Boards throughout the kingdom to join in a representation to the Education Department and to Parliament. There is room for reform in spelling when Dictionaries disagree, to the extent so strikingly indicated a little while ago by the experiences of the "Spelling Bee." But the Phonetic System goes too far, being a scheme not of reform merely, but of revolution. There seems a curious felicity in the idea of appointing a Royal Commission to determine our orthography. Royalty can command no special road to learning, but nevertheless let us remember that the language whose spelling the Government and the Legislature are solicited to settle is the Queen's English.

Is the sort of thing below what we must make up our minds to see introduced into the language of SHAKESPEARE and DRYDEN, MACAULAY and SCOTT?

THE SPELLING OF THE PRESENT.

School Board for London,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.,
Dec. 8, 1876.

SIR,

I am directed by the School Board for London to forward you a copy of the following Resolution:—

"That this Board is of opinion that a great difficulty is placed in the way of Education by our present method of spelling, and that it is highly desirable that the Government should be moved to issue a Royal Commission for considering the best manner of reforming and simplifying it."

I am at the same time directed to ask whether your Board would be willing to unite in a joint representation to be addressed to the Education Department on the subject.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Clerk to the Board.

To the Clerk of the School Board for —.

THE SPELLING OF THE FUTURE.

School Board for Lundun,
Viktorier Embankment, W.C.,
December 8, 1876.

SER,

I am direktd bi the Skool Bord for Lundun too forward u a koppeece of the foloing Rezolushun:—

"That this Bord is ov opinyun that a grät difkultee iz pläst in the wä ov edukashun bi our prezent method ov speling, and that it iz hilee dezirabl that the Guvernment shoed be moovd too ishoo a Royal Kommishun for considering the best maner ov reforming and simpleefying it."

I am, at the sam time, direktd too ask whether yor Bord wood be wiling too unite in a joint representashun too be adressd too the Edukashun Department on the subjekt.

I am, Ser,

Yor obedeent Servunt,

Klark to the Bord.

To the Klark ov the Skool Bord for —.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

By Our Hard-up Philosopher.

If our parties were all of little HARRYS, little CHARLIES, and little JACKS, we might like Christmas to come twice a year; but what when these are largely dashed with little BILLS?

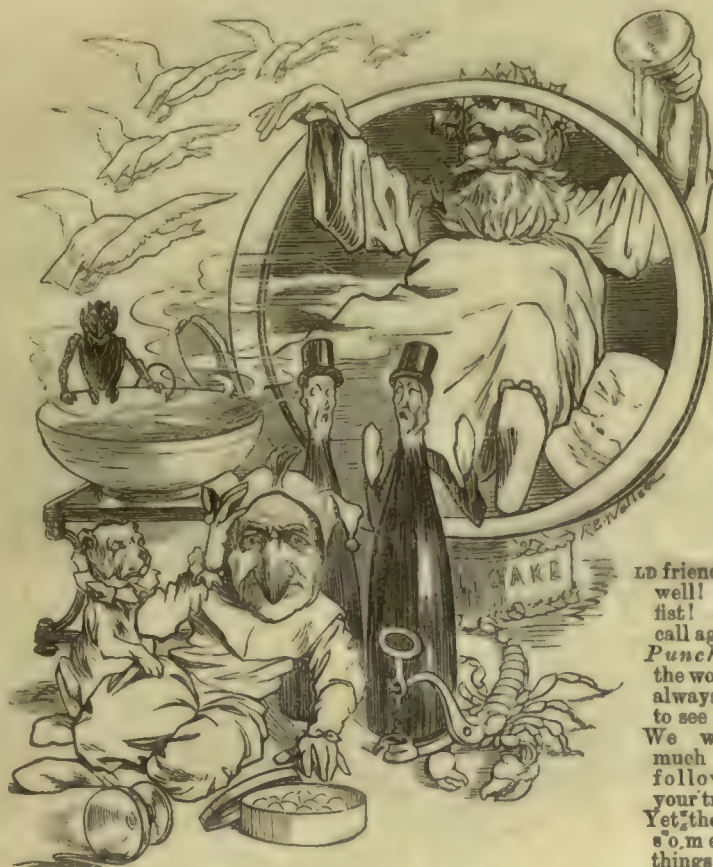
"Under the Rose" is far more satisfactory to shy people than under the mistletoe. The one tells its kisses; under the other you may kiss and not tell.

Holly reminds me forcibly of my tradesmen's books. Its red berries recall their covers; its leaves the sting of their contents.

When one listens to the good wishes lavished at Christmas, one remembers this is the season for crackers.

Why will we give our children a false view of life from its very threshold? You take your boy to the Pantomime at six. The dream of his highest ambition is to be a Clown, and his highest felicity to win and wed the Columbine!

PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTING WITH OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



Such weather as this year you've had to know—
This weary water-waste—this gloomy mist-mass—
This dreary end in slush of would-be snow—
So dull for Father Christmas!

Oh friend, fare-
well! Your
fist! You'll
call again?
Punch and
the world are
always glad
to see you.
We welcome
much that
follows in
your train,
Yet there are
some few
things from
which we'd
free you—

Development's the universal law,
Not e'en so old a hand as you may shirk it.
Now, do not snap, or snatch away your paw:
Punch's is friendly counsel; pray, don't burke
it!

The good old times! What sermons one may read
On that old text!—and some of them right true
ones.

But, after all, the good old times should lead,
Methinks, to better new ones.

Merry? Well, Mr. Punch should be the last
To say one word against judicious merriment.
But may we not improve upon the past,
Even in that regard? 'Tis worth experiment.
The loud "*gros rire de Rabelais*," after all,
Is scarce the very highest kind of laughter,
Grins and Gargantuan gormandising pall;
And, query—what comes after?

Good cheer? Well, cakes and ale are right good
things,
So are mince-pies, sirloins, and chines, — in
measure.

Plum-pudding, too,—such memories it brings
As make dyspepsia's self seem half a pleasure.
But this elaborate gushing over grub,
To which your Laureates are addicted, rather,
Rather more savours of the sty or tub,
Than fits you, reverend Father.

Genial? Why, bless your blooming face, of course!
But genuine sentiment scarce comes in gushes;
And when mere stomach-comfort is its source,
It ought to raise not so much cheers as blushes.
The laugh, the joke, the kiss 'neath mistletoes,
Punch would not brand as sins however venial,
But, pray, without that big Bardolphian nose,
Were you, in truth, less genial?

I see you twig. We are too ancient friends
For you to take the huff at hints like mine,
meant

To show your annual advent's happiest ends
May well consort with temperance and refine-
ment.

Whilst cherishing traditions of old times,
'Tis well to lift them to a higher level.
The fit accompaniments of Christmas chimes
Are Peace and Joy—not Revel!

THE French Chamber has been on fire. The
Deputies were put out, of course.

PAUPERS AND POLEMICS.

THE inmates of most of the Metropolitan workhouses fared upon roast beef and plum-pudding as sumptuously as usual on Christmas Day, thanks to the care of Poor Law Guardians for the material nutriment of the poor. Their solicitude is, perhaps, too generally limited to that object; but there is a case in which it evidently aims higher. The spiritual sustenance also of paupers is looked to by at least one Board of Guardians. So it appears from a statement in a contemporary, showing that in one case at least such devotional luxuries have actually been introduced, as:—

"HYMNS IN WORKHOUSES.—At the last meeting of the St. George's, Hanover Square, Board of Guardians, Mr. FLEMING called upon the Little Chelsea Workhouse Visiting Committee to explain why copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, had been ordered in substitution for those previously in use in the house."

Singing in a workhouse chapel is hardly conceivable as a "merry noise," which the congregation, one would think, can have little heart for. But old-fashioned Psalm-singing was doleful enough, even for a workhouse. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, probably superseded BRADY and TATE, the tunes also being changed for the merrier. Mr. FLEMING seems to have thought these Hymns unmeet for the workhouse, as being too High spiritual diet—he, perhaps, voting for Low diet both carnal and spiritual. But:—

"COLONEL HAYGARTH observed that these hymn-books were in use throughout the army. He declined to express any opinion as to these hymn-books, which were obtained as recommended by the Chaplain."

Hymns suitable for soldiers may be imagined to be not inappropriate, at any rate on controversial grounds, for paupers. But the orthodoxy of the workhouse is apparently of an importance beyond that of the barracks:—

"Mr. Z. D. BERRY objected to these books, as he considered it the introduction of the thin end of the wedge—SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK pointed out that while more hymn-books were required the ones obtained were different from the rest. Ultimately, the guardians were understood to decide that the original book should be substituted for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*."

Of so much moment is it what hymns the paupers of Little Chelsea sing! Little Chelsea seems to be a place of strong polemical feeling. Mr. Z. D. BERRY fears that *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which, in point of doctrine, are understood to be not strictly parochial, will introduce into the workhouse of that great little place "the thin end of the wedge," of which the thick end is Popery. Let all sound Protestants rejoice to know that the Guardians of Little Chelsea, by deciding that BRADY and TATE, or Dr. WATTS restored, shall replace those objectionable *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have effectually defeated an insidious endeavour to undermine the workhouse of Little Chelsea by sapping the principles on which it is founded, and finally degrading to Papists the paupers in that citadel of orthodox Protestant opinions.

ALL SMOKE.

A BERLIN telegram announces that GENERAL NIKITINE has left Wilna for Servia, to inspect the Army. "Nikē" means "Victory," but "Nicotine" is a deadly narcotic poison, which paralyzes the strength, and even stops the springs of life. Which omen of the name will prevail?

NO SIGN OF RECOVERY.

OPTIMISTS may hope that affairs in Turkey are assuming a healthier aspect. But did a Sick Man ever develop a new Constitution!

MOMUS'S NEW-YEAR RING O' BELLS.



TING! Ting! 'Tis *Punch's* peal that sounds
 Amidst the chimes this New Year's morning.
 Will Wisdom, on her sober rounds,
 The Jester's merry peal be scorning?
 Sage Madam, stint, and hear a hint—
 Fun is not always folly.
 That Protean sprite can look asquint,
 Through the grim mask of Melancholy;
 While oft a preacher's purpose swells
 The music of the Cap-and-Bells!



TENANT RIGHT.

Young Squire. "THEY CAN'T SAY MY FATHER'S AN EXACTING LANDLORD. ALL HE INSISTS UPON IS THAT THEY SHOULD VOTE FOR THE LIBERALS, AND WALK A FOX-HOUND PUPPY!"

Ting! Ting! *Reveillé* to the ranks
Of Motley's quaint yet strenuous fighters!
Again we'll hurl our quips and cranks
Gainst fools and knaves in crowns or mitres.
A jest may prick, a jibe may stick
Where Jeremiahs will not,
And search Stupidity's callous quick
With smarts that scath and shame yet kill not.
Smile, Wisdom, smile! as truths it tells—
The music of the Cap-and-Bells!

Ting! Ting! Each tinkle wakes a smile
On honest lips, beard-fringed or coral;
Or shrills a dart through greed or guile,
Or points with mirth some pungent moral.
Midst war of words, and shock of swords,
The Jester's jingle rising,
Some restful interlude affords,
With Right's alarums harmonising.
And ancient Wrongs may hear their knells
In music of the Cap-and-Bells.

Ting! Ting! Still knaves and fools we'll flout,
Grave meaning hide with mask of Momus,
Bring truth and sense to put to rout
The brood of cant, the crew of Comus.
But all that's fair from that keen air
Shall draw refreshment only;
Weak Right shall find our weapon bare,
No honest cause sit lonely.
While Wit, with Wisdom tuned, impels
The music of the Cap-and-Bells.

THE YOUNG LADY TO GET A BOW FROM AT CHRISTMAS TIME.—MISS L. TOE.

THE MODERN "CORK LEG."

(AIR—Of course—"The Cork Leg.")

I'LL tell you a tale without any flam
Of a man who isn't a bit of a sham;
The admired of pedestrians great and small,
As he walks in the Agricultural Hall.
(Spoken) In the Agri cul—
(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agri cul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do."

His name is WESTON: he says, "You see,"
"You'll all win your tin in—Weston in me!"
And the marvelling folks to each other repeat,
"What wonderful legs for his wonderful feat."
(Spoken) At the Agri cul—
(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agri cul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

MR. EDWARD PAYSON is not, we know,
The famous Neddy that wouldn't go;
Would outstrip the rate of the wildest dream,
When Payson puts pace on and goes like steam.
(Spoken) In the Agri cul—
(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agri cul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

I hear, but of course by the card cannot speak,
This Walker takes two thousand a week;
If this be true, then I'm bound to confess,
That I'm open to try and do it for less.
(Spoken) In the Agri cul—
(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agri cul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

You'll see, if to Islington you repair,
That though he's all Walker yet he's all fair,
And if by the Eastern Question perplexed,
Try the Weston Question—"What will he do next?"
(Spoken) In the Agri cul—
(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agri cul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

* Evidently a song that ought to have been in the Greek Play at the Crystal Palace some little time back. The chorus, founded on an ancient model, is strictly classical and perfectly correct.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Nor the Butcher's, the Baker's, the Grocer's books, and other household books—oh dear no, but books for the household, or rather the juniorest part of it.

What luck children are in for now-a-days! We hadn't such books, and certainly we hadn't such pictures. Here's a charming one for old and young, called *Starlight Stories*, by MISS FANNY LABLACHE, whose name sounds musical enough to begin with. Commend us to this Lady's *Jack with the Fishes* and *Why the Icebergs come so far South*. Then, next on the table is *The Hunting of the Snark*, by LEWIS CARROLL, who, as he never appears in print except at this festive season, ought to be known as the Christmas CARROLL. The *Snark* is very distantly related to the Jabberwok, but it is *not* the Jabberwok. Of all Christmas illustrations, those of *Fairy Land*, by RICHARD DOYLE, are very easily first. Here is elfin fun and frolic, here is a Midsummer Night's Dream at Christmas. Look at the little Pucks racing on snails, irritating butterflies, fighting frogs, or flirting with tiny, coquettish fairies. McMILLAN & Co. are to be congratulated on "*Carrots*"—just a little Boy, which is a genuine children's book: we've seen 'em seize it, and read it greedily. Children are first-rate critics, and thoroughly appreciate WALTER CRANE's illustrations, not only in *Carrots*, but in his *chef-d'œuvre* of the year, yeapt *The Baby's Opera*, which is the cleverest, prettiest, fancifullest, and, generally, superlativest Christmas book that we've seen for a very long time. The only mistake in it is, that, in some instances, the ancient land-marks of nursery readings have been sacrificed to a sense of modern requirements. This, however, would be a subject for Shakspearian commentators; as must be evident when we question the correctness of the version as here given of the nursery song of "*Mrs. Bond and the Ducks*," "*Frogges would a-wooing*," and others. Folios wouldn't exhaust the subject. But to all those interested, antiquarianly, in the Rhymes of the past, and to all those interested in the happiness of the present rising generation, we say, advisedly, "Get WALTER CRANE'S *Baby's Opera*."

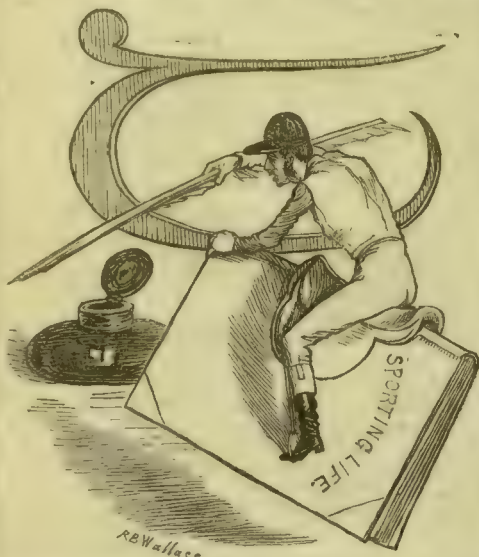
WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—"Settling the First Event."



HAT scream which had so alarmed the field was not CAVASSON'S. It came from MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, who was seated in LADY DI BRITTELEIGH'S barouche writing a last letter to SIR THOMAS DODD.

Oh, these last letters! these X, Y, Z's, of Love's Alphabet!

Woe's me; but we all do it, though sometimes we rue it; but so it will be till the end of the world. The wily Irish LORD CHANCELLOR THURRAMOUGH was right for once when he said, "These are letters

that ought to be written with a sheep pen on a calf's skin." No one understood what he meant at the time, but experience has proved the justice, as well as the wit, of the remark.

In a firm hand MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE traced the following lines:—

Gussy will not love you. She can't. She may laugh if you tickle her under the chin, but it's the same old game. I have stooped to plot, because I love you so grandly, so madly. Rumour says your hands are to be tied at your marriage. If so, how will you put on the ring? The ring, indeed! Are you to give up the betting ring for the wedding-ring? Bah! I've never blenched, and would not now. I scorn sentiment. Let them all have a mate but me, what matters, or rather what matters? After this observation, perhaps, you will not care to see me. To-morrow I shall be all abroad. Address me France. Pay your addresses, as the postage comes heavy. I shall be all there. Thine for ever, your

A. DORA.

P.S.—If PULLMAN CARE can mar your Three Derbys he will.

LADY DI BRITTELEIGH was looking over her shoulder and copying the letter word for word.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, turning suddenly, caught her at it. This turning suddenly had soured her. She was relentless.

One moment and the bright steel flashed in the air—another, and it was in the inkstand, for LADY DI had screamed, and all eyes were on the barouche.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE tossed the letter to SIR THOMAS, and then was carried away by her feelings to a distant part of the course. LADY DI, with a bottle of chloral in her hand, remained to witness the result of the race, which her emotion has so suddenly and so strongly interrupted.

In the meantime, unable to effect a satisfactory start, the horses were going round and round a tall post, while a barrel-organ, worked by machinery, played various well-known airs. For this advantageous exercise each jockey had paid a penny. The rich tones of the old organ had a salutary and soothing effect on the men and horses.

LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN CARE stood by, eyeing them narrowly as they passed in rotation. Had CAVASSON been bought or not?—that was the question. The crafty solicitor, and the equally astute Hon^{ble} had sent him bouquets, bills of the play, and blank unsigned cheques to any amount, but could they be sure of him? This was rather an open way of buying a jockey, but it had answered before; and was it to be questioned now?

Once more the trumpets sounded, the bell rang, and the gong sounded.

"They are off!" "He's off!" "No, I'm on!" "They're all off!" "No, all on!"

Ha!!! They're away at last!!!

No! Not one of them stirred. Each jockey, true to his bargain with LAWYER FERRET, reined in his horse, and remained at the starting-point. LAWYER FERRET had squared the jockeys on all points, save one. This he was compelled to leave to their own choice. It was a critical moment; but all at once the Lawyer exclaimed gleefully, "That was all that was wanted! They have done it! They have squared their elbows!" And so they had.

By order of the Starter the police were ordered to pull the horses. The Judge had decided that a horse, if thus pulled, might fairly win. If the other horses would not stir a peg, no more would Moka. On the contrary, she backed in among the crowd, and was gradually working her way to the last place in the field. It was thus that her clever jockey CAVASSON was backing her to win.

The Bookmakers were frantic; they had laid their skins on CAVASSON winning on Moka. Not a chance of her stirring at present. There sat CAVASSON on Moka, calm, serene, impassible!

"Back her! Back her!" cries SIR THOMAS, excitedly. "We have backed her!" exclaimed the Bookmakers despairingly, beginning to think they had been let in for a regular snorter.

But CAVASSON has his game to play. He has not been idle for months, and the horse has been under the hands of the most adept of circus trainers.

At a signal from CAVASSON, Moka, paying no attention to the lashes from the whips of the jockeys, who are belabouring her heavily, rears on her hind legs, and paws the air, cleaving a wide space around her.

"Two for her heels!" shouted STRINGHALL, who was in the secret. And immediately the clever cob reversed the action.

Jockeys and horses fell right and left of her, as CAVASSON waved a flag, and fired a couple of pistols in the air; while WILLIAM BUTTON, who was hidden behind the Starter's box, shook a sheet of iron to represent thunder, and Gussy, from her brougham, threw squibs in among the troubled mass of horses.

Further attempts to hold them back were useless. Maddened by the fireworks and the sheet iron, the horses broke away, and the jockeys, losing all control, tumbled off, and were picked up by the police. "Keep your seats, Gentlemen! keep your seats!" shouted the infuriated Starter. Then he grumbled to himself, "I've never seen such a start as this before!"

"Don't move on my account!" shrieked SIR THOMAS to CAVASSON.

The Dumb Jockey nodded to his employer, as Moka quietly backed against the starting-post, while all the other horses tore madly onward, in spite of the strenuous efforts of their jockeys—onward, onward, in a whirlwind of dust, round Tottenham Road Corner, up the hill, down the hill, and through the Middle Park, amid the execrations of the furious Bookmakers, who were on the Moka colt to their last shoestring.

The Boy in yellow won the day! Moka was last of all, still waltzing on her hind legs, a few yards in advance of the starting-post. SIR THOMAS clasped Gussy round the waist in silent gratitude. The first Derby had been lost! Thank Heaven for that!

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Major, of course you know the names of those places better than myse'; but isn't it Tattenham Corner, not Tottenham. Eh? Yours, Ed.

DEAR EDITOR,—You're thinking of TATTERSALL'S. Quite right of you to ask.—M. J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You will excuse me, I am sure, but was there ever a Derby like this? Isn't it going just a trifle too far?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Was there ever . . . such a dear old Nuddy as you are? A Derby like this, my boy? Rather. Don't you remember Ben Bolt in Sweet Alice's year? If not, look in at Bell's Life office, and ask the Sub-Editor. He'll tell you who's right. As to "going too far"—you just come down here, and that'll be far enough for you.—Yours, J. S.

P.S.—By the way, my friend, SIR H. WALKER, will call on you. He is coming down here. So send on cheque by him. He will give you my address, and you can follow on as soon as you like. The sooner the better.—J. S.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—(By wire.)—SIR. H. called. took. cheque. says. your. address. Bogus. Park. Boshy. Herts. Is. it. near. Ware?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—(By wire.)—Cheque. right. come. day. after. to. Bogus. Park. Boshy. Know. Ware? Get. out. there. to-morrow.

The Editor to the Public.—As the novel is to be finished at once, we shall certainly go down to Bogus Park, and if we can arrange with the Major to give us another at some future time, why, be it so, we will.

HOW TO REMOVE AN INCURABLE TOOTH.—Punch it out!

[THERE! that's the last straw that breaks Punch's back, though he is the most patient of camels. We have been at the pains to reckon up the tale of variations already received on themes from the Dentist's art, *à propos* of the unlucky and ill-advised Vicar of Hatcham. They amount to 1564! We positively refuse to entertain any further jokes on the subject.]

LINES ON LATE HOURS.

(A Carol by MR. KILLJOY.)



T home from night
till morning
every one who
will carouses,
But law paternal
limits open hours
for public-
houses,
Imposes upon Eng-
lishmen restraint
of wine and was-
sail,
The Landlord of
the *Castle's*
house is not that
landlord's castle.

All Sumptuary
Laws are things
to raise a Briton's
dander.

But, if what's con-
diment for goose
were condiment
for gander,

Soon would restriction in this pump-and-platform-ridden nation
Be also put, by statute, on domestic dissipation.

The New Year at its finish, and the Old Year at its start is
Attended with festivities entitled "evening parties,"
Where, in contempt of Reason's voice, and sanitary warning,
Green Youth and Beauty dance from ten at night till four next morning.

With coffee, tea, or lemonade but few of them thirst slaking;
Most of intoxicating drinks from time to time partaking—
Upon champagne and claret-cup, making what is called "merry,"
Not to say that "*Spécialité*" which bears the name of "Sherry."

For six long hours too many a pair—unwise young man and maiden—
Breathe atmosphere with gas-fumes and carbonic acid laden,
Combustion's products from the jets which yield illumination,
As well as action of the skin, and human respiration.

They waltz in this foul atmosphere, nor think of what comes after,
Until, when supper-time arrives, with flirting, fun, and laughter,
They sit them down to eat and drink, and, heedless of health's question,
Rise, dance again, shake up their meals; whence bile and indigestion.

Meanwhile what tongue can tell what woes their hapless seniors suffer,
The wallflower matron overblown, and corpulent old "buffer,"
In charge of marriageable girls, the daughters or the nieces
They've brought to market; or, that o'er, how happy their release is!

The elderlies, at least, would hail a measure of repression,
To be, perhaps, brought in upon a Wednesday in next Session—
A "Balls and Evening Parties Bill," which, penalties imposing,
Shall upon private Hosts enforce the rule of Early Closing.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

OUR neighbours, the Parisians, are wont to feel affronted if a suggestion is thrown out that they can take nothing seriously.

What was known in old RABELAIS' time, and still is called the *badaud de Paris*, exists in every class, nay, even dominates in the Assembly, as in the streets, and among the newspaper readers. One cannot help being struck with this in looking over the most popular journals now issued in the French capital.

At a moment when all eyes turn towards the East, whence the results of the impending Conference may bring hope on the soft breath of Peace, or despair through the brazen throat of War, the columns of French newspapers, which only deserve the epithet of *Serio-comic*, teem with old *calembourgs* and feeble jokes, more or less gross, and, in many cases, untranslatable to delicate ears.

In some out-of-the-way corner of a page, or crushed between two long articles on light social subjects, or two elaborate tirades of personal invective, may be found a short paragraph, announcing some doubtful intelligence from Constantinople, coupled with mythical details of our Special Ambassador's movements; but of serious information to guide contemporary opinion, and furnish historical evidence for future generations, not a syllable!

The *chroniqueurs* can tell you what such an Actress wears even in her dressing-room, or how such a public scandal in petticoats comports herself at supper; but for weighty fact, and instructive comment on passing events, you might as well look through the advertising columns of the Boulevard.

Take a number at hazard of *Le Rasoir*.

Where an Englishman would naturally turn to drink in carefully weighed opinions on the leading topic of the day, what do you find?—a sentimental article, taking up four or five columns of the paper, on the charm of hanging up stockings or shoes in the chimney, to be filled with *bonbons* for the children! Then a Gentleman, who perhaps signs himself *Chauve-Souris*, or *Clodoche*, treats *le public le plus spirituel du monde*, with a batch of spicy anecdotes, beginning with an indecent Malapropism of MDLLE. X., and ending with a dirty story attributed to BARON R.... Between these you may, perhaps, discover, after some investigation, a few lines, headed *La Politique*, commencing with a reference to MIDHAT PASHA, and the Conference, and terminating in a series of notes, evidently thought more likely to interest the readers of the paper, concerning that dignitary's harem, and the number and characteristics of the female slaves therein.

Then the inexperienced reader may commence what he takes for an article, but turns out to be a flowery advertisement of a new *confiserie*, or sweet-meat shop, with Oriental descriptions of the sweets therein sold, or of a *dépôt* for corsets, with elaborate variations on the beauties of the *Venus de' Medici* and the charms of the *femme du monde*.

We may be a "nation of shopkeepers," but we do not allow silly or *scabreux* shop-puffs to monopolise the best part of our leading journals.

Fancy a number of the *Times* appearing with the following Table of Contents "under the clock":—

SUMMARY.

Leading Article.—The origin of Mistletoe; to which is added an Analysis of Kissing.

Echoes of London.—Two extracts from *Joe Miller*, three jokes from back numbers of *Punch*, and an American after-dinner story, which REYNOLDS himself might hesitate about publishing.

Parliamentary Reports.—Personal remarks on Opposition Members, and intimate details of the family life of a Prime Minister.

Letter from MR. RIMMEL in praise of his Perfumes.

From Windsor to Balmoral.—A short satire on the Members of the Privy Council, made up of cracker mottoes extracted from their public speeches.

Dramatic Notices.—Including a description of MR. CHARLES MATHEWS's little dog, an account of an accident to MRS. BANCROFT's kitchen-chimney, and an anecdote of a little supper at MR. TOOLE'S.

News of the Day.—How MR. JONES, the well-known dentist, left his house this morning in the rain, and forgot his umbrella, &c., &c., returning to obtain the desirable property when the sun came out.

Or,—How last evening two policemen, usually on duty at such and such a crossing, were taken off. This remissness on the part of the Superintendents at Scotland Yard, caused a confusion which, &c., &c.

Really, there is much which is not "done better in France;" and, amusing as all this may be in a weekly periodical, the daily *Battle of Life* (in England, at least) demands a more solid literary commissariat.

WAITS AND MEASURES.

WHAT a pity it is that London should be so far behind Birmingham, where that energetic Chief of Police, MAJOR BOND, not satisfied with insisting on all sly drinkers "toeing the line," under pain of fine or imprisonment, has commenced a crusade against the Waits, in the following grimly ascetic

"CAUTION.—Numerous complaints are made of the disorderly conduct of Youths who go around the suburbs of the town during the nights of 24th and 31st December, 'begging' under the pretence of saying 'A Merry Christmas,' and 'A Happy New Year.'"

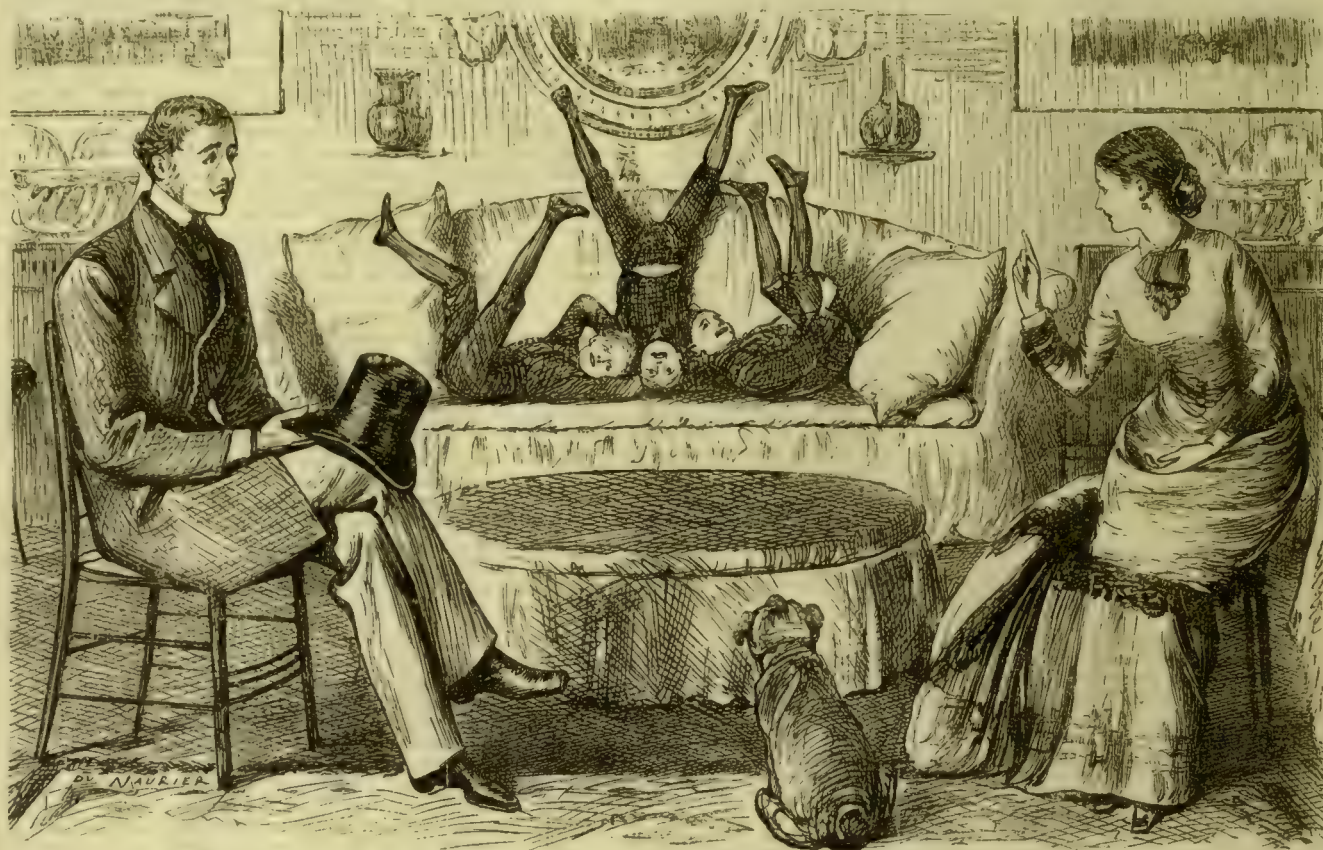
"All persons found so offending will be apprehended by the Police, and charged with being disorderly characters."

"Police Office, "E. BOND, Major, Chief of Police."

"19th December, 1876."

There! Birmingham is blessed with its own BOND. London is free—worse luck!

Failing police protection against these Christmas nocturnal disturbers, might we not adopt the irate suggestion of a misanthropic old Brute, who sends us the following recipe:—"Keep in your bedroom a garden-engine, its reservoir filled with ice-cold water, of which give any Wait full measure."



A MORNING CALL (IN PANTOMIME SEASON).

Miss Lily (to Three unruly Brothers). "NOW, YOU BOYS, IF YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT, I'LL TURN YOU ALL OUT OF THE ROOM!"
 Three unruly Brothers. "HA! HA! YOU CAN'T! FOR MAMMA SENT US HERE TO PLAY FORFEITS—YOU KNOW SHE DID!"

SNAKES AND THE SEX.

(A Protest from one who abominates both.)

"The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once became fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats à la gorgon. This fashion would look very pretty."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND in "Land and Water."

Oh, fie, MR. BUCKLAND! How could you? Oh, shame, MR. SAMBOURNE! * I'm sure She-fashions sufficiently trying for pockets and nerves to endure, The Sex can, unaided, excogitate out of its own silly head, Without your superfluous suggestion of horrors that fill one with dread.

Snakes? Eugh! Just imagine Society 'neath an Ophidian spell! Our Ladies like willing Lascivious—crowned à la gorgon as well! Their boas all *boa constriectors*, their trains with huge rattlesnakes tipped! Each waist by a cobra encompassed, each wrist by an asp closely gripped!

Just fancy the wife of your bosom a python as far as her face! Your love like an undisguised Lamia seeking your shrinking embrace!

Oh, a vixen in guise of a viper were surely a Nemesis fit For men who can make such a use of their ill-employed fancy and wit!

"Why should Ladies not patronise Snakes?" MR. BUCKLAND, you surely forget That little primeval affair whose results rather bother us yet! The Serpent's first patron, no doubt, would be prompt to play patron again; But that one of *our sex* should suggest it! O BUCKLAND, you've snake on the brain!

* See "A Caution to Snakes," in last Number of *Punch*.

There's too much of the Serpent already about the she-creatures, I say.

(I could never regard *Elsie Venner* as anything out of the way.)

But the Snake in the Sex, Sir, has surely sufficiently chastened our sins, Without you advising our Eves to assume with snakes' slyness their skins!

"The fashion would look very pretty"!!! Perhaps that is meant for a joke.

Snakes charm and are charmed, but *such* charming what man not a muff would invoke?

Though Beauty has patronised beetles, methinks she might there draw the line—

Not a serpentine one—and eschew the Ophidian's sinister shine.

No! Woman is *Anguis in herbâ*, and ophiomorphous in soul.

But encourage Ophidian fashions in dresses? O FRANK, you're a ghoul!

That snake of Old Nile was a type,—she who died of the asp at last,—

But *she* did not go clad in the sloughs that the serpents of Egypt had cast.

You say did snake-skins grow the rage, the whole serpentine race 't would exterminate.

I could half deem the game worth the candle, so much I the villanous vermin hate,

Oh, were they but both ophiophagous—seeing of both we've too many—

The sex and the snakes then might play the old game of the Cats of Kilkenny!

DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—"VOKES et prætereia nihil." (If it isn't new, it's true.)

MOTTO FOR RIVAL BATTUE-SHOOTERS.—"Murder most fowl!"



ONE BUBBLE MORE!!

NEW LEAVES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



LORD BEACONFIELD.—To think thrice before speaking twice. To avoid the Mansion House Banquets. To try to be more worthy of the honoured name of DISRAELI. To give up Eastern fancies for European facts.

Mr. Gladstone.—To curtail his contributions to periodical literature. To give up post-cards. To buy an edition of the Works of JOSEPH MILLER, with a view to learning the nature of a joke. To keep as a rule of life the saying, "that if speech is silver, silence is golden."

Mr. Lowe.—To give up epigrams. To be sure of his facts. To give up party for patriotism.

Major O'Gorman.—To read English history. To keep his speeches

intended for the House of Commons, for the columns of *Punch*.

Mr. H. J. Byron.—To give up inverted conundrums. To read SCRIBE. To learn the art of construction. To find out the meaning of the words "Comedy," "Drama," "Wit," and "Repartee."

Mr. Henry Neville.—To uphold the dignity of the Drama.

Dr. Slade.—To give up his tables, pack up his clothes, and return to America.

The Middlesex Magistrates.—To discover that no material distinction exists between the sauce used for the goose and the sauce used for the gander.

Midhat Pasha.—To give up fancy pictures of impossible constitutions. To learn that the Turkish for "Yes" is not the European for "No."

The Sultan of Turkey.—To be worthy of a place in the Temple of Fame, instead of a corner in the Chamber of Horrors.

Mr. Bright.—To read ALISON'S *History of Europe*. To undergo a course of Military History at Sandhurst. To attend the Autumn Manœuvres.

Professor Fawcett.—To call a spade an agricultural instrument.

The Directors of all the Railway Companies.—To mind their stops. To shorten their servants' hours, and raise their pay. To look to brakes instead of smashes.

All Bachelors and Spinsters between the Ages of Twenty and Forty.—To marry.

All Bachelors and Spinsters over Forty.—To emigrate.

Mr. Punch.—It is unnecessary, for obvious reasons, for this gentleman to turn over any new leaf. His readers, however, may turn over the new leaves of his new volumes.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT IN A NEW PLACE.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHEN the PRINCE OF WALES was in India, I read with great interest the letters of your Special Correspondent, but towards the close of the series the pleasure which they gave me was greatly marred by the cruel suspicions which you cast on the good faith of your talented Representative by hinting that he had never gone to India at all, but had written the letters at Gravesend, with the assistance of a Hindoo crossing-sweeper!

I fear that, in your injustice, you went so far as to dismiss him. But true genius cannot long remain hidden; and my sorrow at your harshness and your "Special's" misfortune was turned into joy on reading in the *Times* of Christmas Day the account of the Vice-regal procession at Delhi. No other hand but his could have penned the following remarkable sentence:—

"Behind them came the remainder of the Body Guard and a squadron of the 10th Hussars; then the three Lieutenant-Governors, each on an elephant, and each attended by his Staff; next the Members of Council, the Secretaries to the Government, and the Chief Justices of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces; then Solah Topees, looking singularly out of place in their judicial robes."

It is many years since a Member of the House of Commons spoke of "the ferocious doolies who rushed on to the battle-fields, and carried off the wounded;" but his fame in India will now be shared, if not eclipsed, by the *Times* Correspondent, who has made the English public for the first time aware of the existence of those exalted members of the legal profession in India known as "Solah Topees." Deep must now be your regret at having, by your hastiness, allowed another journal to shine with an immortal glory that should have remained exclusively yours.

Ever yours,

RAM SING.

P.S.—If your Boy has yet returned with the Dictionary which you sent him for, would you look up the words "Solah" and "Topee"? In mine, which I have hitherto thought a good one, they are translated as "*pith*" and "*kat*." But this must be a mistake.—R. S.

LESSONS LEARNED AT A PANTOMIME.

(By an Intelligent Schoolboy.)

THAT Demons are much given to making bad puns, and have on their visiting lists the most beautiful of the Fairies.

That the attendants upon the Demons (presumably their victims) spend much of their time in break-downs.

That the chief amusement in Fairyland is to stand upon one toe for a distressingly long time.

That the Fairies, when they speak, don't seem to have more H.'s to their tongues, than clothes to their backs.

That the Fairies have particularly fair complexions, considering they dance so much in the sunlight.

That the tight and scanty costume of the Fairies is most insufficient protection from the showers that must be required to produce the gigantic and highly-coloured fairy *Aora*.

That the chief Fairy (to judge from her allusions to current events) must take in the daily papers.

That Harlequin is always shaking his bat, but nothing seems to come of it, and that it is hard to say why he comes on or goes off, or, in short, what he's at altogether.

That if Clown and Pantaloon want to catch Columbine, it is hard to see why they don't catch her.

That Pantaloon must have been greatly neglected by his children to be exposed without some filial protection to such ill-usage from Clown.

That Clown leads a reckless and abandoned life, between thefts, butter-slides, hot pokers, nursemads, and murdered babies, and on the whole is lucky to escape hanging.

That Policemen are made to be chaffed, cuffed, chased, and knocked head-over-heels.

WESTINGHOUSE TO THE RESCUE.

A HOPE in kind *Punch's* bosom awakes—

O Companies, don't go to prove his hope rash is!—

That some day you'll give us "continuous brakes,"

Instead of, as now, continual smashes.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—Bishops complain of a dearth of Candidates for Orders. Managers of theatres think differently.



INNOCENTS AT HOME.

"ISN'T IT NICE, MAUD, JACK'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT BOMBAY, AND TOM'S TO BE QUARTERED IN THE PUNJAB. SUCH A COMFORT TO THINK THEY'LL BE SO NEAR EACH OTHER!"

WEALTH FOR THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

PROGRESSIVE MR. PUNCH,

At a time when festivity coincides with dearth of incident, DR. SCHLIEMANN'S discoveries of buried treasures at Mycenæ raise a seasonable suggestion. Our minds just now naturally revert to the question of sepulchral reform, whether to be accomplished by "Cremation," or some other improvement on returning "Earth to Earth." Were it not best in this matter to resume the manners and customs of the ancients altogether, and after the usage of prehistoric times, inter along with the relics of the departed, a selection of their arms, accoutrements, conveniences, ornaments, effects, goods and chattels? Those ancients intuitively believed that such things would be useful to the deceased in the lower world. There are facts which indicate, if not prove, the truth of their intention. It is strongly attested by the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. If a Medium can at one and the same time be entranced behind a curtain, and also appear before it as a materialised spirit-form, there is no reason whatever why a ring or a breastplate, whilst lying in a sarcophagus, should not nevertheless be simultaneously worn in the spheres—the classic Hades, which our better acquaintance with it, through communication with its inhabitants, has taught us more cheerily to style the Summer Land. Happy land! yet there is too much reason to apprehend that we fail in contributing to its happiness as much as we might by depositing in the tomb those articles of pleasure or utility which we must suppose to be requisite for the comfort and enjoyment of the spirit. It is the want of these necessities in the spirit-world which constitutes an indigence described truly by a phrase commonly applied to a mere scarcity of curates and scripture-readers in a populous district. Deficiency of commodities needful for spirit-life is the only real "Spiritual Destitution."

Let us, then, imitate the faith and the generosity of an heroic

CUE TIPS.

A MARKER may mark, but he must not remark.

A great gun makes many cannons if he is a good shot.

Billiard-balls are fragile. They are sometimes broken three or four times in a game.

You always take your rest standing up. As HOMER says, "Too much rest becomes a pain."

The most sober player finds it occasionally to his advantage to indulge in a good screw.

Too much addiction to the three balls sends a player to the other three.

Absent players are seldom on the spot.

He is a poor player who does not miss his tip.

If you play with a young Lady, let it be with a "judicious miss." Kissing is innocuous.

Billiard-playing Parsons ought to cut the cloth.

When your adversary gets in a hole, it is not *infra dig.* to pick his pocket for him.

Sherry and billiards are inseparable. You should always provide a butt.

At pool, for obvious reasons, old maids are allowed nine lives.

Hospitality is the prevailing characteristic of expert pyramid-players. They are constantly giving balls.

Players who are ambitious to make "jennies," do sometimes succeed in making asses—of themselves.

Smoking is only permissible when some friend is betting upon you. Then you may smoke your backer.

Always lose your temper. You are far better without it.

In a Good Cause.

We are glad to learn that the Compton Benefit Committee receive subscriptions and donations, and have already received a handsome sum. Cheques may be sent to MR. C. W. THOMPSON, Honorary Treasurer of the Compton Fund, Guildhall.

age. We are richer than ever the Mycenians were. They could not afford such expensive interments as we can. Let our warriors and Statesmen, then, be buried with sovereigns, and half-sovereigns of gold. Bank-notes might be added, to the no small advantage of Banks. Continue to sprinkle flowers on the bier by all means; but likewise scatter small change. Bury with a General Officer his sword and boots; with an Admiral his telescope; inter with a Gentleman his watch, his walking-stick, cigar-case, and box of Vesuvians. Forget not useful little things, such as an old Gentleman's spectacles, or a young Lady's chignon and bandoline. By the bodies of old friends and boon companions lay down some bottles of wine; also a corkscrew, with a few glasses, and pewter-pots. Should all these stores for spirit-use ever be exhumed in after ages, they will, of course, excite the greatest interest; and, being deposited in a Museum, serve to instruct Posterity, continuing in the meantime to supply the wants of the happy spirits whose remains they were interred with.

Of course the proposal of sacrificing money or money's worth in funeral arrangements for the advantage of spirits will be unmercifully ridiculed by utilitarian materialists; but, *Mr. Punch*, would this sacrifice be nearly so ridiculous as the prevalent practice of sacrificing property, burying upholstery, wood-work, and drapery to no purpose at all, except that of enriching undertakers? This question I am commanded to ask you by my controls, SHAKESPEARE, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, GEORGE FOX, and MICHAEL FARADAY, at whose dictation I am writing, with both my eyes bandaged, and my hands on a *planchette* under the table—if you will only believe your humble Servant, and ever attentive constant Reader,

A TRANCE MEDIUM.

P.S.—I enclose name and address, with terms for *séances*.

NOT WORTH POWDER AND SHOT.—*Si Slocum.*



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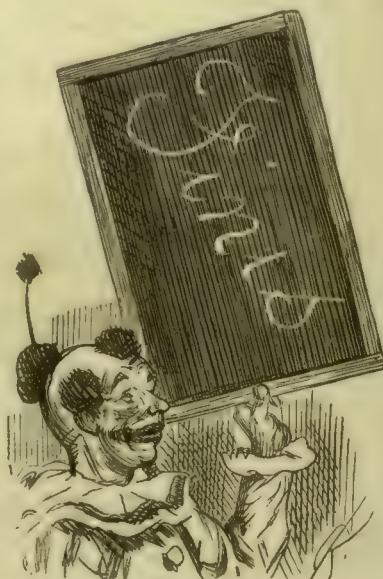
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